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THE

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DEVOTED TO

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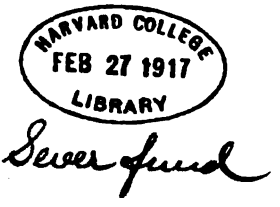

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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1856.

STATUE OF GUSTAVUS WASA.

SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.—No VI.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

THE public places of Stockholm are ornamented with numerous statues in bronze. In a former article I have described the statue of Gustavus III. by Sergel. There are also statues to Gustavus Adolphus and to Charles XIII., as well as to the great liberator of Sweden, Gustavus Wasa. The history of the last-named sovereign presents, perhaps, more of interest to the American public than

that of any other Swedish monarch. It is full of strange adventure and romantic incident. Now we find him laboring as a peasant among the mountains of Dalecarlia, pursued by the emissaries of Christian II.; at times indebted for his life to the heroism and presence of mind of the Dalecarlian women; or again, haranguing the Dalesmen, and exciting them to revolt against the tyrant; at last, sovereign of the country, and founder of a long line of kings. I have, therefore, furnished an illustration of the statue of this remarkable man, whose history we shall hereafter trace during our wanderings in Dalecarlia.

The equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, I have before remarked, is in no way creditable, as a work of art, to Sweden's capital, or to the name of him in whose honor it was erected.

Occupying the center of the largest square in Stockholm is a statue to Charles XIII., erected by the late king. This work seems peculiarly obnoxious to the people. A sentinel is stationed continually near it to preserve it from their attacks. It was certainly in bad taste for the late king to have forced this statue upon the citizens of Stockholm. The unprincipled selfishness and treachery of Charles XIII. are but too fresh in the minds of many. He was the immediate antecedent of Bernadotte, and, consequently, lived within the memory of some of those who are now upon the stage of life. In fact, there are many persons here who believe that Charles XIII. instigated the assassination of his brother, Gustavus III., in order to succeed to the throne. Besides this, there are numerous other acts which cast a deep shade upon the history of his reign.

MIDSUMMER'S FETE.

For two or three days previous to this joyous festival an uncommon degree of bustle had been visible in Stockholm. On the evening immediately preceding it all seemed animation. An unusually brisk trade had been going on during the whole day in the market-place, reminding one somewhat of the day before Christmas in Germany.

In the morning a servant at the hotel reminded me, with a peculiarly happy expression of countenance, that to-morrow was midsummer's *fête*, and on my way home in the evening I saw an uncommon number of persons who evinced, by their unsteady steps, that they had indulged a *little too much* in *brandy-vine*, as the drink of the common people is termed here. The children, also, whom I met in my walk, wore unusually joyous faces, and many of them were burdened with toys; among these I observed a sort of midsummer's tree, of a similar character to those used in Germany at Christmas time.

Speaking of the unsteady steps which I encountered on my way homeward, this is by no means an unusual sight in the Swedish capital. After having wandered over most of the countries of Europe, I am decidedly of the opinion that in no other are habits of drunkenness more visible to the traveler. On the first of May in each year is another festival, when the people are allowed to get as drunk as they please, and the civil officers are supposed to take no notice of it. On this occasion one of the peculiar customs is that of lighting fires on the highest points of the hills, around which the people assemble and carouse. In fact, the license given at this time is taken due advantage of by many. Miss Bremer has given a very interesting account of this *fête* in her "Life in Dalecarlia," and a glowing description of the picturesque effect of the *Valborg-mass* fires among the mountains, at the head of the beautiful Lake of Silja.

The morning at last arrived, midsummer's *fête;* the air was fresh, but mild, and not a cloud visible. In Sweden there is not, perhaps, a day in all the calendar which is anticipated with so much interest as this. Business is entirely suspended; almost every house, and particularly all the public places, are decorated with fresh boughs of birch. At various points in the country a pole is erected, and adorned with considerable care, around which the people dance, reminding one of the old English custom upon the first of May. In some places the most beautiful young lady of the parish presides as the bride of midsummer's *fête*, resembling also the old English rural custom of crowning the Queen of May.

From the very earliest hour of the day, the people commenced going into the country. No less than seventeen steamers left the docks during the morning for various excursions, and many faces looked out from among the throng of passengers full of joyous anticipations.

The Djurgard during the whole day presented a scene of uncommon life and animation, although by far the greater portion of the citizens sought scenes more removed from the capital. The Dalecarlian boatwomen were exceedingly busy, notwithstanding the crowds which had left by the steamers. Their little crafts were adorned with fresh twigs of birch, and their costumes even more striking than I had seen them upon any previous occasion. They labored hard throughout the day, and when I returned at evening, they still wore the same happy, good-natured faces; which, indeed, they seem never to put aside.

I have nowhere before visited a people who are so fond of out-door life as the Swedes during the summer. It is quite useless ever to think of finding any one *at home*. The whole season is like a complete *gala day* to the people. But why should not the glorious reign of the summer's sun produce in the North a feeling of perpetual joy unknown to more southern lands? Their summer may be termed but a fitful gleam of light, brilliant as is the effect of a meteor, and almost as suddenly settling into darkness.

The midsummer's day, to the people of the North, is, indeed, a glorious festival; but it only serves to remind them that now the days begin to shorten, and soon they must expect the long nights and chilling blasts of winter. The flower which blooms to-day in such peculiar gladness and beauty—for no flowers are more beautiful than those of the North—disappears almost as suddenly as it comes. So to summer and its festive days, succeeds the gloom of winter. It is melancholy to think how speedily these delightful days will give place to the *long night* of winter, and the ice and snow lock up these beautiful sheets of water, now exhibiting such fullness of life. But in our own existence the night soon succeeds to day. It is a poetical idea, that inculcated by the Edda, that "death is but the passing away to another light." I wonder that the Northern mythology had not taught that life beyond the grave was a perpetual summer.

There is, I think, a peculiar fondness among the Swedes for keeping up all old festivals which have been handed down to them. There is one singular custom on midsummer's day still kept up in some parts of the country: that of throwing a piece of money into certain wells as an offering to the divinity which presides there; a practice said to date even further back than the time of Odin. Again, in some portions of the interior, the peasant still leaves his sheaf of grain, when he is harvesting, for Odin's horses.

As I write, the bell of a neighboring church tower strikes the hour of eleven, and yet I have not lighted candles, which are, however, required for the next two hours; at half-past one they are no longer necessary, as the glow of light in the east soon expands into the full glory of day. The steamers and small boats are returning from the environs with numerous passengers; but many will remain to dance about the May Pole, and to salute the sun on his appearance. This is an old custom, doubtless coming from the pagan age. But when the Swedes, on midsummer's night, make the resolve that they

> "Will dance all night
> Till broad daylight,"

there is nothing very formidable in a literal accomplishment of the vow.

BELLMAN, THE POET.

The Stockholmers have another rural *fête*, which occurs annually on the 26th of July. This festival is celebrated in the Djurgard, in the immediate vicinity of the bust of Bellman, the people's poet, who has been often termed the Burns of Sweden. On this occasion the people assemble about the bust of their favorite poet, which occupies a beautiful position in the park. Here are performed his songs, and many of his musical compositions. There is also a dinner served in the open air, near the monument, and toasts are drank to the memory of the poet; after which is a ceremony of crowning the bust with a wreath of laurels.

There is something very enchanting in many of the Swedish native airs; but I think none of them are more pleasing than some of Bellman's compositions. The Swedes delight in many anecdotes of this strange and wayward genius. A reckless, generous-hearted, *scapegrace* of a fellow, he seems to have been. His talents as an improvisatore were very remarkable; many of his finest songs are said to have been produced in some of his drinking frolics, on which occasions per-

BELLMAN'S BUST.

sons would follow him to some low drinking house or cellar, and write down the words and music, as composed by him, on the spot, and performed extempore, and usually when he was a good deal the worse for drink. At these moments, it seems, both the genius of poetry and music were particularly with him; and his productions are said to have been more brilliant on such occasions than at any other period. The world is ready to apologize for a life of reckless dissipation in a great and erratic genius. But how melancholy at times to contemplate the prostitution of talent which the beneficent Creator has bestowed upon us for higher and nobler aims.

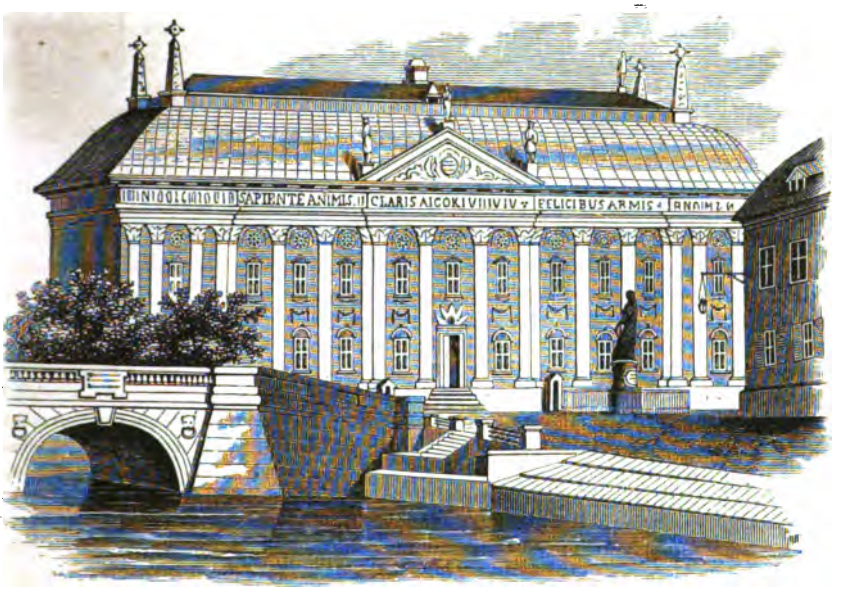
The Scandinavians appear very fond of drinking to the memory of the departed. At the university class-meetings of the graduates it is always customary to drink to the memory of the deceased members of the class, each one's name, and perhaps peculiar claims upon the regard of his remaining circle of acquaintances, being brought forward by some one of his most intimate friends. The ancient Scandinavians were in the habit of drinking to the health of their gods before the introduction of Christianity. Odin, who received the spirits of those who departed this life worthily, Thor the thunderer, and Baldur the meek and beautiful, were always remembered on occasions of festivity, and their healths drank. After the introduction of Christianity the priests were quite unable to suppress this old practice, which had become as firmly ingrafted into the hearts of the Scandinavian people as had their fondness for horse flesh, into their appetites. And it was only by a compromise which permitted them to drink to the health of the one God, in place of the numerous ones of their old mythology, that the people would consent to give up this custom.

THE SWEDISH DIET.

The Riddarhus, or house of the assembly of nobles, is a handsome structure; but its internal arrangements can scarcely be said to compare favorably with some of our own representative halls in the different states. The ceilings are lofty, and the walls literally covered with shields of nobles who are entitled to a seat in the house. The whole number of the Swedish nobility amounts, at the present time, to nearly fifteen thousand; but it is only the head of each noble family who is entitled to his seat and vote. He, as the senior, represents all derived from the same family

tree, without election. Of these heads of families, there are something more than twenty-five hundred who are entitled to seats here. But at the present time it is rare for more than five hundred members to take their places in the diet. This may be accounted for from the fact, that there are numerous noble families, whose heads are by birth entitled to a seat, but who have become so reduced by poverty that they never avail themselves of the privilege. The king has the power to create as many nobles as he pleases, raising them to the rank of counts, barons, &c.

The titles of count, countess, &c., meantime, do not belong exclusively to the senior representatives of the different families. But each noble sends his brood of children abroad into the world, with the same title which he holds himself. He may have half a dozen penniless sons, and as many daughters, who start upon the journey of life without sufficient means to secure for them a subsistence, and sometimes without as much of a *setting out* as a farmer in comfortable circumstances would be able to provide for his children in the United States. And yet they go forth into the world rejoicing in the high-sounding titles of count, countess, &c. Consequently, one may occasionally see a count or countess re-



THE HOUSE OF NOBLES.

duced to such extremities as to be compelled either to emigrate from the country, or to seek here means of support which must necessarily be extremely galling. In Stockholm I heard the names of scions of some very ancient and noble families, who are engaged in commercial and other pursuits in the United States.

But to return to the Swedish Diet. This is composed of four separate chambers, that of the nobles, the clergy, the burgesses, and the peasants. Every measure must of neccesity pass through each chamber separately, and is adopted or rejected by the plurality of chambers.

Leaving the House of Nobles, I proceeded to the House of the Clergy, from thence to the House of Burgesses, and afterward to the House of Peasants. In the House of Nobles I remarked the elegant *negligé* of manner, and the quiet and collected bearing so peculiar to this class of men in all European countries. In the House of the Clergy the seats were more luxurious in their fitting up than those in the House of Nobles. Here all were draped in black. The clergy were a calm, dignified, and intellectual-looking body of men.

In the House of Burgesses the contrast with the other two houses was striking. The calm dignity which characterized

STREET VIEW OF STOCKHOLM.

more or less the other assemblies, was here changed for a bustling, business-like manner, and a certain restlessness of proceeding which reminded one somewhat of "change" hours in Wall-street.

In the House of Peasants I found a more intelligent-looking body of men than I had anticipated from what I had previously learned of the condition and character of the peasantry of Sweden. There were, indeed, countenances which resembled much some of those sensible, hardy, and substantial ones which we see in our own state legislatures—men who have left the plow to come to the halls of legislation. But I looked in vain for persons of that superior cast who usually make up a portion of our state legislatures. Here all seemed "of the earth, earthy."

ARCHITECTURE OF STOCKHOLM.

It appears strange that the fine models in architecture which Count Tessin has bequeathed to the Swedish people should have failed to excite some little architectural taste among them. Yet, as a whole, Stockholm is most lamentably destitute of taste in its buildings; the few specimens which I have given, in my illustrations of the Swedish capital, embrace the majority of those which have the slightest claim to architectural elegance. Among these the palace unquestionably ranks first. In the environs, with the exception of royal establishments, there are no villas of any considerable size; in fact, none that would compare favorably with residences which one usually finds in the United States, in the vicinity of interior cities or towns, of perhaps ten thousand inhabitants. Lake Malar presents many beautiful sites for villas, few of which are occupied, and of those residences upon its shores in the vicinity of the capital, scarcely any can be said to give a pleasing effect to the landscape. In the Djurgard are a few villas, among which I would mention that known as Bystrom's villa, and another, a charming little spot, occupied by Mr. Dué, the minister of state for Norway, a gentleman well known to strangers in Stockholm for his kindness and hospitality.

The street architecture of the city is particularly deficient. The buildings in general present an appearance singularly bare and almost entirely destitute of any-

thing to relieve the eye. The private houses are so arranged that people live almost entirely upon flats, with a general entrance, and sometimes a carriage drive through the house, common to all the inhabitants of the building.

RAMBLES IN THE ENVIRONS.

Perhaps no other European capital is so rich in varied places of resort for the people as Stockholm. I refer more particularly to the parks and gardens, which are very numerous in the environs, and are the constant resort of the middle and lower classes.

Most important are these breathing places to the health and cultivation of the poorer classes. The charms of nature are always humanizing and refining in their effect upon the very worst. They must serve to produce, or rather to rekindle, some spark of the divinity, however dim it may be, which still lingers in the breast. There are few so lost to harmony, that their souls will not bound within them, as the ear catches the sweetly warbled bird-notes among the forest trees, even though they may be unable to appreciate the most brilliant mechanical performances of an orchestra, or the highly cultivated and artificial notes of a *prima donna*.

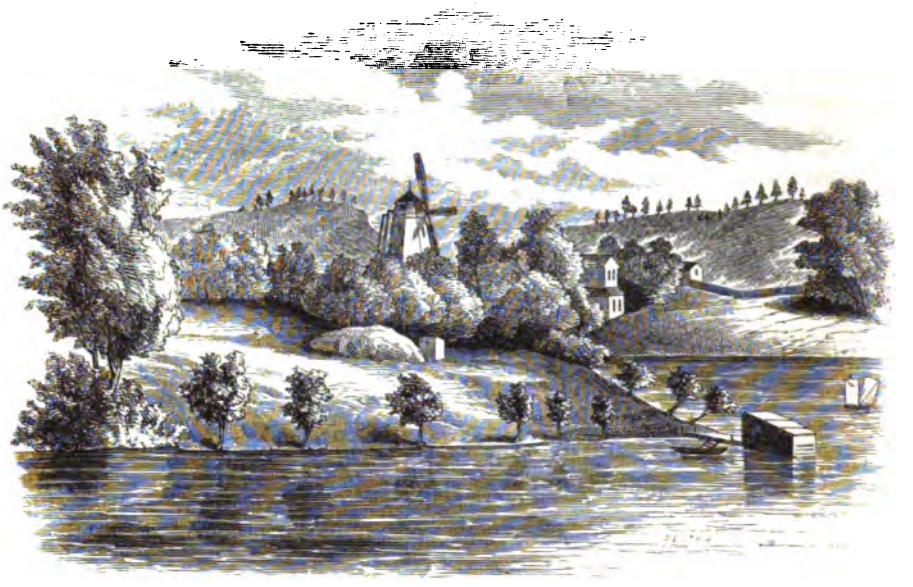
Every day I discover some new charm in the beautiful deer park which induces me to repeat my visit. Some wild nook or corner, where it is easy to forget the neighborhood of a large city, and to imagine one's self in some far-off wilderness, remote from the busy din of life. Here every variety of scenery is included; ancient forest trees, picturesque rocks, wild glades, and an occasional tiny bay, which adds greatly to the beauty of the scene.

From the Deer Park I extended my walk, one afternoon, to Haga Park, where I found an immense crowd of people, collected to witness the elevation of a new bust of the late Prince Gustave, the second son of the king. The day being fine, and the people so fond of every *spectacle*, I found the park almost literally a mass of human beings. The motto, or, at all events, the practice of the present excellent sovereign is one which acknowledges among his duties as a king, the importance of the old French maxim, "*Il faut pour le roi qu'il amuserait le peuple.*" I know not whether the character of "the French of the North," as Voltaire has termed the Swedes, renders this policy as important to a Swedish sovereign as it has ever seemed to be in France.

Upon no other occasion had I observed so much display in equipage. The carriages of the court and of the nobility were generally out, and flaunting liveries, remarkable for their ponderous buttons of brass, were to be seen in all directions. Some few of the equipages were in good taste, and very complete, but far more presented laughable contrasts, in their gay liveries and indifferent carriages, with still poorer horses. In fact, with considerable real style, there was at the same time a kind of mimic grandeur, which was rather theatrical in effect. Two excellent bands of music were employed for the occasion. The Swedes as well as the Germans are passionately devoted to music.

In a previous article I have remarked that the greater portion of the really arable land in the vicinity of Stockholm is occupied by royal parks. Much of the land about the city is broken and rocky. There are many large tracts which present little or nothing to the eye but solid masses or ledges of rock, so that a fertile patch appears, indeed, like an oasis in the desert.

But the almost entire possession of these beautiful tracts by the crown, is far from being a disadvantage to the people, as they enjoy the privilege of free access to them at all times, and with very few, if any, restrictions. So great seems the liberality of the king in this respect, that it must necessarily deprive himself and family of much of the privacy which is desirable in domestic life. But Oscar I. appears in all things to act upon the principle that the king is made for the people, and not the people for the king. At Haga Park, where the royal family is at present residing, the dining saloon is very slightly elevated from the ground, in a kind of pavilion, inclosed almost entirely with glass. The park, meantime, is the resort of people of every class, who are even permitted to group about the pavilion when the family are at dinner, and to extend their rudeness so far as to watch the king and his family while at table. Such liberties with us would be deemed perfectly insufferable for people of any position in society, and certainly



THE DEER PARK.

bear evidence of the good humor and long suffering of his Swedish majesty.

On my return from Haga Park, I stopped for a little time at the Royal Observatory, which is beautifully situated upon an abrupt eminence, just without the city. As will be seen from the illustration, this establishment is upon a limited scale; but from its position it forms a prominent feature in the landscape.

THE ROYAL WARDROBE.

One of the most unique and interesting collections of which the Swedish capital boasts, is that contained in the palace of the Crown Prince, known as "the Royal Wardrobe." Although often advised to visit this place, it was not until an occasion occurred when I did not well know how to occupy myself, that I turned my steps thither. There are other collections which contain a greater variety of curious suits of armor, like those of Dresden, of Vienna, and of London; but none, I think, which offer more articles of historic interest. The numerous costumes of the monarchs, nobles, and vassals of different centuries, I found peculiarly attractive.

The first apartment entered is devoted to the costumes of court servants in different reigns; the gaudy trappings of silver and gold lace, once so brilliant, have grown somewhat dingy by the lapse of time. Two sentinels, in the costume of the age of Gustavus Adolphus, guard the doorway, reminding one somewhat of that now worn by the Pope's Swiss Guard; but without the striking contrasts of color which Michael Angelo is said to have introduced at Rome.

Curiosity will not long detain the visitor in the first of this series of apartments; the faded finery of court pages soon wearies one. But in the second room we find the splendid costumes of many successive sovereigns. Let us pause for a while before the cradle and toys of Charles XII. Rock the cradle for a moment, and fancy the child sleeping in all the quiet repose of innocence which belongs to the period of infancy and helplessness, or perhaps stretching his little arms toward his mother, with the weak wailings of a child begging for food. Now he was easily satisfied and amused; the motion of the cradle, and the delights which that toy afforded, which now stands by its side, were all that he required. "It is but a step from the cradle to the grave." Let us go into the next room for a moment, and lift the immense sword which the warrior wore when he defied the Turks at Bender. He is not now easily

diverted; the voice of ambition whispers to him, ever onward, to conquest or to death.

Stop a minute: here is a portrait of the fiery warrior, taken from life. Near it hangs the same costume from which the picture was painted. Over it is a hat, perforated by a ball; this hat tells a dark story; it was worn by the king at his last battle—that of Friederickstadt. You will remember the evidence was conclusive, that the great warrior was not killed by a ball fired from the enemy, but by the hand of one of his own people. History informs us, the king raised his hand to his head as he received the wound; yes, so he did; observe, that glove is clotted with blood; it is no longer bright in color; the lapse of time has left only a brown stain upon the gauntlet. Here we might stop and moralize for a time; but the scene is unpleasant. Let us pass on.

Here, in these glass cases, are costumes which tell a more pleasant story; they speak of seasons of festivity and joy, "when youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours." Examine, for a moment, that magnificent ball dress, and the one next to it, with a train of such length as would seem to require at least two or three pages to support it; how sparkling is still its embroidery of silver and gold. Observe how rich and varied are the dresses in this case; the looms of Lyons,

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

and the hand-workers of Belgium, have contributed each their share. Surely this is no scene which speaks of death, but of life, and the fullness of life; but, remember for a moment, where are they all who once wore these robes so overladen with gold and gems—the beautiful and the gay?

Just beyond, at the next case, we will stop for a while; here are also magnificent costumes, dazzling with embroidery. You will observe a peculiar elegance in the articles which this case contains; in fact, all bears evidence of a taste the most cultivated and refined, and yet of a great lover of the magnificent. There hangs a certain costume among these rich ones, rather remarkable for its somber hue; it is a simple gray; the material is silk, of the heaviest fabric; over it hangs a hat of rather fantastic form; and observe, looking out from just under the hat, a grinning and ludicrous mask; there is something sinister and mocking in the expression of the face. Let us look a little more closely at this gray costume; here, too, a ball has perforated, and again it is not the ball of a foreign enemy, but that of one of the sovereign's own subjects; here, again, the blood has become quite dark from the effect of time. In this same costume, with his face disguised by that same grinning, mocking mask, amid the sound of festive music, and the giddy whirl of the dance, the elegant and accomplished Gustavus III. fell by the hand of an assassin.

But enough of the dark side of history for the moment. Let us walk onward. Here, too, are costumes and comparisons

*

which speak of brilliant days in the Swedish court. Saddle cloths of gold and silver embroidery, ornamented with a profusion of pearls; bridles, rich in precious stones; and stirrups, sparkling with diamonds. There, just at our left, is a case in which the costume does not appear to be of past generations, but even of to-day, the various articles apparently just laid aside from use. These were worn by the young prince, Gustave, the second son of the reigning sovereign, who has but recently died; opposite hangs the bridal costume of the present queen, and with it many articles belonging to the late king, (Bernadotte.) Near these are the bed and hangings of Gustavus Wasa.

But now, dear reader, we must either pass some articles of great historic interest, or come again in contact with the blood of a king. It seems that the pathway of Swedish monarchs has been often stained with blood. Here is linen of exquisite fineness, and beautifully embroidered; but observe the profusion of blood which stains it: every drop seems to have been deemed precious; and here the linen is preserved in a glass case, in the same besmeared condition in which it was taken from the body of a king. And this is the blood of the great Gustavus Adolphus, which was shed in the cause of the reformed faith, as he went forth to his last battle with "God's harness on."*

But enough of costumes. The next apartment of the series contains numerous equestrian figures in armor, also a large collection of swords, &c., of the sovereigns and great generals of different ages. A suit of armor, worn by Charles IX., is, perhaps, the most remarkable; the shield is a fine specimen of the work of the distinguished Florentine Benevenuto Cellini. That worn also by the bloody tyrant, Christian II., possesses a certain description of interest. Near this a brass cannon tells in part its own singular and adventurous history, in an inscription which reads thus: "With God's help was this piece taken by Charles XII., at the battle of Clitzon, the 9th of July, 1702." The following additional particulars of the adventures of this gun, I learned from an authentic source; in fact, they are, for the most part, written upon a card attached to it. A soldier and favorite of Charles XII. was condemned to death. The king, meantime, happening one day to visit the prison where he was confined, the criminal shouldered this immense piece, and presented arms to him as he passed; and so highly pleased was he with this circumstance, that he granted pardon to the criminal, and presented him the gun. But even here the adventures of this wonderful piece do not end. The released prisoner afterward presented it to his kinsman, Admiral Campinfelt, of the British service, who placed it on board his own vessel, the Royal George, whose melancholy loss, "with twice four hundred souls on board," as the old song expresses it, is well known. This vessel was sunk in the English Channel, off Spithead, in the year 1782. Here, for a period of some sixty years, the gun seems to have rested, when it was again brought to light from the wreck of this vessel, and, on account of the inscription which it bears, was returned to Sweden and presented to the government.

* "Since his wound at Dirschau, he had ever found it painful to wear armor, and he set usually no value upon the heavy accouterment hitherto worn, which he in great part abolished in his army. 'God is my harness,' he said, when his equipments were brought him on that morning."—*Geijer's History of the Swedes.*

[For the National Magazine.]

THE FINAL REST.

We know not what is best for us on earth,
  Although in quest of happiness we go;
But disappointment waiteth on our steps,
  Bright hours move fleet; the darkest, ah! how slow!
But when, submissive to His will divine,
  Who glads the heart with never-dying flowers,
Peace and contentment all our steps await,
  While real joy and happiness are ours.

Then let us ever make our Saviour's will
  Our constant rule of action and our guide;
Trusting in all his gracious promises,
  Whatever pain, whatever ills betide.
For he will surely lead us safely on
  In paths of peace allotted to the blest;
Till we shall tread those bright and golden courts,
  Where way-worn pilgrims shall at last find rest.

At last find rest! How weary mortals pant
  For rest and quiet from the ills of life;
Their steps are faltering ere their journey ends,
  Their spirits oft seem fainting in the strife.
Do they remember the sure promise sweet,
  That "as thy day is so thy strength shall be?"
Then, weary mortal, when thy heart is faint,
  O! may this promise ever comfort thee.

W. R. LAWRENCE.

[For the National Magazine.]

BIRDS; OR, RECREATIONS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

PURSUING the order indicated in our first chapter, we come now to the *Rasores*, or *Gallinaceous* birds, of which the distinguishing peculiarities are clear and well-defined. They are all granivorous, feeding almost exclusively on vegetable diet. As a general thing, their bodies are stout, plump, and heavy; and, with some exceptions, the wings are round and concave. The common barn-yard fowl is a type of the family, which includes the many varieties of pigeons, doves, turkeys, peacocks, pheasants, grouse, partridges, quails, and others less familiar.

The birds of this group are, for the most part, capable of scratching up the surface of the ground in quest of food. Many delight to throw the dust over their plumage and wallow in the dry sandy earth. They are especially averse to humid situations, and a long spell of wet weather renders them dull and spiritless. They are characterized by a strong muscular gizzard, by means of which food, previously macerated in the crop, is ground up in order to digestion.

The gallinaceous birds are very prolific. The young are covered with down, and in a few hours are able to run about after their parent. They pick up the food to which the mother conducts them, without having to be fed like the young of other tribes. The males of the species are pugnacious, and often fight until one or the other is killed. The females are devoted to their broods, and lose all sense of personal danger in their defense. The flesh of all of them is fit for food, and of many it is a great delicacy.

Of the *Pigeon* family, the most remarkable, in some respects, is the *Carrier*, readily distinguished by a broad circle of naked white skin round the eyes, and by its dark blue, or blackish color. Its wonderful power of flight, not less than its remarkable attachment to its home, has rendered this bird specially useful to man in carrying messages from one place to another. A wager was laid some years since, to determine the rapidity of the carrier's flight. One was sent from London to Bury St. Edmonds, and with it a request that two days after its arrival it might be set at liberty at precisely nine o'clock in the morning. This was done accordingly, and the bird reached its home, a distance of seventy-two miles, in two hours and a half. Mr. Martin gives an interesting account of two young carriers which, after being shut up for several weeks, were set at liberty. After several circles high in the air, they started off in one direction, straight as an arrow, far out of sight. He gave them up for lost. But five hours afterward they both returned, settled on their dove-cot, and were eager for food and drink. "Let it be remembered," says Mr. Martin, "that they had never been previously at liberty, and yet, after a voluntary excursion of many miles, they returned with unerring precision to their home. This was repeated so often, that they gave us no concern respecting their safety, the more especially as they flew above gun-shot reach."

It has been asked, Is it by the eye that these birds are enabled to direct their course with such unerring precision? The answer is in the affirmative; and hence, we are told, if very long distances are to be achieved, training is requisite. They must be accustomed, by a graduated series of removals, to at least the greater part of the road; and even then, if a fog obscures their way-marks, they are apt to wander and be lost. Mr. Martin's theory is as follows: A carrier pigeon is taken to a distance, say a hundred miles from home; it is turned loose, it mounts to a great elevation, and performs a series of circles, wider and wider still. At home it has performed the same. Now from any part of the circle, let it perceive an object which, while performing its circles at home, has caught its eye, it has at once a clew to the right direction; that object once attained, a succession of others familiar to it is rapidly passed, till its home greets its keen and long-surveying powers of vision.

Our prescribed limits will not allow us to dwell upon the great variety of the pigeon tribe. Two or three only may be noticed. Here (figure 37) is the largest of the species. It is the *Crowned Goura Pigeon*, a native of the great Indian Archipelago, but found also in New Guinea, as well as in Java, and in most of the Molucca islands. It is usually twenty-eight inches in length, and its bill two inches

long. The head is adorned with an elevated semicircular crest of narrow feathers. Its color is a grayish blue. It feeds upon berries, seeds, and grain of all kinds. In the East Indies, the Goura Pigeon is frequently tamed and domesticated, dwelling in the barn-yard with other poultry. It has the habit of other pigeons, billing, inflating the breast, and cooing, not gently however, but with a loud and discordant noise.

The *Passenger Pigeon* of our own country is found in immense flocks in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, where they generally make their appearance about the tenth of April, and disappear with their young before the end of May. Both Wilson and Audubon give graphic accounts of the singular habits of this bird. Speaking of their numbers, Wilson says:

"Coming to an opening by the side of a creek called the Benson, where I had a more uninterrupted view, I was astonished at their appearance; they were flying with great steadiness and rapidity, at a height beyond gun-shot, in several strata deep, and so close together that, could shot have reached them, one discharge could not have failed of bringing down several individuals. From right to left, as far as the eye could reach, the breadth of this vast procession extended, seeming everywhere equally crowded. Curious to determine how long this appearance would continue, I took out my watch to note the time, and sat down to observe them. It was then half past one; I sat for more than an hour, but instead of a diminution of this prodigious procession, it seemed rather to increase both in numbers and rapidity; and anxious to reach Frankfort before night, I rose and went on. About four o'clock in the afternoon I crossed Kentucky River, at the town of

Frankfort, at which time the living torrent above my head seemed as numerous and as extensive as ever. Long after this I observed them in large bodies that continued to pass for six or eight minutes, and these again were followed by other detached bodies, all moving in the same southeast direction till after six in the evening. The great breadth of front which this mighty multitude preserved, would seem to intimate a corresponding breadth of their breeding-place, which, by several gentlemen, who had lately passed through part of it, was stated to me at several miles."

According to the rough estimate of this close observer, the number of birds in this flock amounted to 2,230,272,000, which he thought was below the actual amount. Allowing each pigeon half a pint of food daily, this flock would require the almost incredible quantity of seventeen million four hundred and twenty-four thousand bushels for one day's support.

Audubon tells us that

"As soon as the pigeons discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below. During their evolutions on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon, suddenly presenting a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight, but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing, by the flapping of their wings, a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forest to see if any danger is nigh. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground. When alighted, they are seen industriously throwing up the withered leaves in quest of the fallen mast. The rear ranks are continually rising, passing over the main body, and alighting in front, in such rapid succession, that the whole flock seems still on the wing. The quantity of ground thus swept is astonishing; and so completely has it been cleared, that the gleaner who might follow in their rear would find his labor completely lost."

Of the *Dove* there are also many varieties. It is a Scripturally-classical bird. The verses of the Rev. W. L. Bowles, addressed to the turtle-dove, carry us back to the time of the Deluge:

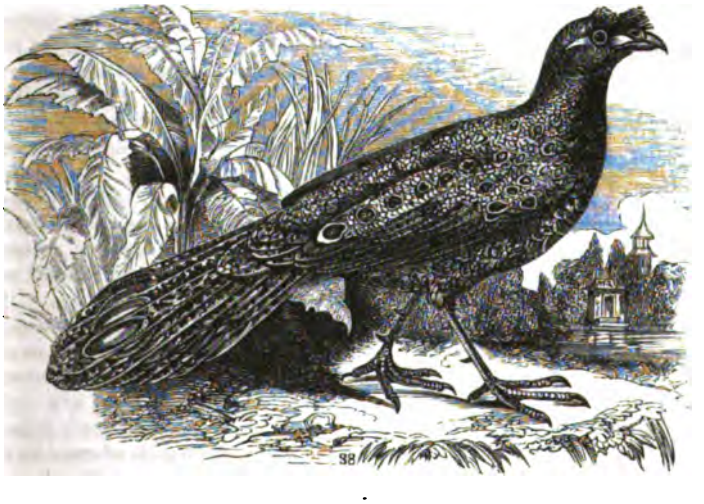
"Ride on: the ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds,
Is seen. But lo! the mighty deep has shrunk!

The ark from its terrific voyage rests
On Ararat! the raven is sent forth:
Send out the dove, and as her wings far off
Shine in the light, that streaks the severing clouds,
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song:

"Go, beautiful and gentle dove;
But whither wilt thou go?
For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below!

"The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird and kiss'd it. Many a night,
When she was listening to the hollow wind,
She press'd it to her bosom, with a tear;
And when it murmur'd in her hand, forgot
The long, loud tumult of the storm without.
She kisses it, and, at her father's word,
Bids it go forth.

"The dove flies on! In lonely flight
She flies from dawn to dark;
And now, amid the gloom of night,
Comes weary to the ark.



O! let me in, she seems to say,
For long and lone has been my way;
O! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

"So the bird flew to her who cherish'd it.
She sent it forth again out of the ark;
Again it came at evening fall, and lo!
An olive-leaf pluck'd off, and in its bill.
And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill,
And kiss'd its wings again, and smilingly
Dropp'd on its neck one silent tear for joy.
She sent it forth once more, and watch'd its flight,
Till it was lost amid the clouds of heaven:
Then, gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell:

"Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray;
For lo! the sun shines bright above,
And night and storm are pass'd away:

"No longer drooping, here confined,
In this cold prison dwell;
Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.

"O! beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sad will be,
When thou shalt hear no voice of love
In murmurs from the leafy tree:

"Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find,
From this cold prison cell;
Go then, to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well."

Moore wrote nothing more beautiful than these lines:

"The dove let loose in Eastern skies
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle wanderers roam.

"But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

"So grant me, Lord! from every stain
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To steer my course to Thee!

"No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings."

It is sufficient to name the *Pheasant*, says Buffon, to remind us of the place of its origin. The pheasant, that is the bird of the Phasis, was exclusively confined to Colchis before the expedition of the Argonauts: those Greeks, ascending the Phasis, beheld these fine birds spread along the banks of the river, and by bringing them back to their own country, bestowed upon it a gift more precious than the golden fleece.

Pheasants are, however, now common in almost all parts of the Old World. They are plentiful in England, Spain, Italy, and the south of France. In China they are said to be abundant, and some are found in Siberia. Our engraving (figure 38) is the *Chinese Peacock Pheasant*. It is, in fact, neither a peacock nor a pheasant, but appears to include some of the peculiarities of both. Its name indicates its native habitat and its general character. Pope, in a few expressive lines, describes the common variety of this well-known bird, and indicates his hapless fate when he ventures within range of the sportsman's gun:

"See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings;
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes;
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?"

No. 39 is another variety of this bird. It is the *Argus Pheasant*, a bird of recluse habits, solitary and shy, a native of Sumatra and Southern India. It is a large bird, little inferior in size to a turkey. Its wings are little adapted for flight, but its legs admirably qualify it for running with great speed. It is a unique and beautiful bird.

The *Peacock* is enumerated in the Scriptures among the costly articles imported by the ships of Tarshish in the days of Solomon. It is still found in a state of nature in Southern Asia and the vast Archipelago of the Eastern Ocean. The chase of the peacock is one of the chief amusements in Bengal and in the isles of Java and Sumatra. Colonel Williamson, in his account of peacock-shooting, states that in the Jungletery district he saw them in immense numbers. "I speak within bounds," he says, "when I assert that there could not be less than twelve or fifteen hundred pea-fowls of various sizes within sight of the spot where I stood for an hour." In its native state this bird may well rank first of the feathered tribes for the matchless brilliancy of its plumage, its large size, and imposing manners. By the ancient Romans it was called the bird of Juno, and the poets feigned that the queen of the gods adorned its tail with the eyes of Argus, and thus bestudded it

with gems—"*et gemmas caudam stellantibus implet.*" Allusion is made to the peacock in the book of Job, (xxxi, 13,) as evidence of the skill of the great Creator. The poet's description is accurate, and leads us "from nature up to nature's God:"

"Bird of refulgent tints, whose beauty charms
The eye of all beholders! dazzling bright
Thy lovely plumage, spreading to the sun;
Most striking of the living objects known.
Who but a God could wings construct like thine?
Well might the patriarch Job His wisdom praise,
In this one proof of the Omnific hand;
Gav'st Thou, said he, the goodly peacock's wings?
Take but one plume, and scrutinize it well;
Look at the fragile, slender, tapering shaft,
Fringed as it is with long loose silken barbs,
Glittering in splendor with metallic light,
Now green, now golden, as if liquid fire.
The ocellated disc with which is tipp'd
The whole, what words can speak its varying hues!
Its purple how intense, its emerald green,
Which circles round this deep rich dye,
Who can imagine? Or the broad expanse
Of choicest bronze, a rich though soberer tint?
And then, again, who shall attempt to paint
The margins delicate of yellow green,
And these all fringed with countless waving threads;
Of colors varying, purple, green, or bronze?
Say, who can copy these transcendent tints?
Art shrinks from the attempt, nature alone
Has skill to manufacture dyes like these!
Vain man may call them the effect of chance,
But he who thinks aright God's hand beholds!"

Of all the gallinaceous tribe, however, the *Turkey* is, at least in one respect, the most important. Into the mouth of one of them Gay puts this gobble-interpreted stanza:

"Man, cursed man, on turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine,
From the low peasant to the lord,
The turkey smokes on every board."

It is an American bird, and Franklin suggested it as far more appropriate for the national emblem than the rapacious eagle. Its range, in its wild state, extends from the northwestern territory of the United States to the Isthmus of Darien. It is found in great numbers in the unsettled parts of Indiana and Illinois; in Arkansas also, and in Tennessee and Alabama. From the rapidity with which they are destroyed, it is feared that this bird in its wild state will soon cease to exist. They are becoming every year less and less numerous. As a singular characteristic of the wild turkey, it may be mentioned that the males associate in parties of from ten to a hundred, and seek their food apart from the females, who keep together for the protection of their young, which the old males attack and destroy by reiterated blows on the skull whenever an opportunity is afforded them. The average weight of a wild turkey is from fifteen to eighteen pounds, but some have been known to weigh even thirty-six or forty. Audubon gives us the following remarkable fact:

"While at Henderson, on the Ohio, I had, among many other wild birds, a fine male turkey, which had been reared from its earliest youth under my care, it having been caught by me when not more than two or three days old. It became so tame that it would follow any person who called it, and was the favorite of the little village. Yet it would never roost with the tame turkeys, but regularly betook itself by night to the roof of the house, where it remained until dawn.

"When two years old it began to fly to the woods, where it remained for a considerable part of the day, to return to the inclosure as night approached. It continued this practice until the following spring, when I saw it several times fly from its roosting place to the top of a high cotton-tree on the banks of the Ohio, from which, after resting a little, it would sail to the opposite shore, the river there being nearly half a mile wide, and return toward night.

"One morning I saw it fly off at a very early hour to the woods, in another direction, and took no particular notice of the circumstance. Several days elapsed, but the bird did not return. I was going toward some lakes near Green River, to shoot, when, having walked about five miles, I saw a fine large gobbler cross the path before me, moving leisurely along.

"Turkeys being then in prime condition for the table, I ordered my dog to chase it and put it up. The animal went off with great rapidity, and as it approached the turkey, I saw, with surprise, that the latter paid little attention. Juno was on the point of seizing it, when she suddenly stopped, and turned her head toward me. I hastened to them, but you may easily conceive my surprise when I saw my own favorite bird, and discovered that it had recognized the dog, and would not fly from it; although the sight of a strange dog would have caused it to run off at once.

"A friend of mine, happening to be in search of a wounded deer, took the bird on his saddle before him, and carried it home for me. The following spring it was accidentally shot, having been taken for a wild bird, and brought to me on being recognized by the red ribbon which it had around its neck. Pray, reader, by what word will you designate the recognition, made by my favorite turkey, of a dog which had been long associated with it in the yard and grounds? Was it the result of instinct, or of reason—an unconsciously revived impression, or the act of an intelligent mind?"

Passing by the various fowls of the barnyard, the Brahmapootras, the Cochin-Chinas, the jungle fowls, as well as the grouse, black and red, we pause a moment to look at the *Ptarmigan*, (figure 40.) It is a Scotch bird, but found in various parts of continental Europe. We give it in its winter dress. The changes in its plumage are remarkable, exceeding those of any of the feathered tribes. While in summer their feathers are of a brownish yellow, with stripes of black, in winter they are of the purest white, with the exception of a few in the tail, which retain their original glossy black hue. Herein, says Cassell, there is a benevolent provision for the safety of these birds. Thus, in summer the brown patches of heath on the rocky sides of the mountains assimilate well, in their broken and blended tints, with the attire of the ptarmigans; and as concealment from their enemies is one of the laws of nature, this end is effectually answered. But when the mountains are covered with snow, and all around is attired in a mantle of dazzling white, were the plumage of these birds to continue as it was, they would at once attract the Iceland falcon and the snowy owl. The white feathers, on the contrary, are sure to defend them from their foes.

The saying of the poet may often be recalled in the study of this as well as of other portions of the Divine operations:

"In human works, though labor'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second, too some other use."

And so it is here. The white plumage is a defense against the cold of winter, as are other provisions by which it is accompanied. For then the legs of the ptarmigan, which have been covered with feathers of a hair-like and downy texture, extending as far as the toes, are now so enveloped as to resemble the feet of a well-furred quadruped; while the bill is almost hidden. The additional reason of this will speedily be apparent.

It is well known that color greatly influences the rate at which bodies either reflect heat, or acquire and part with it, and that objects which reflect heat the most part with it the least. Reflection takes place most readily in objects of a white color, and from such, consequently, heat will radiate with difficulty. If, then, two animals, one of a black color and the other white, be placed in a higher temperature than that of their own body, the heat will enter the one that is black with the greatest rapidity, and elevate its temperature considerably above the other. But when these animals are placed in a situation the temperature of which is considerably lower than their own, the black animal will give out its heat, by radiation, to every surrounding object colder than itself, and speedily have its temperature reduced; while the white animal will part with its heat by radiation at a much slower rate. The winter color of the ptarmigan, therefore, combined with its increased fullness of plumage, tends to limit the expenditure of the vital heat generated in the system; though some expenditure must take place. This power of generating heat in the animal system, it may be added, is the principle on which all animals are enabled to withstand the effect of cold, and to preserve life and health in a low temperature.

Our next illustration (figure 41) is the *Capercaille*. It is a native of the Scandinavian peninsula, and was formerly found, occasionally, in Scotland and the northern parts of England. It is a variety of the *Grouse*, and its name, which is said to be

of Gallic origin, means, literally, the *horse of the wood*. Mr. Lloyd, in his "*Field Sports of the North of Europe*," describes it as living to a great age, and as weighing from ten to thirteen pounds:

"It is often domesticated in Sweden; indeed, at both Uddeholm and Resäter, as well as in other places, I have known those birds to be kept for a long period in aviaries built for the purpose. These were so perfectly tame as to feed out of the hand. Their food principally consisted of oats and of the leaves of the Scotch fir, large branches of which were usually introduced into their cages once or more in the course of the week. They were also supplied with abundance of native berries, when procurable. They were amply provided at all times with water and sand, the latter of which was of a rather coarse quality, and both were changed pretty frequently.

"It has been asserted that the capercali will not breed when in a state of domestication;

this, however, is altogether a mistake, as repeated experience has proved to the contrary. Indeed, a few years ago, I procured a brace of those birds, consisting of a cock and hen, for a friend of mine in Norfolk. After a lapse of a few months, the hen laid six eggs, and from these, in process of time, six capercali were produced. The chicks lived until they had attained to a very considerable size, when, owing, as it was supposed, to the effects of a burning sun, to which they had been incautiously exposed, the whole of them, together with the mother, died. On this mishap, the old cock, the only survivor, was turned loose into the game preserves, where he remained, in a thriving condition, for about a year and a half. At last, however, he also met his doom, though this was supposed to be owing rather to accidental than natural causes."

According to Mr. Nilsson:

"When the capercali is reared from the time of being a chicken, he frequently becomes as tame as a domestic fowl, and may be safely left by himself. He, however, seldom loses his natural boldness; and, like the turkey-cock, will often fly at and peck people. He never becomes so tame and familiar as the black-cock.

"Even in his wild state, the capercali frequently forgets his inherent shyness, and will attack people when approaching his place of resort. Mr. Adlerberg mentions such an occurrence. During a number of years, an old capercali-cock had been in the habit of frequenting the estate of Villinge at Wermdö, who, as often as he heard the voice of people in the adjoining wood, had the boldness to station himself on the ground, and during a continual flapping of his wings, pecked at the legs and feet of those that disturbed his domain.

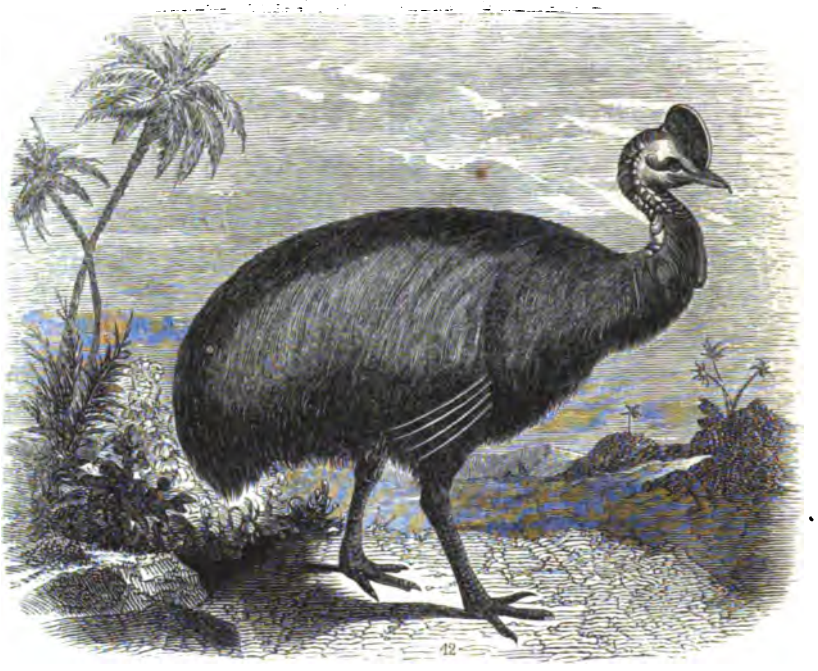
"Mr. Brehm, also, mentions a capercali-cock that frequented a wood a mile distant from Renthendorf, in which was a path or roadway. This bird, so soon as it perceived any person approach, would fly toward him, peck at his legs, and rap him with its wings, and was with difficulty driven away. A huntsman succeeded in taking this bird, and carried it to a place two miles (about fourteen English) distant; but on the following day the capercali resumed its usual haunt. Another person afterward caught him, with a view of carrying him to the Ofwer Jägmästare. At first the bird remained quiet, but he soon began to tear and peck at the man so effectually, that the latter was compelled to restore him to liberty. However, after a lapse of a few months, this bird totally disappeared, probably having fallen into the hands of a less timid bird-catcher."

Of all the gallinaceous birds the *Ostrich* is, in many respects, the most remarkable. It has been celebrated from the most remote antiquity. By the Arabs, whose sandy plains it loves, the ostrich is called the camel-bird. It is found also in Africa, but everywhere maintains its peculiar solitary habits, shunning the haunts of men, and dwelling in the bleak and barren loneliness of the desert. It endures thirst so well as to be frequently found in the most parched and desolate tracts which, in consequence of the absence of water, are forsaken by all other living creatures. The ostrich has a peculiar loud and discordant cry, which, even by the Hottentots, it is said, is frequently mistaken for the roar of the lion. The females are so numerous, in comparison with the other sex, that the male takes to himself from two to six wives, all of whom lay their eggs in the same nest, which is a mere cavity in the sand. As many as sixty eggs have been found in one nest, which are ingeniously placed in a circle upon their points. The hens, it is said, relieve each other in the task of incubation during the day, and the male takes his turn at night. His superior strength is then required to protect the eggs from jackalls and other enemies, some of which are frequently found dead near the nest, having been killed by a stroke from the foot of this powerful bird.

The eggs of the ostrich are considered a great delicacy, and the contents of one are equal to twenty-four of the domestic hen. The Hottentots place one end of an egg in hot ashes and stir the contents with a stick until the whole is properly cooked. Of the strength and speed of this wonderful bird, Mr. Adamson gives the following account of two tame ones which had been domesticated on the south bank of the Niger. He says:

"They were so tame that two little blacks mounted both together on the back of the largest; no sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as ever he could, till he carried them several times round the village; and it was impossible to stop him, otherwise than by obstructing the passage.

"This sight pleased me so well, that I would have it repeated; and, to try their strength, I made a full-grown negro mount the smallest and two others the largest. This burden did not seem to me at all disproportioned to their strength. At first they went at a moderate gallop; when they were heated a little they expanded their wings, as if it were to catch the wind, and they moved with such fleetness that they seemed to be off the ground. Everybody must some time or other have seen a partridge run, consequently must know that there is no man whatever able to keep up with it; and it is easy to imagine, if this bird had a longer step, its speed would be considerably augmented. The ostrich moves like the partridge, with both these advantages; and I am satisfied that those I am speaking of would have distanced the fleetest race-horses that were ever bred in



England. It is true, they would not hold out so long as a horse; but, without all doubt, they would be able to perform the race in less time."

In illustration of the habits of the ostrich, as alluded to in the book of Job, we are told by Dr. Shaw that,

"On the least noise or trivial occasion she forsakes her eggs, or her young ones, to which, perhaps, she never returns; or, if she does, it may be too late either to restore life to the one, or to preserve the lives of the others. Agreeably to this account, the Arabs meet sometimes with whole nests of these eggs undisturbed; some of them are sweet and good, others are addled and corrupted; others, again, have their young ones of different growths, according to the time, it may be presumed, they may have been forsaken of the dam. They often meet with a few of the little ones, no bigger than well-grown pullets, half-starved, straggling and moaning about like so many distressed orphans for their mother. In this manner the ostrich may be said to be hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers; her labor in watching and attending them so far, being in vain, without fear, or the least concern of what is to become of them afterward."

Resembling, in some respects, the ostrich, but differing in many others, is that singular creature, the *Emeu*, of which we give an illustration (No. 42.) By some naturalists it has been denied a place among birds, because, although it has wings, they are little calculated for flight, and appear to have been designed by nature rather to assist in running. The emeu is a majestic creature, standing, when erect, about five feet high, and, next to the ostrich, it is the largest of the feathered tribes. It is exceedingly pugnacious, and its featherless quills serve its purpose as offensive weapons. Its head is surmounted with a bony prominence covered with a horny substance. The emeu is found in the island of Java, and is said to be quite common in the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago, and especially in New Guinea.

In the year 1671 an emeu was sent by the governor of Madagascar to the king of France, which lived four years in the royal menagerie at Versailles. Since that period they have been frequently taken to Europe, and are to be found in several British collections.

Here we close our descriptions of the birds termed gallinaceous. The Grallatores, or Waders, will form the subject of our next chapter.

SCENE FROM THOMSON'S "SEASONS."

SUMMER.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the sun, refulgent summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

* * * * * * * *

When now no more th' alternate twins are fired,
And cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the luster of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward: while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes,
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

* * * * * * * *

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labor, love, and social glee.

RESIDENCE AT YOUGHAL, IRELAND.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S courtly qualities, his reputation as a founder of colonies, his enterprising disposition, and the tyrannical and unjust sentence which brought his life and activity to a close, have combined to canonize his character in English history. Filling various functions of public life, naval, military, and civil, he had the fortune to be illustrious in all, and to gain for himself in addition a literary renown, which has placed him in association with the loftiest minds of his generation. The more than ordinary interest accorded to his story is evinced by the multitude of his biographers; most of whom have aimed, in different ways, to do him honor, and whose researches, upon the whole, have supplied all or most of the materials required for a fair appreciation of his personal powers and characteristics, as well as of his varied services and projects.

His father was a gentleman of ancient lineage, but small fortune, settled in Devonshire, England, in which county, at a place called Hayes Farm, in the parish of Budley, Walter himself was born in the year 1552. He was the second son of a third marriage, his father being then apparently considerably advanced in life. From his earliest youth, it is said, he was characterized by great intellectual acuteness, and likewise by a restless and adventurous spirit.

On quitting the university—which he did on the earliest opportunity that was presented for his engaging in active life—he became a soldier; being one of a company of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, which Queen Elizabeth had authorized to be formed for aiding the Huguenots in their memorable struggle for religious liberty. In this capacity he served in France for five years, and was engaged in some of the most noted battles of the period. Subsequently he served for a short time in the Netherlands; and then, returning home, accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on a voyage to Newfoundland. The expedition, which was one of discovery and projected colonization, proved unfortunate; but it was so far useful as to familiarize young Raleigh with a seafaring life, and probably had no inconsiderable influence in leading him to undertake those later expeditions by which he was rendered famous.

After his return to England, he went to Ireland to assist in suppressing the rebellion raised there, in 1580, by the Earl of Desmond. On this occasion he commanded a company of royal troops, and at once became distinguished both for his valor and his surpassing skill in effecting those

sudden and rapid movements and surprises which were required by the nature of the service. His exploits were so conspicuous as to be particularly recited by the historians of the period. The country continuing in a turbulent condition, he remained in this employment for several years. O'Flanagan, in his Historical and Picturesque Guide to the Blackwater, says:

"Adjoining the churchyard at Youghal, Ireland, and only separated by a fence and trees, is a truly interesting mansion of the genuine Elizabethan building, which once sheltered the brave and enterprising Sir Walter Raleigh. In the garden opposite he is said to have planted the potato, which he brought from South America; and the person left to take care of the grounds, imagining that the apple which grew on the stalk was the part to be used, gathered it, and not liking the taste, neglected the roots, till the ground being dug afterwards to sow other grain, the potatoes were discovered there to have vastly increased. Tobacco is also reported to have been first introduced into Ireland from this port.

"The house is now in fine preservation, and well worth a visit; it has a wainscoting of fine Irish oak, with carved panels, and the chimney-piece in the drawing-room is elaborately sculptured with grotesque figures. In the garden is a group of yew-trees, here represented, said to have been planted by Raleigh. From a number of beautiful myrtle-trees about the house, it owes its present name, Myrtle Grove; and its courteous owner, Colonel Faunt, permits the stranger to visit freely this dwelling of other days.

"Though no one had a keener appreciation of the charms of a country life, and unruffled repose from the turmoil of a court life, than Sir Walter, as is evidenced by his writings, a life of quiet and seclusion was by no means adapted to his ardent temperament."

Some differences at length arising between Raleigh and the lord deputy, they, on their return to England, brought up the matter for discussion at the council board, in the presence of her majesty; Sir Walter maintaining his cause, whatever it was, "with consummate ability as well as grace," and thereby, to use the words of Sir Robert Naunton, gaining "the queen's ear in a trice." This was one of the most important and decisive moments of Raleigh's life. His future fortunes were owing chiefly to the feelings with which he was thenceforth regarded by his sovereign. It is well known that personal recommendations went a long way with Elizabeth; and for these he was not less remarkable than for those intellectual accomplishments that so instantly gained her ear. The romantic incident, related by Fuller, as to the immediate cause of Raleigh's introduction to the queen and to her favor, is familiar to all readers of history; how the gallant and handsome gentleman, being one of her majesty's train, when she suddenly came to a miry part of the road, and hesitated to proceed, pulled off his rich plush cloak, and, spreading it before her feet, enabled her to pass on unsoiled—a mark of attention which so delighted the queen that, as it was facetiously observed, it gained for him thereafter many a handsome *suit*. Within two or three years from the period when he was first noticed at court, he was knighted, made a captain of the guard, seneschal of the county of Cornwall, and lord warden of the Stanneries; these honors being furthermore enhanced by the substantial grant of twelve thousand acres of the forfeited principality of the Earls of Desmond, whose rebellions he had assisted to suppress.

Not long after the commencement of Raleigh's successes at court, Sir Humphrey Gilbert resolved to try his fortunes a second time in a colonizing expedition to America; and his prosperous half-brother, who was now in a situation to furnish useful aid, came forward handsomely in support of his views. In a letter written from court, in May, 1583, it is stated that "Mr. Raleigh, the new favorite, had made an adventure of £2,000 in a ship and furniture thereof," to form part of the fleet collected by Gilbert. Raleigh himself remained at court to prosecute his own particular objects, but the queen sent, through the new favorite's hands, a golden anchor to Sir Humphrey, to be worn at his breast by way of ornament; her only contribution to an expedition designed to transplant the arts and industry of England to the waste regions of the newly-discovered continent. This expedition was also unsuccessful, and its brave leader perished in a storm by which he was overtaken on his return.

The fate of his kinsman, however, had no effect in diverting Raleigh's thoughts from those colonial undertakings to which the former fell a victim. Availing himself of the queen's favor, he solicited and obtained a patent, investing him with full power to appropriate, plant, and govern any territory he might acquire in the unoccupied parts of North America. This patent was granted in 1584. His first step for carrying it into effect was to fit out an expedition of observation and inquiry, to ascer-

MYRTLE GROVE, BLACKWATER, IRELAND.

tain the particular spot where it would be most advantageous to plant; and receiving good accounts from the commanders of the vessels, it was determined to take possession of the tract of country which was afterward called "Virginia." In 1585, a body of adventurous colonists sailed from England, and were safely planted in that region, under the government of Mr. Lane. He was accompanied by Harriot, one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the time, who was commissioned to make a survey of the country, and to draw up a report of its resources. That survey, and the importation for the first time of the tobacco-plant, were the only fruits of the undertaking; inasmuch as the misconduct of the colonists, and the hostility of the natives, rendered it necessary to re-embark the whole body within twelve months from the time of landing. Raleigh, nowise daunted by the unhappy issue, took active measures to collect and send out a second body, which sailed and took possession in 1587. But again his praiseworthy designs were defeated, chiefly, as we learn, through the misconduct of the colonists themselves. The governor was obliged to return to England for additional supplies, and new instructions, suited to the circumstances that had arisen; the settlers being left in a precarious condition during the period of his absence.

On his arrival, he found Raleigh, like all the other leading men of the kingdom, busied with preparations to meet the Spanish Armada, then threatening the shores and independence of the nation. The pressing wants of the colonists, however, were not overlooked in that emergency. Two small vessels were speedily equipped and dispatched to their assistance; though, being unfortunately rifled on the ocean, they were obliged to put back to England. Soon after this, namely, in 1589, Raleigh made an assignment of his patent to a company of merchants; and thus, after much loss to the projector, a great and favorite scheme was ended, and the unfortunate adventurers, as it might seem, left to an inevitable destruction. In the hands of the new patentees, the plan of colonizing Virginia was suffered to languish during the rest of the queen's reign; and as many as twenty years elapsed before any permanent settlement could be said to have been effected.

Raleigh had been greatly blamed for the abandonment of this design; seeing that it had induced many of his countrymen to quit their native land, and all, as it happened, perished for the want of timely help. But, on investigation, it appears that he gave it up, simply because his own means were inadequate to the accomplishment of his intentions. It was observed by Hackluyt, "that it would have required a prince's purse to have it thoroughly followed out." Raleigh was without the prince's purse, and had now expended all his available resources; and therefore the assignment of his patent must be deemed justified by the necessities of his situation. He had not contemplated the full difficulties of the undertaking, nor been able to calculate the cost of it; but entering on it with zeal and spirit, he had done the utmost that could be effected by the straitness of private enterprise; having proved himself a worthy leader in the heroic work of colonization, and opened out a path to the establishment

of a new colonial empire. Nor did he forget, or withdraw his services from the ill-starred adventurers who remained in the colony in anxious expectation of supplies; although, in assigning his patent, he might have been considered to have likewise transferred his responsibilities. It is discreditable to the new patentees that, after making only one ineffectual attempt to render the colonists assistance, they left them to their fate. That the government of Elizabeth should have done nothing to rescue these persons from the certain destruction that awaited them, is a fact which has been justly regarded as a serious stigma upon her reign. Raleigh alone made exertions in any way commensurate with the urgency of the case. He made *five* different attempts to succor them, and by those means at least delayed the ultimate catastrophe. The historical proof of this was first brought forward by Mr. Macvey Napier, and is contained in a notice preserved by Purchas, of the date of 1602. It is there stated that "Samuel Mace, of Weymouth, a very sufficient mariner, who had been at Virginia *twice before*, was (in this year) employed by Sir Walter Raleigh to find those people which were left there in 1587, to whose succor he *hath sent five several times at his own charges*." Notwithstanding this, the whole colony were eventually murdered by the Indians, or perished from starvation in striving to escape from them. A sad termination to an arduous and gallant enterprise, which shows how utterly insufficient are all isolated and private schemes of colonization, whenever the aboriginal savage remains untamed within the territory.

The Virginian plantation being abandoned, Raleigh's principal occupations seem for some time to have been those of a favored courtier, an active member of Parliament, and a large adventurer in those naval enterprises and privateering expeditions which, in Elizabeth's reign, were continually being carried on against the powers of the realm of Spain.

As regards his private life, one of the most pleasing incidents of this period is Raleigh's introduction to the poet Spenser, whom he appears to have met with during a sort of compulsory visit to Ireland, occasioned by some temporary eclipse of his popularity at court. They might have been previously acquainted during the rebellion of the Desmonds; but the interview which now ensued laid the foundation of a cordial and lasting friendship. Spenser was then residing at Kilcolman, an ancient castle of the Desmonds, situated on the Mulla, the scene of which is beautifully delineated in his pastoral of "Colin Clout." Not long afterward, Raleigh had an opportunity of introducing him to Queen Elizabeth, who thenceforth regarded him with favor, and manifested some delight in his poetical performances. Sir Walter, in the meantime, continued to advance himself more and more in the good graces of her majesty, and, by his courtly and insinuating qualities, obtained from her many liberal benefactions.

While dangling about the court, he saw and fell in love with Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of the maids of honor, and after some inadvertent dalliance, was united to her by a private marriage. According to our modern notions, this would seem no very criminal proceeding; but in the eyes of the august Elizabeth it appeared to merit an imposing punishment. In her opinion, Raleigh ought to have humbly solicited her permission. Not having done so, she condemned the offending couple to confinement for some months in the Tower, and deprived Raleigh of the offices which gave him access to her presence. After an imprisonment of some weeks, the queen relented so far as to set him at liberty, though as yet she did not permit him to return to court. In no long time he had so far re-established himself in favor as to contrive to obtain a grant, through her, of the manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire; "a possession which belonged to the church, and the alienation of which seems to have been attended with great obloquy." There was strong apprehensions among Sir Walter's enemies that he would presently be restored to his former influence at court; but, by strong resistance, he was for some time kept away. During this season, he appears to have employed himself in making various improvements at Sherborne, which, according to the traditions of the times, "he beautified with gardens, and orchards, and groves of much variety and delight." But his was a mind which could not long remain satisfied with such simple occupations; they ministered in no degree to his ambition, which was of a restless and grasping kind, and required the stimulus

of great and continuous excitement. What seems to have struck his fancy most was the reputed existence of an undiscovered sovereignty bearing the designation of "El Dorado;" a region or kingdom which the Spanish adventurers had long been in quest of, but in the search for which they had been unsuccessful. It was supposed to lie somewhere in the interior of Guiana, and was represented as abounding with the precious metals, the very houses being covered with plates of gold, and the aboriginal rocks forever glittering with a most dazzling resplendency.

The prospect of possibly discovering El Dorado became one of magnitude and magnificence in his eyes; and the more he pondered on it, the more did he feel himself impelled to go forth in search of a territory so romantic and important.

Having made his preparations, Raleigh sailed from England on the 9th of February, 1595, with five vessels, having on board, besides mariners, about a hundred soldiers with their officers, and a few gentlemen volunteers. Part of the expense of the expedition was borne by the Lord High Admiral and Sir Robert Cecil. Toward the end of March, Sir Walter arrived at Trinidad, where he took possession of the town of St. Joseph, and seized the person of the governor, Don Antonio de Berrio, who, the year before, had made prisoners of some of the men sent out by Raleigh on a preparatory voyage under Captain Whiddon. There was something rather romantic and dramatic in the proceeding; for Berrio had recently attempted the discovery of El Dorado, and was again preparing to go in search of it. From two hostile countries, two enterprising competitors for a golden kingdom were thus brought face to face; neither of them having obtained the most distant glimpse of the object they aspired to possess, which was, indeed, a mere creation of the fancy, and which "neither could hope to reach without encountering the most frightful perils that try the strength or menace the life of man." Truly enough, as Mr. Napier observes, "history has few scenes more singular—scenes where the actors were real and in earnest, but where the objects of action were altogether imaginary."

Finding his prisoner to be "a gentleman of great assuredness and of a great heart," Raleigh informs us he treated him "according to his rank and deserts;" and Berrio, on his part, never suspecting that the Englishman was a rival in his own line of pursuit, communicated to him all the knowledge he had previously acquired about the site of the El Dorado, and the probable advantages to be derived from its discovery.

Departing from Trinidad, Sir Walter and his companions sailed for the mouths of the Orinoco, and so far arrived in safety. But on attempting to gain the main stream of the river, and thus proceed into the interior of Guiana, the adventurers encountered unexpected obstacles. The ships drew too much water to admit of their being used for such a purpose, and it was found necessary to leave them at anchor, and have recourse to boats. About a hundred persons embarked in these frail conveyances, and continued to navigate the river for a month; "sometimes under a burning sun, sometimes under torrents of rain, with no other resting-places but the hard boards, and no accommodations but what were common to all." Raleigh's account of their progress—"of their alternate hopes and fears, want of fortuitous supplies—of the aspects of the country and its productions—and of their entrance at last into the grand channel of the majestic Orinoco, is full of interest and variety; occasionally containing descriptive passages of much beauty, joined with traits of almost inconceivable credulity, and frequent asseverations of his belief in the commercial resources and metallic riches of the vast region through which its sea-like waters roll." After ascending the river about sixty leagues, its rapid and terrific rise compelled the voyagers to return. Raleigh was thus obliged to turn his back on the imaginary El Dorado, and to leave a region which had now, for the first time, been seen by Englishmen; though with the private determination to return at the earliest opportunity, more efficiently equipped for the enterprise. He took formal possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, made a friendly alliance with the natives, and, after many dangers and mischances, regained the ships which had been left at anchor.

About the close of the summer of 1595, he was again in England, where he presently wrote and published an account of his voyage, under the title of "The Dis-

covery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana." Few, if any, of his countrymen had ever heard of such an empire, and, as a consequence, many of the writer's statements were read with incredulity. Viewing the whole of his representations and proceedings respecting the treasures of Guiana, it seems impossible to reconcile them to any principles applicable to the explanation of human conduct, upon any other supposition than that he was himself a believer in the substantial reality of his own representations. Raleigh, moreover, was not alone in his delusion: other travelers and writers of the age gave very similar accounts of the country he visited, and some of them, of the highest character for veracity, testified distinctly to the presence of gold and silver in abundance.

In many of Raleigh's schemes, there was a magnificent impracticableness, showing signs of the man of genius, but as yet lacking that necessary form of talent which seizes on the actual. One of his propositions was to carry out a force to Guiana sufficient to induce the sovereign of El Dorado to become a tributary and ally of England. Another, less romantic, was to establish colonies and commercial companies in the most inviting quarters of Guiana; by which means he confidently hoped "to see in London a contraction-house of more receipt for that country than there was in Seville for the West Indies." It was to promote this scheme that he so assiduously cultivated the friendship of the natives; and for the same object he brought back with him the son of one of the principal chiefs to be educated in England. His proposal to erect two forts upon the Orinoco, in order to command its navigation, has been considered by Humboldt to have indicated great sagacity and military skill. Had his views been limited to such objects, he would have probably been extolled as a statesman and a patriot; "but," as Napier says, "the fable of El Dorado, and the dream of an alliance with its imaginary potentate, threw an air of doubt and ridicule over his better designs, and diminished the respect that would otherwise have been due to the far-seeing policy which they indicated."

We can give no very distinct impression of Raleigh's figure in the House of Commons, but from the scanty report of his speeches which have been preserved, he would appear to have displayed large and original views both of foreign and domestic policy. In an age when the cardinal principle of economical legislation was that of regulating individual skill and labor, as the means of insuring national prosperity, Raleigh anticipated the most comprehensive conclusion of modern political economy; and on all occasions inculcated the propriety of leaving every man free to employ his labor and capital in the way he might judge most beneficial for himself. The free-traders of the present century are probably not aware that their favorite doctrine was so broadly anticipated by a legislator of the times of Queen Elizabeth.

The death of this sovereign, and the accession of James I., conduct us to the darkest portion of Raleigh's history. At the court of the new monarch he could not sustain his popularity. Owing to unfavorable representations of his character, his office of captain of the guard was taken from him and bestowed on a Scottish favorite; and every precaution was resorted to by his enemies to hinder him from obtaining any share of power under the new government.

Raleigh's known dissatisfaction with the administration of affairs presently laid him open to the charge of defective loyalty, and exposed him to the accusation of favoring the treasonable designs which, within three months after James's accession to the throne, were in progress under the leading of Lord Cobham. Raleigh had been heard to express an opinion that James's power of appointing his countrymen to places of trust and emolument in his English dominions ought to be subjected to some limitations; and it was thought, therefore, that he must needs be prepared to limit it by acts of treason. When the Cobham conspiracy was discovered, it came out in the examinations that Raleigh, though not actively engaged in it, was to some extent acquainted with the plot. On the strength of the suspicions thus engendered, Raleigh, in July, 1603, was committed to the Tower.

After a good deal of discussion and delay, it was resolved that he should be brought to trial with the rest of the conspirators. The confessions of most of them had left no doubt either of their guilt, or the certainty of their condemna-

was mainly to obtain the power of revisiting Guiana that he coveted his liberty. That envied and mysterious region had never ceased to engage his thoughts.

The rumor of gold mines being always an allurement, Raleigh found no difficulty in getting together a sufficient body of associates. In the course of a few months, he was in a condition to sail with a fleet of not less than thirteen vessels, some of them of considerable size, and all carrying a proportionable number of cannon.

There were various delays and disasters on the voyage, but about the middle of November the coast of Guiana was in sight. Raleigh, unhappily, was now too unwell to ascend the Orinoco, and was obliged to appoint some one in his place to conduct the exploring party. Who, seemingly, could be better than Captain Keymis, who had visited the country before, and represented himself to be well acquainted with the situation of the mine? He, accordingly, proceeded with five companies of soldiers (two hundred and fifty altogether) to search for the spot in question. The navigation into the interior occupied a month; and on disembarking near St. Thomas, a small town erected by the Spaniards, the exploring party fell in with an adventure.

By some sort of accident or misunderstanding, or, perhaps, by intentional arrangement, our exploring party were induced to make an attack upon St. Thomas, in which conflict the governor was killed, and likewise, on the other side, Raleigh's eldest son; and the Spaniards having retreated and been pursued into the town, there took occasion to defend themselves by firing from the windows, and thereby so exasperated the English that they set fire to the place, and left it a perfect ruin. This done, Keymis, with a small party of gentlemen and soldiers, dashed forward into the country to find out the "mine," which the leader represented as being situated at no great distance. They beat about for twenty days without result; being meanwhile frequently fired upon from the woods, and suffering considerable loss. Keymis, at last, thought proper to give up the search, and fell back with his party upon St. Thomas; whence the whole body shortly returned to Trinidad, where their disappointed commander, still unwell, was lying at anchor.

Those who have most closely investigated the documents which form the groundwork of Raleigh's History, are decidedly of opinion that his main purpose in proceeding to Guiana was, not to discover gold mines, but to plant a colony in the neighborhood of the Spanish settlements.

On rejoining his commander, Keymis, unable to bear the reproaches with which he was received, and feeling likewise that he had been the immediate cause of the failure, which would now undoubtedly involve Raleigh in certain ruin, took the thing seriously to heart, passed a few days in sullen abstraction, and then destroyed himself. As to Sir Walter, he, in one of his letters written at this time, observes, that "God had given him a strong heart." And truly enough he had now need of all its strength. Though weak from illness, he at once set sail for Newfoundland, intending there to revictual and refit his ships for the prosecution of his ulterior designs. Before reaching that place, however, most of them dispersed to follow other fortunes; and on his arrival a mutiny took place among his own crew, some wishing to continue at sea, and others to return to England. With the latter, who were the majority, he was forced to acquiesce and sail homeward, his private intention being meanwhile very different. It is generally agreed that his resolution was, if possible, to keep at sea; and it is believed that he designed to try his fortune at the expense of the Spanish settlements, or by some other act of piracy. In an examination, after his return, he "confessed that he proposed the taking of the Mexican fleet, if the mine failed."

In July, 1618, after being about a year from England, Raleigh returned to Plymouth. On arriving, Raleigh learned that a royal proclamation had been issued, strongly condemning his conduct in regard to the attack upon St. Thomas, and calling upon all who could give any information upon the subject to repair to the privy council; and soon after landing he was put under arrest by Sir Lewis Stukely, Vice-admiral of Devonshire, to whom a warrant for that purpose had been intrusted. He had previously gone on board a vessel with the view of escaping to France; but, owing to some unexplained and unaccountable emotion, he returned without making the attempt. Not long afterward he was re-committed to the

language." The moral and judicial mode of viewing the achievements of the classical nations, and the providential lessons held out by history, joined with a mournful tone of reflection on the instability of fortune, the miseries of humanity, and the ultimate fate of all in death, combine to give the work a character of individuality of the most marked description, and which separates it from all others of the class to which it belongs." But perhaps its most striking feature is the sweet tone of philosophic melancholy which pervades the whole. Written in prison during the quiet evening of a tempestuous life, we feel in its perusal that we are the companions of a superior mind, nursed in contemplation and chastened and improved by sorrow, in which the bitter recollection of injury and the asperity of resentment have passed away, leaving only the heavenly lesson that all is vanity.

Of Raleigh's other literary productions, none but the account of Sir R. Grenville's action at the Azores, and that of his own voyage to Guiana, and some poems, were printed during his life. Most of those attributed to him were not published till long after his death. Four of them, however, were published under the sanction of his grandson—his "Discourse on the Invention of Shipping," his "Relation of the Action at Cadiz," his "Dialogue between a Jesuit and a Recusant," and the "Apology for his Last Voyage to Guiana." Two political treatises—"The Cabinet Council," and the "Maxims of the State"—were edited and introduced to the world by Milton; the first being, as he stated, "given to him for a true copy, by a learned man at his death;" and he considered it "answerable in style to the works of the eminent author already extant, as far as the subject would permit."

The versatility of Raleigh's genius and pursuits were, as Napier remarks, strikingly exemplified in his acquaintance with the mechanical arts, and his addiction to experimental inquiries. His discourses on shipping, the navy, and naval tactics, are the earliest productions of the kind in the English language. He had little practical training in the art of seamanship, but his knowledge of it was equal to that of any sailor of his age. His tracts on shipbuilding have often been referred to as evincing a large amount of information; and in a discourse on the "Art of War by Sea," of which, however, only some partial outline remains, it would appear that that was a subject which he very well understood. The strong taste for experimental inquiry, which manifested itself so signally at the close of the sixteenth century, found in Raleigh one of those inquisitive and ardent minds, such as in all ages are apt to be excited to active research by the discovery of any new avenue to knowledge. During his confinement in the Tower, he appears to have devoted a good deal of his time to chemical and pharmaceutical investigations; greatly, no doubt, to the amazement of those about him, who would naturally marvel at seeing the splendid courtier and captain of a happier day, thus earnestly employing himself with chemical stills and crucibles. Sir William Wade, the lieutenant of the Tower, relates that he converted a little hen-house in the garden into a still-house; "and here," says he, "he doth spend his time all the day in distillations." This is supposed to have occurred before Raleigh began seriously to apply himself to the composition of his History, which, when commenced, must have engrossed the greater portion of his time; though, in the way of recreation, he appears to have continued his experimental researches throughout the entire period of his confinement.

Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower ended in March, 1615. Well, perhaps, would it have been for his fame, had he died before his liberation; for, as Napier remarks, "he lived to furnish a humiliating proof of the lamentable inconsistencies of human nature, even in the strongest minds; to show that the same man may in the closet reason like a sage on cupidity and ambition, and in active life pursue with eagerness the commonest objects of desire; may declaim against gold, as the 'high and shining idol' with which the greatest enemy of mankind lures them on to destruction, and yet sacrifice character and life in its pursuit; may smile at death in its most revolting form, and yet try to escape from it by the most degrading artifices." The king did not grant him a full pardon, being resolved, as he stated, to preserve such a hold on Raleigh, as to keep him in effectual subjection, and thus make him answerable, under penalties, for his subsequent behavior.

If Raleigh himself is to be credited, it

CORAL-WORKERS AND THEIR DOINGS.

A RECENT writer on the earth says that "probably there is not an atom of the solid materials of the globe which has not passed through the laboratory of life." Rocks, thousands of miles in extent, are found to be nearly half composed of microscopic shells; and deposits several feet in thickness, and stretching over

FUNGIA AGARICIFORMIS.

many miles, are made up of animals so small that "eight millions of them do not fill up a space larger than a mustard seed." With these facts before us, is not there an added interest in examining the process by which, even in our age, new tracts of land are raised from the depths of ocean?

If we had heard that the great Master builder of this world of ours intended to employ creature-agency in making islands, which among the many living beings that we know should we have judged most fit for the work? Birds build most curious nests; and one, the Megapodius, a native of Australia, and found also in the Possession Islands, constructs a mound ten or twelve feet high, with sloping sides from eighteen to twenty-four feet in length, piling up earth and fragments of coral to cover her eggs; ants rear large dome-like homes and granaries; beavers dam up running streams, plaster their huts and plant their villages; man builds cities and pyramids, and more wonderful breakwaters; but all these creaturely doings fall short of the productions of the coral-workers. This is one instance among many that shows us how God chooses weak things for mighty works.

We look at the four great departments of the animal kingdom, and passing by the three former, which include all the more highly-organized animals, such as mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, crustaceans, worms, and most shell-fish, we take the fourth department, radiata. This division has three classes—sea-urchins, jelly-fishes, and polyps. We take the lowest class, polyps. This class again has three orders. We take the second, sea-polyps, (actinoids;) and thus we find ourselves almost at the lowest step of the descending scale of animated being.

The polyps are animals fixed to one place, like plants, having a series of flexible arms round their mouth. They have curious ways. Their number is increased not only by eggs, but also by buds that sprout from the parent body, and in some kinds by division. A cleft is seen in the perfect animal, slight at first, but constantly increasing in depth, till, after a time, two are formed out of one, so much alike that you could not tell the child from the parent. Some polyps are solitary, each having an independent stem and support. Others grow in company on one common base. There is a singular connection subsisting among thousands of distinct individuals thus having a common body. There seems to be a transmission of will through the whole as perfect as in the limbs of a single animal. Thus a change of color at the base has been observed to spread upward to the tips of branching coralines. They remind one of buds on a tree, separate and yet united.

Observe the next specimen of coral that you meet with. You perceive the many small holes in its surface. When that was a living coral, the heads and arms of its inhabitants protruded from those holes; indeed, the stony part was often almost covered by the soft animal substance. The polyps have, however, the power of drawing themselves back into their hard framework. They are very large eaters; more particular about the quantity than the quality of their food. They help to clear away many impurities;

PORITES CLAVARIA.

CARYOPHYLLIA ARBOREA.

and thus perform the same good office in the water that many kinds of insects, devourers of animal and vegetable decay, perform on the land.

The kinds of corals that are the chief reef-builders belong to the genera Madrepora, Astræa, Caryophyllia, Mæandrina, and Millepora.

The number of these polyps in the waters of warm climates is immense. Numbers beyond count are at work, day by day, in constructing their small but lasting cells; cells which are their homes while they live, and their graves when they die. It used to be thought that coral-polyps were able to build up steep walls from great depths in the sea; but this notion is not now regarded as true. No corals have been found living and working at a greater depth than from twenty to thirty fathoms. Say twenty-five and multiply by six, and this gives the number of feet below the sea to be one hundred and fifty. "Their upward limit of growth is determined by the lowest water at spring-tides."

MADREPORA ARBOTANOIDE.

Living corals are never found building upon living corals. The reefs that they construct are raised layer upon layer, by successive generations; the houses of the living race having for their foundation the graves of the past race.

This "creation" is of three kinds, atolls, encircling, or barrier reefs, and fringing reefs. The *atoll* rises above the waves, a circular or oval strip of land, varying in breadth and inclosing a lake or lagoon of smooth water. This ring-like sea-wall has generally one, and often many openings. It is always highest on its windward side. The *barrier reef* is like the atoll, only it is either found running parallel to a coast, or inclosing one

MÆANDRINA CEREBIFORMIS.

or more islands. The largest coral reef in the world is the barrier reef that guards the northeast coast of Australia. It is one thousand one hundred miles in length, and varies in its distance from the shore from ten or fifteen to a hundred miles. Its mean distance is about thirty miles. The islands that are encircled by barrier reefs are often mountainous. Their shores are washed by the smooth waters of the lagoons, and about two or three miles off, the protecting ring shields lake and islets from the might of the ocean. Some travelers have likened these islets to castles surrounded first by a moat, and then by a strong wall of defense. Others have compared them "to a framed engraving, where the frame represents the breakers, the marginal paper the smooth lagoon, and the drawing the island itself."

Fringing reefs, as their name imports, skirt the margin of a shore. They are common to continents and islands.

Within the lagoons the water is shallow, varying from one hundred and twenty to three hundred feet. Beyond the outer wall the sea is deep, and often unfathomable. Now we have seen that the coral-polyps cannot live and work in these deep places, and we know, too, that they must have some foundation on which to begin. It is also true that dead coral has been fetched up from depths below the range of living coral, and has been found on higher ground than any that the sea now washes. Mr. Darwin has a theory, now generally adopted, which accounts for these facts. He supposes that every atoll marks the site and traces the outline of sunken land. Wherever there is now a lagoon there was once an island with a girdle of coral around it. By slow degrees the land subsided, and as it sank lower and lower the corals round its base grew up higher and higher, till, when the downward progress of the land was stayed, no part of the original island was to be seen above the waves, and only a ring-like reef appeared—new land for new inhabitants. Some of the present islands are known to be sinking very gradually, while some, in other parts of the ocean, are rising. The Friendly Archipelago consist of a group of atolls, upheaved and since partially worn down. I only state this view without attempting to prove its truth. Should you think the subject so interesting that you would like to know more about it, I would refer you to Darwin's book "On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," or to a shorter statement in his "Naturalists' Journal of a Voyage Round the World." Let me also name the fifty-first chapter of Lyell's "Principles of Geology."

The lagoon-inclosing reefs are very numerous in the Pacific. Mr. Jukes gives the following beautiful description of their appearance at a distance in his "Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of Her Majesty's Ship *Fly*:"

"There is considerable beauty in a small coral reef when viewed from a ship's masthead at a short distance in clear weather. A small island, with a white sand beach and a tuft of trees, is surrounded by a symmetrically oval space of shallow water of a bright grass-green color, inclosed by a ring of glittering surf as white as snow, immediately outside of which is the rich, dark blue of deep waters. All the sea is free from any mixture of sand or mud. Even when it breaks on a sand beach it retains its perfect purity, as the large grains of coral are heavy and do not break into mud, so that if a bucketful of coral sand be thrown into the sea, it may be seen gradually sinking like a white cloud, without producing any discoloration in the surrounding water. It is this perfect clearness . . . . which renders navigation among coral reefs practicable, as a shoal with five fathoms water on it can be discerned at a mile distance from a ship's masthead, in consequence of its greenish hue contrasting with the blue of deep water."

The smooth and still waters of the lake have often been contrasted with the rush and roar of the breakers beyond. We will quote Mr. Jukes again. He speaks of a reef a quarter of a mile wide, a fresh breeze, and a heavy sea running:

"The water is perfectly clear, and of great and almost unfathomable depth right up to the outer slope or submarine wall of the reef. The long ocean swell being suddenly impeded by this barrier, lifted itself in one great continuous ridge of deep blue water, which, curling over, fell on the edge of the reef in an unbroken cataract of dazzling white foam. Each line of breakers was often one or two miles in length, with not a perceptible gap in its continuity."

Mr. Darwin says:

"The ocean throwing its breakers on these outer shores appears an invincible enemy, yet we see it resisted and even conquered by means which at first seem most weak and inefficient. No periods of repose are granted, and the long swell caused by the steady action of the trade wind never ceases. The breakers exceed in violence those of our temperate regions, and it is impossible to behold them without feeling a conviction that rocks of granite or quartz would ultimately yield and be demolished by such irresistible forces. Yet these low, insignificant coral islets stand and are victorious, for here another power, as antagonist to the former, takes part in the contest. The organic forces separate the atoms of carbonate of lime, one by one, from the foaming breakers, and unite them into a symmetrical structure. Myriads of architects are at work night and day, month after month, and we see their soft and gelatinous bodies, through the agency of the vital laws, conquering the great mechanical power of the waves of an ocean, which neither the art of man nor the inanimate works of nature could successfully resist."

The corals that are the chief agents in reef-making are much larger than those usually brought home as specimens. There are massive kinds at work on the outer shores that could not live within the lagoon where the delicately branching kinds flourish. These gigantic corals far surpass in size, strength, and weight, any

fossil specimens that have been found. It is difficult to get a sight of them, alive and working, because of those heavy seas that break upon the outer reefs; but large blocks are often rolled up by the waves and left upon the land.

I have been doubting whether to insert a passage in which Mr. Jukes describes a sheltered nook, on an extreme slope, "where every coral was in free life and luxuriance." But I cannot help thinking that you will admire the beauty and distinctness of the picture, in spite of the use of many terms that you may not yet understand:

"Round masses of meandria and astræa were contrasted with delicate, leaf-like, and cup-shaped expansions of explanaria, and with an infinite variety of branching madreporæ and seriatoporæ; some with mere finger-shaped projections, others with large branching stems, and others, again, exhibiting an elegant assemblage of interlacing twigs of the most exquisite workmanship. Their colors were unrivaled, vivid greens, contrasting with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple, from pale pink to deep blue. Bright red, yellow, and peach-colored nulliporæ clothed those masses that were dead, mingled with beautiful, pearly flakes of eschara and retepora; the latter looking like lacework in ivory. In among the branches of the corals, like birds among trees, floated many beautiful fish, radiant with metallic greens or crimsons, or fantastically banded with black and yellow stripes. Patches of clear white sand were seen here and there for the floor, with dark hollows and recesses beneath overhanging masses and ledges."

These bright creatures have not always peaceful lives. There are many kinds of sea animals that bore holes in the corals, and take up their lodging among them; while some kinds of fish prey upon them; and when the corals themselves die, other animals occupy their forsaken buildings. I have read a description of a block of coral that was brought up by a fish-hook from a considerable depth. Its substance was worn and dead; but it was covered with many small, delicate, and brightly-colored corallines, with sea-weed and sponges; and when broken up various kinds of boring shells were found within; while in the hollows and recesses lay worms twisted in and out, and three small species of crabs. Though not a foot in diameter, "it was a perfect museum in itself."

But how do reefs formed in the way I have described come to be islands, where trees grow and men live? We have seen that when the reef rises so high as to be almost dry at low water, the corals cease to build. But large blocks of coral are often detached by the action first of the sun, and then of the sea, and are thrown upon the reef, so as to give it by degrees a higher elevation. Then the washing of the waves wears down the more delicate kinds of coral and rubs them into powder; and this powder fills up vacant spaces, while chemical precipitation aids in forming masses of limestone. Besides, wherever throughout the ocean rocks are found, there is also life in abundance. Sea-weed creeps over them; beds of oysters, of muscles, and of other shells, cover them in thick layers; large shoals of fish disport themselves and seek their prey around their edge. In "this great and wide sea are things creeping innumerable." The hard teeth and palates of fishes, and many kinds of shells, some among the largest and heaviest of known species, serve to increase the compacted mass. Drift timber is frequently cast ashore; stones of considerable size are occasionally brought entangled in the roots of trees; insects, especially such as feed on dead animals, abound, and sea-birds find a resting place for themselves and their young. You may readily imagine how a fitting soil for stray seeds is soon formed, and how, as vegetation spreads, that soil becomes richer and more productive, till graceful and lofty trees lift their heads up toward the blue sky, above a thick growth of bushes and creeping plants. Lizards, and other small animals, are among the early inhabitants of the new land; and, at last, man comes, and soon proves himself to be master of the whole.

It is believed that the men who first peopled the Pacific Islands came from the mainland of Asia. Their appearance, their language, and some of their customs, are regarded as justifying this view. Cases are frequent of canoes being carried to long distances in these seas; a Japanese junk was recently drifted, with its surviving crew, as far as the Sandwich Islands; and looking at a map, you may see how many stopping places there are between the Malay coast and the islands lying further east. You can imagine the population spreading, at intervals of time, to Borneo, Celebes, Bouro, and Ceram, the New-Hebrides, and so on to the various small groups in the Pacific.

NATALIE'S MARRIAGE.

THE splendid city of St. Petersburg wore an air of unusual gayety and excitement on the morning of the 6th December, 18—. In the immediate neighborhood of the Winter Palace, this excitement and bustle of preparation was manifest. Servants clad in the imperial livery were to be seen running to and fro in all directions; some assisting to lift into their places the most fragrant exotics, destined to decorate the sumptuous halls; others laden with some of the choicest flowers, looking gayer and more beautiful because of the contrast they presented to the dead winter-season out of doors; while to a third set of careful hands were intrusted the transport of the large light bandboxes containing the ball-dresses of her majesty's maids of honor.

All these signs of preparation for the coming festivity belonged especially to that day; for had not the Empress Alexandrine issued her invitations, commanding those so honored as to receive them to attend her annual ball, given in celebration of his majesty the Emperor Nicholas's name-day?

At noon, Nicholas reviewed his noble regiment of the Chevalier Guards in the Champ de Mars, taking occasion to compliment, with a few well-chosen words, his most efficient officers; on whom, also, he bestowed more tangible marks of his favor, by presenting them with medals of gold, bearing his likeness. From thence he drove to the ice-mountains, where the young cadets were amusing themselves after partaking of a splendid collation, provided for them by their imperial master. Ay, and right royal and noble did he look as he leaped from his sledge on arriving on the ground; and right glad and welcome rose the cheer from two hundred young voices, clear and shrill in the frosty air, greeting his presence among them.

Thus passed the hours of the fête-day. At ten o'clock at night, the windows of the Winter Palace presented one blaze of light; and the string of carriages drawn up to deposit the guests at the great doors, betokened that the crowning festivities of the day were about to begin. By eleven o'clock, the emperor and empress had entered the ball-room, and walked through the first *Polonaise*, when two very elegantly dressed ladies passed through the crowds of decorated uniforms that obstructed their progress, and made their way up to the far end of the magnificent saloons, to the dais occupied by the empress. As they will play rather an important part in this narrative, I will describe their position in life and their personal appearance.

Although of Polish extraction, the elder of the two sisters—for such was their relationship—possessed the style of beauty most admired in Russia. She might have been about twenty-five years of age, and was fair, fresh-complexioned, and of middling stature; well formed, but with that full figure which gives promise in after-life of embonpoint. Dressed with extreme taste, and blazing with jewels, she attracted many eyes as she floated through the room. Six or seven years earlier, she had married the Prince Gagarine, a noble well known to stand high in favor at court, but supposed to be so exclusively occupied with his military duties as to have but small sympathy with the wife so many years younger than himself. They had no children, and the interest and amusements of the Princess Gagarine centered in the world of gayety, where she filled a prominent place, and of which she was esteemed a most distinguished ornament.

On the evening in question, her look and whole manner denoted some especial cause of pride and pleasure, and it arose from the very legitimate circumstance that it was the first occasion of her sister's appearance in the highest society of the capital; and I call this pride and pleasure legitimate, for she filled in some degree the place of a mother to the young girl who accompanied her.

It may seem strange that this evening should have been the first introduction of that sister to the court, but it was the consequence of a train of circumstances somewhat unusual. Owing to the feeble health of their mother, she had been brought up in great retirement; and it was only on the death of this lady, some time before, that the duty of finishing her education, and presenting her to the world, had devolved on the princess. For this reason, a mixed feeling of curiosity and admiration pervaded the courtly crowd, who turned to gaze on the fair young companion the princess led so triumphantly to the foot of the throne.

Natalie Polensky was barely seventeen, and presented a great but charming con-

trast to her elder sister. Tall, slight, with masses of the darkest hair, glossy and beautiful, folded simply round her head in thick braids, with a more lofty, refined, spiritual style of beauty in her features, and a more sweet and earnest expression in her dark eyes, well might she excite the envy of some, and gratify the admiration of others, of the gazers who turned so inquiringly toward her; and, above all, well might she justify the conscious air of undisguised pleasure with which the princess presented her to her imperial mistress.

As they retired from making their obeisance to their imperial hosts, the kind eyes of the empress followed them with some interest; and she smiled slightly to see how many aspirants pressed forward to solicit the hand of Natalie for the dance about to begin. But ere she could make a selection, the Grand-duke Alexander, the present Emperor of all the Russias, passed through the crowd, and led her out from the midst of the many competitors for the first waltz. Nor were Natalie's triumphs destined to end here; the emperor himself congratulated the princess on her sister's rare attractions, and the empress hinted that, on the first occasion, she would decorate her with the *chiffre*, and appoint her maid of honor.

Never had a ball seemed so delightful, and never did a princess return to her home more gratified than she did on that memorable night; and, indeed, it was but the commencement of a series of conquests; and this might account for the fair Natalie refusing many brilliant and unexceptionable offers of marriage. Possibly, young as she was, she shrunk from surrendering her liberty so soon—possibly she nursed some girlish dream of greater love and more faithful devotion than these courtly suitors seemed likely to bestow upon her. Her sister left her undisturbed, and made no remonstrances on account of those many rejections; perhaps she did not wish so soon to relinquish the pleasure of her society, or the share of popularity that Natalie's success reflected upon herself. In the meantime, as had been expected, the younger sister was created maid of honor to her majesty; and the first separation between them occurred when she went with the court to spend the summer season quietly at Peterhof, in the happy domestic circle of her imperial mistress.

There, the attraction the empress had felt toward her from the very first ripened into warm interest; for during the many hours of quiet life, rendered imperative by her feeble health, Natalie's beautiful voice and great musical talents contributed much to cheer and soothe her; and in the humbler occupation of reading aloud, the maid of honor spent many hours of most pleasurable retirement with the family of one she learned to love as a friend, while she revered and honored her as a mistress.

So passed the brief bright summer days at Peterhof. In the meantime, people began to wonder why the heir-apparent of the throne did not marry. His father more than once spoke to him seriously on the duty that lay before him, and questioned him respecting his feelings toward the various German princesses whose families alone could be honored by his choice. The grand-duke answered lightly enough, that there was plenty of time before him; and with a significant shrug of the shoulders, that made even his father's face relax into a smile, dismissed the topic.

By and by, the empress also addressed her son on the same subject, telling him openly how anxious she felt about it. He answered her as he had done his father; but it is not so easy to deceive a mother's eye; she well knew this assumed indifference vailed some deeper feeling in her son's heart. She determined to watch him narrowly. Judge, then, of the mingled consternation and pain with which she became convinced her favorite Natalie was the object of his affections, and when she could not but believe that the feeling was warmly reciprocated.

The Princess Gagarine was immediately commanded to a private interview; wherein, to her extreme surprise, the empress, with heightened color and nervous trembling of the voice, accosted her by demanding abruptly what she knew about her sister's audacious attachment. The princess, of course, denied all knowledge, all suspicion of the fact imputed, and endeavored to reassure the empress by declaring that she must be mistaken; but when she was dismissed, and could question Natalie in private, she found that such was by no means the case. In vain did she argue with her that it was impossible the grand-duke should really love her; in vain represent to her that he only assumed the appearance of affection to amuse himself at her expense; and urged upon her, by

every consideration of pride, of self-respect, and womanly feeling, to rouse herself from so dangerous, so fatal a delusion. To all this, Natalie only made reply by confessing the most entire faith in her lover's protestations. After a prolonged and painful discussion, the princess sought her husband's advice upon the matter. He took it up most seriously, and threw himself upon his sister-in-law's compassion, imploring her for all their sakes, to combat and control her unfortunate passion; adding, "If once it reach the ears of his majesty, we are all ruined."

Next day the princess besought an interview with her majesty, which was immediately granted; and throwing herself at the empress's feet, she implored her to pardon what she called her guilty negligence in not having foreseen such a possibility, and warned her sister against yielding to it, declaring her own and her husband's perfect innocence in other respects. "Command us, madame, and how gladly and implicitly shall you be obeyed! I will watch over my unfortunate sister night and day: never shall they meet again: never shall any messages or correspondence pass between them; only, I entreat your majesty, keep what has transpired a secret from the emperor, or we are all lost."

The empress, mollified by her candor and submission, promised to think over it and see her again. Three days from that time, the two sisters were on their way to Italy, as the rumor ran, to cultivate to the utmost the great musical talent of the younger lady, which had so recommended her to her imperial mistress' favor. In itself, this would have excited no surprise; but the downcast looks, ill health, and evident depression of spirits under which the grand-duke labored, gave rise to many whispered hints, that took form and shape gradually, and which did not escape the eagle observation of the czar; therefore it was with more authority of manner than in his first discussion with his son, that he commanded him to prepare for a tour into Germany, for the express purpose of selecting his future consort.

Three years passed away, and the short and brilliant reign of Natalie Polensky had been almost forgotten in the triumphs of later and more fortunate beauties; the Grand-duke Alexander had recovered his usual health and spirits, and even the likelihood of his approaching nuptials with the Princess Mary of Darmstadt began to be currently reported. In the meantime, Natalie had gradually faded away like a flower transplanted to some uncongenial soil, and with the heat of the noonday sun pouring down unsheltered upon its head. She had altered day by day, wasting and fretting away to a pale, delicate, spiritless girl. Her medical men pronounced her illness to be a decline; there seemed not so much of actual disease, as utter prostration of strength, and an overwhelming lassitude and languor, from which nothing could arouse her; and they suggested that, as a last resource, revisiting her native land might be beneficial, as, indeed, it seemed to offer the only hope of recovery.

Then, for the first time, the Princess Gagarine ventured to forward a petition to the emperor, stating her sister's case, and soliciting most humbly permission to return to Russia. On the first presentation of the request, it was refused most peremptorily; but the empress, hearing how pale, and feeble, and altered her old favorite had become, interfered with such success, that not only were they recalled to the capital, but on the first anniversary, after their return, of the day of St. Nicholas, their names again appeared among those honored by an invitation to the court-ball.

On that evening, let us enter the boudoir of the princess an hour or two before the time appointed for their attendance. It was the first time Natalie had ventured to appear in public; and on this occasion she lay back on her sofa, propped up with pillows, so weak and exhausted that the most uninterested spectator would have dreaded for her the excitement and fatigue of such an exertion. But it is needless to say that neither of them for a moment hesitated to obey the flattering command which summoned them once more within the orbit of the court. I have said Natalie lay resting quietly on her sofa; the princess sat opposite to her buried in thought, anxious and nervous about the fate of the evening. She did not speak to her, not daring to ask even how she felt, and far less venturing to make the slightest allusion to past events. Indeed, by tacit consent, the one topic had never once been touched upon since they left Russia.

There was a strange contrast between the crimson velvet cushions and the white transparent face, pale and pure, with every

feature sharpened and refined by her wasting and undefined illness. The large dark eyes looked larger than ever, now that they seemed to usurp more than their due proportion of the face, and the thick masses of dark hair fell loose and disarranged round her shoulders. Never had her sister seen her look so touchingly beautiful.

Her dress for the evening, of white lace, lay on a chair near her, and with it the wreath of lilies of the valley, one of the commonest of Russian wild flowers, which she had selected to wear. She lay back abstracted, turning round and round her thin finger a simple little enameled ring she had worn night and day for the last three years—a ring she most jealously refused to take off, and which, she confessed, had words engraved inside it which none but herself and the giver knew of; but who that giver was, or what the motto, the princess could never ascertain. So they stayed to the last moment, Natalie murmuring to herself the *refrain* of a little German song, an especial favorite of the empress—an adieu, full of unshed tears. At last, the Prince Gagarine entering, with some remark on the lateness of the hour, broke the spell of sorrowful recollections, and they rose to prepare for the court-ball.

But under what different auspices did they again enter that splendid saloon! With what slow and faltering steps did they advance to pay their respects to their imperial hosts! The eyes of the empress turned sadly away as Natalie withdrew from the presence; but while she had stood before her, her lips had uttered only cold and commonplace regrets for her illness. Beside her stood the emperor and the grand-duke; and every shade of color faded away while she felt what scrutinizing eyes were noting, with merciless exactness, every point of difference in her appearance since she stood there last.

The ordeal was soon over; and pale, careworn, and neglected, she sat as an uninterested spectator, gazing on a scene in which she once would have taken a distinguished part. But as the evening wore on, she seemed to rally, and the warmth and excitement brought a glow brighter than health to her cheek. She had constantly refused to dance; and it was not until quite late in the evening that she consented to stand up and take part in a quadrille. Her partner was one of her old admirers, who still loved her with the same warmth he had expressed years before.

I have said she had already met face to face the heir-apparent of the throne. Then, not the sharpest observation could have detected, beyond her extreme pallor, any sign of emotion or embarrassment. The grand-duke had behaved with the most princely courtesy, and she, on her side, with reserve and respect. But who shall describe her confusion when Alexander took his place opposite her in the dance? It was too late to retreat—all eyes were fixed upon them—and, above all predominant, she knew the emperor's gaze was concentrated on them alone.

In the figure where their hands met for a moment, to the astonishment of everybody, the grand-duke retained Natalie's hand so long in his grasp that she lost all self-possession; the room seemed to swim round her, the music to become an indistinct murmur; the coldness of death crept over her limbs, and she was on the point of falling, when the emperor stepped forward, and without saying a word, drew her arm within his, and carried rather than led her out of the room; and while some hastened to order round her carriage, to facilitate her departure, he wrapped her in her furred mantle, and, after seeing her safe in her sister's care, returned to the ball-room without changing a muscle of his face.

What a world of emotion and struggle there may be in the heart at the very time when we seem most placidly occupied with simply external things! The quadrille was not over when the emperor returned to the room; but those who knew what grave interests were concerned in this little scene, that took not half the time to enact it has taken to describe, were not deceived by the expression of his marble face.

Early next morning, to the surprise of the whole household at Natalie's home, the emperor was announced, desiring to speak to her alone. With a beating heart she descended to the interview, and awaited the first word. Conceive, then, her feelings when he addressed her as follows:

"Natalie Polensky, you know that I have always taken the greatest possible interest in your welfare: tell me now, what are your prospects for the future?"

"Sire," she replied, "I can answer you

without a moment's hesitation, since to-morrow I leave St. Petersburgh for Varenège, where I enter the convent, never to leave it again." She stopped, exhausted, leaning for support against the edge of a table.

"Sit down, Natalie, and listen to me," resumed her interrogator in a kindlier tone. "This must not be; I have in store for you pleasanter prospects. You danced last night with Count Maurenosoff; if I mistake not, he still loves you, and is anxious to renew his proposals for your hand. If such be the case, I shall give you away myself, and your wedding shall be celebrated at the Winter Palace."

Natalie knew too well what this meant, the kind, calm tone, and the unmistakable expression of those steadfast, determined eyes; yet she felt at the moment she could dare anything rather than consent to a union which, under other circumstances, might have gratified many a womanly weakness. In her desperation, however, she took courage, and sank at the feet of the czar:

"Sire," she murmured, "hear me but once more, and you will relent. I love and was beloved by one to whom I swore more than once never to be another's. Let me, O let me only remain faithful to that oath—I ask no more!" The stern, impenetrable Nicholas was touched by her appeal, and, taking her by the hand, said:

"My child, listen to a father. The oath you tell me of was a childish one. I doubt not *he* also bound himself by the like. Remember, Natalie—remember he is heir to my throne, and therefore must not, and cannot, follow his own wishes and impulses. I sacrifice mine a hundred times a day for my country's welfare. All rests with you, and I cannot doubt what your decision will be. While you hold to your word, think you he will consent to break his? So, for the sake of your sovereign, of your country, of him you profess so to love, I demand of you this sacrifice, bitter as it is!"

The poor girl hid her face in her hands, and almost inaudibly said: "Sire, I am your majesty's slave."

It was true what he had said; it was no high-sounding speech of merely worldly policy; for those who knew Nicholas best do believe him, however mistaken, to have been a conscientious man, who actually did daily and hourly sacrifice his private feelings to what he believed his duty. He had done so even in the present instance. By one word of imperative command, he could have attained his object; but the autocrat had stooped to argument and solicitation with the young girl, who bent like a reed before him.

At the betrothal, which took place immediately; and during the whole time of the splendid preparations for the wedding, Natalie lived and moved as in a dream—nothing gave her pleasure, nothing pain. On the evening appointed for the religious ceremony, when all the guests were assembled, and the bridemaids, thirty-six in number, and mustering among them the highest rank and beauty of the young nobility of Russia, were assembled in the magnificently lighted and decorated church—when the bridegroom Maurenosoff stood, looking, in spite of all the repulses he had received at Natalie's hands, proud, contented, and almost happy—all eyes were turned toward the church-doors, when presently the bells began noisily to announce the approach of the bride, and in another instant, leaning on the emperor's arm, she appeared.

Never shall I forget that scene—never lose from my memory the impression of that marble face and utterly unresisting manner. If she had been in her coffin, she would have looked less deathlike there, than when she stood shrouded in lace and glittering with jewels staring at vacancy, hearing nothing, understanding nothing, answering as if the words and their meaning were alike indifferent. After the ceremony was concluded, she received the congratulations of her friends, and even the kiss of the empress, as if so many condolences had been offered her. But nature broke down under the forced composure of the moment, and she entered her new home, borne across the threshold in a state of insensibility. I need add nothing more. The emperor had judged rightly; and the marriage of the grand-duke with the present empress took place very shortly afterward.

Within a year after her marriage, I saw the Countess Maurenosoff in her coffin: she had died giving birth to twin-daughters.

The incidents of this little narrative are well known in St. Petersburgh, and will be recognized by many, who will appreciate the reasons that have made me alter the names of all but the principal actors.

[For the National Magazine.]

RISE, DECLINE, AND FALL OF REV. JOB SHADDAKY.

I THINK it may be laid down as a safe maxim that will startle no one by its novelty, nor amaze anybody by its profundity, that men in general are dissatisfied with their several callings. It would, indeed, be an easy thing to announce this plain truth with such solemn notes of preparation as would make the vulgar wonder what is coming, and take unthinking minds by surprise. But as I choose to be honest with my readers, I will not resort to the art of magnifying an old truism into a new proposition, but give it to them as a thing with which they are already quite familiar. I suppose that one reason of this general discontent is, that the men of each trade or profession know by experience what is disagreeable in it, while they are almost totally ignorant of the difficulties that attend the pursuits of others. Another reason is, that occupations are selected for us in an arbitrary way, as chance or caprice may direct, without the slightest reference to our physical or mental adaptation for the chosen pursuit. One of a feeble constitution is sent into a ship-yard to build seventy-fours,* while another, who has strength enough to make an anchor, is condemned to grow sickly and pale in a counting-house or store. A natural orator, who might, by his eloquence, sway great assemblies, and win the gratitude of his country, is doomed to study Galen and Hippocrates, and employ a miserable life in feeling pulses, looking at furred tongues, and writing on slips of paper,

> Hydrarg. Sub. Mu. grs. viii.
> Jalapæ, " " " xii.
> Rhei Pulv. " " " x.

while a young gentleman of phlegmatic temper, and nearly tongue-tied, is sent into a pulpit to alarm or persuade stubborn and fastidious sinners into repentance and a new life. All this is as much out of place as if the eagle's beak had been given to a dove, or the wings of an albatross to a wren. It is therefore not to be wondered at, that nature's suggestion having been unheeded, men should grow weary of their employments, quarrel with the difficulties of their vocation, and indulge the restless desire for change. It often happens, however, that a misplaced genius seeks and gains its natural calling, and success the most splendid rewards a different pursuit, illustrating the blunder of having ever began the first; just as a fragrant plant, covered by a flat stone, forces its way under the obstruction, lifts itself into the clear air, and spreads a grateful odor all around. But it is the misfortune of many to find their mistake, or the mistake of those who chose for them, when it is too late to repair the mischief; when long habit has destroyed the flexibility of their minds, and they are neither fit for what they are, nor good for anything else. Nature, or nature's God, which means the same, cut them out for one thing, but education made them another. The consequence is a sad misfit, and a spoiling of the material in the bargain. But lest I should weary the reader's patience by carrying these reflections to a tedious length, I will here drop them, and get at once to the story.

In an interior county of the great State of New-York, there lived and flourished a family bearing a name neither common nor euphonious. Adonijah Shaddaky was the male head of the house, and Patience, his wife, was a helpmate exactly suitable in every respect. Adonijah was ignorant of letters, and his wife was not more knowing than himself. They were both religious, industrious, and frugal. The heaviest wheat covered their fields, the finest apples grew in their orchards, and the fattest mutton grazed the rich pasture of their meadow lands. In process of time this worthy couple had five sons and three daughters. Job Shaddaky was the youngest, and, of course, the favorite child of his parents. As his four brothers came of age, they married and settled on farms, the gifts of their father. Job was intended for higher things. As no literary light had ever been set on a candlestick to give light to the house of Shaddaky, it had long been the cherished purpose of both parents to bestow that shining distinction on him. He was first to be made a scholar, and then a clergyman. Accordingly, with the full benefit of all the learning he had received in the Valley school-house, he was sent to college at eighteen. At twenty-one he was regularly entered, as a student of theology, in the ancient and renowned theological seminary of ——. At twenty-six he was ordained and made a minister, according to the forms of the church of which all

his father's family were members. Thus was Job's literary and divinity education completed, and the wishes of his fond parents realized in the fact, that their son was now to be known and respected as the Rev. Job Shaddaky.

He returned to his father's house a prodigy, such as the only educated member of a family always appears to the rest. He was the boy of his parents, the admiration of his brothers, and the pride of his sisters. They were all ignorant of the extent of his acquirements, for knowledge, like the unfathomed depth of the sea, is measured only by itself. As he sat before the chimney fire, silently reviewing his studies, or, perhaps, lost in profound meditation on the dinner that tumbled about in the huge iron pot, his sisters would cast curious glances at him, and wonder meanwhile where his great thoughts were straying. His mother, who sat working at the spinning-wheel, was tempted, over and over again, to ask him that infidel question, though not in an infidel spirit, where Cain got his wife. And his father actually did venture to put the question by what mysterious process of nature Jacob got such a large flock of ring-streaked cattle. Job answered that, "Whether the affair was fortuitous and quite outside of the operation of natural laws, such as might reasonably be supposed to happen once in the history of a world; or whether it belonged to a class of psychological phenomena, the result of some occult and hitherto inexplicable physico-intellectual power of nature; or whether it was simply providential to insure a hard-working man his wages, were solutions about which the learned had differed *toto cælo* from the most remote antiquity down to modern times, and still the question is mooted with about equal plausibility in behalf of the various discordant theories. My opinion, though it has not yet settled into permanent conviction, coincides with the last view of the case." Job's father was not only satisfied, but overwhelmed with the answer, and from that day gave up the long-cherished project of trying peeled willows as a means of raising a ring-streaked brood. This learned answer to a very difficult question tended, however, to deepen the reverence of the family for Job's erudition. They all now looked upon him as the adventurer Cortes and his crew looked upon the mysterious Mexican empire, after they had fingered some small specimens of its gold. Visions of indefinite mental wealth rose before them. And to say the truth, the young man was as learned as eight years of laborious study in the highest schools could make him. In Hebrew he was sufficiently skilled to have held a correspondence, on small things, with Jonathan Ben Uzziel himself; and as to Hebrew roots, he could dig them out with as much facility as his father or brothers could turn up potatoes or carrots. Of Greek, if he was not a master, he was at least a slave, having toiled for it with such recompense as it capriciously bestows. In Latin, he was so perfectly at home, that before he left college it began to be whispered about that he must have found some new theory—some labor-saving method for outstripping all his compeers. But with all this immense learning, Job was only a scholar, and a scholar without judgment, worse fitted for the duties and struggles of life than when he left the plow. His educated mind had about it the stiff and inflexible aspect of a full-length Egyptian portrait. He had nothing of the easy carriage and appropriate style of a sound judgment, which, after all, gives to learning its full value and weight. In a word, he went forth from college into the world like a man who lands from a wreck on an uninhabited isle, with a shipload of iron rails and a locomotive—valuable enough elsewhere, but to him of no earthly use.

As he was now a clergyman in full orders, some of his friends thought it best that he should marry a wife before he undertook the care of a parish, as it would save him all the inconvenience of a future courtship, with the time it would necessarily take from parish duty. It would also prevent the idle and ill-natured gossip which is apt to arise among his parishioners when it is known that their pastor is on the by-path that leads to matrimony. No man was more clearly of this opinion than old Jacob Thornhedge, whose daughter, Angelina, was rapidly advancing toward a doubtful age, and who had rejected suitor after suitor, until young gentlemen began to treat her with the civility due to ladies much older than themselves. The old man sought an opportunity, and with singular candor gave Job his opinion and advice, and added, that, as a clergyman, he should be careful to select a wife whose years and gravity of manners would become him

in his sacred character. Something of this world's goods, also, he thought, would not come amiss as an appendage to her other qualifications. Now it was well known that Angelina had of late become serious and thoughtful, and it was just as well known that whoever gained her hand would gain with it a snug little farm worth about $6,000. I need not tell the rest. In a short time, Angelina Thornhedge was the wife of the Rev. Job Shaddaky.

Having thus gotten a helpmate in every respect fully worthy of him, and a little over, he now began to look round for a church. But he soon found that it was much easier to get a wife than to make her the mistress of a parsonage. Many churches were vacant, and many hungry sheep, in different folds, had for a long time been feeding on such occasional supplies of spiritual fodder as had been brought to them by roving shepherds. What they wanted was *the very man;* but, unfortunately, they could come to no general agreement as to who that man was, or where he might be found, and ten to one if they found him, whether he would not turn out to be a gentle and contented shepherd,

"Who ne'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place."

Job offered to feed several of those destitute flocks in different parts of the country, and went about, from Sunday to Sunday, giving specimens of his skill in preparing food for them. But they never once seemed to relish the provision which he offered; and no wonder, for mistaking the grass-loving nature of the animals, he threw before them tough meat, gristle and bone, which would have made a suitable repast for carnivorous natures, but altogether unsuited to the digestive organs of sheep. Among many other vacant places, there stood the "*Old Rock Church*," within three miles of the farm whereon Job was raised. It had been destitute of a pastor for more than a year, simply because the official corps was hard to please. A dozen candidates had done their best to gain the good opinion of the influential men and their wives. They had preached from the old pulpit their ablest sermons—doctrinal, practical, exegetical, and sentimental. One had pitched into Popery with boots, spurs, and all on, supposing thereby to get the vote of a leading man who was zealous against Rome. Another came down on slavery, in a style that sounded terribly like the crack of a horse-pistol, insomuch that a fugitive slave, who sat in the gallery, before he was aware of it, roared out, "*Pull again, boss.*" This was to please a wealthy gentleman of well-known anti-slavery sentiments. A third went against the liquor-trade like the sound of many waters. This pleased the majority, but offended the most liberal man in the church, whose aid in financials was indispensable. A fourth preached on moderation in all things, and pleased nobody. Him they set aside by a unanimous voice. Finding that it was hard to agree, an aged member rose in a meeting of the officials, and proposed to invite Job Shaddaky to the pulpit. A sneering smile crept out on the face of every man present, for they all knew Job from his boyhood, and were well acquainted with his father before him. But though these worthy men would not have asked him to the pulpit in sober earnestness, yet they were willing to gratify their curiosity, and that keen love of amusement which is relished all the better under the restraints of a religious service. Many a man who can be grave at a comedy, finds an irresistible propensity to laugh in church at the least ludicrous occurrence. They asked Job to preach on the ensuing Sunday. He accepted the invitation with an understanding that it might be followed by a call. At the appointed time his parents slipped quietly into church and took seats under the gallery stairway. His eldest brother placed himself behind the organ, while his sisters took a side pew near the pulpit, that they might hear well, as they afterward said; but the real motive was to exhibit to the congregation the persons of Jemima, and Jane, and Grace Shaddaky, the sisters of the preacher. As Job was now on trial for a call, and before a congregation that knew him well, he had resolved to do his best. His sermon consisted of a very learned discussion of the question whether the Hebrews borrowed circumcision from the Egyptians, or whether the Egyptians borrowed it from the Hebrews. If the subject was not well chosen, it was at least uncommon, and there was not a man in the assembly who could deny that it was illustrated with all the light that learning could throw upon it. Against the Egyptian origin of the rite, he refuted the testimony of Herodotus,

Diodorus, Apion, and Sir John Marsham, names, not one of which had ever been heard in that house before. Then he brought up his reserves in fine style, intending a perfect rout to the whole infidel host. The Talmudical authorities, he said, were unanimously for the Mosaic account. The Targumical writers were, without exception, on the same side, from the great Jonathan Ben Uzziel down to pseudo Jonathan and the Jerusalem Targum. He finished his references to great names by quoting the judgment formed of them by the accurate Eichhorn, and rather too facetiously for so grave a subject, concluded his argument by saying that whoever denied the force of such testimony must be content to rank as a *greenhorn*.

For what earthly or heavenly purpose he preached such a sermon, the ablest thinkers present were at a loss to conceive. His father knew not what to think, only that his son was the most learned man that he ever *did* hear. His oldest brother, who was a man of sterling mother wit, kept himself behind the organ until the sexton locked the door and left. He then jumped out of the window, and walked home through the swamp to avoid being seen. As the congregation retired, the three sisters, who were almost dissolving with eagerness to know how the sermon was received, placed themselves near different groups for that purpose. Such curious listeners may sometimes be gratified with what they hear, but they are as often disappointed. In this instance they heard nothing to please, but many things to mortify them. One wanted to know who that Ike Horn was that had been quoted, and whether he was related to old Horn who kept the saw-mill. Another wondered what kind of gum it might be that was made of tar, as he had never before heard of tar-gum. And as to the Talmud, it was generally supposed to be a new kind of manure, good for worn-out land. These rustic strictures were of course beneath the notice of a man of Job's learning, and yet a man of sense would have turned them to profitable account. He might, at least, have seen that his plow was set entirely too deep for that part of the country. But if these criticisms, ignorant and sour as they were, failed to make an impression on his mind, when his sisters reported them, there was another class of remarks far more effectual. Before the congregation was half dispersed, it leaked out that the sermon had been preached with reference to a call.

"What," said one, "call Job Shaddaky to be our minister! Why I went to school with him in the Valley school-house, and saw him get licked many a time for bad spelling! Job Shaddaky, indeed!"

"Yes!" said another, "and I have pitched pennies with him a hundred times behind his father's barn. I thought of it this morning while he was dealing out tar-gum, and came near laughing right in his face."

"Why," said a third, "I would quit the church if Job were called here. I have never liked the Shaddaky family since last election, when they all tried to keep me out of office."

An ill-natured maiden lady of forty said "they would have a blessed time of it with Job for a minister. Them Shaddaky girls would get so high that their old aunt Tamar, who nurses in the poor-house, would hardly know them. They would have a fine carriage before a month, if they had to sell every cow on the farm to pay for it."

The last pleasant remark which the poor girls heard, as they went home, was from a surly fellow who never was known to give a cent to the church, though he was always in a quarrel with the church officers. He said that "Job had better go to work, for he was sure that nothing but downright laziness had ever induced him to take to the pulpit for a living."

As I have intimated, these spontaneous criticisms and casual observations were indignantly reported by the girls at the dinner table, and Job there took his first lesson on the trials of a minister's life. The proof was satisfactory that, wherever else a prophet may have honor, he is not likely to get a very liberal share of it in his own country. Then, for the first time in his life, it occurred to him that the Man of Nazareth began his ministry away from home. But if he felt the edge of these sharp sarcasms, his wife felt it much deeper. She had heard the sermon, and, as became the wife of a minister, had worn out a pair of new gloves during the hour of its delivery, by unconsciously rubbing and biting them. Although her good sense went against such a display of erudition, yet she sympathized with her

husband against his bitter persecutors, and declared that she would give them a bit of her mind the first time she saw them. Poor woman! She was not yet aware that while the privilege of the tongue belongs to all others, hers must cleave to the roof of her mouth.

About two hours after dinner, as the family sat in the porch, an old horse, hitched to a vehicle sadly in want of repair, was seen coming up the lane. Who can it be? they all inquired. In a few minutes the venerable form of the Reverend Doctor Dock alighted from the carriage. He had been pastor of the Rock Church for forty-nine years, and was compelled to retire on a very inadequate provision. His resignation had caused the present vacancy, and he had watched, with becoming concern, the late efforts to supply the pulpit which he had left. He had heard Job's sermon in the morning, and now both the old folks and the girls were sure that he had come to congratulate them all. On what other errand could he possibly have come? The object of his visit, however, was never fully known to any one but Job himself; for after exchanging salutations with the family, he took the young minister by the arm, and walked with him to the lower end of the orchard, where they sat down on a bench, in the shade of a large apple-tree. Here, without doubt, he gave Job such prudent counsel as age and experience delight to impart. After a long conversation they both returned to the house. The aged divine stepped into his carriage, and rode home. As soon as he was gone, the family wanted to know what they had talked about. Job was silent for some time. They pressed him for information until, at last, he said that "the infirmities of age must be borne with, and its narrow counsels received with respect, but disregarded in practice. Such men," he continued, "have outlived the generation which they were qualified to serve, and seem to be left in the world for no other purpose than as trials to the progressive spirit of youth. I will never consent to bury my learning. Why did the doctors of the university teach me all this, and why did I labor for years to acquire it, if it is only to lie and rot, like useless lumber, in my memory?"

Jemima said that "the old man must be grown childish."

Jane thought that "having become too old to preach himself, he was as little qualified to advise others how to preach."

Grace declared that "the old man would like to be followed by one as dull and dry as himself."

The old folks said that "though Doctor Dock was old, yet he was always considered a smart man and a good counselor, and perhaps it would be as well to follow his advice, whatever it may have been." Age only can fully sympathize with age.

Before the sun went down Job made up his mind that he would cast no more pearls before such swine as assembled weekly in the Rock Church. He would follow the advice given him, and often repeated by the whole college faculty. He would aim high. He would not waste that genius on a country church which was intended to blaze in cities, and augment the glory of the metropolitan pulpit. He would go to New-York, where learning is appreciated, and great talents always command a premium. To the mighty names already there, he would add another of rival renown, and the startled world should soon repeat, with unmeasured applause, the immortal name of Shaddaky.

"There is commonly a wide difference between speculative possibilities and actual performances." If the reader is unable to judge from the sound of that sentence who wrote it, I leave him in ignorance. But the sentence itself is a text brilliantly illuminated by the history of Job's city career. Within three months he was in New-York, and known as a candidate for whatever pulpit of his denomination was vacant. It so happened, however, that there was but one vacancy at the time, and, unfortunately, it was in a church which for years had been a fit subject for a melancholy poet. The building stood in an obscure street. Behind it was an ancient graveyard, where faded old tombstones told of men who had lived and died before the great city bore its present name. A walk there could not fail to remind a thoughtful man of the theologian's eternity past, as well as the eternity to come. On the opposite side of the street stood a brewery, where beer barrels were piled on the pavement three deep, and great draught-horses waiting to take them away. On the right stood a row of rotten buildings, where our adopted fellow-citizens ate, and drank,

and fought, and gave abundant work to policemen and priests. On the left, a bone-boiling establishment scented the air with its peculiar odors. The church itself was neither of Corinthian, Ionic, Gothic, nor Romanesque style, but decidedly Swedo-Dutch. It was built of stone and covered with a hipped roof. The dumpy steeple rose just sixteen feet above the roof. An iron rod went up through the top of the steeple. Half-way up the rod, four curved prongs stood out, bearing on their points the initials, N. S. E. W. These were the four cardinal points of the compass. Above the letters a weather-vane, which had changed with the winds of a hundred years, had at last become fixed by rust, and steadily pointed in one direction, as if it would say to the worshipers below, "*Be not carried about with every wind of doctrine.*" A great sounding-board hung over the rotund little pulpit. The pews were commodiously large, with straight backs, and so high that no one could see his fellow-worshipers, or even look out without looking heavenward, a good arrangement for restraining wandering eyes and vagrant thoughts. Altogether, it was a little, old, spunky-looking house of prayer, which had stood valorously against time, and fashion, and the boys, who had made no impression on anything about it but the small panes of the large front window.

I have already intimated that the prosperity of this hill in Zion was sadly checked. Family after family had grown rich, and moved away, and were now worshiping under frescoed ceilings, forgetful of the place from whence they were digged, and the rock from which they were hewn. Only a few tried and faithful souls remained; not that it was either convenient or agreeable to worship in a surrounding solitude of empty seats, but because they were attached to the venerable walls and dingy pews which had witnessed the baptism of their grandfathers, the marriage rites of their fathers, and the funeral solemnities of their families through three generations. If this feeling is not a sentiment of nature, it is the earliest graft of piety, and deserves not the rude handling of a utilitarian age. It should never yield but to that stern necessity which demands the removal of consecrated houses, only when, like the tabernacle in the wilderness, the cloud of the Divine presence is lifted away. Such was the feeling which held a few pious worshipers to the old church after the wealthy and the gay had ceased to tread its ancient aisles. They were too poor to engage the service of eminent talents, and but for the income from two houses that belonged to the corporation, they must have suffered a famine of the word. As it was, the old church was a convenience by which obscure talent might become known, and becoming known, might receive a louder call. Here Job began his city labors according to definite agreement; he to preach the word, and they to give $600 per annum for his temporal support and comfort.

During the first three weeks the congregation was larger than it had been for years. The sexton, who was in the regular habit of counting heads, boasted that he had seen no such assemblies in that house since Doctor Treacle had left them for an up-town church. Alas! that such fair hopes should be doomed to disappointment. Decayed churches, like decayed nations, are hard to revive. In this instance the sign of returning prosperity was as deceitful as the flush that reddens the consumptive's cheek. The love of novelty was soon satisfied, and the congregation began to fall off. It soon reached the old number of one hundred souls, slightly more or less. There it stood in defiance of all the usual arts of increasing the attendance.

Job gave out his texts in advance, but the people stayed away. He published his topics in the newspapers, and invited the public to hear sermons on the most common-place subjects, such as "Christian Heroism"—"Christian Humility"—"The Hope of the Righteous"—"The Joys of the Righteous"—"The Death of the Righteous"—"The Recognition of Friends in Heaven," &c. But the scheme worse than failed, for the people heard so much of heaven, that, like the effect of a surfeit of honey, they began to loathe the very mention of it. In the meantime Job kept his ears open to hear the first intimations of another call. It had been whispered about for some time that there was a feud between Dr. Doolittle and a large number of his congregation, which was likely to come to an open rupture. Job heard of it with pious regret, and yet he was well sustained by the hope that, should the mat-

ter come to the worst, a kind Providence would overrule it so as to give *him* a sphere of labor much better suited to his talents. The report, however, came to nothing. A case or two of clerical bronchitis gave him a much stronger hope; not, indeed, that he wished any one to go to Europe, or to a much better country, for *his* special benefit, but he was willing that Providence should have its way in all things. "The incidental results of a calamity," said he, "may be advantageous to others who neither desire such a calamity nor rejoice on account of it. The ill wind that strews the shores with wrecks may bring relief to the panting population of the land. They should thankfully accept the relief, and as sincerely deplore the disasters that attended its coming. Or, the poor man who is made rich by the death of a relative, may be as sorry for that death as a man can be who is raised by it from poverty and toil to affluence and ease. And why should not I," he continued, "rejoice in hope of a better charge, though the acquisition should be gained by the providence which lays another aside, and which I could not help if I would." But this hope failed also; for the bronchial cases were both cured by a new nostrum which the brethren paid for in the usual way, by giving certificates of its astonishing effects.

Finding but little reason to hope for an early call elsewhere, Job resolved to make the most of his present position. So one Sunday night, after preaching to his still waning congregation, he went home, and with some twinges of conscience, and a sting of self-reproach for the meanness of the thing, sat down and wrote a flattering eulogy of the sermon he had just delivered. On the Tuesday following it appeared in the most popular paper of the city, and thus public attention for the first time was fixed on the name of the Rev. Job Shaddaky. The notice of the sermon read as follows:

"It has seldom fallen to our lot to hear such a magnificent pulpit discourse as we listened to on Sunday evening last, in the old church on Duncannon-street. The Rev. gentleman's text was, '*The stone with seven eyes.*' We smiled at first to hear such a sentence read from the Bible; but as he proceeded to develop the mysterious meaning of the singular text, we became interested, then absorbed, then lost in amazement. We venture to say, that for comprehensive grasp of thought, logical acumen, depth and breadth, and general amplitude of learning, expressed in eloquence the most original and startling, there is no clergyman in this city, where the reputation of the pulpit is deservedly so high, that can surpass, and not more than one who can equal him. The lovers of great preaching have two opportunities on each Sunday of hearing this gifted genius. We understand that his name is the Rev. Job Shaddaky. He has our hearty wish for success in building up this ancient congregation."

This was a bold experiment, and somewhat hazardous; but, having ventured upon it, he determined to follow it up. Accordingly, the next Saturday's papers contained the following announcement:

"'And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.' Rev. xii, 1. The Rev. J. Shaddaky will preach on the above text tomorrow morning, at half-past ten o'clock, in the Old Church in Duncannon-street. The public are respectfully invited to attend. *Pews to let.*"

The next morning, about twenty minutes before the hour for service, the sexton—a stunted but tough old man, who wore great round glasses, set in a horn frame, and whose invariable habit was to keep on his Scotch plaid cloak till the beginning of dog-days—came running to the parsonage, and nearly out of breath told the preacher that the house was already full to overflowing, and that he would have to hurry up if he expected to get in himself. He added, as if he had prepared the speech for the occasion, that he "*knew now that the old garden of grace was going to kill the fatted calf, and put on the whole armor, and run the race for the prize with the most finest houses up town.*" Job laughed outright at this medley of figures, and was still more titillated at the success of his scheme. He resolved, however, to make the most of the occasion, and remained at home until all the church-bells in the city were done ringing. There is dignity in delay, and he who would thrive by the public curiosity, will often contrive to be too late. He reached the church about fifteen minutes past the time, and seeing a crowd before the door, naturally supposed that every word the sexton had told him was true. "Here," said he, "is an opportunity not to be lost. I will not try to get in at the door, but climb through the rear window. It will be a telling fact. The newspapers will report it, and my fortune will be made." Now, if Job had been a man of sense, as he was a man of learning, he would have tried to gain ad-

mission at the door, and thereby saved some disagreeable consequences. But, like a weak-minded man as he was, he decided upon the rash experiment by the first impulse. He turned aside, and entering the alley-way, went to the back window, which he found already hoisted. He laid his hands on the rotten sill and slowly lifted himself up, and then as deliberately let himself down to the floor. Turning to walk to the pulpit, he was greatly disappointed to find that nobody stood in the aisles, and that one-fourth of the pews were empty. The singers in the gallery, who had been surprised and delighted by the sudden increase of the congregation, had prepared a voluntary to be sung at the instant the pastor should make his appearance; and, accordingly, without perceiving the accidental satire, as soon as he was seen entering, they struck up, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" Unfortunately, the music was so arranged as to require the fourth repetition of the last words, "*doves to their windows.*" This was too much. Human nature is too keenly alive to the ludicrous to bear such a temptation. The congregation snickered. Some laughed right out, and even the venerable elders covered their faces with huge bandannas to save their credit for gravity. Job walked from the window to the pulpit in that ungainly manner in which a confused man always walks, one leg almost tripping the other at every step. He could not help it, and few men could help it while smarting under the ridicule of laughing eyes. He went through the first devotional services under a double mortification, ashamed of the blunder of climbing in at the window, and self-reproached for having brought so large a congregation by such a questionable trick. When the choir were about finishing the hymn, immediately before the sermon, Job felt in his side-pocket for his manuscript. It was not there. He felt in the opposite pocket. It was not there. He searched all his pockets, and looked into his hat. It was in none of them. In the fullness of his joy at the sexton's exaggerated report of the overflowing house, he had forgotten to bring his sermon, and was now in that interesting predicament so happily described by a modern vulgarism in the two little words, "*done for.*" The last note of the organ was dying away, and the people were adjusting themselves to hear the eloquence which had been so applauded in the papers. Sweat broke out all over him and ran into his boots. He was undecided whether to explain his awkward position and beg off, or venture the discourse from memory. After hesitating a moment, he rose with a neck-or-nothing kind of feeling, and began to read his text. Half choked with confusion he read, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a *woman*—" here he stopped and coughed. Crusty bachelors relaxed into a satirical smile as they looked round on the ladies; and husbands, fond of teasing their wives, caught a new idea to be laid up for future use. He began again, and this time succeeded in reading the text quite through. He paused. The blood rushed to his cheeks. The first sentence of his written discourse seemed about a thousand furlongs from his memory, and still flying off. The congregation were as quiet as mice, watching and listening with eager eyes and ears, and wondering meanwhile whether this long pause was intended for rhetorical effect. At last he began with a mere mechanical utterance of the first fugitive thought that entered his mind. "The book of Revelation," said he, "is mysterious—profoundly mysterious. It is, *as it were*, full of mystery—so utterly and unfathomably incomprehensible, that very few have thoroughly understood it, *as it were*. Bishop Newton, in his celebrated dissertations, *as it were*, fully admits this. My friends, I am inclined to think—" That was true. He was "inclined to think;" but what to think, or what to say, was just now with him the great question; so, after a most dreary pause, he said, "*My friends, I am sick.*" Sudden sickness is the ready excuse for bewildered and failing speakers. No auditor can say that he knows it to be false, whatever he may suspect; and it is according to both law and Gospel that the benefit of the doubt should be given to the side of charity. Job wished the audience dispersed as soon as possible, and accordingly gave the usual benediction, and sat down. They retired, and left him in the care of the elders, who naturally wished to know the symptoms of his attack. There is nothing so annoying to hypocrisy as inquisitiveness. To all their questions, therefore, he answered that it was no one thing in particular, but a sudden and general break-

ing down of both body and mind. His wife seemed less troubled about the sickness than might reasonably have been expected, for she occupied a pew from which she had seen him searching in vain for his manuscript, and was therefore prepared for a humiliating failure. She was a great deal more angry than sad. The bustling old sexton, who had been the cause of all the trouble, offered to accompany him home, which he refused in a style that made the little man say, "*It is queer that some people can't get sick without getting so awful waspish.*"

When Job reached home, he went directly to his study, where he found his manuscript lying on the table. He loathed the very sight of the text; and as he tore the sermon to pieces, declared to his wife that he was now forever done with preaching. A great trouble is often a great blessing. It comes like the terrible flash of the thunder-cloud to the traveler who has gone astray in the dark, and reveals his error and the way he should take. It was so with Job. "I see clearly now," said he to his wife, "that neither nature nor grace has given me the qualifications of a minister, and I shall contend with impossibilities no longer. I shall from this day retire from the gaze of observation, and henceforth seek neither to please nor profit the public, whose favor it is hard to gain, and when gained, like a large estate, brings a weight of anxiety which destroys the pleasure of the acquisition, and leaves nothing but the burden. Verily for these six months past I have had a sad life of it. My time has been spent between solicitude and labor, excepting those intervals when both were combined. My pen has been busy from morning till night, interrupted only by calls to the chambers of the sick, in which I have no pleasure, and the funerals of the dead, which I dislike still more. In preparing my sermons every power has been tasked, and the hard labor of the week, as a kind of alterative, has been doubled on the Sabbath. The Sabbath has come, and meager congregations have exasperated my pride and quenched the spirit of my compositions. The evil has propagated itself, increasing dullness resulting in a decreasing audience. Beside this, I have been obliged to bear with weaknesses which I despised, and court the good will of fools, who, in any other relation, I would have passed without notice. I regret my education itself, and especially my education for the pulpit. It has made me ambitious of distinction which I cannot gain, and ambition has made me unscrupulous as to the means. I entered the ministry as a profession, and have so far discharged its duties with views merely professional I thought that I might make it the business of my life, as a man devotes himself to medicine or law. But I see the mistake. Providence has given me no sign of encouragement, and the humiliating result of to-day's stratagem has determined me to quit the pulpit forever."

"Truly," said his wife, "this is the best speech I have heard from you yet, and it suits my feelings best. It may be the duty of others to continue in the ministry, but if what you say is true, it is just as clearly your duty to leave it. As for myself, an experience of six months has quite satisfied my ambition for the honors of a pastor's wife. I am sick of kissing all the old women for popularity's sake, and tired of the cautious policy that scarcely allows me to speak. I hardly know whether I should rejoice or weep over the event of to-day. If it was necessary to drive you from the pulpit, much as it mortifies me, I am heartily glad of it."

"But what shall we do?" asked Job.

"Starve, if we must," answered his wife; "pick rags from the gutters with an iron hook; gather bones from the street, and sell them to the bone-boilers near our precious 'garden of grace,' as the old sexton called it; do any honest labor outside of a pulpit, and I am content to share it. I shall decline no toil as long as I remember that I was once a minister's wife! But you know, Job, that we have a little farm, that my father gave us on our wedding-day. Let us go to that."

In the middle of the following summer might have been seen a man in coarse clothes, leading the reapers in the field through the day, and reading the Eclogues of Virgil in the evening; retiring early to bed, and rising with the dawn; a man who had thrown away ambition, and was happy that he had thrown it away. It was the late Rev. Job Shaddaky—a striking example of the truth, that no degrees of education can supply the deficiency of native sense, or qualify a man for a position in the world for which he is unfitted by nature.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE PRE-ADAMITE WORLD, AND ITS INHABITANTS.

THE several geological theories which have been held, in different ages, by philosophers of the greatest note, may be reduced to four: *First*, such as suppose the world to have existed as it is from all eternity. *Second*, such as attribute the formation of the world as it is to God, but still assert the preëxistence and eternity of matter. *Third*, such as deny eternity to the world, but assert the origin of it to have been by a casual concourse of atoms. And, *Fourth*, such as endeavor to explain the origin of the universe and all appearances of nature, merely by the mechanical laws of matter.

At present the theories, as such, are divided into two systems, or schools. One asserts that at a vast and indefinite length of time—far greater than six thousand years—the original matter of our globe existed in a chaotic condition, and by the joint action of water and heat was gradually brought to solidity and form; that it passed through many cataclasms, or destructive revolutions, by which the successive races of animals have been destroyed, and their remains *fossilized* in the different strata. The theory further asserts, that each cataclasm more and more prepared the earth for the residence of more and more perfect forms of animal existences, until, finally, it was rendered fit for the residence of man. This is called the "Continental Theory," as opposed to the other theory maintained by many English and American writers, particularly by Grenville, Penn, Fairholme, Lord, and Comstock.

These writers, and the school of which they are the representatives, contend that a period of six thousand years, which is usually called the Sacred or Bible Chronology, was sufficient for the formation of the strata of the earth; and that all geological facts which are well ascertained can be best accounted for on the supposition of the creation of the earth, with all animal and vegetable existences, six thousand years ago; and that man, and other animals, and vegetables, whose fossils have been found in the strata, were cotemporaneously created. They contend that the period from the creation to the flood, the action of the diluvial waters, and the combined operation of secondary causes to our age, are sufficient to account satisfactorily for all geological facts.

Many very learned and eminent Christian geologists join in the theory of "indefinite ages" before the existence of man, and accommodate this theory to the usual construction of the Bible chronology, by contending that the first verse of Genesis is to be taken independent of the following sentences; that it is intended to teach the great truth that God created the earth and the heavens, in contradiction to all heathen and atheistical notions respecting the origin of the world. They contend that, when Moses says, "In the *beginning* God created the heavens and the earth," the word *beginning* is used to express undefined periods of time, which was antecedent to the last great change that affected the surface of the earth, and to the creation of its present animal and vegetable inhabitants, during which period a long series of operations and revolutions may have been going on; which, as they are wholly unconnected with the history of the human race, are passed over in silence by the sacred historian, whose only concern with them was barely to state that the matter of the universe is not eternal and self-existent, but was originally created by the power of the Almighty.

In the present paper we accept the order of the strata, and the various fossil remains contained in them, as they are arranged and classified by the writers of the school of "indefinite ages" before the creation of man.

According to this theory, the stratified rocks may be divided into ten principal formations, each of which indicates an entirely new era in the earth's history; while each of the layers which compose a formation indicate but some partial revolution. Each formation contains remains peculiar to itself, which do not extend into the neighboring deposits above or below it; although there is a connection between the different formations, more strong in proportion to their proximity to each other. These formations, or systems, are as follows, beginning with the lowest:

1. The *Lower Silurian*; 2. The *Upper Silurian*; 3. The *Devonian*; 4. The *Carboniferous Formation*; 5. The *Trias*, or *Saliferous Formation*; 6. The *Oölitic Formation*; 7. The *Cretaceous*, or *Chalk Formation*; 8. The *Lower Tertiary*, or *Eocine*; 9. The *Upper Tertiary*, or *Miocine* and *Pliocene*; 10. The *Drift*.

It is in the *Lower Silurian* formation that we begin to mark the gradual preparation of the globe for the reception of its destined inhabitants. Before this period we may suppose, says Professor Ansted, that there existed a globe, whose surface exhibited alternations of land and water, the land having in some places a stratified appearance, and the thick masses of strata resting on huge bosses and peaks of granite and other igneous rock; but all was then bare and desolate; not a moss nor a lichen covered the naked skeleton of the globe; not a sea-weed floated in the broad ocean; not a trace existed even of the least highly organized animal or vegetable; everything was still, and with the stillness of absolute death.

Time rolled on; and as age after age elapsed, the earth became adapted to the reception of life, the waters swarmed with animated beings, and in the Silurian strata the organic remains of many and distinct species of shell-fish are met with in abundance. These were principally *Graptolites*, the very simplest form of animal existence; the *Polyps*, or *Corallines*; the *Crinoides*, and that most singular and interesting race of crustacea, the *Trilobites*, so called from the body being divided into *three lobes* by two fissures running through the length.

Beginning with the simplest form of organized beings, we find the species of Polyps called *Graptolites*, found in a fossil state. These seem to have been, says Professor Ansted, the horny skeletons of animals not unlike those which are often met with on the coral and sea-weeds of the coast of England. They were formed, like these, by a vast multitude of individual polyps attached to a tough central mass, the whole constituting a kind of compound animal, in which each individual works to increase the general mass; but each, also, has a separate existence, being provided with a stomach and arms to obtain and digest food, and capable of being injured or destroyed without the functions of the complete body being at all interfered with. These animals appear to have been among the very first of created beings.

So low is the organization of the group of animals constituting the *true corals*, that former naturalists denied their animal character, and from superficial examination of their external appearance, placed them among the wonders of the vegetable world.

But by far the most interesting fossil of this period is the *Trilobite*, an animal which appears at one time to have been spread over the whole earth, or in the waters on the earth. There were several varieties of this curious animal, amounting, according to M. Brogniart, to five genera and seventeen species. The fossil remains of the trilobite were long supposed to be those of insects; (*Entomolithus paradoxus*;) but, after mature investigation, they have been fixed in the class of crustaceans. The front part of the body of the trilobite was formed like a large crescent-shaped shield, while the hinder portion consisted of a broad triangular tail, composed of segments, folding over each other like the tail of the lobster. This animal, remarks Professor Ansted, seems not to have had antennæ, and to have possessed short and rudimentary legs. From the absence of antennæ, and the want of powerful extremities, as well as from the manner in which these fossils are found, we may conclude that the different species lived for the most part in shallow water, not buried in mud, but floating near the surface with their under side uppermost, feeding on the minute and perhaps microscopic animalculæ that usually abound in such localities.

The most peculiar organ of the trilobite, however, was the eye, which was composed of *four hundred* minute spherical lenses placed in separate compartments, and so situated that at the animal's usual place, directly under the surface of the water, it could see everything around without moving from the spot in which it was lying.* Philosophers have remarked, with delighted surprise, the evidence afforded by the eye of the trilobite, that the air and light were generally the same in the early ages of the earth as now, and that the sea must have been as clear; for if the water had been that imaginary turbid and compound chaotic fluid, from the precipitates of which some geologists have supposed the materials of the surface of the earth to be derived, what use would the trilobite have had for such delicate visual organs?

A few fossil *plants* are found in this

* This kind of eye is also common to the butterfly and the dragon-fly, the former of which has thirty-five thousand and the latter fourteen thousand lenses!

formation, but all of the simplest structure, and indicating the existence only of marshy and damp grounds.

Tracing the history of our planet in these remote ages, we come to the *Devonian*, or old red sandstone group. Here we find that the corals, the shell-fish, and the crustacea of the former period have passed away, and in their place we find *fishes*, chiefly, if not entirely, of the *Placoid;* and not until we reach the chalk age that we meet with the higher orders of fish, the most remarkable group of which are the *Cephalaspis*, or buckle-headed fish, the *Pterichthys*, or winged fish, and the *Coccosteus*, which Hugh Miller describes as "a cephalaspis with a scale-covered tail attached, and the horns of the crescent-shaped head cut off."

The cephalaspis, or buckle-headed fish, is described as having its whole body covered with scales, which varied in shape in different parts, and seem to have been disposed in series. But the head was the most singular part of this animal. It has been compared to the crescent-shaped blade of a saddler's cutting-knife, the body forming the handle. It is extremely broad and flat, extending on each side considerably beyond the body, and the bones appear to have been firmly soldered together, so as to form one shield, the whole head being thus apparently covered by a single plate of enameled bone, and when seen detached from the body, hardly to be distinguished from the head of a trilobite. M. Agassiz supposes that the singular shape of the head served as a sort of defense to this animal in case of an attack.

Judging from the fossil remains, the waters during the period we have been considering must have been full of fishes, with the habits of those now abounding in the seas and oceans. This period seems as full of *fishes* as the previous period was remarkable for the fragments of corals, shells, and creatures of inferior organizations.

We come next, in our ascending order, to the Carboniferous formation, which has been styled by geologists the "Golden Age of the Pre-Adamite World." The earth is now clothed in all the rich verdure of a tropical climate. Ferns, cacti, gigantic equisetæ, and many plants of which there are no existing types, grew, and lived, and died, in vast and impenetrable forests, while the bulrush and the cane occupied the swamps and lowlands. This is the period when the great coal beds and strata of ironstone were deposited, which supply us with fuel for our fires and materials for our tools and machinery. Doubtless the earth then presented a lovely aspect; the mighty forests, unawakened by a sound save that of the sighing winds; the silent seas, in which the new-born denizens of the deep roamed at will; the vast inland lakes for ages unruffled but by the fitful breeze, all present to the mind's eye a picture of surpassing solitary grandeur. There we should find the tapering and elegant form of the *Sigillariæ*, the gracefully drooping *Calamites*, while towering alone in solitary grandeur, the stately *Altingia* reared its lofty head. There also appeared the *Megalichthys*, or great fish. This was an animal of great bulk, and probably of immense strength. It had a large head and powerful jaws, provided with formidable teeth, some projecting beyond the rest, and many of them measuring two inches across the base. Its scales were five inches in diameter, and its powerful tail would give it great rapidity in swimming. Judging from its jaws and teeth, it must have been a carnivorous creature of dreadful voracity, and capable of great destruction to the inferior races.

On arriving at the *Triassic* series, or New Red Sandstone formation, we find entirely new orders of vegetables and animals. This is sometimes called the "Age of Reptiles." The most singular fact connected with this period is the impression, in solid rock, of the footsteps of vast numbers and varieties of the lizard tribe, and of gigantic birds and tortoises. It is evident from these footmarks that crocodiles and lizards of various forms and gigantic dimensions roamed through the earth. Some of the most remarkable of the reptilian animals of this period are the *Plesiosaurus* and the *Ichthyosaurus*.

Baron Cuvier asserts the structure of the *plesiosaurus* to have been the most heteroclite, and its character altogether the most monstrous, that has yet been found amid the ruins of a former world. To the head of a lizard it united the teeth of a crocodile; a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a serpent; a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped; the ribs of a

chameleon, and the paddles of a whale! The most striking peculiarity in the *plesiosaurus* is the great length of its neck; the giraffe, a very long-necked quadruped, has only *seven* vertebræ of the neck; but the monster we are speaking of had no less than *thirty*, and sometimes as many as *forty* vertebræ. The jaws were large and strong, and armed with upward of one hundred long, pointed teeth. It lived in shallow seas and estuaries, and would seem, from its organs of respiration, to have required frequent supplies of fresh air. Mr. Conybeare describes it as "swimming upon or near the surface, arching its long neck like the swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach." Some curious particulars respecting these creatures have been obtained in an extraordinary way, namely, by the discovery of fragments and half-digested remains of their food, found in the situation once occupied by the stomach and bowels of some specimens, the animals in these instances having died before its last meal was digested. Nor is this all, for the pellets ejected from the intestines of the plesiosaurus and ichthyosaurus (*coprolites*) have been found in vast quantities, and in these are fish scales and fragments of the bones of reptiles.

The ichthyosaurus was a determined and unrelenting enemy to the animal just described. The ichthyosaurus, or fish lizard, has been found in a fossil state from twenty-five to thirty feet in length, and ten species are enumerated. This reptile has the head of a lizard, the vertebræ of a fish, which were more than a hundred, and the sternum of the ornithorhyncus as instruments of elevation and depression. Its paddles were composed of a great number of bones, about a hundred, which gave the animal great power in swimming. The tail of the animal was of very great length and strength; its eye was enormously large, being in its longest direction from thirteen to sixteen inches. It had a peculiar construction, which enabled it to convert it into a telescope, or microscope, at pleasure, so that it could see objects at a great distance, either in the water or on land, or objects near by. This creature must have been a powerful swimmer, and its length of vision, tremendous jaw, and short, strong neck, made it a destructive and terrific animal, well qualified for the office for which Providence designed it. Its prey was followed with unerring certainty, whether near or remote, by night or by day, seized with wonderful power and crushed in an instant, so that, though an executioner, its victims scarcely knew suffering. There is not a creature upon earth combining the powers of this fearful animal, and probably not a single creature of his time dared to meet him in combat. He was probably ever, except when gorged or asleep, in the pursuit of prey, devouring it, or contending with his enemies.

The Oölitic group derives its name from a kind of limestone conspicuous in it called oölite. This group is sometimes included in the lias formation. The principal marine animals of this group are the oölitic coral, (*astræa*;) star-fish, an extinct genus of sea-urchins, (*cidaris*;) the oölitic shrimp, (*megachirus*;) the ammonite and the belamnite, and a large animal called mosaurus. The land animals, however, are the most interesting creatures of this period. Among them are the megalosaurus, the petrodactyl, the iguanodon, and the hylæsaurus, or reptile of the woods.

The fossil remains of the mosaurus were first found near the city of Maestricht. It was a gigantic animal, resembling the lizard race, and was about twenty-five feet long, with a head four feet long. Its tail was long and flattened to serve as an oar in propelling the creature through the water. He had four paddles, with which he raised himself at will to the surface of the water.

But by far the most curious animal yet described is the *Pterodactyl*. Mainly a reptile of the lizard kind, its body possessed some of the characteristics of the mammalia; it had the wings of a bat, the neck of a bird, and a head furnished with long jaws, full of teeth; so that in this last part of its organization it bore some resemblance to the crocodile. Their eyes were enormously large, so that they could see in the dark and in the water. It was equally able to fly, to creep, or to climb. Dr. Buckland writes:

"From their wings projected fingers, terminated by long hooks, like the curved claw or thumb of the bat. Thus, like Milton's fiend, all qualified for all services and all elements, this creature was a fit companion for the kindred reptiles that swarmed in the seas or crawled on the shores of a dark and turbulet planet."

The *Iguanodon* was a huge animal, of the crocodile species, nearly resembling the iguana of South America, which lives upon seeds and vegetables. The length of this reptile was about thirty feet, and its body measured *fourteen feet* in circumference! A curious projection, resembling a horn, grew out of its head. The circumference of its thigh bone is *seven feet!* This is larger than that of the elephant.

The megalosaurus was a huge carnivorous land animal, of great voracity, and enormous size and strength. In form it must have resembled the hippopotamus of our day.

The *Hylæosaurus*, or reptile of the woods, was another reptile of the lizard kind, and of huge dimensions. Professor Ansted says:

"This animal was probably about fifteen feet long, and of a height proportioned to that of the Megalosaurus. It was covered with a scaly armor, the plates being oval or circular, and therefore not fitting one another, but studded in unconnected order over the surface of a tough skin. It has been supposed by Dr. Mantell, that certain broad bones found with the skeleton formed a fringe on the back of the animal, but Professor Owen has suggested that they may, with greater probability, be ribs which defended the abdomen, analogous to a corresponding contrivance in the ornithorhyncus."

Passing on now to the chalk period, we find the land in many places submerged. The fossils are *marine* in their character. Sponges, corals, star-fish, and marine reptiles inhabited the globe, which must have presented a wild waste of waters, full of living, active creatures. Buckland says:

"The sterility and solitude which have been attributed to the depths of the ocean, exist only in the fictions of poetic fancy. The ocean is crowded with life, perhaps more abundantly than the air and the surface of the earth; and the bottom of the sea, within a certain depth, accessible to light, swarms with countless hosts of worms and creeping things, which represent the kindred families of low degree which crawl upon the land."

We will not stop to describe the fossils peculiar to this formation, there being few of any interest.

This era seems to have been one of peculiar tranquillity, undisturbed by earthquakes and other igneous forces. Our planet is now approaching the state when it will be fit for the reception of man, and in the next age we find some of the existing species of animals.

To this era belongs a huge quadruped, known as the *Great Mastodon*, of which we have several very complete skeletons. In height, the mastodon seems to have been about twelve feet, a stature which the Indian elephant occasionally attains. But its body was greatly elongated in comparison with the elephant's, and its limbs were thicker. In its structure it resembled that of the elephant, except in one point. This was the cheek-teeth, which are divided, on their upper surface, into a number of rounded, obtuse prominences, arranged, not like the elephant's, but like those of the wild boar and hippopotamus; whence it is concluded, that, like the latter animals, the mastodon must have lived on vegetables, roots, and aquatic plants. The lower jaw of a skeleton, found on the Hudson River, is two feet ten inches in length, and weighs *sixty pounds!*

The world now probably presented an appearance nearly similar to what it does at present. The land, which in the chalk formation was under water, has again emerged, and swarms with life; vast savannahs, rich with verdure, and decked in a luxuriant garb with trees, plants, grasses, and shrubs, and inward lakes, to which the elephant, the megatherium, the huge ilinotherium, and many other extinct races of animals, came to slake their thirst, form the principal characteristics of this period.

There is something peculiarly interesting in looking back to this early period in the history of our planet. Professor Ansted gives a vivid picture of the state of the world at the period just before the creation of man. He says:

"Our world then, perhaps, presented a condition of vegetation, especially in South America, little different from that still characteristic of it; numerous clumps of forest trees were dotted about at intervals, and the intervening country was covered for the most part by rich and luxuriant vegetation. In the half-swampy tracts, or in the pools formed by the shifting of the beds of the rivers, the toxodon then dwelt; and over the broad plains the macrasechenia slowly paced. At one spot numerous bare trunks of trees, stripped of their verdure, rotten, and half decayed, or alive again with the busy tread of millions of ants and other insects, mark the vicinity of the great leaf-eating tribe. The glyptodon, with his heavy tread, slowly advances under the weight of a thick and cumbrous coat of mail, and finally clears away the half-destroyed vegetation. We picture to the mind's eye the gigantic ilinotherium, raking and grubbing with his huge tusks the aquatic plants that grew in the pools or shallow lakes; or, as Dr. Buckland describes him, 'sleeping with his head hooked on to the bank, and his nostrils sustained above water, so as merely

to breathe, while the body remained floating at ease beneath the surface.'

"But presently the megatherium himself appears, toiling slowly on, from some great tree recently laid low, and quite stripped of its green covering. The earth, as he proceeds, groans under the enormous mass; each step bears down and crushes the thickly growing reeds and other plants; but the monster continues to advance toward a noble tree, the monster of this primeval forest. For a while he pauses before it, as if doubting whether, having resisted the storms of so many seasons, it will yield even to his vast strength. But soon his resolution is taken. Having set himself to the task, he first loosens the soil around the tree to a great depth by the powerful claws on his fore-feet, and in this preliminary work he employs himself for a while. And now observe him carefully. Marching close to the tree, watch him as he places his monstrous hind feet carefully and earnestly, the long-projecting claw taking firm and deep hold in the ground. His tail is so placed as to rest on the ground and support the body. The hind legs are set, and the animal, lifting itself up like a huge kangaroo, grasps the tree with its fore legs at as great a height as possible, and firmly grapples it with the muscles of the trunk, while the hind limbs, animated by the nervous influence of the unusually large spinal cord, combine all their forces in the effort about to be made. And now conceive the massy frame of the megatherium convulsed with the mighty wrestling, every vibrating fiber reacting upon its bony attachment with the force of a hundred giants. Extraordinary must be the strength and proportions of the tree, if, when rocked to and fro, to right and left, in such an embrace, it can long withstand the efforts of its assailant. The tree at length gives way; the animal, though shaken and wearied with the mighty effort, at once begins to strip off every green twig. The effort, however, even when successful, was not unattended with danger. The tree in falling would sometimes by its weight crush its powerful assailant, and the bulky animal, unable to guide it in its fall, might often be injured by the trunk or the larger branches. To guard against some of this risk, the skull, the most exposed part, is found to exhibit more than usual strength and thickness. It is more cellular than usual with other animals, and the inner and stronger plate is covered with an outer plate and intermediate walls to resist a sudden and violent shock.

"Meanwhile the waters are not destitute of inhabitants. Here we behold the mighty whale, monarch of the deep, sporting in the pre-Adamite seas as he now does amid the icebergs of the Arctic Ocean; the walrus and the seal, now denizens of the colder climes, mingling with the tropical manati; while the rivers were peopled with gigantic crocodiles, turtles, and tortoises. In the forest, troops of monkeys might be seen skipping lightly from branch to branch in the various trees, or heard mowing and chattering in the deep recesses of the wood. Of the birds, some, clothed in plumage of tropical brilliancy, were busy in the forests, while others, such as the eagle and vulture, hovered over the spots where death had been busy. Gigantic serpents might have been seen insidiously watching their prey. Other serpents, in gaudy colors, were darting upon the smaller quadrupeds and birds, and myriads of insects glittered in the sunbeams. All these indications of life and activity existed, and that, too, not far distant from the spots on which are now placed proud cities."

Before we conclude we may add, that many general readers do not perceive the difference between the geological terms, "*Fossils*" and "*Remains*." The first word is applied to the forms of animals and vegetables which have become *petrified*, that is, changed into stone. These are always found in the various secondary strata, and hence these strata are called "*fossiliferous*." The second word is applied to the bodies or limbs of animals, or vegetables which are *not petrified*; but the bony structure remains, and in rare instances the *flesh* also, as in the well-known case of the body of an extinct species of elephant, called Mammoth, found imbedded in the frozen mud and sand of the River Lena, in Siberia, the flesh of which was so completely preserved as to afford food to the dogs of arctic fishermen. These remains are found in the diluvium, or drift, and alluvium formation or strata.

The preceding discoveries of geology cannot be read without wonder, and, we would think, without reflecting on the power and vastness of the Creator's works. Even considering the low scale of intelligence exhibited in many races of animals, we are still struck, when we dwell on the lowest enjoyments of animal life, what an amount of enjoyment must have been felt, by the myriads of mollusks, fishes, saurians, &c., and of insects that have lived and died on our earth. Who that has observed the evident signs of not mere life only, but of actual pleasure in the motions of mollusks and fish in their native element, and of the insects fluttering in the sunbeams, can doubt of the benevolence as well as wisdom and power of the great Creator?

It is true, geology treats of the past ages of our world. But we are not to suffer it to impart any melancholy ideas of the extent of the ravages of death, as seen in fossils and remains. Natural history gives abundant facts to show, that life, in all its degrees and modes of enjoyment, is still all-pervading, and, to our ken, unlimited. "How manifold are thy works, O Lord! In wisdom hast thou made them all!"

THE TRUE DEVELOPMENT.

JOHN ROBINSON'S declaration, that there is more light to break forth from God's Holy Word, has been fully verified; though in a manner different from what is pretended by many who are fond of quoting his words. No new revelations have been made, no new books have been added to the sacred canon, nor has any light from heaven come in through transcendental flashes. The light has come *from* the Scriptures, and not from sources foreign to them. The Church has had the eyes of her understanding opened, to read new and wondrous things out of God's law. In this respect, individual experience and church experience are alike. Both are capable of growing in grace and knowledge. The experience is ever and anon drawing new light from the Word of God. The Christian is growing in knowledge, and yet the Bible is to him ever the same—an unchangeable source of light. None of its old principles become obsolete, and no new truths are added to it. But to-day, through a new experience, he gains new views of truth. The providence of God illustrates the Word, or the Spirit of God opens the heart for a new illumination.

In like manner, the church has her seasons of new illumination, from the same unchanging source of truth. The elements of eternal truth come to bear on the public mind, in successive stages of development. No new principle of faith or piety—no new truth that was not in the Scriptures before—has been discovered; and yet important light has broken forth from a new development. So it was at the time of the Lutheran Reformation. The doctrine of the supreme authority of the sacred Scriptures, and the doctrine of justification by faith, then came forth upon the world, as a sun new risen. These truths had been overlaid by Romish corruption; and never, since the sacred canon was closed, had they been brought forth with such distinctness as in the preaching of the Reformers. But it was only a new light breaking forth from God's Holy Word, or rather the light that was then uncovered anew.

A hundred years later came the Puritan development. Then again Christianity travailed in birth for a new force to act on the heart of the world. Puritanism, or Christ's proper government of the Church, and those other cognate truths which constituted the peculiar elements of Puritanism, opened upon the world a new course of events, causing the civil and social order to crystallize anew around itself. These truths, always contained in the Scriptures, then, for the first time, entered largely into the views and experience of men.

Still a hundred years later, a new light again broke forth; a result of the preceding. We allude to what is called the Great Awakening, or the remarkable revival in Great Britain and America. This outflow of the vital force of Christianity was in some sense new and peculiar. Yet it was a consequence, both of the Lutheran Reformation and of the Puritan movement preceding it. It went forth in the power of the doctrines of the Reformation. But it brought forth, from the apostolic writings, views of more thrilling power, and made truth to bear on the conscience with unprecedented effect. The simplest idea of Christianity, as a call to repentance, an offer of mercy, an opening of heaven, filled the hearts and fired the tongues of the preachers of that age.

In about forty years that development also had become complete; but its beneficial results did not pass away. The same glad tidings continued to be proclaimed with happy effect; while a new evangelic power, proceeding from the bosom of this, but acting with an energy peculiar to itself, was about to come forth. The era of missions now opened. This was something more than a transfer to heathen lands of the spirit of the revival era. It brought into play a different order of motives and emotions, and gave prominence to a class of objects that had not before been so distinctly discerned. The habits and views of the Church have been revolutionized by the spirit of missions. After this work had fully commenced, it might have been said that old things were passed away, and all things had become new. The tone, the dialect, the topics of thought, the occupations of the Church, had changed with wonderful rapidity. The revival era had brought the vital energies of religion to act with a new intensity. While that concentrated, this diffused. The revival era brought the light of heaven to bear on the individual soul. The mis-

sionary era came in as a beam of day covering a broad expanse. The personal piety that is nurtured with the missionary spirit, contrasts, in some respects, with that which grew up under the revivals of the last century, or in the Puritan age.

Though the missionary era has completed its development, considered as the introduction of a new order of motives, the work to be done under that order is but just begun. A mode of procedure for evangelizing the world has been established, and the results in years to come are to be a hundredfold more than what they have been. Yet the age for the *development* of the spirit of missions has passed; and the way has been opened for the development of another class of Christian motives. Hence, in later years, the zeal of the public mind has taken a direction toward the relief of bodily suffering, through the medium of various reforms in the personal habits and social conditions of men. This has proceeded, not unnaturally, from the preceding developments. The Gospel quickens the conscience, and compels us to seek the salvation of others. The care of the soul comes first; but that of the body is sure to follow. The missionary abroad discovers and reports the bodily wants of the millions. Sympathies, drawn out in that direction, return upon the sufferings of men nearer home, the victims of vice, or lust, or oppression, or slavery. It is true that Christianity ever had an eye to the temporal wants of men. But that development of Christian compassion toward them which is giving its character to this age, is taken on a broader view, and a more intense realization of the Christian motives to compassion.

As it has been, so it will be. There is in revealed truth a latent power, of which we may form some general and safe conclusions as to the future. From time to time Christianity will be read and pondered in a new light. The Lutheran Reformation wrought its wonders only by bringing men to read and discover in the Bible what they had not so plainly discovered there before. The revival in the days of Wesley and Whitefield produced a similar result, and brought out a new light from the Scriptures. So the missionary zeal of the last generation has given us, in one department of duty, as it were a new Bible; or rather has brought out from unexplored portions of the word of God, passages that had slumbered long, as so much latent power. It has converted the Bible into a missionary manual. In ages gone it would not have been right to condemn the ministry for the neglect of these missionary texts, as we should now deserve to be condemned if we were to neglect them.

So it is still, as to portions of the Bible relating to other matters of which we have too little thought. Under the most familiar passages there slumbers a force and vitality of which we are little conscious. There are passages, which, when the time of awakening comes, will break like thunderbolts upon us. The preacher will tremble when he utters his text, and hearers will tremble when he expounds and applies it. But what, in that case, will be new? Not the text; not the critical learning that has dug out a fossil sense never dreamed of before; but the new mind and heart opened to receive and apply one of the simplest truths of the Bible.

But there are many, who, in the general, admit the Divine source of the Scriptures, to whom all the power of the written word is in a measure a latent power. The light which has put life into successive generations, has never exerted any living force upon them. What they need is, to have the mind brought in contact with an undeveloped power in the word of God. What they want is, not critical skill to tread the maze of any dark passage; not a profounder intellect to fathom the deeper mysteries of revelation; but a heart to apprehend, feel, and apply the plainest and most palpable of its truths.

If this view be correct, then any new development of the truth does not displace or make obsolete that which is old. When we gain new and more impressive views of any truth, the new throws back a richer light upon the old. What are called the doctrines of the Reformation have no less of value and force now than when they first came forth in that remarkable era. But all the successive developments have condensed an additional power and energy upon them. What is wanted in forming Christian character is a combination of all the light from the Scriptures. Our piety must lay its foundations in the doctrines of the Reformation, and must embody in itself

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son, or when age descends to impart to youth its own wisdom.

It would be tedious to repeat the whole catalogue of formal sayings which pass uninterruptedly between equals whenever they happen to meet. The words are always the same. Until dinner it is always Good day! that your day may prove fortunate! After dinner, Good evening! that your evening may prove fortunate! And in addition to this at all hours—May your arrival prove to be in a good hour!—Be ye saluted!—How goes your time?—How do you do?—How are your circumstances?—How do your children do?

The inquiries after the health of the host's or guest's wife are most peculiarly roundabout. It requires considerable acquaintance with the scruples of an Arab, in every conversation alluding to his wives, to determine, by the various shades of inquiry, the object of the question. To name the wife, even on the most important occasions, is the greatest breach of good manners; therefore, the interest one wishes to display on her behalf must be exhibited indirectly. How are Adam's children?—How goes it in your tent?—How is your family?—How is your grandmother? Any too special description would rouse jealousy in the mind: He has seen my wife; he knows her, for he troubles himself about her!

In conversation, religious allusions are frequent, and the salute between members of the same tribe and persuasion have also a religious character, for the name of Allah, or of the Prophet, is sure to occur in each. The Arab displays considerable tact and politeness in avoiding these allusions when in the society of those who do not share his faith, or of those whose belief is unknown to him, for fear of offending their feelings. He then gives his salutation a different form, if he happens to salute a non-Mohammedan, or some one who is an entire stranger, partly not to bestow on infidels the blessings conveyed in a Mussulman's greeting, partly to avoid profaning the name of the Prophet in the salute of unbelievers, and partly to avoid wishing people blessings which to them are valueless or disagreeable; he greets them simply with, "*Salam ála hali!*" (Blessed be those who wish me well!)

Many Arabian families would, however, consider it a too great concession to an

infidel to desire him blessings on condition of wishing him well; they, therefore, endeavor to avoid conveying any benediction by making it ambiguous, and they say, "*Salam âla aul esalem!* (Blessed are the men of salvation!) or, *Salam âla men luba' el houda!*" (Blessed be those who obey the law!)

In the provinces under French dominion, fanaticism is indeed silenced by discretion, and the Arabs salute the conquering Christian with the greatest civility of which his language is capable; but in addressing Jews, that race so much oppressed and despised by the sons of Ishmael, they have not yet assumed the tone to which the equality of the French laws would seem to entitle them. When an Arab honors a Jew by speaking to him, which is only done in cases of emergency, when he desires to display a kindly feeling toward the Israelite, he greets him with, "*Allah yaicheck!*" (Allah permit your life!) or "*Allah youneck!*" (Allah helps you!) Both expressions are condescending to the Jew, but rude to a Mussulman.

The official etiquette of the Arabs is most peculiarly severe. Every word, every sign, is prescribed most accurately and minutely. The subordinate salutes his superior by kissing his hand if he meets him on foot, or his knee, if he happens to be mounted.

The Marabouts (priests) and Talebs, (learned,) and all persons directly or indirectly connected with education and religion, understand very clearly how to conceal, under the garb of holy humiliation, the pride of caste, which more or less influences most of them. Thus they withdraw their hands with humble mien from the grasp of the pious, who desire to kiss them, only when these have given the most unambiguous evidences of an intention of paying this tribute of reverence; they at the same time permit all salutations which have no similarity with the marks of respect paid to the worldly great.

When a subordinate on horseback meets a superior also on horseback, he dismounts at a considerable distance, in order to kiss his knee. Equals, when they meet, salute each other's faces with their lips, or else they lightly place their right hands together and kiss the thumbs.

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In the provinces under French dominion, fanaticism is indeed silenced by discretion, and the Arabs salute the conquering Christian with the greatest civility of which his language is capable; but in addressing Jews, that race so much oppressed and despised by the sons of Ishmael, they have not yet assumed the tone to which the equality of the French laws would seem to entitle them. When an Arab honors a Jew by speaking to him, which is only done in cases of emergency, when he desires to display a kindly feeling toward the Israelite, he greets him with, "*Allah yeicheck!*" (Allah permit your life!) or "*Allah youneck!*" (Allah helps you!) Both expressions are condescending to the Jew, but rude to a Mussulman.

The official etiquette of the Arabs is most peculiarly severe. Every word, every sign, is prescribed most accurately and minutely. The subordinate salutes his superior by kissing his hand if he meets him on foot, or his knee, if he happens to be mounted.

The Marabouts (priests) and Talebs, (learned,) and all persons directly or indirectly connected with education and religion, understand very clearly how to conceal, under the garb of holy humiliation, the pride of caste, which more or less influences most of them. Thus they withdraw their hands with humble mien from the grasp of the pious, who desire to kiss them, only when these have given the most unambiguous evidences of an intention of paying this tribute of reverence; they at the same time permit all salutations which have no similarity with the marks of respect paid to the worldly great.

When a subordinate on horseback meets a superior also on horseback, he dismounts at a considerable distance, in order to kiss his knee. Equals, when they meet, salute each other's faces with their lips, or else they lightly place their right hands together and kiss the thumbs.

When a great warrior or prince passes by, those who are seated rise, riders descend from their steeds, and all cross their hands on their breast and bend very lowly. This extraordinary mark of respect, for instance, was shown to the Emir, Abd-el-Kader. On the return of warriors from a successful campaign or a bold excursion, they are greeted by all the maids and wives of the tribe, congregated together, and uttering a species of rhythmical, sharp, and exclamatory sounds, which are not without their power of exciting the nerves.

An Arab will never pass a meeting of superiors or equals without exclaiming in a measured tone, "*Esalam alicoum!*" (Bless you!) and this is answered by "*Alicoum Esalam!*" (Be you blessed!)

The invariably earnest expression of countenance which the Arab preserves while greeting any one is in peculiar contrast to the friendliness which characterize our salutes.

If any one were to ask an Arab after his health in a light, happy tone, or to greet him smilingly, he would look upon it as the greatest insult, and as a gross breach of good manners. They are, therefore, quite unable to accustom themselves to the European mode of greeting, and are always reprehending the smile and happy expression with which European friends and acquaintances meet each other. "Is it then," they say, "such a laughable affair, that one can ask after the health of a friend, or the happiness of one's connection and family, only laughingly!"

Although Mussulmans consider it unnecessary to bare their heads when greeting any one, they yet feel bound, when meeting a superior, to remove the curiously formed straw hat which they wear in summer over the *kapuse*.

The unceasing interruptions made in all conversations by formal inquiries, make a most curious impression on Europeans. It is not rare that in the midst of a dialogue about peace and war, commerce, &c., one of the speakers commences to inquire, "How do you do?—How do you spend your time?—How are things in your tent?" and then resumes his speech exactly where he left off, without waiting for an answer to his questions. The number of these interruptions depends on the degree of friendship which one feels toward another, or upon the time which has elapsed since the last meeting. When any one sneezes, all present exclaim, "*Nedjak Alla!*" (God save you!) and the party sneezing, replies, "*Rahmek Allah!*" (God have

mercy on you!) Both these expressions are like those still used in Germany on similar occasions, and have, no doubt, the same origin. The motive for the introduction of this far-spread custom must have been very generally applicable—only very extensive epidemics, by which sneezing was so certain an indication of a crisis, that it did not escape the observation of the most various nations, could have given rise to it, as among the old Spaniards, who, no doubt, copied the Arabs in this view of the question. They do not consider hickuping unpolite; on the contrary, the party thus subjected looks above with a grateful expression, and says, "*L'haind Allah!*" (God be thanked!) and all present hereupon exclaim, in a fervent tone, "*Allah jatik saha!*" (God grant you health!)

Before their meals they pray somewhat in the following terms: "In the name of Allah! Good Allah, bless what you furnished for our meal, and when it shall have been eaten, then permit it to grow again!" An Arab dare only eat or drink with his right, but never with his left hand, for they say, the Evil One, who also eats with his left hand, blesses that which is eaten with the left. No well-bred Arab will permit himself to drink standing; if an Arab sees another drinking, he says, "*Saha!*" (Health!) and the drinker replies, "*Allah iselmeck!*" (God bless you!) An Arab drinks only once at each meal; and he prefers to do this after he has satisfied his appetite, for he says, "Drinking is not intended to stimulate appetite; one thirsteth after he has eaten, and drinketh, and therewith closes the meal." The hands are washed before and after each meal, and the mouth cleaned. The proper discharge of these duties constitutes the well-bred man.

The precepts of the Koran, which command the Mussulman to wash himself at different times of the day, have given the people of the East a reputation for great cleanliness; this reputation is, however, not generally deserved. No doubt the rich people and the aristocracy, especially among those tribes who have given up pastoral life, spend a good deal of time in the luxury of washing and bathing; but among the pastoral and wandering tribes of Arabs these laws have degenerated into mere forms, which, in practice, are frequently evidences of great dirtiness rather than of cleanliness.

On the occasion of a dinner given in the leather tent of an Arab scheik, which a gentleman witnessed in the year 1853, a tin can with a little water went round the table, in which the parties washed their fingers after their meal; and none of those present seemed surprised when, every now and then, a person receiving the water in which many had already dipped their hands, drank of the water after he had also cleaned his hands in it. While traveling in the desert it becomes frequently necessary to use sand instead of water, in compliance with the law of the Koran.

No one ever uses a knife at table. The meat is always cut up previously; and where a further separation seems necessary, the sharp finger-nails are brought into requisition.

Half-fluids are eaten thus: the fingers of the opened hand, up to the middle joints, are put into the plate, and then closed, so that the food remains hanging in the hollow formed by the full fingers. The hand is then lifted above the widely-expanded mouth, while the head is thrown far back, and the food is permitted to drop down. The manipulations of the Arabs, while eating, have, for a European, something very disgusting.

The Prophet has prohibited believers to blow on their food. A host making observations about the greater or lesser speed with which some of his guests might happen to eat, would run the risk of being despised. The Arabs return all such remarks with great energy. An Arab eating mutton with another, said to his friend, "If one saw the rage with which you devour this poor sheep, one would think that he had given you while living the points of his horn." The other replied to this angrily, "And the hesitation with which you go about the matter seems to imply that you were nursed by the mother of this sheep."

The host always sets the example of sitting down. No guest ever gives an order to the servants. No parting adieus are given, excepting when a journey is undertaken; at other times an Arab entering a company, speaks and leaves without bidding adieu. No Mussulman ever turns back after he has commenced a journey, even if he should have forgotten the most important matter. If this should render his journey fruitless, he looks upon it as a dispensation of heaven.

It is the custom to sprinkle water on the horse's feet of any one starting on a journey. This custom, which owes its origin, no doubt, to long journeys in the desert, where water and good fortune are synonymous, is observed strictly even by the most enlightened. Abd-el-Kader had made it a most positive obligation on his wives and servants to besprinkle his horse. The belief that a shower of rain at starting is a lucky sign, no doubt owes its origin to the same cause; the same with the prayer, "May your spurs be green;" which means, may blessings follow you like water, which also makes everything green.

It would tire the patience of the reader were we here to repeat the many little incidents which an Arab construes as good or bad signs; they surpass in superstition the Jews and the Romans; it would be equally tiring to repeat the innumerable quantity of sweet expressions in which prayer, gratitude, flattery, desire, and courting are communicated—with which this subtile, clever people understand so well how to get round and entangle those from whom they require favor, or seek an advantage, or with whom they hope to gain their point. Has an Arab, however, attained what he desired from you, and if he sees that you could be of no further service to him, then he shows you his indifference in the most vexatious manner. The man who, only a little while ago, overwhelmed you with the warmest demonstrations of friendship, the most humble supplications, can ride past you to-day most proudly; and if you accost him, reply, "Perhaps you may be known to my horse; I do not know you!" The motto of the whole nation is characteristic of their unprincipled cunning: "Kiss the dog on his mouth until you have obtained from him what you require!" The kisses given to the dog, the bait offered to the raven with the cheese in his mouth, are all stereotyped, among many others. We only give a few of the principal sayings: "May Allah never leave your belly to hunger!" "May Allah cover you over!" "May Allah remember your parents!" "May Allah allow you to be like a scraped fish!" (which cannot be caught.) "May the mother who bore you bring a hundred more like you into the world!" "May Allah open for you the doors!" "I pray you in the name of the likeness of Allah!" "Lord, I am your dog!" "Lord, your mercy will be the thought of my understanding!" "Your vanity is more valuable than the virtue of hundreds!" "Allah count you among the friends of the Prophet!" "Allah permit you to die in the holy war, but the sword entering the bones!"

The courtesy of an Arab is not entirely confined to words or insignificant acts of politeness. Frequently this shows itself in important matters; thus, during some races, the horses of a judge and a great chief were running very close; the judge did all he could to be beaten, and was successful in his efforts. Those who know the vanity of Arabs as regards the qualities of their horses will be able to appreciate this sacrifice. After the races, the chief, who was well acquainted with the merit of the judge's horse, as well as with the skill of its rider, said to him: "Your horse is better than mine; how is it possible that it was beaten?" The kaid answered to this in the most natural manner: "In my country and in my tribe there never was an instance where the horse of a kaid beat the horse belonging to a chief."

Among Arabs these kind of civilities are pretty harmless, for no value is attached to them, and they are repaid in kind. But for Europeans they constitute dangerous snares, for the novice believes and sees behind all these attentions and courtesies some amount of good feeling, and, hence, he is often severely cheated. Over-politeness and humility in an Arab should induce in all strangers an increased amount of suspicion against him. Every one should, on all such occasions, bear in mind the dark intolerance of these people, the first law of whose religion preaches the carrying on of continual apd implacable war of extermination against all who are of a different belief, and where that *course of life is held to be most acceptable, and the road leading most direct to Paradise*, which is made up out of a number of efforts at the destruction of Christians, Jews, and heathens, with all weapons "which God has given;" and how much more pernicious must such a creed become when the spur of selfishness unites itself to it!

Not less rich is the Arab in expressions of asseveration than forms of politeness, and it is questionable whether the first are more binding on him than the last. Thus, he exclaims: "By almighty Allah!" "By

the blessing of Allah!" "By the head of Allah's Prophet!" "May my belief become a sin!" "May I not be a Mussulman!" "Allah curse me and my wife!" "May Allah make my saddle empty!" "May I meet my sister on the grave of the Prophet!" "May I be buried like a Jew!" "May I give evidence with my feet!" "May to-morrow be the day of judgment, Allah judge, and angels my witnesses!" "By our master, Hamet-ben-Pussuf, Lord of Mileanah, who had a lion as his horse, and bridled it with a serpent!"

An Arab makes a reservation in his own mind when he takes an oath, or plights his faith; he could not, however, be easily persuaded to express this before witnesses, for in that case the courts of his people, in which the religious and civil power is united, would only give him the option, either to fulfill his plighted promise, or to obtain a dispensation from a Taleb. It is, however, to be borne in mind, that there is no great difficulty in finding one of these with a not too scrupulous conscience, who, for a large or small present, is prepared to absolve every promiser from his obligations.

It would be considered uncivil to praise any one himself, or any of his possessions, without exclaiming at the same time, that "Allah may preserve it." Thus, an Arab says, "What a beautiful horse, camel, and child, &c., Allah maintain its life!" Is this omitted, the party is at once put down as envious—whose praise is intended to destroy that which he praises, for the Arab believes in the magic of words which is known in Germany under the term *beschreien*, and in Italian and French under the expressions of *mal ochio* and *mauvais œil*. The Arabs call it "*Aain*." Thus, magic may be exercised unconsciously by a friend, and intentionally by an enemy, but is supposed to be equally destructive in both cases.

It is a severe law of an Arab never to speak of the events to be brought in by the future, without asking for the permission of Allah, as we say, "Please God;" nor does he go hunting, riding, or even undertake the smallest action without exclaiming, "In Allah's name!" This continual reference, in all acts and sayings, to God, gives to the existence of an Arab something like the warmth of faith, and the energy and devotion of which is peculiarly inspiring, and is brought out prominently on great and solemn occasions. Thus, an Arab meets no friend who may have been lately afflicted with some severe loss, without addressing some such sentences as these to him: "Open further your heart!" "God alone is immortal!" "Death is a tribute which we pay to God; there is neither favor nor unkindness in it!" "Already in the lap of his mother has God determined the day of his death!" "Hold your soul upright; God recompenses every loss!" "We are pottery, and the potter does what he likes!" "Thank God, that your children are grown up!" To a wounded person consoling observations are also directed: "You are happy; God has marked you in the holy war, and has not forgotten you!" "Your illness is the fire, and you are the gold; you will, after your illness, be brighter before God!"

The consolations offered to those friends who have had bodily punishments inflicted on them, are seldom without a vein of bitter satire. Thus, it is said, "Console yourself; God has made the stick for man, and not for woman!" "Remember, that love and pleasure, but also a good beating, await him whom his enemy detecteth stealing to his love, albeit that he is a young man!"

The congratulations are as numerous as the other modes of address. After a victory one says to the other: "May Allah permit our lord to be always so victorious!" "May our lord be a nail in the eyes of his enemies!" "Allah keep the warriors of Mohammed!"

At a wedding and christening, the customary congratulations are: "Allah gives, that through her your tent may be full!" "May the child live and not be the last!"

As has already been said, the forms of courtesy of the Arab are unalterably determined, and the law book of the same is as well known to the lowest shepherd in a pastoral tribe as to the noblest chieftain. The freedom of outward fashion is with them less peculiar to rank and position than with any other people. This is the origin of that true dignity of deportment which can hardly be denied to any Arab, and that urbanity in his manners, which, although to a certain extent superficial, is yet always calculated to make a favorable impression. The motto of the Arab in this respect is, "Play with the dogs, and they call themselves your cousins!"

This dignity of deportment is got not so entirely without an inner response, as the foregoing may lead to be inferred; it has a more solid and more deeply rooted purpose than the generally distributed polish of Asiatic manners. When an Arab of the lowest rank is seen, his head erect, and looking with a calm expression, a fearless eye, and without any signs of embarrassment or awkwardness, up at every one he meets, be he pasha, sultan, or khalif, it may be traced mainly to the fact, that every Arab has, from the first hour of his childhood almost, had impressed upon him the principle, that there is the same distance to Allah from the khalif as from the clown, and that both have the same right to God's power and assistance.

But beyond this pride of creed, he is possessed of another equally philosophical and religious feeling. He does not undervalue the advantages of power, might, and splendor, nor yet the pleasures of luxury and indulgence; but were he to observe this, even in the palaces of our kings, he would first say to himself: "God might have given unto me also, all this, and I would have blessed him! but as it is, I bless him also, for my portion is certainly the best, as I believe in the Prophet; these have their paradise, in this short life, on earth, that I, who acknowledge the Prophet, may enjoy it in eternity."

Unfortunately for them, there is no mutuality in this firm and immovable faith of theirs. They have the *belief*, but not the *love*; and they are, from top to toe, the most repulsive egotists. A precept of Islam has caused this selfishness, which renders the confessors of this faith so fearful: it is that which teaches that all our misfortunes here are caused by our own faults. The unfortunate is, therefore, accordingly also the guilty, whom to help, or even to pity, is a crime against the just will of God.

The anarchy among the Arab tribes has greatly contributed to give vitality to this odious, but to the *lucky* believer, most agreeable dogma. The social morality to which this has given rise is admirably depicted in the following Arabic saying, which is known and in use among all the Arab tribes under French dominion:

"The plague has come:
God grant that it may spare my people.
The plague is in the tribe:
God grant that it may spare my fellowship.
The plague is in the fellowship:
God grant that it may spare my tent.
The plague is in my tent:
God grant that it may spare me."

The saying requires no comment. It contains a confession as complete as it is simple; in it is the nature of Islamism in reality displayed.

JEWISH TRADITIONS.

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

ADAM was nine hundred and thirty years old when he felt within himself that the hour which the word of the Judge had told him would come, when he said, "Thou must die!" was drawing near.

"Let all my sons appear before me," said he to the weeping Eve, "that I may see them once more, and bless them."

They all came on hearing their father's command, and stood before him: they numbered many hundreds, and they prayed for their father's life.

"Which of you," said Adam, "will go to the holy mountain? Perhaps he may find that there is mercy for me, and may bring the fruit from the tree of life."

With eagerness did they all profess themselves willing to go. Adam then chose Seth, the most pious, and sent him as his deputed messenger.

Seth departed with ashes on his head, and tarried not till he arrived before the gate of Paradise. "Have mercy upon my father, O most merciful One!"—thus did he pray—"and send him fruit from the tree of life."

Immediately a shining cherub stood before Seth; but, instead of fruit from the tree of life, he placed in his hand a small branch bearing leaves.

"Take that to thy father," said the angel, with a voice of love; "it will comfort him in his last hour; eternal life dwells not now upon earth; hasten, for death draws near."

Seth returned, and throwing himself upon his knees before Adam, spake thus:

"I bring thee no fruit from the tree of life, my father; the angel gave me this branch for thy consolation."

The dying man took the branch from his son; he breathed the air of paradise, and his soul rejoiced.

"My children," said he, "eternal life dwelleth not now upon earth for us, but you will follow me. From these leaves I

breathe the breath of a new life in another world."

He closed his eyes—his spirit had fled.

Adam was buried by his children, and they mourned for him thirty days. Seth alone did not mourn; he planted the little branch at the head of his father's grave, and called it the branch of new life, of resurrection from the sleep of death.

This little branch became a tall tree, and many of the children of Adam received comfort from the hope it gave them of another life.

Long afterward, it was a wide-spreading tree in the garden of David, until his foolish son began to doubt in the truth of immortal life; then the tree withered, but its seed had taken root in other lands; and when on the wood of this tree the Restorer of eternal life gave up his holy life, the whole world was filled with the breath breathed from the fountain of life and immortality.

NOAH'S DOVE.

Eight days had the father of the new world waited for the return of the raven, and at the end of that time he again assembled all the winged creatures around him, that he might choose a messenger from among them. The dove flew timidly to Noah and rested on his arm, praying that she might be sent.

"Daughter of truth," said Noah, "thou wouldst, indeed, be a messenger whom I might trust; but how couldst thou perform the journey? How couldst thou fulfill the errand? What wilt thou do when thy wing is weary, and when the storm seizes thee, and whirls thee into the flaming waves of death? Thy foot also shuns the mud, and thy lips abhor unclean food."

"Is there not One," answered the dove, "who gives to the weary strength, and to the feeble power? Let me go; I will be to thee a bringer of good tidings."

She flew away; she went hither and thither, but nowhere could she find a place whereon to rest; when suddenly she saw before her the mountain of paradise, encircled with a green summit. The waters of the flood of sin had had no power over that mountain, and it was not forbidden to the dove to fly there and rest. Joyfully she hasted on, nor tarried till her lowly spirit found repose at its foot. A beautiful olive-tree flourished there; she broke off a leaf, and, greatly refreshed, she returned and laid the leaf on the breast of the sleeping Noah.

He awoke, and knew immediately that he breathed the air of paradise. Then was his heart strengthened, and he knew that the dove had been permitted by his Preserver to bring him the leaf of peace, as a token of mercy and good-will.

From that day the dove has ever been the messenger of love and peace. "Like silver shines her wings," says the song, and a ray rests upon her from the glory of paradise.

THE ROYAL PSALMIST.

The royal psalmist had just sung one of his most beautiful hymns in honor of his Deliverer, and the holy air still floated around him, that day by day, with the rising sun, trembled through his harp-strings, and awoke their melody, when Satan stood before him, and filled the heart of the king with pride at the power of his song. "Hast thou," said he, "O most mighty God, among all thy mighty creatures, one who can praise thee as I can?"

At that moment a grasshopper flew in at the open window before which David was standing, and alighting upon the hem of his garment, began its clear morning song. Immediately a crowd of grasshoppers assembled around this one, and joined their voices to his. Before long a nightingale also flew in through the window, and was quickly followed by many more, all striving against each other for the sweetest notes in praise of their Creator.

The ear of the king was opened, and he understood the song of the birds, of the grasshoppers, of all living creatures, the murmur of the brooks, the rustling of the hedges, the shining of the morning stars, the rapture of the uprising sun.

Lost in wonder at the universal and ever-sounding chorus that, unheard by man, proclaims aloud the praises of the Creator, the king remained silent, and felt that his song was below even that of the grasshopper, that still made its low chirp upon the hem of his garment. With a lowly and an humble heart he now swept the strings of his harp, and sang, "Praise the Lord, all ye his creatures! praise the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within me praise his holy name!"

THE POPPY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PUBLIDZ.

WE are sadly mistaken in our belief that flowers can do nothing but bud, bloom, emit sweet odors, and then wither. Rest assured that however widely spread this view of the case may be, yet it has been forced upon us only by our own egotism, which would gladly make us believe that everything in nature exists for us alone, and that as *we* cannot discern a soul in flowers, they can, therefore, have none. But as we have already said, this is far from being the case. As each flower has its own character, the one being modest, another proud and vain, this one gay and cheerful, that one dull and melancholy, or in whatever other ways they may express themselves by their colors and habit, so has each one its own wishes, endeavors, joy, sorrow, and love. They all have a remarkable patriotism, an affection not only for the land, but even for the spot on which they grow, so that they cannot exist anywhere else; a feeling which many have declared to be wanting in man in these modern times.

But the flowers have also an organ of communication; and were there any one who understood their language, they would whisper many a poem, many a tale in his ear; he would willingly spend many a night (for that is especially the time for their communications, as we shall soon see) in listening on the flowery plain, and the variegated pictures there presented to his view, would almost seem like a beautiful poetic dream. The narrator of this tale lay one night in the dewy moonshine on the wood's flowery carpet, and listened—or dreamed, which many will more readily believe—when all at once he heard a thousand fairy voices rising from the flowers. Most probably some friendly elf, to whom he had once unawares rendered a service, had lent him its delicate ear for a night.

The melancholy Reed was whispering a long lyric poem to its next neighbor, who was listening most attentively. The Scarlet Poppy was chattering incessantly; it is the *chronic scandaleuse* of the flowers, and supplies the place of our gossiping literature. Not far distant some red Moss flowers were giggling together; they must have been saying something very witty! The Harebell was quite silent, but she constantly confirmed what her neighbors said, by inclining her head to the right and left. The trembling Grass, on the contrary, was continually shaking her head, and would believe nothing that she heard.

Perhaps they had discovered the listener, and would punish him according to the old proverb, or perhaps it is a favorite topic among the flowers; in short, however this may be, their conversation turned principally upon the injustice of man, and the carelessness with which they were treated by him.

"O, dear!" exclaimed a cluster of Thyme flowers, "a man's heavy foot has again crushed some of our most lovely sisters."

"Yes, they have no respect for us," said a wild Pink, who so much liked to be noticed, and therefore raised herself as high as she could on her slender stalk, "although we do our best to make ourselves agreeable to them. Were they even to destroy us as they do the Hemlock, because we were hurtful to them, it would be more endurable; but nothing is harder to bear than the way in which they slight us; they do not even think it worth while to turn their foot aside from treading on us."

"O, no!" interrupted a Forget-me-not, in a low, appeasing voice: "to hear you, one would think that man was quite unjust toward us! But I can refute your charges! Are we not their chosen ornaments on all festal occasions? and are we not the messengers of their holiest feeling, of their love!"

"Those times are long passed," pettishly replied the Sorrel. "Does not man, in his inflated pride, consider himself entitled to meddle in the Creator's business, and even to improve upon his works, for he imitates and pretends to improve upon us in miserable, painted, paper things? And with what do they ornament themselves now, with us, or with those despicable copies? They only make use of us as the messengers of their love, when they have nothing better. This language of flowers is long out of fashion—is called sentimental and made ridiculous."

"All that would not vex me," said the Lily; "for how is it possible that man should respect our feelings since he does not know them? But he should not deny them where they are plainly evident.

For instance, when the night is over, and we look once more around us in the morning light, we always miss one or other of our playfellows, who was already drooping when the twilight came and bent her head, or whose leaves were scattered by a violent night wind. We mourn for her; tears stand in our eyes. Man sees this; but, without troubling himself to understand it, he denies that these drops are a sign of our feeling and of our pain, and says that it is dew with which the mists of the morning have besprinkled us."

This proof of man's injustice must have been so convincing that for the present no one had anything further to remark upon the subject. Not far from me I observed a group gathered round a splendid tall White Poppy. I had for some time noticed that those around her had been whispering together, and had taken no part in the conversation which had been so little flattering to us. When this pause occurred, the Cowslip rang her bells loudly, and cried: "Hush! hush! sisters, the Poppy will tell us a tale." "The White Poppy is going to tell a tale; hush! hush!" they all exclaimed, and all listened attentively, for the Reed had just finished reciting his long poem.

The Poppy drew herself up on her slender stalk, looked around, and made a few graceful inclinations. I had expected that she would want very much pressing, complain of hoarseness, or at least make a host of excuses; but that cannot yet be the custom among flowers, for the Poppy immediately began her narration. "You will give me your attention? Well, then, I will tell you how, according to old legends that have been carried down in my family from one generation to another, we poppies owe our existence to a remarkable occurrence; for you must not think that at the creation of the world all we flowers were scattered over the earth at one time. O, no; we appeared one after the other, much in the same way as now happens in Spring."

"What do you mean about the Spring?" interrupted her cousin, the Scarlet Poppy.

"The Daisy shall tell you that before I begin," answered the Poppy, "for it is always among the earliest who appear, but then you must not interrupt me any more afterward."

The Daisy, who generally received very little attention, and whom many even think is a little foolish, while its cousin in the garden is something more esteemed, in consequence of its education, was equally pleased and embarrassed now that it had to address the company, and a blush tinged its white leaves, such as you have often seen on this modest little flower. It glanced thankfully at its lofty patroness, and then began its simple tale, without waiting to be asked again.

"I cannot tell you what we poor flowers have done to the Winter, that he should be so cruel to us, and opinions are very different on this point. It is, however, certain that he has an aversion to us, and cannot rest until he has driven us from the face of the earth. But his rule does not last forever, and when he is gone, Spring, our best friend, comes. He looks around him with a troubled countenance though, for of all the beautiful children that on going away he so warmly commended to the care of Summer, there is not one to be seen, and he must cover his head with a long, gray vail, because he has neither flower nor leaf with which to bind a wreath. He caresses the earth with his warm and loving hand, and beckons and calls upon his favorites, for not one of them ventures to raise its head; they are still too timid, so frightened have they been by the harsh Winter. This is no groundless fear either, for there are instances of Winter having suddenly returned after he had been long gone, and of his having then hit the poor flowers, who had ventured out, on the head. Some of the flowers, who are particularly amiable, do not keep the Spring long waiting, but show themselves very quickly. Such a one is the gentle Violet. But when it looks around and sees how bare the earth still is, and how few of its sisters are awake, it is frightened, and timidly draws in its head under its green leaves again. Man calls this modesty, but it is rather fear. And then a great longing for companions, which she expresses in sweet odors, arises in the Violet. Poor Violet! its desire remains ungratified, for when the other flowers appear its time is long over. But because it still continues to yearn for them, it sometimes appears again for a few days in the Autumn, when its longing is gratified. But that is the reason, too, that it no longer smells so sweetly as when it first flowers."

"Now you know what happens in Spring," said the Poppy, as she continued, "and much in the same way it was at the creation. One flower followed the other. At the time, though, of which my legend tells, the greater part were already assembled, and the earth was, indeed, lovely, for unity and joy reigned over it. Men and animals lived peaceably together, and there was nothing but pleasure the livelong day. One being alone, the only one in the wide, wide world, did not share this universal happiness, and wandered sadly over the earth: it was the Night. Why was she sad? you will ask. Because she was alone in this world, in which every other being had a companion; and is there happiness when we cannot share it? In addition to this, the Night felt more and more, what she would gladly have hidden from herself, that she was the only being whom the others did not seem inclined lovingly to approach. For, although she voluntarily hung out a lamp, she was still forced to hide the beautiful earth from men and animals, and that estranged all hearts from her. You must not think that they found fault with her to her face; but in the joy with which they greeted the light of the Morning, it was sufficiently evident how little affection they had for the Night. You may be sure how this grieved her, for she was of a kind and loving disposition. She wrapped her head in a thick vail to hide her bitter tears. This moved us, compassionate flowers, deeply, and as every creature held aloof from her, we endeavored to give her as much pleasure as we were able, although we could do but little to lessen her sorrow. We had nothing to offer but our colors and odors, and the Night had never had any great partiality for colors. So we spared our most delicious scents for her; some of us, indeed, the Night-scenting Violet, for example, no longer emitted her sweet odors by day, in order that she might present them to the Night, and this habit she has adhered to, as you know. But all this could not comfort the mourner, and she threw herself in her sorrow before the Creator's throne.

"'Almighty Father,' she began, 'thou seest how happy every part of thy creation is. I alone wander about the earth, sad, lonely, and unloved, and have no creature to whom I can confide my grief. The Day flies before me, though I follow him eagerly; and as he, so do all other creatures turn away from me. Therefore, almighty Father, have pity upon me, and give me a companion!'

"The Creator smiled graciously, and answered the prayer of the Night by creating Sleep, and giving him to her as a companion. Is it not evident that the Creator smiled as he created him, for is he not loved by all, and does he not distribute blessing, happiness, and comfort? The Night took her friend to her bosom, and now a very different period began. Not only was she no longer alone, but all hearts inclined to her, now that she brought Sleep, the favorite of all living creatures, with her, when she chased the Day from the face of the earth. Other friendly beings soon followed in her train, the children of Night and Sleep, the Dreams. They wandered over the earth with their parents, and were soon friends with men, who were themselves still children at heart. But, alas! there was soon a change. Passions awoke in the hearts of men, and their minds became less and less pure. Children are easily influenced by bad example, and so it happened that some of the Dreams, through their intercourse with men, became fickle, deceitful, and unkind. Sleep noticed this change in his children, and would have driven the degenerate ones away, had not their brothers and sisters entreated for them, and said: 'Let our brothers stay with us; they are not so bad as they seem, and we promise you to do our best to make reparation, wherever they do harm.' The father granted his children's prayer, and so the bad Dreams have remained in his company, but, strange to say, experience has taught that they always feel themselves most attracted by bad men.

"But man became worse and worse. One lovely night a man lay on the scented turf, when Sleep and the Dreams came up to him, but Sin prevented them from acquiring any influence over him. A fearful thought arose in his mind, the thought of murder, the murder of his brother. In vain did Sleep sprinkle soothing drops from his magic wand over him; in vain did the Dreams hover round him with their variegated pictures; he continually broke loose from their gentle bonds. Then Sleep called his children around him. 'Let us flee,' he said, 'this mortal is not worthy of our gifts!' and they fled.

They were already distant when Sleep took his magic wand, and planted it in the earth, half angry that it had shown so little power. The Dreams hung upon it the light and airy variegated pictures which they had wished to present to the bad man. The Night saw this, and breathed life into the wand, so that it struck out roots in the earth. It put forth green leaves, but still continued to conceal the drops which summon sleep. And the gifts of the Dreams became fluttering leaves, delicate and gay. And so we Poppies had our origin."

The tale was ended, and from all sides the flowers bowed their heads in thanks to the narrator. It was by this time dawn. When it was fully light, the leaves of a Centifolia came fluttering through the wood, staying a while by each flower as they passed it, and whispering to each one a sorrowful adieu. And tears stood in every flower.

PSYCHOLOGY.

MY theme is Psychology, or the doctrine of the human soul, embracing within its range every other part that properly enters into the composition of man, whether appertaining to his physical, intellectual, or spiritual nature. In the treatment of this subject I touch upon those points only which may have a practical bearing in aiding us to answer the Scriptural question, "*What is man?*" as well as to obey the familiar precept, "*Know thyself.*" Untrammeled by the theories of the schools, I propose to follow strictly the guidance of the Divine word, reserving, however, the privilege of making such practical reflections upon its teachings as may be justified by reason and experience.

Following, then, the guide we have chosen, we find man, though a strict unit in point of personality, at the same time also as strictly a trinity in his component parts, as saith the Record: "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." (Gen. ii, 7.) The first part of man, according to this testimony, belongs to his body, formed from a portion of the earth on which he was to dwell, to intimate to him, without doubt, a partial relation to it by his physical nature. The second part refers to his spirit, which was not a creation, but a procession from God, to intimate by the noblest part of man's nature, his endeared relation to his progenitor, God, the source of all life. The third part concerns that which was developed or formed in man by this union of the spirit with his body, "man became a living soul," manifestly a part perfectly distinct from either of the other two, though a kind of medium or connecting link between them both.

Whatever else this breathing of the Lord into the body of Adam may or may not signify, one thing is certain, this was the beginning of his animal, intellectual, and spiritual life. Moreover, this breath of the Lord must also bear some analogy to the breath of man, which is a part of his nature, though the smallest or weakest part of it. As by respiration man may impart certain characteristics of his own nature to others, so by this inspiration, or breathing of the Lord into Adam, the impartation of the communicable nature of God to man may reasonably be inferred. This very significant procession or emanation from God constitutes, also, the most natural ground of our entire dependence, as well as of our obligations to worship and obey Him as *the Father of spirits*. (Hebrews xii, 9.) That this sentiment is in entire accordance with this apostle is further proven by the fact that he not only endorses the Athenian poets, who said that we are the offspring of God, but he founds upon that fact, more than upon any other, his argument that all men, everywhere, should repent in order that they may be prepared to meet the Lord their God in the day of judgment. (Acts xvii, 28-31.)

If, then, we are the offspring of God at all, we must be so in some real and important sense, and in a sense somewhat analogous to the manner in which we are the offspring of our natural fathers—by emanation or procession, not by any special act of creative energy, at least not as to the spirit. And this we believe to be the harmonious teaching of the Bible. This, also, constitutes, more immediately, a foundation for our relationship to God over that of the beasts, because our spirits, originally the breath of God, the Divine impress or image in man, the noblest part of his nature, entitles us to such a claim of relationship with the Deity.

That this doctrine of emanation may be abused to the purposes of the delusive and dangerous dogmas of Universalism is not denied. But that those dogmas are a natural or even a plausible inference from it, is not admitted. If you allow men a mode of argumentation which has as little claim to logic as it has to experience or common sense, what precious truth may not be abused and distorted? Shall we be required to give up a well-ascertained and wholesome truth, simply because some people have chosen to abuse it to unworthy purposes? What precious truth may we not have to abandon according to this rule? The vicarious death of Christ, the influence of the Holy Spirit, the reality of regeneration, the direct witness of the Spirit, must they all be given up because they have been perverted and abused?

Why do not those inventors of arguments against the possibility of the everlasting destruction of the spirit of man, because of its Divine emanation, invent also such arguments against the possibility of the prostitution of the body to the vilest of purposes, to the habitations of devils, because of its Divine workmanship, its noble form, the crown and masterpiece of creative skill and wisdom? Is it to be supposed that he cares less for the body, upon which he has lavished so much of plastic wisdom and goodness, than he does for the spirit which he breathed into its nostrils? Why, then, do they not set up the same argument for the one as for the other? We have no misgivings in maintaining a truth which has sometimes been found mixed up with great errors, and has often been abused and distorted to unworthy purposes?

A trinity in man is also distinctly recognized in the New Testament Scriptures. Thus: "*And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" (1 Thess. v, 23.) Here man's three parts are not only emphatically stated and distinguished, but each is separately said to be in need of sanctification and of preservation in that state until the day of Christ. St. Paul, also, speaking of the power of the divine word, (Hebrews xii, 9,) "*piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit,*" must have been a sorry philosopher, and an equally sorry theologian, if he believed the soul and the spirit to be one and identical. His saying, in such a case, would be equivalent to piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and soul, or spirit and spirit; that is, dividing between two things which are, in fact, but one and indivisible, if so be that the soul and spirit of man are but one.

The fact that in many places of the Bible the expressions soul and spirit are interchangeable terms, does no more interfere with our view of the subject, than does the command of Joshua to the sun and the moon to stand still interfere with the theory of Galileo, or than the words hell and the grave, which are also sometimes used interchangeably, prove that they are always one and the same thing. The fact is, that many of the speakers in the Bible, in matters purely natural and scientific, spoke often, according to the simple custom common among the people with whom they lived: their expressions on those subjects, therefore, need not mislead us, unless we choose to be misled.

Since the creation of the first man, the body, soul, and spirit of his posterity, are not a creation of God, as God ceased from his creative works after the sixth day; but they are an emanation from man himself, by natural generation, the body, as in the first creation, having priority in being, the spirit and soul being developed from it by means of breathing the vital atmosphere after its birth into the world. It is a well-ascertained fact that, prior to that period, there is in him no independent or personal life, either animal or intellectual, apart from the mother.

Some of the peculiar functions or offices of each of those parts which, collectively, we have denominated the trinity in man, now claim our attention.

The body, as the material or visible part of man, is the tabernacle of the soul as well as its workshop, or instrumentality through which it operates, looking out through the eyes, as its windows, upon the natural world. It is formed of those members and tissues, and has that capability of locomotion which fully answer the purposes, and obey the volition of the soul, and which are capable of being wholly controlled by it.

The soul, although invisible to our eyes, is not, in the most absolute sense, immaterial. It is of a simple and purely gase-

ous substance developed from the body, exceedingly delicate, incapable of decomposition, and therefore immortal. It is by its nature more closely allied to the body than is the spirit, giving it animation, living in its senses, seeing, hearing, and discerning through their medium objects belonging to the natural world. Its sphere of action is, therefore, properly speaking, more immediately in the regions of physical nature, or among objects capable of being discerned by the natural senses, its proper attributes, by which it perceives, classifies, and passes judgment upon them. The soul stands in the relation to the spirit as its body or tabernacle, from which it is inseparable. Thus, while the grosser body of flesh sleeps in the dust, the spirit, dwelling in the soul as its tabernacle in another world, awaits the resurrection of the body, which it will re-enter at the last day.

On account of this close union between the soul and the spirit, the actions proper to the one only are often ascribed to the other; in like manner the actions of the soul are often ascribed to the body, and called the lusts of the flesh and the works of the flesh. For this reason also ψυχη and ζωη, soul and life, are often interchangeable words in the Holy Scriptures.

The spirit is of a nobler nature than the soul, and forms that point of contact or link by which man is united with his God and the heavenly world, as he is by means of his soul unto the natural world. It is fitted for the highest sphere of intellectual action, for reasoning, reflecting, discerning between the most abstruse truth and falsehood; it is especially fitted also for the noblest exercises of devotion. Possessing a much higher intellectuality, and more free from sentient influences than the soul, it is peculiarly fitted for the apprehension of Divine things and the enjoyment of Divine pleasure. This, therefore, is the proper channel through which the Lord ordinarily communicates with man. And as this is the part which, in a more peculiar sense, bore the image of God, so, also, it has suffered the most seriously by the fall, drawing upon itself that death or losing that sense of union with God or the divine life, which is properly denominated spiritual death. Hence it is, also, that this part of man more immediately needs the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit to restore its capacity to know, to love, to worship, and to enjoy God, which is as a resurrection from death unto life.

According to this theory, all the Scriptures concerning the fall of man, and its legitimate consequences upon man's nature, may be explained. Thus, for instance, the apostle says, (1 Cor. ii, 14,) the natural man, not, however, ὁ φυσικος, the physical, but ὁ ψυχικος ανθρωπος, the soulish man, receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, &c., by which he means simply to announce this sober and solemn truth, that the unconverted man, not being conscious of having lost the higher intellectual life of his spirit by which he once could discern spiritual things, would fain now employ the lower powers of his natural soul for that purpose, powers, indeed, very well fitted for discerning natural objects, but which are no more capable of discerning spiritual ones than the hand is of seeing, or the eye of hearing. The language is emphatic, ου δυναται, it cannot by any possibility, because not formed, not at all designed for such a purpose.

It may be proper to remark here, that one of the apostles at least says, concerning the unconverted person, that he has *no spirit*. Yes, absolutely, he has no spirit —a strict and solemn truth, as his spirit, as to all important offices and capacity of knowing, worshiping, and loving God, is dead. He does not say that he has no soul, as that would not be true, all the functions of that part of himself being in full exercise and employment about the natural world, though, of course, much weakened and deranged on account of the influence of sin upon them.

Let us illustrate this more fully from experience. Behold the Christian stretched upon a couch of affliction; his sufferings are intense; he moans, and wails, and cries aloud, while at the same time he finds within himself a something, perfectly calm, resigned, often rejoicing as a distinct individuality, coming to the relief of that suffering one, soothing, comforting, and sustaining it. Now, what is this that suffers? *His body?* Surely not; but the sentient soul suffers. What is it, now, that offers this sympathy, this cordial to the suffering, afflicted, and mourning soul? Why, it is the spirit of man, animated and renewed by the grace and Spirit of God.

"The spirit of man may sustain his infirmities." Thus Christ speaks of his sufferings: "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death," speaking, no doubt, of his proper human soul, which in all respects was like our own, the derangement produced by sin excepted.

Far different is it when the unconverted man suffers. He is as fully conscious of his sufferings, indeed, as the other, because he possesses a natural soul like the other. His spirit, however, still in ruins, and dead within him, cannot afford his suffering soul any relief or consolation, being shut up within its own prison, without one channel of Divine communication. "A wounded spirit who can bear?"

After a similar manner does the apostle speak: "The first man, Adam," i. e., every merely natural man, before his regeneration—"was made a living soul; the second Adam"—the regenerated man—"a quickening spirit." (1 Cor. xv, 45.) After the same manner also does the same apostle call the man, in whom the life of the soul, i. e., the ψυχικος, predominates, "a natural man," i. e., a man, living according to the impulse of the natural soul; the spiritual life, the more free and liberated and exalted life, not having come to a proper self-consciousness in him, he is still spiritually dead. "But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man. For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? but we have the mind of Christ."

If this be a correct view of the subject, we have found out the most easy and natural way of explaining the cause of so many contradictory systems of philosophy and divinity. We place before us two men, naturally, physically, and morally the same—the same also in their education; both reared in the same school, drinking together at the same fountain, and running together the same race for eminence in professions. They are still strangers to the life of God, or even to the first idea of the existence or the necessity of such a life, in order to a correct apprehension of God or of truth. What now is the result? The one, with his capital stock of classic lore, starts at full speed in his course, depending solely for successful running upon his education and the fecundity of his genius, and behold a beautiful, airy system of pantheism, or atheism, or polytheism, or every one of these isms in sad confusion worse confounded. He produces a mythological, or patriotic Saviour, suffering prematurely a martyrdom in the cause of humanity. In fact, he is a Strauss, a prodigy of genius and of intellect indeed, but at the same time a prodigy of moral and spiritual ruin, like the bleached bones upon the field of vision, upon which the breath of the Lord has never blown.

Let us now look at the other. Before starting in his professional career, he hesitates, he doubts, he seeks a higher life. He brings all his accumulated stock of learning and knowledge, lays it upon the great altar of the cross, and receives a holy baptism from above. The thunder of the Divine word shakes his fabric of an empty vision from center to circumference, nor does its agitations cease until the whole tumbles down and is demolished in the dust. The lurid lightnings of the spirit of God strike into this mass of ruins, this fit fuel for its flames, and a conflagration ensues, which burns up the whole magazine of vain thoughts and empty theories, like chaff, and melts and fuses on, until the whole of old things are destroyed and passed away, and all things are become new. A new spirit life begins; the union between God and his spirit being restored, through spiritual regeneration, and the channel of communication between both being fairly open, a holy philosophy, a holy divinity, a holy experience, is the result, as well as a new heart and a right spirit in himself, which dares to labor, to suffer, and to live or die for God.

Having traced the spirit in its course until we find it again in its first and native element, let us return and bestow a few thoughts upon the other two parts of man.

If the human body is the outward man, the visible manifestation of the human soul, which, looking out through the eyes, views and contemplates the natural world, then everything belonging to it is significant. The posture, the walk, the glance of the eye, the features and expressions of the countenance, motions, voice, are all visible expressions of the soul and the mutations passing therein.

If, then, the body be the instrument of the soul, whereby it acts upon the natural world, and is, in turn, acted upon by it, then a great deal depends upon the condition and the capacity of the body. Strength and weakness, health and sickness, produce a great difference in the

instrument. But the fall of the spirit into sin has drawn after it the weakness and mortality, and all the woes and pains it can suffer; for there is no reason to believe that the body, though originally formed out of the dust of the ground, was ever, on that account, subject to any disorder or dissolution by death. It was doubtless designed, after the expiration of a holy probation, to be transformed, and then to be translated into a higher sphere of enjoyment.

The soul is not only a dweller in the body, but one also whose life is manifested through every part of it, so that the body may be very properly denominated a possession of the soul, and will, therefore, be restored unto it at the resurrection. It is dignified by its Creator above all other animal bodies. The beasts, even the most noble of them, bear their heads toward the ground; in all of them do the instruments of eating—the mouth—occupy the front or foremost part, while those of thought, the forehead, recedes; only man walks upright, his head pointing upward, with forehead foremost, giving prominence to thought and reflection, while the mouth is receding.

The human body may also be a temple of the Holy Ghost. The first man was such a temple, and every one may become such again by the grace of God. This indwelling of the Holy Ghost commences in regeneration, in which he operates upon the human spirit, the highest, noblest, and most reasoning part of man, begetting in him the divine nature, which in its operations works upon the sensitive soul, gradually correcting or restoring its deranged faculties to their original functions, while the soul, from its intimate connection with the body as its instrumentality, governs, influences, and corrects its tempers and actions; thus the man of God is made perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

But the body in whose human spirit the Spirit of God does not dwell, having never been manifested there by regeneration, and whose members, therefore, are not consecrated as instruments of righteousness unto God, is not a temple of the Holy Ghost, but a market-place, sometimes a public highway, often a hiding-place of shocking impurity and abominations, a wilderness, a down-trodden field, a temple of idols, if not still worse, a habitation of devils.

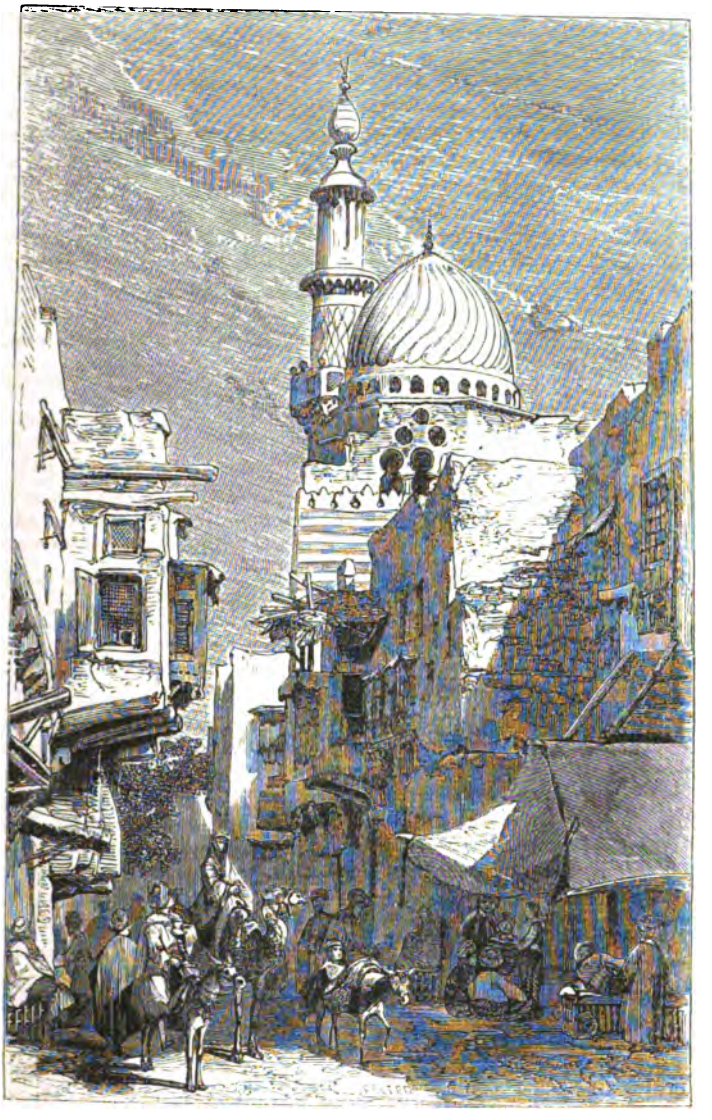
A VISION OF OLD BABYLON.

Outleaping from the Present's narrow cage,
I floated on the backward waves of Time,
Until I landed in that antique age
When the now hoary world was in its prime.
How young, and fresh, and green, all things did look!
I stood upon a broad and grassy plain,
Shrouded with leaves, between which, like a brook
Dash'd on the turf, in showers of golden rain,
The broken sunlight mottled all the land.
And soon between the trees I was aware
Of a vast city, girt with stony band,
That hung upon the burning, blue-bright air,
Like snowy clouds which that strange architect,
The Wind, has with his wayward fancies deck'd.

A wilderness of beauty! A domain
Of visions and stupendous thoughts in stone,
The sculptured dream of some enchanter's brain.
There did I see, all sunning in their own
Splendor and warmth, a thousand palaces
Where tower look'd out on tower; all overgrown
With pictured deeds, and coiling traceries,
And monstrous shapes in strange conjunction met,
The idol phantoms of an age long past,
In midst of which the winged Bull was set:
And I saw temples of enormous size,
Silent, yet throng'd; and pyramids that cast
Shadows upon each golden-freak'd pavilion,
And on the columns flush'd with azure and vermilion.

And on the top of all the wind-blown towers,
The thronging terraces and ramparts fair,
And the flat-house-roofs scorching in the air,
Elysian gardens bloom'd with breadth of flowers
And clouds of moist green leaves, that tenderly
Cool'd the fierce radiance sight could scarcely bear,
Or over grassy lawns hung fluttering high,
Like birds upon the wing, half-pausing there;
Shadows where winds droop'd lingering with a sigh.
And there were fountains all of beaten gold,
That seem'd alive with staring imagery,
Fantastical as death; from which forth roll'd,
Like spirits out of Sleep's enchanted ground,
Far-flashing streams that flung a light all round.

Babylon! But, as I look'd, a cloud of sand,
Slowly advancing with dead, sulphurous heat,
Burn'd up the youth and freshness of the land,
And all those gorgeous palaces did eat,
As locusts waste the harvest. One by one
Fell tower and pyramid, settling heavily
In the advancing desert's ashes dun;
And those fair gardens faded in the eye
Of that great Desolation slowly growing
Above the outer walls and topmost stones;
An arid sea, forever, ever flowing,
Without an ebb, over an Empire's bones,
Which, in these days, some stranger's close inspection
Gives up, like History's awful resurrection.



MOSQUE OF SAID, AND STREET SCENE IN GRAND CAIRO.

A TRIP FROM CAIRO TO THE PYRAMIDS.

AT ten o'clock we reached the point where the donkeys were to be left to await our return in the evening. Arabs were in waiting with a couple of small boats, upon which we embarked. The sails were of but little use, but our dusky boatmen plied their setting-poles with vigor, and in a short time we were within half a mile of the Pyramids of Ghizeh. The low plain skirting the Libyan desert, and half covered with pools of stagnant water, stretched away

> "Like that Sirbonion bog
> Where armies whole have sunk."

The battle of the Pyramids had been fought at no great distance from the la-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Carlton & Phillips, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

goon up which we were passing. Owing to the shallowness of the water, the boats stuck in the mud many rods from the shore, and we were soon surrounded by a crowd of naked Arabs, clamorous for the privilege of landing us on their shoulders. Most of my companions selected two of them for that purpose, and even four were brought into requisition for the plethoric majors of the India service. I, however, trusted myself to the shoulders of a single stalwart Arab. Astride his neck, and holding fast to his head, I was safely transferred to the shore, although my man sank almost to his knees in the mud at every step. The Arabs were called into requisition half a dozen times in this manner before we reached the edge of the Libyan Desert, stretching away up and down the Nile,

> "As long, and lank, and brown,
> As is the ribbed sea-sand."

Scampering up the sandy elevation, we stood in a few moments at the base of the Pyramid of Cheops.

The two giants of the group of Ghizeh, the Pyramids of Cheops and Cephrenes, can be seen from the Nile at a distance of forty miles. When ascending the river by night, I first saw them from Boulak, looming up dimly in the moonlight, the impression was grand, as it also was when I caught glimpses of them through the shady groves skirting the Nile. As I approached them on the morning of our visit, they did not appear to increase greatly in size, but when standing at the base of the Pyramid of Cheops, I could measure with my eye the immense blocks of which it is built, and glance over those retreating steps, apparently losing themselves among the clouds, like the visionary ladder of Padan Aram, I first realized the immensity of that only surviving wonder of the ancient world.*

> "The mighty Pyramids of stone
> That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
> When nearer seen and better known,
> Are but gigantic flights of stairs."

Leaving Ibrahim to prepare our breakfast, the most courageous of the company prepared for the ascent to the summit. We began to scale the stony cliffs afforded by the retiring strata on the north side of the Pyramid, near the opening to the chambers within. The steps varied from two to five feet in height, and were so broken away in many places that we were often obliged to deviate from a direct course. I was assisted by two Arabs, who, leaping from step to step with the agility of the chamois, dragged me after them by the arms with a violence that put me out of breath in a few minutes. Having ascended about one hundred feet in this manner, I sat down to rest. The slope of the Great Pyramid presents an angle of fifty-one degrees fifty minutes, and as I glanced down the steep descent, the effect was positively frightful. From that moment I looked only toward the summit, which seemed, indeed, to retire among the clouds as I advanced. The Arabs fell upon their knees before me and clamored for *backsheesh*. About half way up on the northeast corner several stones are broken away, forming a secure and desirable resting place. There I found Captain A——, who had preceded me. He declared that he could ascend no further, as his legs, arms, and heart had all completely given out. After all, thought I, courage is merely a relative quality. Here was a man who had hobnobed with the magnates of Japan, sat down to dog-feasts with the king of the Sandwich Islands, and yet would venture but half way up the Pyramid of Cheops. I was determined to reach the summit, and pushed on as rapidly as possible. The steps diminished somewhat in height as we advanced, the ascent consequently becoming less difficult. A couple of pauses to rest, a couple of efforts, and I stood upon the topmost stone of the mighty Cheops. The Arabs fell upon their knees, and holding up their hands, besought me to give them *backsheesh*, as they had done at every stopping place. I told them they must wait until we had finished the day's work. "Head man hab all de *backsheesh* denn," they reiterated, alluding to the scheik below who watches the Pyramids for the pasha, and demands a dollar of every traveler who makes the ascent. I knew very well that he would say, "Arab man got all de *backsheesh*," but to quiet my men, if possible, I gave them each a small coin. That, however, did not avail, nor would they cease importuning me

* The Great Pyramid is about four hundred and eighty feet in height, and covers nearly thirteen English acres of ground. The stone of the Great Pyramid alone would build one thousand and sixty-two Bunker Hill Monuments.

until I threatened to throw them down the Pyramid, and withhold, in addition, all remuneration for their day's labor. The uneven summit of the Great Pyramid is about twenty feet square. It doubtless once terminated in a point like the Pyramid of Cephrenes, but the casing stones which covered the Pyramid until after the time of Herodotus having been broken away, it gradually became truncated as at present.

The view afforded from the summit of the Great Pyramid is second to none in the world. The valley of the Nile, expanding in one direction into the Delta, and winding away in the opposite direction between the Arabian and Libyan chains, Grand Cairo and the sites of Memphis and Heliopolis, cities of ancient and glorious memory, the desert bounding the eastern and western horizon, here resembling the ocean at rest, and there appearing as if mountain waves had been instantly transformed into sand; all these form a tableau at once grand and unique, crowded with present as well as with historical interest.

Now your eye sweeps over mosques, palaces, and picturesque gardens; now drinks in the soft charm of waving palm-trees and of gray hamlets half buried in the sea of verdure along the rushing waters of the Nile; and then, leaving the busy haunts of men, it rests upon "the countless sepulchers of above a hundred generations of departed life." There, on the northeast horizon, dimly rises the Obelisk of Heliopolis, raised by Sesortasan more than four thousand years ago, while to the left of the Pyramids of Abousir, Sakara, and Dashoor, built by kings whose uncertain names were unknown for two thousand years, are the mounds which once were the walls of Memphis, and forests of palm-trees growing from the alluvial deposit that for more than twenty centuries has been annually accumulating over her temples, and palaces, and halls of learning.

A multitude of names have been cut into the blocks of soft magnesian limestone which form the summit of the Pyramid. I noticed those of many French *savans*, who show a national vanity in that respect. When Chateaubriand was in Egypt he was prevented from visiting Ghizeh by the height of the inundation, but obtained a promise from the French consul at Cairo to ascend the Pyramid of Cheops at the first opportunity and inscribe his name upon the summit. We can forgive, O reader, the vanity of mortal man in wishing to associate his memory with these immortal monuments, of which it has eloquently been said, "*Leur masse indestructible a fatigue le temps.*" Some enthusiastic traveler has cut the name of Jenny Lind deep in the topmost block of the Great Pyramid. Other names and inscriptions have been marred and obliterated by succeeding travelers, but that stands untouched. It will remain there for years, but Time's wasting finger will erase those simple characters long before the echo of her song shall have passed away from the hearts of men.

Having rested half an hour, we prepared to retrace our steps to the base of the Pyramid. The descent appeared much more difficult and dangerous than the ascent, from the fact that the eyes have to be directed constantly downward. I found it to be, however, directly the reverse. Letting my Arabs descend before me, I placed my hands upon their shoulders, and leaped rapidly from course to course with the greatest ease. The entire descent did not require more than fifteen minutes of time.

Ibrahim had, in the meantime, spread an excellent meal for us on an immense rock at the base of the Pyramid. The intense exercise of the morning had sharpened our appetites, and of the two donkey loads of provisions merely a few bones were left to be picked by the hungry Arabs.

The majority of the company now repaired to the opening on the north side of the Pyramid, for the purpose of penetrating to the chambers within. At the opening, said in the Arabic account to have been forced by the Caliph Al Mamoon, by means of fire, vinegar, and battering rams, the guides often fire their guns to frighten away the genii, by whom they suppose the Pyramids to be inhabited. The passage is but little more than three feet square, and descends at an angle of twenty-six degrees. Our dragoman carried lighted tapers, and as we slid from notch to notch in a stooping posture, the hot and mephitic atmosphere soon became so impregnated with dust that I could scarcely breathe. A long descent and an equal ascent brought us at last to the

BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

king's chamber, the largest yet discovered in the Great Pyramid. It is thirty-four feet in length, seventeen in width, and twenty-two in height. Its walls are formed of immense blocks of polished granite, those of the passages being for the most part of porphyry. Ancient inscriptions have been discovered on the chamber walls of many of the Pyramids, but I observed none in that of Cheops. There was nothing calling to mind the succession of ancient dynasties, no *tableaux* representing the royal banquets, or the loves of Isis and Osiris. In an exposed fragment of rock one of my companions discovered a splendid fossilized nautilus. To what interminable ages was my mind carried back by the sight of that ancient and solitary mariner of the pre-Adamic seas, first entombed in the everlasting rock, to be re-entombed ages upon ages afterward in this Cyclopean mausoleum, which defies and wearies the wasting hand of time!

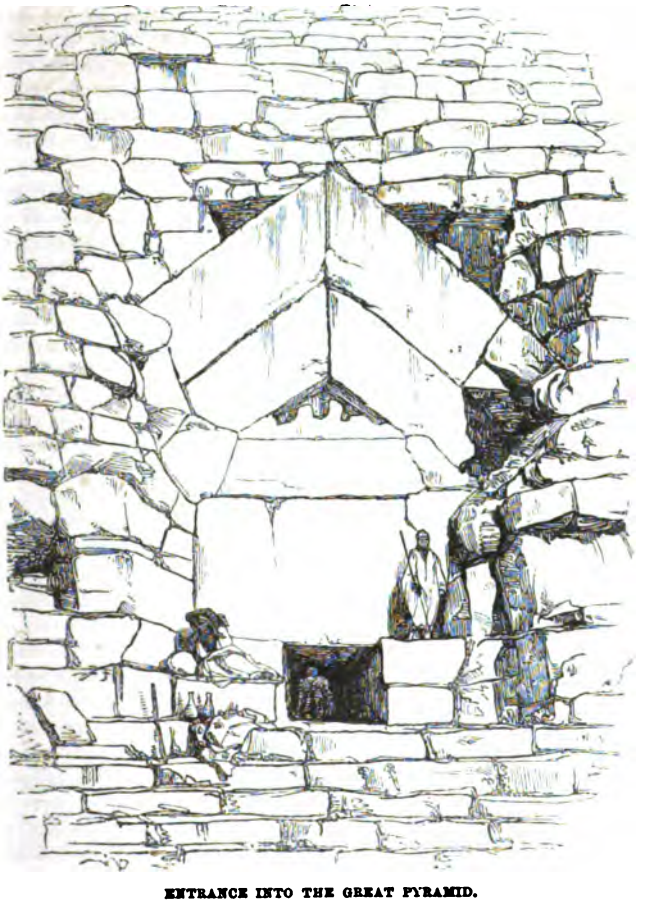
There are narrow passages leading from the king's chamber, which terminate near the summit of the Pyramid. They have not been scientifically explored, but a cat, whose litter of kittens had been placed on the top of the Pyramid, having been let loose in the chamber, she was in a few minutes found with her young. M. Maillet contends that these passages were constructed for the purpose of letting down food to persons who buried themselves in this chamber, for the remainder of their lives, with their deceased king. The object of their construction was, doubtless, the ventilation of the chambers.

The sarcophagus in the king's chamber,

now greatly broken, gives, on being struck, a ringing and metallic sound. Instead of the ashes of an Egyptian king, it probably once contained a body typical of Osiris.

Our Arabs wished to perform a war-dance around the sarcophagus, but we left as soon as possible to visit the queen's chamber, a solitary apartment many feet below the one just described. On our way from the latter we stopped to look into the mouth of the well near the grand passage.

The construction of the well in the Pyramid of Cheops must have had some mysterious connection with the Nile, as, being in all one hundred and ninety feet deep, its bottom is nearly on a level with the surface of the river. During the descent, which is by no means regular, it passes through two or three chambers. The ascent to the summit of the Pyramid had so completely exhausted me that I did not attempt to explore the well. The latter is between two and three feet in diameter, and the explorer has to be lowered down by means of a long rope. The Arabs themselves are afraid to descend, on account of the genii supposed to inhabit the mysterious chambers. Dr. King, of Athens, once related to me a startling adventure of his friend and colleague, Mr. Fisk, in the well of the Pyramid of Cheops. Our distinguished countryman, whose grave on Mount Zion I visited when in Jerusalem, was lowered down by several Arabs standing at the mouth of the well. Having descended a great distance, his taper went out, leaving him in Egyptian darkness. The Arabs, also, in consequence of some mistake, suddenly checked his descent, and left



ENTRANCE INTO THE GREAT PYRAMID.

him suspended—he knew not how far from the bottom. They could not hear his shouts to lower or draw in the rope. His terrific situation, and the feelings he experienced while suspended there between life and death, can be more easily imagined than described. Mr. Fisk himself declared that they were terrible beyond the power of language. The walls were only three feet apart, and by firmly bracing his arms against one side and his feet against the other, he managed to descend slowly, yet fearful every moment of plunging into the dark abyss beneath. In this manner he crept down carefully between six and seven feet, and unexpectedly found himself at the bottom of the well, which, indeed, his feet had almost touched while he was dangling at the end of the rope. [This engraving represents the Grand Passage in the Pyramid of Cheops.]

Masoudi, an Arabic author, to whom I shall hereafter allude, relates the following story in the Akbar-Ezzeman: "Twenty men of the Fayoom wished to examine the Great Pyramid. One of them was accordingly lowered down the well by means of a rope, which broke at the depth of one hundred cubits, and the man fell to the bottom. He was three hours in falling. His companions heard horrible cries, and in the evening they went out of the Pyramid, and sat down before it to talk the matter over. The man who was lost in the well, coming out of the earth, suddenly appeared before them, and uttered these exclamations, 'Sak! saka!' which they did not understand. He then fell down dead, and was carried away by his friends. The above-mentioned words were translated by a man of Said as follows: 'He who meddles with and covets what does not belong to him, is unjust.'"

This is but one of the marvelous stories relative to the Pyramids given by the Arab writers, whose accounts, I may add, *en passant*, have exhibited little or no variation for more than a thousand years. They appear to have repeated merely the traditions of the ancient Egyptians embellished with fabulous stories and incidents of their own invention.

We were just leaving the well when I heard the distant echo of a voice shouting at the opening of the Pyramid, "He's dying! he's dying! where is the doctor?" Being the only physician in the company, I ordered Ibrahim to precede me with the taper, and we scrambled hastily up the narrow passage on our hands and knees. A square piece of the blue heavens soon became visible. Reeking with dust and perspiration, I emerged into the open air, and was hastily conducted by the Arabs to the northwest corner of the Pyramid. There, stretched out on the sand, at the distance of twenty-five feet from the base of the Pyramid, lay a naked Arab boy, streams of blood spouting from his mouth, nose, and several severe flesh wounds. Though unable to speak, he was not entirely insensible. The flow of blood was quickly staunched, the gaping wounds soon closed by means of a needle and thread borrowed from an Arab. A crowd of Bedouins looked on in mute astonishment when I set his broken arm, using for splints pieces of the date-palm baskets in which Ibrahim had brought the provisions and claret for our breakfast from Cairo. That finished, I first learned the cause of the terrible accident to our Arab boy. While part of the company were exploring the interior chambers with myself, those resting outside had contrived to amuse themselves in a different manner, the consequences of which they cannot soon forget. A small wager, but twenty-five cents, if I remember correctly, was offered to the Arab who should ascend to the summit of the Great Pyramid and descend

again to the earth in the shortest time. Four Arab boys stripped themselves for the race, and skipped up the rocky slopes with the agility of monkeys. They all reached the summit at the same moment, and turned to descend. At such an immense height they looked like pigmies, but leaped down from strata to strata with a celerity that was truly marvelous. One of them gained a few feet upon his companions. He had made about one third of the descent when his foot slipped, and he came bounding down that dizzy height, now rolled into a ball, then with legs and arms extended, striking upon the sharp angular rocks every ten or fifteen feet, and at last stretched out upon the sand, where I found him at so considerable a distance from the base of the Pyramid. He must have fallen more than four hundred feet, and nothing but Bedouin toughness could have prevented his being dashed into pieces. Mr. Maze, an Englishman, threw himself down the Great Pyramid several years ago for the purpose, it is supposed, of gaining a reputation by his death like that of Eratostratus, who set on fire the temple of Diana at Ephesus. He in part succeeded.

Mr. S——, with the goodness of heart characteristic of that philanthropic gentleman, offered to have the wounded boy carried to the Cairo hospital at his own expense, although he was within the Pyramid when the accident occurred. The Arabs, detesting nothing so much as the roof of a house, would not listen to my friend's humane proposal, but carried him away to a neighboring Bedouin village.

He began to recover at once, and even on the following day could hardly be restrained from eating hurtful food. Before we left Cairo a contribution was made up for the boy and his almond-eyed mother, or, as Ibrahim piously expressed it, "for the pleasure of Allah."*

The purpose for which the Pyramids of Egypt were erected is a question that has been discussed from the days of Herodotus to the present time. The actual and mysterious secret of their origin appears to have perished with the ancient kings and priests of Egypt, by whom it was never communicated to the people, not even to the strangers who came from distant lands to study their arts and their monuments. But modern science has at last wrung a reluctant answer from the Sphinx, and we can now speak with more confidence as to the design of

> "These piles and monuments tremendous,
> Whose very ruins are stupendous,"

than could the philosophic Plato, or Diodorus Siculus.

That they were erected for the mausoleums of kings ambitious of perpetuating their memory by having their ashes rest in indestructible tombs, for royal treasuries, or to serve as astronomical observatories, were the favorite theories of the ancients. Still more varied are the hypotheses, highly imaginative in most cases, of modern travelers, who have visited and written upon the Pyramids. By one they have been regarded as the granaries of Joseph; by another, as temples to the Egyptian Venus; while a third, with more truth, explains them as the tombs and monuments of the god Osiris. Says Sir Thomas Brown, "These dark caves and mummy repositories are Satan's abodes."†

A Coptic tradition, related by Masoudi, states that the two great Pyramids were built by Sarid, Ben Sol, one of the kings of Egypt, before the flood. He dreamed that the earth was overthrown, that the inhabitants were laid prostrate upon their faces, and that the stars wandered confusedly from their orbits, and clashed together with a great noise. Soon afterward, in another vision, he saw the fixed stars descend upon the earth in the form of white birds. The planets became dark and vailed with smoke. The king awoke and repaired in great consternation to the temple of the sun, where, with great lamentation, he prostrated himself in the dust. Early in the morning, the chief priests were assembled, and the inter-

* Some of the facts connected with this accident at the Pyramids of Ghizeh are of so incredible a nature that I feel obliged to give the names of two of my companions on that occasion, Wesley Smead, Esq., of Cincinnati, and Captain Adams, of the Japan Expedition.

† The alchemists affirm that the Pyramids contain the tablets of Hermes; and it was the opinion of the Prince of Monaco that they were great public works, built in order to prevent pauperism and mendicity. The Pyramids are not alluded to in the Bible, except, perhaps, in the verse, "with kings and counselors of the earth, which build *desolate places* for themselves."

pretation of the two dreams was declared to announce that "some great event would take place." The astrologers, on being directed to ascertain, by taking the altitude of the stars, whether the latter foretold any great catastrophe, announced an approaching deluge. The king then ordered the Pyramids to be built, and the predictions of the priests to be inscribed upon the large stones belonging to them. He placed within them his treasures, and all his valuable property, together with the bodies of his ancestors. He also ordered the priests to deposit within the Pyramids written accounts of their wisdom and acquirements in the different arts and sciences. The passages were filled with talismans, idols, and many wonderful things, with the writings of the priests containing all manner of wisdom, the names and properties of medical plants, and the sciences of arithmetic and geography, for the benefit of those who could afterward comprehend them. He also constructed thirty repositories within the Pyramids for sacrod symbols, talismans of sapphires, and instruments of war made of iron which would not become rusty, and for vessels of glass that could be bent without being broken. The following passage in Arabic, says the Coptic tradition, was then inscribed upon the Pyramids:

"I, Sarid the king, have built these Pyramids, and have finished them in sixty-one years. Let him who comes after me, and imagines himself a king like me, attempt to destroy them in six hundred. To destroy is easier than to build. I have clothed them with silk, let him try to cover them with mats."

In the mythology of the ancient Egyptians, Osiris represented the fertile land of Egypt, Typhon the scourge of the desert. Between these two existed an interminable conflict, a conflict to which we find frequent allusion in the mythology of the Greeks. Thus Hercules, the patron deity of architects, and of the builders of walls and dikes, is said to have visited Egypt, and there overcome Antæus, the Egyptian Typhon, in single combat. But this eternal conflict between Osiris and Typhon, the victory of one implying the reign of civilization and happiness, the victory of the other death and the solitude of the desert, was confined to certain points. The Nile is flanked by two mountain chains, the Arabian on the right, the Libyan on the left. Westward from the latter stretch away the deserts of Sahara and Sahel, the latter being an almost boundless sea of floating, undulating sand. Against the advance of the latter, the valley of the Nile is protected by the Libyan chain, an elevated ridge, serving as a natural barrier. Now in the wall thus interposed between the valley of the Nile and the desert there are several breaks caused by ravines of greater or less width, and it is at these points of interruption, at these solutions of continuity, that the conflict between the two giants spent its fury. At the termination of such gorges were situated the ancient cities of Ombros, Abydos, and Antinopolis, ages ago numbered among the spoils of Typhon. The most important interruption, however, occurred in the province of Ghizeh, where the broad basin terminating in the Fayoom communicates with the valley of the Nile by means of seven smaller valleys or gorges.

It was also at these points, at the *embouchures* of the Libyan gorges, that the ancient Egyptians planted the sacred groves of acanthus, and constructed the canals, dikes, and walls, alluded to by ancient authors, and intended to serve as barriers against the advance of the sands of Sahel.

But when these means had failed, when city after city, and province after province, had been overrun by the desert, and the very existence of Egypt was in peril, it was determined to erect barriers in the way of Typhon of such Cyclopean magnitude as to prevent another irruption of the sands of the desert. These Cyclopean structures were the Pyramids of Egypt, the results of science and the noblest memorials of Egyptian civilization, rather than the monuments of ambitious folly and superstition on the part of her kings. That such is the fact seems probable from the following considerations:

The different groups of Pyramids are, without exception, built at the *embouchures* of the various gorges breaking the continuity of the Libyan chain. The Pyramids, constituting the individual groups, are so disposed with respect to each other as to form, as nearly as possible, walls across the valleys at whose termination they were built. They are placed *en echelon*. The Pyramids themselves are *oriented*, not with their corners uniformly in the direction of the four

cardinal points of the compass, as we have always been taught, but with their sides fronting the ravines, at whose *embouchures* they were constructed.

The pyramidal shape combined the chief elements of durability. Presenting four inclined triangles, they exhibited in this particular the triangular form of the Yoni, a sacred figure, worshiped by the ancient Egyptians as well as Asiatics, as symbolical of deity. A religious idea was doubtless associated with the erection of the Pyramids for the purpose of acting upon the common mind of the Egyptians.

The sands of Sahel had advanced to the very waters of the Nile. Typhon had triumphed, and "the body of Osiris was broken into a thousand pieces." It was proposed by the college of priests to build magnificent and imperishable monuments to the fallen god of Egypt. Moved by this tender and pious idea, the myriads of Egypt toiled patiently for years in the erection of the Pyramids, while at the same time their labors were so directed by the priests and learned men, who alone understood the secret purpose of these mighty structures, as to secure a great national benefit.

The Pyramids appear to have answered in part the purpose for which they were doubtless built. I found the sand but a few feet deep at the base of Cheops, and saw peasants cultivating the valley of the Nile scarcely half a mile from the group of Ghizeh. The Bedouin and the Fellah point to the silent and mysterious Sphinx as a talisman to prevent the advance of the desert; but, in the estimation of science, the Pyramids themselves are the monuments whose talismanic influence has protected the domain of Osiris from the fury of Typhon.

This is the theory of M. de Persigny, and has been adopted by several French savans, among others by M. Huot, the illustrious successor of Malte Brun.

Having completed our examination of the Great Pyramid, we repaired to the base of the Pyramid of Cephrenes. The latter appears taller than the former, in consequence of its being built upon higher ground. It is smaller, however, covering but little more than eleven acres of ground, and was opened by Belzoni in 1816. The granite casing has been removed from the lower part. That of the upper part, consisting of calcareous stone, still remains, and renders the ascent to the apex exceedingly difficult. The Arabs, however, offered to make the attempt for a few piasters. The hieroglyphics found within prove this to be older than the Great Pyramid.

A little further south stands the third Pyramid, vastly inferior in size to the giants of Cheops and Cephrenes, but surpassing them in beauty and in the magnitude of the stones of which it is composed. Part of the red granite casing with which it was revetted has also been removed. This desecration of the Pyramids was the work of the Saracenic Caliphs in their search for hidden treasures, or in order to furnish building materials for the mosques and walls of Cairo. According to the Arabic accounts, Othman Ben Youssuf determined to demolish the third Pyramid, but found that the wealth of the whole kingdom would not afford him the means of accomplishing his design. One of the later caliphs wished to blow up the Great Pyramid by filling the well with powder, but gave up the idea on being told that the explosion would cause the destruction of Grand Cairo, though the latter is twelve miles from the Pyramids.

In the vicinity of the three large Pyramids are six smaller ones. From the latter I proceeded to the Sphinx, which stands in a hollow valley, not far from half a mile southeast of the Pyramid of Cheops. And there it has stood for centuries, since the eighteenth dynasty of the Egyptian kings, the silent spectator of monuments that belong to the primitive architecture of the human race, and themselves gray with centuries, have no rivals to dispute their age. Away from the Pyramids it would appear colossal, the crest of the head being one hundred and forty feet in circumference, and the body, now partly covered with sand, one hundred feet in length. Caviglia uncovered most of this mysterious monument in the year 1818. The two paws of the monster were found to be fifty feet in length, and inscribed with Greek verses, one in hexameter and the other in pentameter, treating the Sphinx with divine honors. Between the paws was a small temple. A Frenchman has lately removed the sand from the north side, and succeeded in forcing a passage into the body of the Sphinx, where he found a large chamber evidently once used for religious purposes. Pliny visited the Sphinx, and says:

"It is even more to be mentioned than the Pyramids. It is the deity of the neighboring people. They suppose that the king, Semais, was buried within it, and assert that it was brought there. It is, however, cut out of the living rock, and the red face of the monster is worshiped."

The Sphinx has been sadly mutilated, but the Nubian features, the mild expression of its countenance, and the grandeur of its repose, harmonizing with the sandy hills and plains around it, are noble and beautiful to look upon. Eöthen says:

"Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world. The once worshiped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation; and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mold of beauty, some mold of beauty now forgotten; forgotten, because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly-wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world; and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the pouting lips of the very Sphinx."

PAPER AND PAPER-MAKING.

MOST of the substances used as materials or as substitutes for paper are of vegetable origin. The papyrus of the Egyptians was made from a kind of reed growing on the banks of the Nile; and the paper of the early Chinese was made from the bark and other parts of plants. It is true that plates of lead and brass, bricks, stones, waxed boards, plates of ivory and of metal, and fish-skins, were used by various nations in early times as writing-tables; but, from the time when the Chinese invented a mode of making paper from vegetable fibers beaten or cut into a sort of pulp, this kind of material has gradually superseded almost all others.

The ragged fragments of woven linen and cotton are the chief source whence the materials for paper are now obtained. As there is sometimes a scarcity of these fragments, attempts have frequently been made to employ other and more abundant substances. Straw can be made into a strong wrapping and packing-paper; and at the present time straw-paper is manufactured sufficiently fine for writing-paper, although not equal to that ordinarily made of linen rags. During the last century numerous experiments were made on the relative fitness of different substances for paper. Jacob Christian Schäffer, a native of Ratisbon, produced six small volumes, the leaves of which consisted of no less than seventy different kinds of paper. The various specimens were made of inner bark, of leaves, of rind, of moss, of straw, of reeds, and of stalky fibers; some were gray, some brown, and others presented various shades between green and blue; the appearance was dull, shiny, granular, or fibrous, according to the texture of the substance employed. Another small volume was published in 1786, containing a portion of the works of the Marquis de Villette, printed on paper made from the inner bark of the linden or lime-tree; and at the end of the volume are inserted several leaves of paper made from other substances, comprising nettle-fiber, hop-fiber, moss, reeds, weeds, couch-grass, hazel-wood, prick-wood, marsh-mallow, inner bark of oak, inner bark of poplar, and osier. The whole of the specimens are coarse and badly-colored. Many attempts of a like nature have since been made; and there has lately been announced a mode of making paper from deal shavings.

A clear understanding of the mode of making a sheet of printing paper, such as that used in the present book, will be sufficient to render intelligible the operations of paper-making generally. The first process, of course, is to prepare the rags for their destined work. When the bags containing them are opened, the rags are very minutely sorted. Linen is separated from other substances, fine linen from coarse, much worn from that which is little worn, colored rags from white, hems and seams from the unsewn portions. The rag-merchants separate the rags into five or six kinds or qualities; but the paper-maker has to carry this classification much further.

When the rags are dusted and sorted, they are washed quite clean with hot water and soda, in large vessels suitable for the purpose; and they are then ready to be ground or pounded into a pulp. There is a hollow vessel, in which rotates a cylinder furnished on its surface with numerous sharp knives; the rags having been partially opened and disentangled by a stream of water, are lowered into this

vessel; they are caught between the knives and teeth set in the bottom of the vessel, and are so cut and torn as to be brought to a state of great fineness. Not only are the warp and weft threads of the woven fabric separated, but every single thread is cut into minute fragments, and the whole forms a mere pulp or creamy paste. Some of the machines now employed have so many teeth in the interior, and knives on the cylinder, and revolve with such great rapidity, that they make from ten to twenty thousand distinct cuts every minute, each cut effecting something toward the separation of the rags into pulp. The rags are bleached with chloride of lime, or some other chemical agent, before they pass from the washing engine to the beating engine, but occasionally at another stage in the operations.

The transformation of this pulp into thin and beautifully-even sheets of paper is one of the most surprising operations in the whole range of manufactures. Whether conducted by the hand method, or the machine method, the results obtained are almost inexplicable to persons who are merely looking on, so difficult does it appear to spread out the pulp in a layer sufficiently equable. The machine method is but an extension of the older and simpler method of making the paper by hand; and therefore it will be desirable to describe this simple operation.

First; three men work together—the dipper, the coucher, and the lifter; and their chief working tools are the mold and the deckle or deckel. The mold is a square frame, a little larger than the sheet of paper about to be made, and covered at the top with a tightly-stretched wire-cloth. The parallel marks in foolscap paper, and the "water marks" in all paper, are produced by the wires of this cloth; but, when the wires are woven into very fine gauze, the mold will produce wove paper, smooth and without marks. The deckle is a thin square wooden frame, as large on the outside as the mold, and on the inside as the sheet of paper: when laid upon the mold, the two together form a kind of shallow sieve. Such is the simple apparatus; and the mode of using it is as follows:

The pulp is collected in the stuff-chest, where it is mixed to the proper degree, white or slightly tinted according to the sort of paper intended to be produced. From the stuff-chest it is drawn off into tubs or vats, where it is kept warm by fires conveniently placed, or by steam-pipes. One of the workmen, the dipper, having thoroughly-well mixed the pulp, takes the mold in both hands, with the deckle closely pressed down upon it: he dips one edge into the pulp, draws up a little of the latter, pours off all that he deems likely to be superfluous, and by a series of peculiar movements causes all the rest to flow equally over the whole surface of the wire-cloth. When some of the moisture has drained through the meshes of the wire-cloth, the mold is laid down; the deckle is removed, and is placed upon a second mold, and the dipper proceeds to make a second sheet in a similar way. Meanwhile a second workman, the coucher, commences his duties; he holds the mold in an inclined position, to allow more of the moisture to drain off; he spreads out a piece of felt, and dexterously turns over the thin film of pulp from the mold upon the felt; he then hands the mold over to the dipper, who again uses it as before. The coucher places another piece of felt on the sheet of pulp, then another sheet, then a third felt; and the men thus proceed till they have accumulated a pile of sheets called a post, comprising six or eight quires. The pile or post is placed in a screw-press, where a heavy pressure expels the remaining moisture, and smooths and consolidates the sheets. The lifter then sets to work: it is his duty to unscrew the pile, separate the sheets and felts one from another, collect the sheets from several piles into a larger pile, and subject this to the action of a second press, which still further dries, smooths, and consolidates the sheets.

The sheets of paper are thus made; but much has yet to be done for their completion. They are separated into small portions of six or eight each, and these parcels are hung upon horse-hair lines in drying-rooms, where they are left till they are quite dry. They are then dusted, sized, pressed, dried, examined, and once more pressed; all the imperfect sheets are removed; and the good sheets are arranged and pressed, re-arranged, and re-pressed, until every sheet has given smoothness to, and received smoothness from, its next neighbor. The sheets are then collected into quires of twenty-four each, and into reams of twenty quires.

This simple but ingenious mode of making paper is necessarily slow, although three men can make twenty "posts" in a day; and it is natural that, in a mechanical age, some method should be sought of effecting it by machinery. In 1799, Mr. Didot introduced a paper-making machine in France, invented by one of his workmen, Mr. Robert. He obtained patents in England in 1801 and 1803, which were assigned to Messrs. Fourdrinier, who, by the aid of Mr. Bryan Donkin, the engineer, surmounted many practical difficulties, and introduced effectually the making of continuous paper by machinery. From that time scarcely a year has elapsed without improvements relating to some parts or other of these machines; until at length the paper-making machine has become quite a triumph of ingenuity.

The pulp is, in the first place, collected in a vat or tub at one end of the machine, and is kept constantly stirred or agitated; a jet of steam, too, keeps it heated to a proper temperature. The pulp finds its way from the vat to a strainer, which frees it from lumps and knots; it then flows over a kind of leathern apron, and falls upon an extended surface of wire-cloth. This wire-cloth is in some machines nearly thirty feet in length, by four to eight feet in width, according to the kind of paper to be made; and it is so fine as to have meshes less than one-sixtieth of an inch across: the cloth has movable raised sides or deckle edges, and it has a rapid lateral motion imparted to it. When, then, the pulp flows upon the wire-cloth, it spreads itself out, and the superfluous liquid portion is shaken through the meshes into a vessel beneath. The wire-cloth travels slowly onward horizontally, with its delicate burden of pulp; and in its course passes over a vacuum box, whereby much of the water becomes sucked out of the thin layer of pulp. Onward the wire-cloth travels, passing next between two pairs of rollers, which slightly press the pulp. The film then transfers itself to an endless web of felt, which passes between two iron rollers. The film, now consolidated into a tolerably firm sheet, passes from felt to roller and from roller to felt, and then over and under several steam-heated cylinders, and at length winds itself upon a reel or drum in a perfectly dry state. All this is extremely interesting to witness; for the paper forms an endless, or at least continuous film, of which one part is being wound dry and smooth upon a drum, while another part is mere pulp just received from the vat: we can see the paper growing, as it were, under our eyes. The whole course of travel occupies less than two minutes; and it is really in this short space of time that the creamy pulp becomes converted into an endless sheet of dry paper.

And endless sheet it might be, so far as the principle of the machine is concerned; but practically there is, of course, a limit to the length. When the reel, or drum, becomes filled with as great a length of paper as it can conveniently retain, the paper is severed, and another reel adjusted. The cutting of the long roll of paper into sheets is sometimes effected in the paper-machine itself, and sometimes by a distinct apparatus. One full-sized machine will produce, at the very least, a mile of paper in three hours, and therefore the cutting into sheets becomes an important matter.

Some papers have a bluish tinge: this is given to them by a slight admixture of smalt or of artificial ultramarine with the pulp. Some have a detective red or blue line running through every sheet, as in post-office envelopes and exchequer bills: this is effected by introducing a silken thread in the film of the pulp. Some kinds of paper are hot-pressed or glazed; the hot-pressing is produced by placing in a screw-press a pile of heated iron plates and of sheets of pasteboard, with the sheets of paper interspersed among them; while the glazing results from passing the sheets of paper, interleaved with bright plates of copper, between pressure rollers; and, when these processes are both combined and repeated several times, the paper may be brought up to a high degree of beauty and finish. The names given to paper, to indicate sizes, are very numerous, and not less fanciful than numerous: antiquarian, double elephant, atlas, columbia, elephant, imperial, super-royal, news, royal, medium, demy, post, copy, crown, foolscap, pott. Some of the paper now made possesses extraordinary strength relatively to its thickness. During five or six months, at the Great Exhibition in London, there was a sheet of bank-note paper held up vertically, with iron weights suspended from its lower edge to the amount of two hundred and thirty pounds.

The National Magazine.

JULY, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

It is customary, at the commencement of a new volume of a periodical, for the editor to make his best bow to his readers. In doing so on this occasion we ask for a continuance of public favor, and in return, whoever may be appointed editor will, we have no doubt, by his own exertions, and the assistance of a large corps of able contributors, succeed in making The National worthy of the patronage it may receive.

Compromises.—If one man asserts that twice two are four, and another insists upon it that twice two are six, and they refer the disputed question to a third party, who is more anxious for a compromise than for truth, he will probably split the difference, and decide that twice two are five. Coleridge, if our memory serves us, is the author of this illustration, but we see the principle carried out continually. Between what is right and what is wrong, between truth and falsehood, there can be no compromise which is not essentially wrong and false. The most recent illustration is that of the Bishop of Exeter, who tells us with great complacency: "It happened to myself a few years ago to have a complaint brought to me against a clergyman for putting a credence table within the chancel. My judgment in that case was, '*Change the name of the table, but let the table itself remain.*' This, I really think, was substantially the fittest decision I could make. It gave a triumph to neither party; that was certainly well; *it was disagreeable to both parties; that too, probably, was not ill.*" "No," says the *Examiner*, "it can never be ill in the judgment of our Philpotts to do what is disagreeable to two, or, indeed, to any number of parties. His is not the weakness of endeavoring to please everybody; to succeed rather in displeasing everybody would leave him nothing on earth to desire. We can imagine his uneasiness in deciding a question lest he should impart any contentment. We see his care to give both some bitters. What a fool to him was the wisest of men. Solomon did not shape his celebrated judgment so as to steer clear of a triumph to either party, and to contrive to decide what was disagreeable to both. Our Philpotts in the same place would certainly never have consented to make the mother happy. What he would have done with the child, so as to give a triumph to neither claimant, and to decide disagreeably to both, it is impossible to conjecture; but certain it is that he would have found some way of splitting the difference, so that each party should have had a handsome share of vexation. The judgment of Philpotts is, indeed, the very antithesis of the judgment of Solomon. The credence table stood in place of the child, but there were not two claimants for it, but one; the Puseyite holding to it, and the other, a strict Protestant, abhorring, and crying away with it. How subtile the judgment. Let the table remain, but change the name; awarding the substance to Puseyism, the shadow to Protestantism. It surpasses Bishop Bloomfield's celebrated decision on the candle question. Let the candles be on the altar, but do not light them."

Color-Blindness.—An article in a late number of the *North British Review* gives some very interesting statistics relative to defective vision. The cases of those who are unable to distinguish colors are far more numerous than is generally supposed. We quote from the *Review:*

"Till within these few years this affection of the eye was supposed to be confined to a small number of individuals; but it appears, from the calculations of various authors, that one person out of every fifteen is color-blind. According to the experiments made by Dr. Wilson upon one thousand one hundred and fifty-four persons at Edinburgh, in 1852–3, one person in every eighteen had this imperfection.

1 in 55 confound *red* with *green*.
1 in 60 confound *brown* with *green*.
1 in 46 confound *blue* with *green*.

Hence *one* in every 17–9 persons is color-blind.

"It is a curious fact, and one now placed beyond a doubt, that color-blindness is hereditary and runs in families. In some cases *five* and in others *fifteen* individuals of the same family have been color-blind, and it is proved that the imperfection is more common in males than in females."

A gentleman, in whose light hazel eyes no defect whatever can be discovered; in fact they are very handsome eyes, gives this account of their deceptive character:

"My *bêtes noires*, in the way of colors, are *green* and *red*. They are absolutely indistinguishable. *Red sealing-wax* and *bright spring grass* have absolutely the same color. The *red* sepals of the *Fuchsia* exactly match the leaves. Whether all *greens* are *red*, or all *reds green*, I know not, but I suspect the latter, as a regiment of soldiers look as cool and refreshing to my eye as an acre of vines. I am at fault also with *browns*, especially the lighter tints and the darker ones. I think I recognize more by shade than color. Between *purple*, *violet*, and *blue*, I see no difference, unless in shade. *Pink* is dirty *slate-color*. A lady dressed in *light-blue* appears extremely gay; habited in *pink*, she might pass as a Quakeress. I am not aware of any confusion about *yellow*, but I think I detect its slighter shades by artificial light better than normal eyes. I cannot trace any improvement or alteration in my powers of appreciating color; and, from my own observation, I should have much more hope of educating a dull ear to sounds than a dull eye to colors. I have at times taken great pains to impress color on my optic nerve, for the want of it often sadly bothers me, in my little natural history pursuits, but quite in vain. The case which offers most identity with my own is Lord ——'s. On comparing notes, I think we might have changed eyes without any damage to either contracting party. I think he told me he had sent a report of his case to Dr. George Wilson.

"As a sort of counterbalance to my color-blindness, I have a very acute perception of shade; and my wife tells me that if she wanted a *brown* ribbon and a *red* ribbon, of equal shades, I should select them better than she could, provided I was guided as to color. I enjoy engravings more than colored pictures; but you must not suppose that in regard to color I am in the same position as a person without ear is in regard to noise. I have the most intense pleasure from the colors of nature, and from the displays of polarization."

An officer in the British army says:

"The artifices used by persons afflicted with color-blindness to conceal their defect put me in mind of myself when I was a cadet at Woolwich. I was several years a cadet at Woolwich, and had to draw fortifications in which *carmine* is used to represent masonry. I have often put a *blue* line where *lake* should have been used, and when spoken to about it, was obliged to get out of the scrape as well as I could; but no one ever discovered my defect. *Red*, *green*, and *brown* are decidedly my stumbling-block. I cannot see a *poppy* in a potato field. I could not see a huntsman with his red coat riding alongside of a green hedge, if it were not for his white breeches. My wife had

once a brilliant green dress on. I asked her why she wore a *snuff-colored dress! Blue* and *yellow* I never mistake, unless sometimes when I mistake *a very light-red* for *yellow*. *Blue* is the color I like best. I see colors best by candle-light, but not perfectly. I can distinguish shades with the minutest accuracy. A great number of colors in a carpet confuse me so much that I lose all confidence in my judgment of them. I have in every other respect a peculiarly good sight. I had three brothers; two of them were affected by colors exactly in the same way as myself, but my eldest brother distinguished colors correctly. My mother's sisters were affected with color blindness, and their father had the same defect, so that it appeared in the males in one generation, in the females the next, and again in the males."

There appears to be no satisfactory theory by which to account for this defect, and its cure is deemed impossible. It is not even to be remedied by the use of colored glasses. Hence the reviewer says:

"It is obvious from these various considerations, that all colored signals should be abandoned both at land and on sea; and that our lighthouses should not be distinguished from each other by red lights. The exclusion of the color-blind from the office of signalmen would not give sufficient security either on shipboard or in railways. A temporary insensibility to colors, or a defective appreciation of them, arising from local or accidental causes, might give rise to collisions of the most disastrous kind, while a change in the colors themselves from causes independent of the observer, might lead the sharpest-sighted watchman to make the most serious mistakes. Should it be otherwise determined, however, on grounds which we cannot now anticipate, that colored lights are, under all circumstances, the most distinct and distinguishable signals, the exclusion of the color-blind from sea and railway service should certainly be adopted."

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How the Lion Woos his Bride.—A writer in the last number of the *Westminster Review*, in a highly interesting article on the monarch of the forest, gives the following account of the manner in which the gallant gentleman woos and wins his lady-love:

"Let us first sketch the story of the lion's life, beginning with his marriage, which takes place toward the end of January. He has first to seek his wife; but, as the males are far more abundant than the females, who are often cut off in infancy, it is not rare to find a young lady pestered by the addresses of three or four gallants, who quarrel with the acerbity of jealous lovers. If one of them does not succeed in disabling or driving away the others, madam, impatient and dissatisfied, leads them into the presence of an old lion, whose roar she has appreciated at a distance. The lovers fly at him with the temerity of youth and exasperation. The old fellow receives them with calm assurance, breaks the neck of the first with his terrible jaws, smashes the leg of the second, and tears out the eyes of the third. No sooner is the day won, and the field clear, than the lion tosses his mane in the air as he roars, and then crouches by the side of the lady, who, as a reward for his courage, licks his wounds caressingly. When two adult lions are the rivals, the encounter is more serious. An Arab perched in a tree one night saw a lioness followed by a tawny lion, with full-grown mane; she lay down at the foot of the tree; the lion stopped on his path, and seemed to listen. The Arab then heard the distant growling of a lion, which was instantly replied to by the lioness under the tree. This made her husband roar furiously. The distant lion was heard approaching, and, as he came nearer, the lioness roared louder, which seemed to agitate her husband, for he marched toward her as if to force her to be silent, and then sprang back to his old post, roaring defiance at his distant rival. This continued for about an hour, when a black lion made his appearance on the plain. The lioness arose as if to go toward him; but her husband, guessing her intention, bounded toward his rival. The two crouched, and sprang on each other, rolling on the grass in the embrace of death. Their bones cracked, their flesh was torn, their cries of rage and agony rent the air, and all this time the lioness crouched, and wagged her tail slowly in sign of satisfaction. When the combat ended, and both warriors were stretched on the plain, she rose, smelt them, satisfied herself that they were dead, and trotted off quite regardless of the uncomplimentary epithet which the indignant Arab shouted after her. This, Gerard tells us, is an example of the conjugal fidelity of my lady; whereas, the lion never quits his wife, unless forced, and is quite a pattern of conjugal attentions."

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An Austrian Diplomatist.—Of the eccentricities of the celebrated Austrian minister, Kaunitz, much has been written; but the following, which we take from Dr. Vehse's new work, "Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria," will be new to the majority of our readers:

"Whatever could remind him of dying was to be carefully kept in the background. All the persons usually about him were strictly forbidden to utter in his presence the words 'death' and 'small-pox.' He had not himself been afflicted with this disorder; but he had been shocked by it in the case of the empress. His readers received from him in writing an earnest injunction to eschew the use of those two obnoxious words. The wags would have it that even the 'inoculation of trees was not to be spoken of, because it reminded him of the inoculation of the small-pox.' His birth-day was, also, never to be alluded to. When the referendary Von Binder, for fifty years his friend and confidant, died, Xaverius Raidt, the prince's reader, expressed himself in this way: 'Baron Binder is no longer to be found.' The prince, after some moment's silence, replide, 'Est-il mort? Il étoit cependant assez vieux.' The news of the death of Frederic the Great reached him in this way: his reader, with apparent absence of mind, told him that a courier had just arrived from Berlin at the Prussian embassador's, with the notifications of King Frederic *William*. Kaunitz sat for some time stiff and motionless in his arm-chair, showing no sign of having understood the hint. At last he rose, walked slowly through the room, then sat down and said, raising his arms to heaven, 'Alas! when will such a king again ennoble the diadem!' When the Emperor Joseph died, the valet returned to Kaunitz a document, which the emperor was to have signed, with the words: 'The emperor signs no more.' The death of his sister, Countess Questenberg, Kaunitz only knew when he saw his household in mourning. In a like manner, he once remained unacquainted with the recovery of one of his sons from severe illness, until the convalescent came in person to call on him: Kaunitz himself had never been to see him during his illness. To an old aunt of his he once sent from his table one of her favorite dishes, four years after her death."

From the same work we cannot refrain copying a short extract, on the vanity of the minister, which, if read aright, is not without a moral:

"Kaunitz had such a transcendent opinion of his own superior merits, that he once said: 'Heaven takes a hundred years to form a great genius for the regeneration of an empire, after which he rests a hundred years again; *this makes me tremble for the Austrian monarchy after my death!*' When he wished to bestow the highest praise on anything, he would say, 'Even I could not have done it better!' Prince de Ligne, who once introduced a Russian to him, heard him say to the stranger, 'I advise you, sir, to buy my portrait: for the people in your country will be glad to see the likeness of one of the most celebrated men, of a man who is the best horseman; who, as the best minister, has ruled this monarchy for the last fifteen years; who knows everything, is aware of everything, and understands everything.' Schlosser writes in a letter from Vienna, in 1788, 'Prince Kaunitz is upward of seventy; but he every day takes a ride in his *manége*, in doing which he gives himself the most ridiculous airs; he actually demeans himself on horseback like a madman. When he wants to run to the right or to the left, he pulls the reins to and fro with the full length of his arm; and if he reins in, he leans back with all his body. After having executed these manœuvers, he said to us with great complacency: 'That is the way a finished horseman does it; so perfectly and quietly that you would suppose the animal was governed by means of some hidden contrivance.' He liked to argue with the tailor about the best cut, and with the shoemaker about the most suitable shape for a shoe. Even with a brickmaker he would dispute

about the best form of bricks. In fact, he thought that he knew all and everything better than any one else."

Notwithstanding his vanity, dread of death, and self-idolatry, Kaunitz was the necessary man for Austria. He managed the French alliance, and succeeded in disengaging the neck of Europe from the noose of Jesuitism.

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AMERICAN PHLEGM.—One of our exchanges quotes the following story from the American experience of "a Monsieur Alfred d'Alembert," who having *tour-ed* this country through, of course published his ideas about it to the world at large:

"Far away from the great cities, half hidden in the foliage, was the modest log-hut of a man, half trapper, half fisherman, and more than half savage. Of course his name was Smith. He was married, and he and his wife in this one little chamber led the happiest of existences; for on an occasion she would not object to go twenty miles to hear the Baptist minister preach.

"One evening at sundown they were both together in their little cabin, she knitting stockings for the next winter snows, he cleaning the barrel of his fowling-piece—all the parts of which were lying dismounted about him—both busy and neither uttered a syllable.

"By degrees a dull but regular sound breaks upon the silence of the wilderness. The steamer is ascending the river, making the best of its way against the stream. But neither Smith nor his wife pay any attention; he goes on cleaning his gun, she knitting her stocking.

"The air, however, darkens; a thick smoke rises upon every side; a formidable explosion is suddenly heard; one would have said it was the discharge of several cannon at once. The boiler had burst; the vessel was sunk; everything was destroyed.

"Smith and his wife did not look up; he went on cleaning his gun, she knitting her stocking, for explosions of steamers are *so* common.

"But this was one which was to interest them more nearly, for scarcely had the explosion ended, before the roof of the cabin split in two and something heavy descended through the aperture. This something was a man who dropped between the pair without, however, disturbing either—he still cleaning his gun, she still knitting her stocking.

"But the traveler, so rudely introduced, seemed rather astounded at his descent. After a few minutes, however, he resumed his coolness, and began to look about him, fixing his attention, at last, upon the hole through which he had just arrived. 'Ah! my man,' said he at length, addressing Smith, 'what's the damage?'

"On this, Smith, who had not given up his work, put aside his rifle, and looking up to estimate his loss, answered, after some little reflection, 'Ten dollars.'

"'You be hanged!' exclaimed the traveler. 'Last week, in the explosion I happened to be in with another steamer, I fell through three flights in a new house, and they only charged me five dollars. No, no; I know what's the thing in such matters. Here's a couple of dollars; and if that won't do, go and sue me, and be hanged!'"

We have also some sprightly sentences extracted under the head of "American Axioms by a French Flaneur:"

"One readily admits that the states might be a passable residence if the French alone had peopled them.

"If you are determined on going to America to make a fortune, be sure of returning to France to spend it.

"It is a long way from Havre to New-York.

"Make your will before starting; you are an excessively lucky man if you return.

"In this delightful country the climate manages to be insupportable; it is too hot in summer, but in winter it is too cold.

"Believe the women, distrust the men, fear the children.

"In the way of flesh the country grows one good thing—the Cincinnati ham. Our coarsest bread, eaten at home, is better than roast beef eaten there.

"Go ahead: broken arms, legs, and fortunes; but as everybody is not killed—all right! go ahead!

"Nothing is so little like a Frenchman as an American.

"Look on each railway as a pistol aimed at your head.

"Railways are so much the fashion, that every American would seem to have a locomotive in his body.

"God has given the most beautiful country (France) to the best of natives, (the French.)

"In two hundred years America will be on a par with some European states. *That* will be the moment to emigrate."

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A TICKLISH EXPERIMENT.—A curious event occurred recently in the University of Leipsic. Dr. Reclam, professor of legal medicine, was lecturing on nicotine, and, to show the deadly effects of the poison, he administered a large dose of it to a big dog. The animal, which was lying on its back, was immediately seized with convulsions, and ejected a considerable portion of the poison with great violence; it struck the professor in the face, and some of it entered his mouth. The doctor was immediately seized with all the symptoms of poisoning, but antidotes were promptly applied, and he was soon placed out of danger; but he suffered greatly, and had to be conveyed home.

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WEALTH.—We find the following in one of our exchanges:

"The less you leave your children when you die, the more they will have twenty years afterward. Wealth inherited should be the incentive to exertion. Instead of that, 'it is the title deed to sloth.' The only money that does a man good is what he earns himself. A ready-made fortune, like ready-made clothes, seldom fits the man who comes into possession. Ambition, stimulated by hope and a half-filled pocket-book, has a power that will triumph over all difficulties, beginning with the rich man's contumely, and leaving off with the envious man's malice."

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CALIFORNIA SCENES.—Our California papers are getting to be as full of humor as the sands of her rivers are of golden treasure. One facetious editor makes us shake our sides over a scene he witnessed in a daguerrean gallery, and which he describes in a very amusing style. The poor artist had hung out a very handsome and showy sign over his door, on which was painted in large letters, "Babies taken at all hours of the day in two seconds." This sign soon caught the eye of a middle-aged woman; but we will let the Californian tell his story in his own way:

"'Bless the Lord for that!' exclaimed the woman, who, with three or four young ones in her arms, stood gazing upon the happy announcement. 'Bless the Lord! Relief has come at last! Babies taken at all hours. I'll go right in and let him take his pick out of mine. I'm tired of them.'

"She started in, but was met by the worthy artist himself, who was on his way to the street.

"'Good morning, my dear madam; walk up. What can I do for you to-day?'

"Two of the children commenced crying.

"'Are you the man that takes babies?'

"'O yes, with the greatest ease.'

"The old lady cast a lingering look at her young brood, as if she was bidding them adieu forever.

"'I guess you ain't particular what kind of babies you take?'

"It matters not, madam; I have taken all kinds.'

"The woman gave the artist a suspicious look, as much as to say, what kind of a man are you?

"'You have taken all kinds! Then I guess you'll have no objection to taking these brawling things here?'

"O! it would give me pleasure, madam, to take these crying babies. Had I not better take all of them at once?"

"The woman drew back in astonishment.

"'All at once!' said she. 'And do you pretend to say that you will take all these dirty, good-for-nothing, squalling brats at once?'

"'Nothing would give me more delight,' answered he, in his usual agreeable manner. 'I have taken more than that at once, fifty times.'

"'Well, you can take them,' said she, as she approached him; 'but before you do so I would like to know what you are going to feed them on?'

"The artist saw his mistake, and attempted to back out.

"'On second thought,' he said, 'I will not take your interesting little group. It would be cruel to deprive a mother of so many of her beautiful children.'

"'O! yes,' she insisted, 'you can take them.'

"But, my dear madam,' commenced the artist, turning away in alarm, 'recollect that—'

"'Never mind that. Take them along. There's plenty more at home.'

"The artist was compelled to explain the mistake, and the woman left in disgust."

TRIALS OF TEMPER.—Conversation Sharp relates of a friend of his, who was always advising other persons to keep their temper, that one evening coming out of a gambling-house, where he had lost a large sum of money, he saw a boy tying up his shoe at a lamp-post. Wishing to have something to vent his rage on, he kicked the boy over, saying, "Confound you, you impudent varlet, *you are always tying up that shoe!*" He considers this as a great improvement on the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb, and an instance of ingenuity in finding a *casus belli*.

A BAD SPELL.—A friend of Dr. Francis wrote to him, on one occasion, the following note:

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I caught cold yesterday, and have got a little horse. Please write what I shall do for them."

The doctor, believing his friend to be a little *hippish*, replied as follows:

"DEAR P.,—For the cold, take a bath, night and morning, instead of supper or breakfast. For the little *horse*, buy a saddle and bridle, and ride him the first time we have fair weather."

MARVELS IN THE MICROSCOPIC WORLD.—"Let us look," says an enthusiast in microscopy, "at some of the animalculæ to be found in a drop of water. Of these creatures which differ in size from the thirtieth to the thirty thousandth part of an inch, one of the most remarkable is the navicule. Upon examination, it appears to be cased in an armor of flint, but it contrives to walk about upon twenty or thirty legs. If we watch it narrowly for five or six hours, no inconsiderable period in the existence of an animalcule, we shall note a thin, transparent line spreading across it in some direction or other. After the line makes its first appearance it becomes more visible every minute, and rapidly increases in width. At length the creature begins wriggling its limbs violently, the body splits asunder, and two new naviculæ are made out of one old one. This curious creature has something like a hundred stomachs, and its mouth, which is situated near one extremity, is surrounded by a number of almost invisible tentacula, with which it grasps its food; but as soon as the transparent line appears, which denotes its approaching division into two, as another mouth will be wanted, another is seen sprouting from the other extremity, and is ready to perform its functions as soon as the separation is effected. The navicule comes to maturity at the age of twelve hours; and, under ordinarily favorable circumstances, divides itself into two every twelve hours. It is, therefore, reproduced upon Mr. Malthus's principle; that is, according to a geometrical ratio; and, at the end of a month, such is the result of geometrical progression, that, were there no checks to their increase, a single navicule would have produced over eight hundred millions of living beings. But it would seem that even such a rate of increase is not sufficient for the demand, because some kinds of naviculæ split themselves into sixteen instead of two in the same space of time."

COCKNEYISM.—Thackeray gives us, in the following lines, a fair specimen of the modern Cockney dialect. Yankeeism, with all its peculiarities, is thrown entirely into the shade by the Londoners' aitches, and vees, and viches:

"Gallant gents and lovely ladies,
List a tale vich late befell,
Vich I heard it, bein on duty
At the Please Hoffice, Clerkenwell.
Praps you know the Foundling Chapel,
Vere the little children sings:
(Lor! I likes to hear to Sundies
Them there pooty little things!)
In the street there lived a housemaid,
If you particklarly ask me where—
Vy it was at four-and-twenty,
Guilford Street, by Brunswick Square.
Vich her name was Eliza Davis,
And she went to fetch the beer:
In the street she met a party
As was quite surprised to see her.
Vich he was a British sailor
For to judge him by his look:
Tarry jacket, canvas trowsies
Ha-la Mr. T. P. Cooke."

HAIL! COLUMBIA.—The following history of the now famous song, "Hail! Columbia," from the pen of the author, Judge Joseph Hopkinson, will be read with interest by those of our readers who are unacquainted with its history. The author says:

"This song was written in the summer of 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable, Congress being then in session at Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility having actually occurred. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people were divided into parties for the one side or the other; some thinking that policy and duty required us to take part with *republican France*, as she was called; others were for our connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people which espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher—I think not so high—as it did at that time on that question. The theater was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance he called on me one afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following day. He said he had no boxes taken, and his prospect was that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the 'President's March,' then the popular air, he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of

that march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theater was crowded to excess, and so continued night after night for the rest of the season, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the whole audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of, and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. Not an allusion is made either to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to which was the most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties; at least, neither could disown the sentiments it inculcated. It was truly *American*, and nothing else, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded to it. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond any expectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively *patriotic* in its sentiments and spirit."

HAIL! COLUMBIA.

Hail! Columbia, happy land,
Hail! ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize;
While offering Peace, sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Chorus.—Firm, united, &c.

Sound, O sound the trump of Fame,
And let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
Our councils in the time of peace.
Chorus.—Firm, united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on heaven and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Chorus.—Firm, united, &c.

Leigh Hunt tells a story illustrating how calmly we view the most serious passages in another's fate. One day at Pisa, when Shelley, Trelawney, and himself were driving with Byron, the latter had a sudden and severe attack of colic, a complaint to which the noble poet was very subject. He was assisted to a sofa, where he lay writhing in agony, and crying out more vigorously than a grown-up man ought to have done. After one of his loudest "O! ah! O! I am dying! this is dreadful," and so on, Trelawny said to him, "Hush, my dear fellow; don't make such a fuss about dying!" The polar coolness of this injunction made even Byron laugh.

WOMAN'S WILL.—An old bachelor—for who else could be so ungallant, *even though it were true?*—thus writes:

"Dip the Atlantic Ocean dry with a teaspoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay their printer; send up fishing-hooks with balloons, and fish for stars; get astride of a gossamer and chase a comet; when the rain is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a musqueto with a brickbat; in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible, to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she *will*, when she has made up her mind to say she *won't*."

CHOLERA IN THE HAIR.—An anecdote is told of an English barber who observed to his customer that there was "cholera in the hair." "Then, I hope, you are somewhat particular about the brushes you use." "O!" said the barber, "I don't mean the 'air of the 'ead, but the hair of the hatmosphere."

DUST TO DUST.—Dr. Kemp, an English chemist, in a recent work on his favorite science, remarks:

"So it is, that as we all sprang from putrefaction, or from dead matter that has never before been vitalized, so, in like manner, must all our frames return through the ordeal of putrefaction to the dead world. The muscle of the strong man, the bloom of beauty, the brain of the philosopher, must once more rot, as, doubtless, they have often rotted before, and are destined, in the continual phasis and circulation of matter, to rot again. The hand that writes this sentence, nay, the very brain that conceives the thought that the hand is marking down, was once earth such as we all trample on, and soon will be earth again, and, perhaps, ere even the writer's name has ceased to be mentioned by those with whom he holds familiar intercourse, will be transformed into the cypress of the cemetery, or the daisies of the country church-yard. Nay, also the matter of that eye that reads this saying, and of the brain that receives that saying, and is, perhaps, startled at it, a little while ago was allied to the elements of inorganic matter; and the time cannot be very distant ere some have to mourn over those terrible words read over it, of 'dust to dust and ashes to ashes.' The very tear of affection was once water and a little rock-salt; and after a little time it will be water and rock-salt once more."

PREPARATION FOR TROUBLE.—Of the alleged power of the cedar, on its native mountains, to close its branches on the approach of snow, so as to receive the falling flakes on the sides of a slender pyramid, Dr. Hamilton, in his "Emblems from Eden," recently noticed in these pages, makes this touching use:

"It is in a way somewhat similar that the Lord prepares his people for trial. Sometimes they have a presentiment of approaching calamity, and are led to cry, 'Be not far from me, for trouble is near.' But often, and still more mercifully the coming evil is hid, and all their preparation is unwonted heavenly-mindedness. Like the cedar lifting up its boughs, they lift up their hearts, and know not that it is their Lord putting them in an attitude to bear the storm. They feel a joy unspeakable to-day, and find the explanation in the grief of the morrow. But still the joy of the Lord has strengthened them, the self-devotion and ascending affections of these preparatory moments have put them in the posture on which the tempest comes down most lightly."

THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.—A little fellow, not more than five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," said he knew that it wasn't true—his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

SELF-DENIAL.—What is self-denial? Is it sackcloth on the loins? Is it a wooden block for a pillow? Is it pulse or lentil-pottage for the daily meal? Is it a crypt or kennel for one's lodging? Ah no! In all this flesh-pinching there is often a subtile self-pleasing: but when the temper is up to rule the spirit, and over a "manly revenge" to let Christian magnanimity triumph—that is self-denial. To take pains with dull children, and with ignorant and insipid adults—that is self-denial. To hide from the left hand what the right is doing; to ply the task when fellow-laborers drop away and lookers-on wax few; for the Lord's sake still to follow up the work when the world gives you no credit—that is self-denial. When you might tell your own exploits, to let another praise you, and not your own lips; and when a fancy touch would make a good story a great deal better, to let the "yes" continue simple yes—that is self-denial. Rathef than romantic novelties to prefer duty with its sober common-place routine, and to stand at your post when the knees are feeble and the heart is faint—that is self-denial. From personal indulgence, from the lust of the flesh and the pride of life, to save wherewithal to succor the indigent and help forward Christ's kingdom on earth—that is self-denial.

Book Notices.

Posthumous Works of the Rev. Henry B. Bascom, D.D., LL.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Edited by Rev. Thomas N. Ralston, A. M. Vol. II. (*Stevenson & Owen, Nashville, Tenn.*) This second volume of Dr. Bascom's works contains five lectures on the Relative Claims of Christianity and Infidelity; an Inaugural Address; two Baccalaureate Orations; a discourse on Temperance; a Glance at the Philosophy and History of Agriculture; a Brief Address on the Centenary of Methodism, and the "Claims of Africa;" an address in behalf of the American Colonization Society, delivered at various places in the years 1832 and 1833. From this latter, which we remember to have heard the author deliver to a crowded congregation, we make a few extracts, fair specimens of the author's style, and containing sentiments which we hardly expected to see made public by the agents of a Southern publishing house at the present time. Alluding to the desperate bravery of the negro, he says:

"If this remark shall have excited a smile of contempt in any, let the bloody placers and sanguinary fields of St. Domingo tell our paper politicians what the negro can do, when roused to action and battle by the impulse of desperation! Let the troops of Napoleon, the world's imperial master, who were triumphantly vanquished by undisciplined negroes, say whether they can fight! If such a victory had been obtained over the forces of France by some nation of distinction, it would have been enrolled in the archives of the earth and the bureau of war as the humiliation of Bonaparte! But because, forsooth, it was done by slaves, we could hardly get anybody to print it!"

On the *color* of the African the orator waxes eloquent:

"It was once said that 'no good thing can come out of Nazareth:' and it is now thought that the mere *color* of the African places him under the general ban of nations, and renders preposterous and absurd the idea, that this race could ever have occupied a position of dignity, or contributed to the general advancement of the world. If external aspect (and the assumption admits of triumphant vindication) is considered a mere *accident* of being, how can *it* render nugatory all contravening evidence? If so, then reason is a cheat, and Bacon and Newton were sophists! Why the African is black, I know not, nor do I pause to inquire, any more than why you are white. One is as great a mystery to me as the other. It may be the effect of climate and condition; or, which is much more likely, it may be a merciful arrangement of Heaven and nature, to prepare them for residence and suffering in the hot intertropical regions assigned them as the bounds of their habitation. I do not profess to be an adept in the science of climatology, nor can I fathom the deep designs of Providence. I leave both to be comprehended and explained by others. But certainly, if the mere extrinsic circumstance, the adventitious adjunct of color, is to expel the African from the pale of humanity, of which we deem ourselves such fair specimens, the decision reflects but too injuriously upon the magnanimity of earth and the justice of Heaven! If more than a hundred millions of negroes are to be disfranchised of the rights of brotherhood in this way, what will you say of nearly five hundred millions of the copper colored, the olive, and the tawny, millions of whom resemble yourselves as little, and myriads less than the negro, and thousands of whom are as ugly and hateful to the eye of a polished European, as the impersonations of Scandinavian mythology? Will you reject these too? And suppose, on the other hand, that this overwhelming plurality of the great family of man, shall turn on the high pretenders, and expel them by way of recrimination? How is the question to be settled? The result of the whole is, that they possess all the essential distinguishing elements of our common nature—the physical and moral constitution of man."

Of what Africa has been in the past, we are told that

"She has poured forth her heroes on the field. Look at the mighty Shishak, the great Sesostris, the victorious Hannibal, before whose martial step the majesty of Rome trembled upon the Alpine battlements! She has 'given Bishops to the Church.' Ecclesiastical history enumerates seven hundred of them, that met in council in Africa to deliberate upon the fortunes of the Church of God. She has given 'her martyrs to the fire,' where they shouted the hopes of glory amid the flames that burned them up! And if this is not enough, let those who affect to think that negro physiognomy shuts out the light of intellect, visit the capital of the British empire, and there 'contemplate the features of the colossal head of Memnon, and the statues of the divinities on which the ancient Africans impressed their own forms, and see, in close resemblance to the negro feature, the mold of those countenances which once beheld, as the creations of their own immortal genius, the noblest and most stupendous monuments of human skill, and taste, and grandeur! In the imperishable porphyry and granite, is the unfounded and pitiful slander publicly, and before all the world, refuted!' Look at the world-astonishing coruscations of the genius of Africa, which so splendidly illustrated the morning of her bright and bold career! Her glory commences in the depths of a remote antiquity, and

holds the unbroken tenor of its way over the ruins of fifty generations, until we are presented with its consummation in the most polished of the three grand divisions of the ancient world! Africa has furnished her 'generals, physicians, philosophers, linguists, poets, mathematicians, and merchants, all eminent in their attainments, energetic in enterprise, and honorable in character.' But I see the smile of disdain curling upon the lip of a pragmatic politician, and he points me to the intellect of modern Africa. This is a most unfortunate reference, and one that should crimson the national cheek with shame! What could be expected from the intellect of modern Africa, when it is known that despair, ages since, sat down upon the same throne with reason, and disputed for empire? Hushed has been the voice of hope and the dream of fame; and even memory, among her children, bought and sold, whipped and brutalized, lingered only to survey the desolation, and to let fall a tear over the mighty ruin, and tell them all was lost! Yet the celebrated Blumenbach, the father of German naturalists, has a large library, exclusively the production of negroes; and he affirms, proudly and fearlessly, that there is no branch of science or literature in which they have not excelled, have not distinguished themselves! And Gregoria, ex-bishop of Blois, in France, has a large glass case filled with the works of negro authors exclusively, to which he points with exulting pride, as a refutation of all that can be said against the mental claims of Africa. Read her history, and you will find it a *thrilling* story! You will meet with the studious and the brave; the masters of arts and of arms, and the heroes of many a tale of danger and of glory. Even now, in her mysterious records and moldering greatness, Africa stands, like her own Egyptian Iris, dark and impenetrable, shrouded in the mystic drapery, which ages, long neglected, have let fall upon her gigantic wonders!"

The *foreign* slave-trade is denounced in terms of unmingled bitterness, and we suppose a man of Dr. Bascom's good sense could not fail to see that all his denunciation applied with even greater force to the *internal* traffic in the bodies and souls of men. Wherein can it be worse to deal in native Africans, than to buy and sell Americans, born on the soil consecrated to freedom?

"The children of Africa have been the most unhappy of all the family of man. More oppressed, and more abused; I *do not*, I *will not* meddle with the question of domestic slavery, as sanctioned by law in this country. I speak of the oppression of Africa as a country—as a member of the great family of nations. I speak of the slave-trade, in all the extent and malignity of its hateful and hated visitations. And among all the national obliquities that the recording angel, in the councils of eternity, has ever reluctantly traced upon the damning page of Heaven's black register, is there any to equal this oppression? What can you think of the infernal man-stealer, the hell-incited kidnapper that would take by force, and drive a human horde from motives of sheer cupidity? Is he not an outlaw, alike from the reach of humanity and the mercy of Heaven! Is there a virtuous intelligence in God's universe, or even a devil in hell, that would not blush to claim kindred with him! Pardon me, my friends, I cannot disguise my feelings, sincerely, I cannot think of the woe-worn world of Africa, that once flourishing, but now desolate continent, without exclaiming, a thousand times accursed be the oppressor, that has withered the verdure of her banks and fields, and spread sterility over her soils! As the voice of God, conscience and duty cannot affect him, as he cannot be arrested by national or municipal law—as the claims of heaven, the fear of hell, and the interests of eternity, are recklessly blotted from his ledger of blood and murder, and he remains uninfluenced, even by the last hope of the depraved—a sense of shame he deserves, and should receive at once the execration of his species! The indignant scorn, the unleavened, undying hate of humanity, should drive him out with the mule, to feed upon the thistle, and when he dies, the burial of an ass should give immortality to his infamy!"

An abolitionist, determined to trample under foot the Fugitive Slave Law, could hardly use stronger language than this:

"If you see your brother need, and close your bowels of compassion against him, the love of God is not in you. You might as well look for heaven and hell in embrace, as to meet a man wantonly oppressing his brother, or refusing to assist him, possessed of the religion of Jesus Christ! What confidence can I have in the benevolence of a man, having it in his power to assist me, when misfortune entitles me to aid, and refusing to do so? Still less when, by acts of aggression, he proceeds to oppress me; and none at all when he seeks to deprive me of personal liberty. No! my *soul* is my *self*, and my body is my *own*! This compound of bone and muscle belongs to *me*, and he who would deprive me of it for purposes of gain, would do anything else for the same purpose that law and custom would seem to sanction. He would rifle the tomb of his father! he would light the graveyard thief, torch in hand, to the tomb of her that bore him! he would plunder the tree of life, and damn the nations by the sale of its fruit, if he could make money by it, and secure the gratification of his passions!"

Finally, we are told:

"It remains for you, therefore, to exert yourselves in wiping away the most defacing stain—that of slavery—that is seen lingering in the azure heaven of your country's reputation. I appeal to you in the name, and invoke you by the sanctity of the day and the occasion, lay not the flattering unction to your soul, that all is well! The volcano is sleeping, we know, but the fire is burning in its depths! Your altars are fuming with the offerings of liberty; your annual harangues glow with the scorn of servitude; every crowd you see is inflated with the boasted disdain of a *master*; but in the midst of all, the hated perpetual chain clanks the chorus of the song; and the eye rests but a moment upon the temple of liberty, until the ear catches the echoes of the groans and hot dungeon beneath!"

M. Colton, of Boston, has sent us *The Hundred Dialogues, new and original, designed for reading and exhibition in Schools, Academies, and private Circles.* By W. B. Fowle. If children must speak dialogues, and we suppose there is no help for it, seeing that even the Sunday schools have endorsed the practice, it will be of great advantage to teachers to have so good and unexceptionable a variety from which to make selections. So far as we have examined those in this volume, they appear well calculated for the object intended. The pieces are entirely original, and indicate great versatility and good judgment on the part of the author.

The School Harp; a Collection of pleasing and instructives Songs; Music and Words original and selected, designed for the use of Schools and Singing-classes. By E. H. Bascom. A neat little book, apparently well adapted to promote the important branch of education—too generally neglected—the cultivation of the voice. It is accompanied by numerous testimonials from teachers and others who have had an opportunity to test its merits, who concur in the opinion that "It is just the thing." It is sold for twenty-five cents a copy. Published by *Morris Colton*, Boston.

A similar little volume, of equal merit, we omitted to mention at the time of its publication. It is entitled the *Linden Harp*, and was compiled by a lady who assumes, as her *nom de plume*, C. M. Thayer. It has already had a wide circulation.

Letters from Europe, written for the *Western Christian Advocate*, by E. Thomson, D.D., LL.D., have been published in a duodecimo of three hundred pages, by *Swormstedt & Poe*. They are edited, says the title page, by D. W. Clark, D.D.; and there is an introduction, which will not weary the reader by its length, from the pen of Bishop Morris. The doctor's style is pleasant and lively, and he gives us a sufficiency

of anecdote and gossip. Queen Victoria, we are told, "has exhibited, at times, indications of approaching insanity;" and "the Prince of Wales, they say, is weak in the upper story." In the author's opinion, to which he has a perfect right, seeing he is himself an Englishman, these are matters of little consequence, for "royalty in Europe must sooner or later die out;" and as to England, we are assured that "she must be republican ere long." The letters were not written with the design of making a book, but in this form will find many additional readers.

The Wesleyan Psalter: a Poetical Version of nearly the whole Book of Psalms. By the Rev. Charles Wesley. Versions of some of the Psalms, by the Rev. S. Wesley, Sen., the Rev. S. Wesley, Jun., and the Rev. J. Wesley; and Lists of Versions by various authors; with an Introductory Essay, by Henry Fish, A. M. Edited by Thomas O. Summers, D. D. (Nashville, Tenn.: Stevenson & Owen.) This neat little volume contains many poetic gems, which are now for the first time made public. They were copied from a manuscript of Charles Wesley's, which, it seems, was once in possession of the Countess of Huntington, and accidentally fell into the hands of Mr. Fish. Dr. Summers, assisted by David Cremer, Esq., of Baltimore, has carefully revised Mr. Fish's volume, and added all the versifications of the Psalms of David which are known to have been written by the Wesleys. It is something more than a "recension," as the American editor calls it, unless, indeed, he uses that word in a sense as yet unauthorized. It is, in fact, a complete Wesleyan Psalter; and although the poetry is of very unequal merit, and some of it was hardly worth printing, there are portions which are equal to anything of the kind in the language. We make a few extracts, which will be new to most of our readers. For the peculiarity of the meter, as well as fidelity to the sentiment of Psalm xiv, 7, take the following:

"O that all the mournful nation
Might, with me, taste and see
Jesus's salvation!

"O that all who *would* rely on
Jesus' love, now might prove
Safety is in Sion!

"Jesus from our sins shall save us,
He shall soon claim his own,
He who bought will have us.

"When he frees our souls from prison,
Love and joy shall employ
All the Gospel season.

"As a wide-extended river,
Israel's peace shall increase,
Flow, and flow forever."

Several stanzas, in the versification of Psalm xviii, are in the author's happiest vein—faultless in rhythm and evangelical in sentiment:

"The Lord from heaven in thunder spoke:
The Lord most terrible, most high,
Sent forth his mighty voice, and shook
The battlements of earth and sky:
His wrath in storms of hail he show'd,
As burning coals his judgments glow'd.

"He sent his warrant from above,
And claim'd, and seized my soul for his:
He drew me by the cords of love,
Implunged in sin's profound abyss:
Redeem'd me from the tempter's power,
Nor let my stronger foes devour.

"Wherefore I will exalt thy Name,
And teach the heathen world thy praise:
In songs of sacred joy proclaim
Thy riches of redeeming grace,
Till all the heathen world confess
And hymn the Lord our Righteousness."

David's ejaculation and prayer, "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults," is thus versified:

"O, if our thoughts in heaven are heard—
Ere form'd, if our desires are known—
If ill committed, good deferr'd,
Are obvious to the Holy One—
How oft we err, how oft offend,
Can we, e'en faintly, comprehend?

"Whate'er we think, or do, or say,
To build on proves a sandy ground;
And must be, in the trying day,
(Weigh'd in the balance,) wanting found.
By thy soul-purifying blood,
Cleanse me from unknown faults—my God!"

The sentiment that our thoughts are *heard* in heaven, is highly poetical and profoundly true. Three verses of Psalm xx, 7–9, are given in a favorite Moravian meter, which we were not aware that Charles Wesley had ever attempted:

"Some put their trust in chariots,
And horses some rely on:
But God alone
Our help we own:
God is the strength of Sion.

"His Name we will remember
In every sore temptation,
And feel its powers;
For Christ is ours,
With all his great salvation.

"We are his ransom'd people,
And he that bought will have us!
Secure from harm
While Jesus' arm
Is still stretch'd out to save us.

"He out of all our troubles
Shall mightily deliver,
And then receive
Us up to live
And reign with him forever.

The very spirit of the Psalmist's question and answer (Psa. cxvi, 12, 13) is felt in the following:

"O what shall I say?
What recompense pay
To the giver of all I possess?
I will gladly receive,
While he offers to give,
His unsearchable riches of grace.

"I will call on his name,
And with singing proclaim
The perfection of Jesus's love:
I will drink the full cup,
Till he beckons me up,
To enjoy his salvation above."

From the versification of Psalm cxxii, the editor omits two stanzas, "as inappropriate to American Christians." The book not having been prepared for the use of congregations in public singing, it would have been, perhaps, as modest to have given us the verses, and left them to the judgment of "American Christians," unless, indeed, they were of an incendiary character. The prayer for the peace of Jerusalem is neat and epigrammatic:

"With all my heart, O Lord, I pray
For our Jerusalem:
The promise—with thy Church to stay—
In her behalf I claim.

"Fullness of gifts and graces shower,
And bless her from above
With perfect peace, and glorious power,
And everlasting love."

Psalm cxxxix has been frequently versified. We know not that it has ever appeared in a more faithful and poetic garb than in the following stanzas, with which we must bring our extracts to a close:

"Whither shall a creature run,
From Jehovah's Spirit fly?
How Jehovah's presence shun,
Screen'd from his all-seeing eye?
Holy Ghost, before thy face
Where shall I myself conceal?
Thou art God in every place,
God incomprehensible.

"If to heaven I take my flight,
With beatitude unknown
Filling all the realms of light,
There thou sittest on thy throne!
If to hell I could retire,
Gloomy pit of endless pains,
There is the consuming fire,
There almighty vengeance reigns.

"If the morning's wings I gain,
Fly to earth's remotest bound,
Could I hid from thee remain,
In a world of waters drown'd?
Leaving lands and seas behind,
Could I the Omniscient leave?
There thy quicker hand would find,
There arrest, the fugitive.

"Cover'd by the darkest shade,
Should I hope to lurk unknown—
By a sudden light bewray'd,
By an uncreated sun,
Naked at the noon of night
Should I not to thee appear?
Forced t' acknowledge in thy sight,
God is light, and God is here!"

Courtship and Marriage is the title of a series of highly-wrought tales, of which love is the staple, and improbable catastrophes and impossible characters are the warp and woof. It is from the pen of the late *Mrs. Catharine Lee Hentz*, whose portrait, full length, and pen in hand, faces the title page. The volume is well printed, and bound, our copy at least, in very red muslin. (*Peterson, Philadelphia.*)

The Roman Exile is a narrative of the early life of *Guglielmo Gajani*, just issued from the press of *Jewett & Co.* It is well written, and illustrates the present state of papal Italy, and the struggles of Italian patriots in favor of their native land. The author is now a citizen of the United States. His little volume, dedicated to Professor Silliman, of Yale College, deserves a wide circulation.

Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation. By Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D., and George Dickie, A. M., M. D. (*Carter and Brothers.*) The identity of the style and manifestations of the great Supreme, in nature and on the pages of his revealed will, is admirably illustrated in the well-known Analogy of Bishop Butler. The volume before us, a goodly octavo of five hundred and forty pages, is made up of a series of essays, in which this central idea is elaborated and expanded with skill and far-seeing ingenuity. Analogies which have hitherto escaped general notice are happily brought to light, and the work may be regarded as a text-book in a department of study destined to rank between natural religion and dogmatic theology. The style is flowing and easy, and the publishers are entitled to great praise for the handsome style in which these essays are made public.

Literary Record.

A very interesting work, by the late *Francis Baily*, entitled "A Tour in the Unsettled Parts of North America, in 1796 and 1797," has just been published in London. Mr. Baily was President of the Royal Astronomical Society; in early life he traveled in North America, with the view of establishing an agency for a commercial house, with which he was at that time connected. His enterprising spirit and love of adventure led him to wander amid scenes then remote from civilised life, though now the busy scenes of industry and trade. It is exactly sixty years since Mr. Baily made his tour in the United States, a part of his journal of which is now first published, and presents striking pictures of the state of society and the condition of the country, which contrast strangely with present times.

Colonel Benton is engaged in preparing a condensation of the debates of Congress from the beginning of the government to the present day. The full reports occupy about one hundred volumes, and the distinguished ex-Senator expects to reduce them to some twelve or fifteen octavo volumes, of about seven hundred and fifty pages each. The abridgment will consist in omitting discussions on private bills, where no great political principle is involved; in leaving out repetitions in speeches, and in reducing their verbosity.

Last year a discovery, at Weimar, of a wholesale manufactory of forged autographs, mostly of Schiller, created a considerable sensation among the autograph collectors of Germany. The case, we hear from Weimar, has now been brought to a close, and the forgers have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and hard labor. With what skill and industry these worthies (two young *employés*, we believe—one of them holding a situation in the Grand-Ducal Library) went to work, may be seen from the fact that even Frau von Gleichen, the surviving daughter of Schiller, was taken in by their tricks. She bought of them what she thought to be her father's letters and manuscripts, for an amount of fourteen hundred thalers: the Royal Library at Berlin bought papers for three hundred thalers. The honor of having first found out the spuriousness of these fabrications is due to Herr Carl Künzel, of Heilbronn, the present

possessor of the complete manuscript of Schiller's Correspondence with Körner, and whose interesting album of autographs we had occasion to mention some time ago.

M. Vattemare, of Paris, reports that an appropriation has been made by government for the American Library in that city; that it now comprises over five thousand volumes; and requests American publishers to favor it with their new publications as issued.

The *Hon. George P. Marsh*, of Vermont, lately United States Minister at Constantinople, has in press, at Boston, a work on the Camel, which promises to be of great utility in view of the approaching introduction of that animal into this country.

The lost history of "Plymouth Colony," by Bradford, recently discovered in England, primarily through the researches of the Rev. Mr. Barry, and prepared for the press by Charles Deane, has been published by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

A very interesting discovery has lately been made at Mayence, which throws additional light upon the early introduction of the art of printing with metal types in that city. In digging in the interior area of a house, situate "Zum Gutenberg's Platz, (so named from its being well ascertained that John Guttenberg's earliest printing-office was situate there,) the laborers employed in the excavation turned a post, evidently a portion of a printing-press, on which were marked, in Gothic characters, the letters, J. G., and the numerals MCDXLI., signifying 1441, in a rather unusual mode of using the Latin letters, the C standing before the D being to be deducted like the following X before the L.

Under the title of "Ma Bibliothèque Française," a little volume has been prepared, at the instance of Mr. Stevens, the literary agent in England of the Smithsonian Institute, by M. Hector Bossange, for the use of American librarians and collectors. It is prepared on a good plan, and executed with the care which distinguished Mr. Stevens's little work, "My English Library." M. Bossange, however, adds some slight biographical as well as bibliographical notes to his lists; so that the man is made known to the purchaser of his books.

The Persian poet, *Núruddin Abdurrahman*, generally known by his poetical name, *Jámi*, from the town of Jám, in Khorasán, which gave him birth, is said by writers on Oriental literature, to have been a most voluminous author. With the exception of his "Yusuf and Zulaika," few of his works are known even by name in Western Europe. Portions of an allegorical poem, Salámán and Absál, said to have enjoyed great reputation for nearly four centuries in the East, have been translated, the rhyming couplets of the original being rendered in blank verse, and are shortly to be published.

Heine, the poet, has left all his manuscripts to his nephew, Herr Embde, a resident of Hamburgh, with the intention of having them revised, and, when put in order, incorporated in the entire edition of his works which is now preparing for the press. Herr Campe, the Hamburgh publisher, whose name has come prominently before the public, in connection with the alleged libels in Dr. Vehse's history of the German courts, of which a translation has been published, has made arrangements with Dr. Christiani, of Hanover, a relation of Heine, to edit the work, and to undertake the necessary abbreviations and omissions. Heine in his will forbids the removal of his body from France to Germany.

The library of the late *Professor Hermann*, of Göttingen, the renowned philologist, has been purchased by the University of Prague. It consists of eleven thousand volumes, of which four thousand are pamphlets.

Some rare impressions of early quarto and folio editions of Shakspeare were sold last month in London. A copy of the first folio, 1623, bound by Kalthoeber, brought £66; of the second folio, 1632, £13; and of the third folio, 1664, £14 5*s*. Among the early quarto editions of single plays, a fine copy of "The most excellent and Lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet, as it hath beene sundrie times publickly acted," sold for £23; "History of Henrie the Fourth with the battell at Shrewsburie, &c., with the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe," second edition, 1599, £21 10*s*.; "The Second Part of Henrie the Fourth," &c., first edition, 1600, £18; and "The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice, with the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew toward the said Merchant," &c., second edition, 1600, £17.

The University of Göttingen has just suffered a severe loss of the natural historian, Professor Meier, whose death took place at the ripe age of seventy-six, being born in 1782. His first work of note was a "Flora Hanoveriana," since which his contributions to various periodicals, on the subject of natural history, his favorite science, have been frequent and instructive.

Bayard Taylor is engaged in preparing a *Cyclopædia of Modern Travel*. It will comprise the voyages, explorations, and adventures of more than fifty celebrated travelers of the half century between Humboldt's journeys to the equinoctial regions and Dr. Barth's return from Timbuctoo. The mass of information contained in many of their works, though of great value and interest in every point of view, has never yet been made accessible to readers of the English language. The work will contain about eight hundred octavo pages, and will be sold by subscription only.

The Life and Explorations of John C. Fremont.—Colonel Fremont, one of the most adventurous spirits that has appeared in our time, some months ago placed in the hands of an eminent writer the papers containing his own remarkable personal narrative. His romantic history is to be illustrated from scenes taken in daguerreotype by himself while on his great expeditions.

At Venice has just been published the first portion of "The Secret and Anecdotical History of Italy," as told by the embassadors of Venice. The editors of the work—which has been enriched by the contribution of several documents from one of the best-arranged and most interesting collections of "State Papers" in Europe, the *Archivi* at Venice—are Signors Barossi and

Berchet. It is intended to publish in this work, in chronological order, a selection of the most interesting dispatches of the Venetian ministers to the various Italian courts.

The Public Libraries of New-York.—In an article on this subject, Mr. R. G. Horton gives the following interesting statistical information, which will be read with pleasure by our readers:

"If we are asked to point to our free libraries, we can, with pride, refer to that munificent monument of private liberality, the Astor Library, or, if more is asked, we may, with equal satisfaction, call attention to the 11,748 public school libraries of our State, containing, in the aggregate, according to the last report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, no less than 1,565,870 volumes. Nothing like this has yet been attempted in any country, if we except the effort made to establish libraries for teachers in France. There can be no doubt that in small collections and general diffusion of books, the United States is ahead of any country in the world. If we compare the different cities of Europe, as regards the number of books they contain, with New-York, "the Empire City" is shorn of its laurels. In 1848 Paris contained 1,474,000 volumes in her public libraries, while the aggregate number in our own city, at present, as we have ascertained it, falls short of 850,000. This is higher than it has ever before been estimated, *Norton's Literary Register*, for 1854, putting the number at 295,000. The same author gave the number of volumes in the libraries of Boston, as 150,000; Philadelphia, 238,000; Providence, 69,800; and Albany, 87,000. New-York has only fairly commenced her career of intellectual greatness. Most of the more prominent libraries have for years been laboring under severe financial embarrassments, and these difficulties have been augmented, in some cases, recently, by the building of new edifices, indispensable for their proper accommodation. Through the generous liberality of our citizens the darkest days of many of these institutions have been passed, and there is now before them a brilliant career of usefulness and prosperity. The charge is too often made, that we have neglected learning, and that the prodigious development of the physical capacities of our country has excluded advancement in the more polite and genial accomplishments of literature. This assertion is easily disproved by facts; for, considering the difficulties we have been forced to encounter, it is doubtful whether any people ever made an equal advancement in the same space of time with ourselves, either in bibliography, science, or art. In the list of libraries we have noticed, there are some which do not come under the designation of public, but we have chosen to include them, in order to give a general glance at the attention which has been paid to the collection of books in our city. Besides those we have enumerated, there are several parish, church, and circulating libraries, in addition to which many of the ward schools have considerable collections of books for the use of the scholars."

At the last meeting of the *New-York Historical Society*, Mr. F. Depyster stated that he had received important papers from Charles A. Clinton, Esq., son of De Witt Clinton. Among these was a letter from Washington, written immediately after his discovery of the treason of Arnold, to General James Clinton, who was then with the northern army. The letter, being written on both sides, was placed in a frame, between two squares of glass. The paper is well preserved and the writing legible. As this letter has never been published, we give it in full:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, *September* 26, 1780.

"Dear Sir: I arrived yesterday on my return from an interview with the French General and Admiral, and have been witness to a scene of treason astonishing as it was unexpected. General Arnold, from circumstances, had entered into a plot for sacrificing West Point. He had an interview with Major Andre, the British Adjutant-General, last week at Jos. Smith's, where the plan was concerted. By an extraordinary coincidence of incidents, Andre was taken on his return with several papers in Arnold's handwriting that proved his treason. The latter unluckily got notice of it before I did, went immediately down the river, got on board the Vulture, which brought up Andre, and proceeded to New-York.

"I found the post in the most critical condition, and have been taking measures to give it security, which I hope will be to-night effected. With the greatest respect and regard, I have the honor to be, your most obedient servant, G. WASHINGTON.

"P. S. Smith is also in our possession, and has confessed facts sufficient to establish his guilt."

The various other papers received from C. A. Clinton were important Revolutionary documents.

Arts and Sciences.

A PICTURE, by *Gonne*, of the King of Saxony, is exciting considerable attention in Dresden. The artist has introduced into his picture a small statue of Dante, after a model by the sculptor Hanel, thus happily associating the name of the poet with that of the King of Saxony, who is one of the best translators of and commentators of Dante of the present day.

The officers of the Swedish Life Guards, with the Crown Prince at their head, are about to erect a monument to Sweden's greatest monarch, *Charles XII.* It is to consist of a cast-iron column, standing on a granite pedestal, and is to be erected on the spot where the warrior king fell bravely defending the fortress of Friederichstein, on the coast of Norway. At present a small wooden cross, bearing the name of the king and the day of his death, is all that marks the spot where he fell. The cost ($3,200) is to be defrayed by a general subscription in the army, regulated by rank, and any deficiency will be supplied by the present king.

A new museum is projected in London. It is to be called *The Scriptural Museum*, and its purpose is to afford a series of illustrations of Bible history, geography, and manners. The society, of which the Earl of Chichester is president, and the Rev. D. Edwards secretary, propose to embrace the following subjects in their collection: Landscape Scenery of Palestine; Models of Jerusalem; Productions—Vegetable, Animal, and Mineral; Illustrations of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Polity of the Hebrews; Military Discipline; Sacred Antiquities of the Israelites, Assyrians, and Egyptians; Tabernacle; Temple, Proseuchæ, and Synagogues; Dress of Priests; High Priests and Levites; Temple Vessels; Musical Instruments; Domestic Antiquities; Tents, Houses, and Furni-

ture; Dress; Coverings for the Head, Phylacteries, Raiment of Camel Hair; Signets, Rings, Sandals; Literature, Science, and Art; Writing Materials and Implements; Sinaitic and other Inscriptions; Manuscripts; Poetry; Painting and Music; Agricultural Implements; Arms and Chariots of War; Weights, Measures, Coins, and other articles relating to commerce; Treatment of the Dead and Funeral Rites. It is proposed to establish a library in connection with the museum; and also to organize courses of lectures on the topics illustrated by the articles in the society's collection.

A fine group has just been cast in bronze at the foundery of Count Einsidel, in Lauchhammer, Saxony. It consists of a *crucifixion*, the figure of Christ being life size, with the Virgin Mary kneeling weeping at the foot of the cross. This work of art is by Professor Rietschel, and though very beautiful in its execution, yet does not equal in beauty of expression most of the other sculptures of the renowned Saxon artist.

A fine inscribed Babylonian clay *cylinder* was obtained some fifty years back by Sir John Malcolm, at Baghdad, and was presented by that officer, on his return to England, to the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, where it has ever since reposed, attracting but little observation. It has, however, been lately sent to London, by Dr. Whewell, for Sir Henry Rawlinson's examination, and it turns out to be a unique relic of its class. It is, in fact, a record by Neriglissar, King of Babylon, (properly *Nergal-shar-usur*,) of the various works executed by him at Babylon and in the vicinity. Neriglissar is known to us from Greek history as the son-in-law of Nebuchadnezzar, having married the sister of Evil-Merodach; but there is nothing in the inscription on the cylinder to confirm this relationship. The king merely calls himself "son of *Bel-adin-ingar*, King of Babylon;" the last-named individual having been, perhaps, regent of the kingdom during the minority of Evil-Merodach. With the exception of a few unimportant brick legends obtained by M. Fresnel's Commission at Babylon, no cuneiform records of Neriglissar were previously known, and the present inscription, therefore, of above one hundred long lines, is of great interest and importance.

Mr. Darwin, the eminent English naturalist, is continuing his experiments on the vitality of *seeds*, with a view to arrive at data as to the distribution of plants. Among the points involved in this interesting inquiry are, the length of time in which a seed will live in the intestines of a bird or other animal, and the circumstances under which it may be dropped in a distant place and germinate; also, how long will seeds retain their vitality when floating in the currents of the sea? The last question is now under investigation with seeds collected on the coast of Norway and at the Azores, whither they had been drifted by the Gulf-Stream.

At a recent meeting of the Linnæan Society, in London, a specimen of the *Towel-gourd* was presented which had been imported from the West Indies for the purpose of paper-making. The fiber of this remarkable plant is described as a beautiful net-work; and it has been used, when bleached, for basket-work, reticules, picture-frames, and other ornamental articles. Specimens of products from Natal were also exhibited, a species of berry, (*atumber*,) the outer covering of which contains a powerful tannin, and is used in the manufacture of ink, while the kernel yields oil, a plant which among the natives is held to be a specific against the effects of sun-stroke, and another called the toothache-plant, (*tambesi*,) said to be known on the frontiers of Cape Colony.

M. Duroy, of Paris, has invented what he calls the *Anæsthesimeter*, an instrument to be used in the application of chloroform. It is ingeniously contrived, and promises to be eminently useful for its special purpose. To give a notion of the construction within reasonable limits is scarcely possible. It may, however, be described as a circular stand of wood, bearing a close cylindrical vase, into which descends a tapering stem from a bottle-like reservoir fixed above it. This reservoir is graduated with a scale, each division corresponding to one gramme of chloroform; so that the quantity of chloroform poured in can be accurately measured. Then, by turning a tap, according to the indications of another scale, the chloroform descends through the tapering stem at the rate of four, ten, twenty-five, or more drops a minute, into the vase beneath, from whence it is breathed, mingled with air, by a flexible tube leading to the patient's mouth. Thus, the quantity to be inspired can be determined beforehand, according to the nature of the case; can be increased or decreased at pleasure; and so danger is avoided, and the most weighty objections to the use of chloroform are overcome.

Navigating the Air.—Signor Angius, of Turin, has published a book, *L'Astoma Aerio*, in which he believes he has solved the problem of controlling the movement of balloons. Heated air to be the motive-power; the car of metal, aluminum to be chosen because of its strength and lightness. He looks forward confidently to the time when voyages by air will be as common as by sea.

In digging in a *Vigna*, on the old Appian Way, not far from Rome, the laborers broke through into a passage excavated in the volcanic tuff of that neighborhood, which, on examination, turned out to be an unexplored branch of the great catacomb of St. Stephano; it is expected that it will produce, when a scientific search has been made in it, many very interesting relics of the earliest Christians, in monograms and inscriptions, and possibly frescoes.

Messrs Senarmount and Becquerel have obtained surprising results in the artificial formation of crystals and minerals. Some among their specimens of chrysolite and chrysoberyl are hard enough to cut glass. Some curious effects, also, have been noticed in the course of their investigations and experiments. Glass containing arsenic, though at first transparent, becomes cloudy and opaque, then waxy, and finally crystalline. A familiar instance of a similar effect is offered by barley sugar, which gradually loses its transparency, and becomes somewhat waxy in texture.

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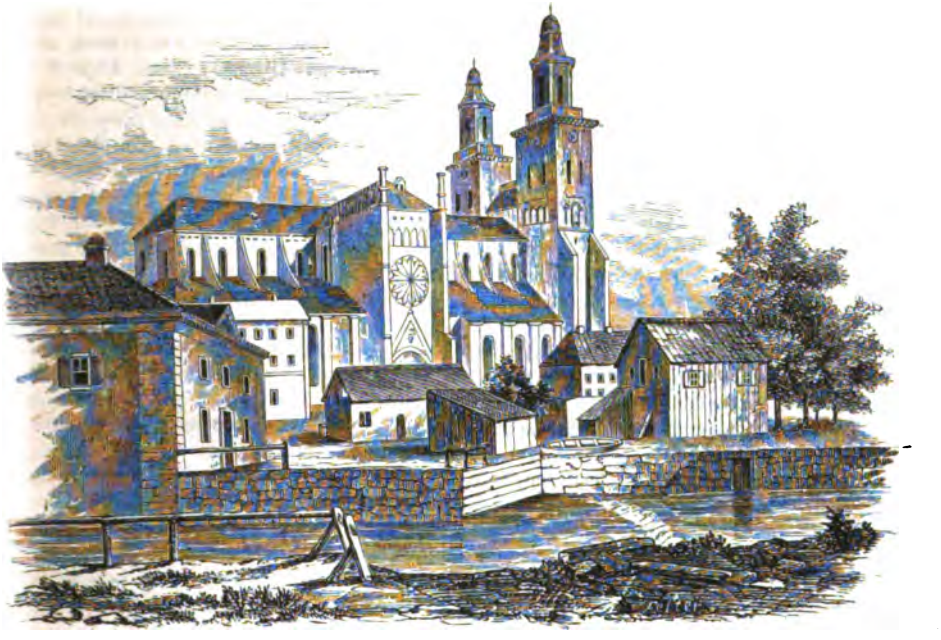


THE CATHEDRAL OF UPSALA.

SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.—No VII.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

THE clock of the Riddarholm's Kyrkan struck the hour of eight, one morning, as the steamer Upland left her pier at Stockholm for her usual daily passage to Upsala, an important university town of Sweden, situated upon an arm of Lake Malar. The prevalence of the cholera had three days previously been officially proclaimed, and the accustomed alarm attendant upon such an announcement in the Swedish capital, meantime, had crowded every steamer leaving the docks. The quarantine laws continued equally stringent, and the unfortunate vessel or steamer arriving from Hamburg, Copenhagen, or any other port which had even been declared under suspicion, was subjected to all the annoyances of a rigid quarantine. The king has been often accused in other portions of Europe of enforcing the quarantine laws, during the prevalence of cholera in the Baltic ports, from his own dread of the contagion; but I learned from one of his majesty's ministers that this accusation was wholly unfounded, and that the king himself was far too enlightened to believe in the efficacy of such

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Carlton & Phillips, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

means to prevent the spread of the disease. Furthermore, that he only consented to such an enforcement of the law in accordance with the wishes of the people. The same authority also assured me that his majesty was in the habit of visiting the cholera hospitals often, during the prevalence of the epidemic, in order to satisfy himself that the patients were kindly and well provided for.

But to return to the Upland. This remarkable steamer had the reputation of making the passage to Upsala, a distance of something less than fifty miles, in the *incredibly* short space of seven hours. Six other steamers started in company with us for different points on the lake, and the unfortunate passengers of the Upland had an opportunity of watching each of them as they passed by us, and were soon lost to our sight by the projecting points of the shores. The clouds which hung threateningly over us on our departure soon commenced a heavy discharge of rain, and the little cabin into which we were forced for shelter was crowded to the utmost extent of its capacity. Flitting images of the spacious saloons of the North River and Sound steamers, with which I contrasted our wretched accommodations, were far from dispelling the effect of the discomforts by which I was surrounded. To render the place still more intolerable, there was no ventilation whatever to the cabin; indeed, every opening through which any of the horridly putrid air might have escaped, was carefully closed.

It is a matter of astonishment that it is possible for a people to live to the ordinary age of man with so little regard to ventilation as the Swedes seem to exhibit. The Germans are noted for their dread of fresh, pure air; but after a residence of some months in both Germany and Sweden, I must give the Swedes the credit of a far greater horror of ventilation than even the Germans.

It appears that the Swedes are for so short a period in the enjoyment of summer that they are disposed to treat the heat in the same manner that we preserve some rare things at home, namely, to bottle them, and be sure that the cork is hermetically sealed. A few days since, in coming up from Gottland by steamer, I found great relief from the scorching rays of the sun by the extension of a small awning upon deck. A Swedish gentleman, with whom I chanced to be sitting and conversing at the moment, declared that he would much rather remain in the sun, as they had in Sweden so short a time to bask in its rays; that he considered all attempts to shade the sun from him were an absolute interference with his established rights and privileges.

The rain continued during the whole passage, interfering materially with my observations upon the character of the scenery through which we passed, although I found myself driven from the stifling air of the cabin into the drenching rain upon deck, which I found far preferable. As we approached Upsala the scenery became more interesting. The shores of Lake Malar are, for the most part, wild and thickly wooded with the dark evergreens of the north. The passage becomes extremely narrow for some distance before arriving at the town, when, upon a sudden turn, Upsala is before you, presenting a picturesque and striking appearance. A prominent feature in the landscape is the ancient palace, situated upon a precipitous bluff on one side of the town, where it lifts its bold outline against the sky. It is an immense pile, flanked by towers, and was originally erected by Gustavus Wasa, about the middle of the sixteenth century. A considerable portion of the original structure is now in ruins. The edifice has suffered from fire as well as from the lapse of time. An effort seems to have been recently made to cover its various imperfections by a coat of plaster. The color adopted is even more singular than the effect of the pile in other respects. It is too deep for rose color, and, indeed, approaches closely to the tint of peach blossoms. In the immediate vicinity of the palace, also, upon elevated ground, are the library and university buildings. The former is a fine structure, but the latter seem quite destitute of architectural taste.

It was a great relief to step once more upon *terra firma*, and to bid adieu to the steamer Upland. I soon found myself established at an humble, though comfortable inn, which had been recommended to me as the best in the town. This was built of timber, like most of the houses here, and painted red, with white stripes about the windows and doors. These buildings are constructed much like the

American log-houses; but in the towns, and for the better class of residences in the country, the timber is carefully hewn, and presents an even surface on the outside, which is frequently painted red, and occasionally white. But the red buildings are far the most numerous. In a few of the better class of houses, clap-boards, or neatly matched boards, cover the timber. But I have nowhere in the North seen frame buildings like those of America, and the people here fancy that our houses of wood must be exceedingly frail, and would be poorly adapted to a climate like that of Sweden and Norway. Even the more rude class of timber houses here present an appearance of interior comfort and taste which would scarcely be expected from their exteriors. But little plastering is used; the walls and ceilings are covered with cloth stretched upon frames, and covered with paper, so as to give them the appearance of our papered walls. A huge stove, standing some six feet high, is the most peculiar feature of a Swedish room; these are sometimes of iron, and at others built up of fire brick and covered with earthen. Miss Fredrika Bremer complained to me that she was often, while in America, subjected to great discomfort by having sleeping rooms assigned to her entirely destitute of conveniences for fire; and, as she truly remarked, "In Sweden there is no room without its stove."

Unlike the hotels of the continent, where, upon all the great routes, and in the principal towns, one is sure of finding three or four languages spoken, in Sweden, with the exception of some of the largest hotels of the capital, one finds himself necessitated to use the language of the country.

Soon after my arrival at Upsala I found myself suddenly seriously ill, and, having just left a cholera atmosphere, I felt the necessity of immediate remedies. It was with some difficulty, after having asked directions several times upon my way, that I at last found an apothecary's shop. Suffering extremely when I entered, I found it a matter of difficulty to explain my wants in Swedish; having at last succeeded in making a clerk understand the necessities of my case, I was informed that he was allowed to sell no medicines except such as were furnished upon the prescription of a physician. "But what am I to do, my dear sir?" said I, "I verily believe that I shall die of the cholera, unless I have the medicine at once."

"You will find Doctor J. in —— street, and Doctor B. near the university," was the cool reply. It was in vain I remonstrated, and threw myself into various attitudes significant of the pain which I was suffering, which may be better imagined than described. The man was inexorable. With the most imperturbable coolness he reiterated his former assurances, and still pressed upon me the necessity of going in person to seek a physician in order to secure the necessary prescription. I know not but that I might have died from the attack had it not been that my looks seemed at last to move the sympathies of another employé of the establishment, who fortunately entered as I was about to give up the point, having exhausted my vocabulary of Swedish invectives, to say nothing of the supposed heart-moving attitudes. The new comer acted, indeed, the part of the good Samaritan, and took it upon himself to furnish me, contrary to the law, the remedies which I required.

The cathedral of Upsala is, perhaps, taken as a whole, the most interesting ecclesiastical structure in Sweden. Its extreme length is three hundred and thirty feet by one hundred and forty, and height one hundred and five. This edifice was commenced in 1258, and finished in 1435. It is constructed of red brick. Like the celebrated cathedral of Trondhjem, Norway, it has suffered greatly from the additions and restorations of different ages. There are, I think, no other edifices of this description in Europe that have been so injured and despoiled of their original beauty by the bad taste of succeeding generations as the two celebrated cathedrals of the North. In Trondhjem it seems incredible that such an entire want of taste could have been exhibited at any period as is found in what is termed the restorations of different ages. It would appear that the architects must have set themselves at their task with *malice prepense*, seeking only to rival each other in the more completely obscuring all that was originally beautiful.

It is melancholy to think that the age in which we live, so rich in the development of the human mind, the age of the

GENERAL VIEW OF UPSALA.

introduction of the telegraph, of railways, and of the application of steam to locomotion, is in architecture, painting, and sculpture, far behind preceding centuries. Ours is essentially the age of development of the useful and practical. One is, perhaps, never more forcibly reminded of the inferiority of the present century in respect to architecture than in viewing the stupendous cathedrals which sprung up so suddenly as it were through the medium of a new light from heaven, that illumined the impenetrable gloom which had for ages enshrouded the world. And when, again, we examine the feeble, and ofttimes ludicrous restorations of intervening centuries, the reflection becomes still more depressing.

It would appear that the exterior of the cathedral of Upsala has never been at any period remarkable for beauty; great allowances must, however, be made for the various restorations. For example: it is very singular that, in a town like Upsala, renowned as the seat of one of the oldest and most celebrated universities of the North, and for more than three centuries the residence of the most learned and cultivated men of Sweden, the cathedral should have received, in comparatively modern times, two Italian cupolas, which occupy the place of the original Gothic spires, erected in a style in keeping with the remainder of the edifice.

The general effect of the interior is far more pleasing than of the exterior. The immense nave is supported by light and graceful columns of nearly one hundred feet in height, with elaborately carved capitals, representing grotesque figures of men and animals in *alto relievo*. Indeed, the general effect is extremely grand and imposing.

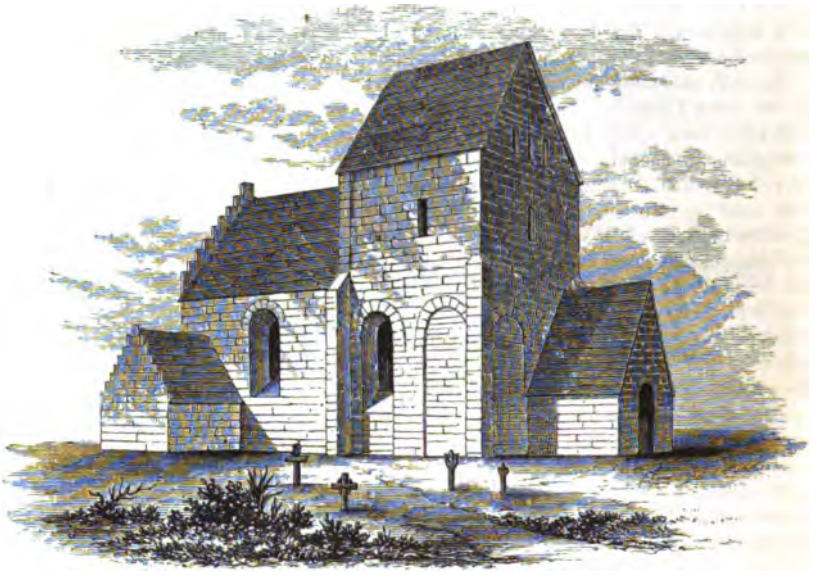
The tombs which adorn the interior are numerous, and some of them highly interesting. That of Gustavus Wasa occupies the centor of a chapel in the rear of the chancel, and is, perhaps, the most remarkable. The whole chapel is painted in fresco, with scenes illustrating the principal events in the singular and varied life of the great Liberator. Among these is a representation of Gustavus Wasa before the town council of Lubeck, as well as some interesting scenes connected with his peasant life in Dalecarlia. In one compartment he is represented as haranguing the Dalesmen at Mora; in another is a view of the battle between the Danes and Dalecarlians, and of his triumphal entry into Stockholm. The last of the series represents him in the act of addressing from the throne his last parliament. In recalling the varied scenes of his eventful life, as I lingered beside his last resting-place, the words which he uttered a day or two before his death were brought forcibly to mind. When inquired of by a friend if he stood in need

of anything, his laconic reply was, "Yes; of the kingdom of heaven." Truly, here is a want which the dying king and the mendicant must feel alike.

Beneath the altar repose the remains of the great Linnæus; a handsome mural tablet has been erected to his memory in a neighboring chapel. The monument is of red Swedish porphyry, with a medallion bust by Sergel. The inscription denotes that the tablet was erected by his friends and disciples in 1798, just twenty years after the decease of the eminent botanist. The design of this work is altogether chaste and pleasing; but for the tomb of Linnæus how beautiful would have been a garland of flowers, composed in part of his favorite, the *Linée Borealis*, to which he has given his name.

John III. is buried under an immense tomb of Italian workmanship. A reclining figure of this monarch ornaments his tomb, but the effigy of the sovereign has been robbed of its scepter. Death, sooner or later, wrests the scepter from the hand of all earthly potentates; but their personifications in marble are usually allowed to retain them unmolested. It is said to have been Gustavus Adolphus who tore the scepter from the hand of the statue, and afterward placed it upon the tomb of Eric XIV. at Westeras, saying at the same time, "When alive you wrested the scepter from the hand of your brother Eric: I now take it from you and restore it to him." This tomb was made in Italy, and wrecked near Dantzic, on its way to Sweden, but after sixty years was raised from the bottom of the sea and placed here, in the situation for which it was originally designed. On the opposite side of the chapel, at a distance as respectful from the couch where reclines the effigy of her royal consort, as Parisian or German etiquette would demand, repose the remains of the queen of John III., a princess of the ancient and once venerated house of Poland. The intermingling of numerous shields upon the tomb indicate the long line of royal ancestry, from whence sprung the Polish princess and Swedish queen. How sad are the remembrances awakened by the mere mention of Poland! I shall never forget the impression left upon my mind by a visit to its ancient capital, in beholding at every turn such evidences of its former greatness and of the cultivated taste of its people. In its once world-renowned university, I saw the celebrated bust of Copernicus, and remembered that he was once a professor in this same university, and a native of Poland. In Cracow, all bears evidence of decay; ruined churches, tottering statues, wretched streets, and a half-starving population, meet the eye at every turn. A scene of greater desolation can scarcely be imagined, save only in its cathedral, which is still said to be the richest church north of the Alps; and here the works of sculptors, whose names may not die, and the accumulation of gold and precious stones, the wealth of former ages, seem to mock the squalid misery by which they are surrounded. But the tomb of the Polish princess has taken me a long way from my subject.

The university of Upsala was founded in 1477, one year earlier than that of Copenhagen. Its library contains one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, among which are some rare and highly interesting works. Here is preserved a copy of the Scriptures, containing autograph annotations by Luther and Melancthon. An ancient Icelandic Edda is preserved here; also the journal of Linnæus. The last two are particularly interesting to the scholar. This university has forty-seven professorships, and over one thousand students in regular attendance. The students are distinguished by white caps with a black band, and in front a rosette of the Swedish national colors. It is estimated that the whole expense necessarily incurred here for a student is three hundred American dollars annually. It is stated that one in every six hundred and sixty-eight of the whole population of Sweden enjoys the advantages of a university education. Mr. Laing, who published a work upon Sweden a few years since, gives a table, in which he furnishes estimates of the number of students in the two universities of Lund and Upsala, and also from what classes of society they spring. It appears from these estimates that the sons of nobles are represented in these two institutions by a less number, as annually reported, than any other class: for example, according to his statement, there are but one hundred and seventy-nine of the sons of nobles, four hundred and ninety-nine of the sons of the clergy, three hundred and fifty-five of the peasants, and one hundred and ninety-nine of the sons of proprietors or people of con-



CHURCH OF GAMLE UPSALA.

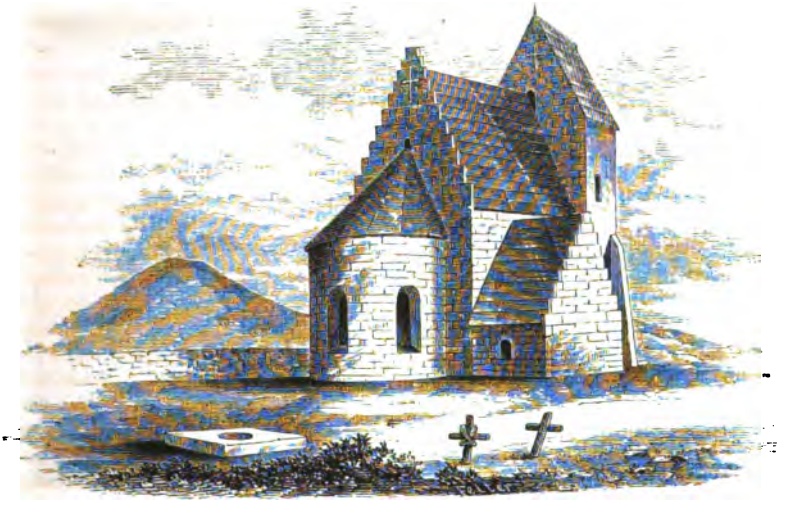
dition. According to this, not above one half of the class of young nobles have the advantages of a university education. The professorships yield an average income of about one thousand American dollars per annum. This income is received, in part, from estates with which Charles IX., Gustavus Adolphus, and Queen Christina, endowed the university, as well as from the crown tithes of several parishes. It is pleasing to learn, that in Sweden the highest advantages of education which the country can furnish, are within the reach of the middle classes, and even the sons of peasants. Comparatively few of the nobles are educated for the Church. The influence of the clergy, as a body, in Sweden, is very great; they constitute a separate estate, or house of assembly, which carries a considerable amount of political influence. The number of the clergy in Sweden is estimated at about three thousand; and those who annually leave their studies at Upsala to enter the Church are, for the most part, sons of the clergy or of the peasants and proprietors.

Situated at the distance of about three English miles from Upsala, is all that remains of Gamle Upsala, the ancient capital of Sweden. I found the walk very agreeable to this interesting place, one fine morning during my stay at Upsala. The three artificial mounds, as well as the picturesque church near them, were in view for the whole distance, forming a group unique and highly interesting. Here are the remains of an ancient pagan temple, and three tumuli, supposed to be the tombs of three Northern divinities.

Gamle Upsala was, from a very remote period of history, the seat of a celebrated pagan temple. Adam, of Bremen, one of the earliest writers upon the North, says of Sweden: "This nation has a temple of great renown, called Ubsola, (now Upsala.) In this temple, which is entirely ornamented with gold, the people worship the statues of three gods; the most powerful of whom, Thor, is seated on a couch in the middle; with Woden (Odin) on one side, and Fricca (Freya) on the other." A sacred grove once surrounded this temple, of which tradition relates fearful stories. It is said that no less than seventy-two bodies of men and animals have been seen at one time suspended from the trees.

The church of Gamle Upsala is a most singular and interesting structure; this is claimed by some to be the most ancient edifice in Scandinavia; or, at all events, that portion of it which forms the tower is supposed by many to have been the celebrated pagan temple which was known to have existed here. It will be remembered

that the conversion of the Scandinavian people to Christianity was not easily accomplished. They clung long to their pagan rites. There must have been to a people who led such a wild and adventurous life, particular charms in a faith which secured to those killed in battle, or dying from violence, the promised joys of the Walhalla. The strange and boisterous pleasures to which they looked forward in the future state of existence, were better adapted, as it would seem, to the tastes and longings of such a people, than the heaven to which the missionaries of the cross pointed. Again, the whole occupation of the Northern nations was robbery and plunder; they had not then learned to cultivate the soil; and in the new faith they would naturally see all that was opposed to their ordinary means of gaining a subsistence. Even the future realization of the promised rest could have offered little that was alluring to the stern vikings and adventurers of the north, when contrasted with the perpetual feast in the palace of Odin, and the sharp appetites which their morning exercise of cutting each other in pieces would seem to promise them. Thus, although, in the eighth century, missionaries arrived in Sweden from Germany, yet it was not until some time during the twelfth century that Christianity can be said to have become fully established.



REAR VIEW OF CHURCH OF GAMLE UPSALA.

The tower of the church at Gamle Upsala, which is supposed to form a part, or perhaps the whole of the original temple, is built up of stones of different shapes and sizes, with but little regard to uniformity in laying them, or to evenness of surface. Some have claimed that other portions of the structure belonged to the same period. This is quite improbable. There is a marked difference in the character of the stone as well as in the mason-work, which would indicate that this is of another age. The original temple seems to have been square. On each of the four sides, it is evident that there have been two arches, which have been filled up by stones of a different character from other portions of the tower, and evidently of a later date. In the April number of THE NATIONAL, I have given a view of the church of Solna, the tower of which is also attributed to the pagan age.

Near the church are the three tumuli, supposed to be the tombs of Odin, Thor, and Freya. The view from these is extensive and fine. The town of modern Upsala, occupying as it does a considerable eminence in the midst of a vast plain, is a prominent feature in the landscape. The mound nearest the church is called the tomb of Odin. An attempt at excavating has been made here within the last few years, but, unfortunately, with very little success. After the reformation,

TOMB OF A MOSLEM SAINT.

whose occupation it is to chant the verses of the Prophet. It is the Moslem's companion in the caravan and the camp, laboring or journeying, ever delighting him with its beautiful thoughts, ever consoling him with its sweet words of promise.

The ink of the learned is held by the Moslems to be equal in value to the blood of the martyrs, but the schoolmasters of Egypt are generally persons of very little learning. Lane relates an anecdote of a man, who could neither read nor write, succeeding to the office of schoolmaster in his neighborhood. Being able to recite the whole of the Koran, as is usually the case with Egyptian *fikees* of even the lowest class, he could hear the boys repeat their lessons; to write them he employed the *'areef*, or head boy in the school, pretending that his eyes were weak. A few days after he had taken upon himself this office a poor woman brought him a letter to read to her from a son who had gone on a pilgrimage. The *fikee* pretended to read it, but said nothing; and the woman inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him, "Shall I shriek?" "Yes," he answered. "Shall I tear my clothes?" she continued. "Yes," he replied. So the poor woman returned to her house, and with her assembled friends performed the lamentation and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of a death. Not many days after this her son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean by causing a letter to be written stating that he was dead. He explained the contents of the letter. Going to the schoolmaster, she begged him to inform her why he had told her to shriek and to tear her clothes, since the letter was to inform her that her son was well, and would soon reach home.

Not at all abashed, he replied, "God alone knows futurity! How could I know that your son would arrive in safety? It was better that you should think him dead than be led to expect to see him, and perhaps be disappointed." Some persons who were sitting with him praised his wisdom, exclaiming, "Truly our new *fikee* is a man of unusual judgment!" and for a little while he found he had raised his reputation by this blunder.

The consideration of an Egyptian wife in the eyes of her lord is proportioned to the number of children she bears him. Sterility is looked upon as a curse, and the childless wife is subject to the worst reproaches that the husband can heap upon

There is a something altogether pleasing about this quaint and quiet little town; its grassy walks and shady trees, with the occasional white cap of the student passing here and there, and the entire absence of the din and bustle of business, give it quite the air of a university town. A fine sunset, viewed from the terrace near the palace, is a scene not to be forgotten; immediately at your feet is the town, while beyond is a vast plain, reminding one somewhat of the campagna about Rome. In the midst of this, like elevated islands, arise the three strange mounds, and near these appears the ancient temple. Odin mythical and Odin historical are brought to mind. Upon the other side of the palace, and quite near, is Linnæus' Garden, rejoicing in its varieties of verdure, its extensive conservatories, and inviting walks.

The week which I passed at Upsala, and the kind hospitality of its people, will be long remembered with pleasure. It was with regret that I left the little town to return to the capital.

THE SINGERS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wander'd, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market place,
And stirr'd with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray, old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ roll'd
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seem'd to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

*

[For the National Magazine.]

FROM CAIRO TO HELIOPOLIS.

"AND whither are we to be donkeyed to-day, O Ibrahim?" I inquired of our dragoman as he entered my chamber after breakfast with his well-turned Oriental *Salam*.

"To Heliopolis, O Howadji."

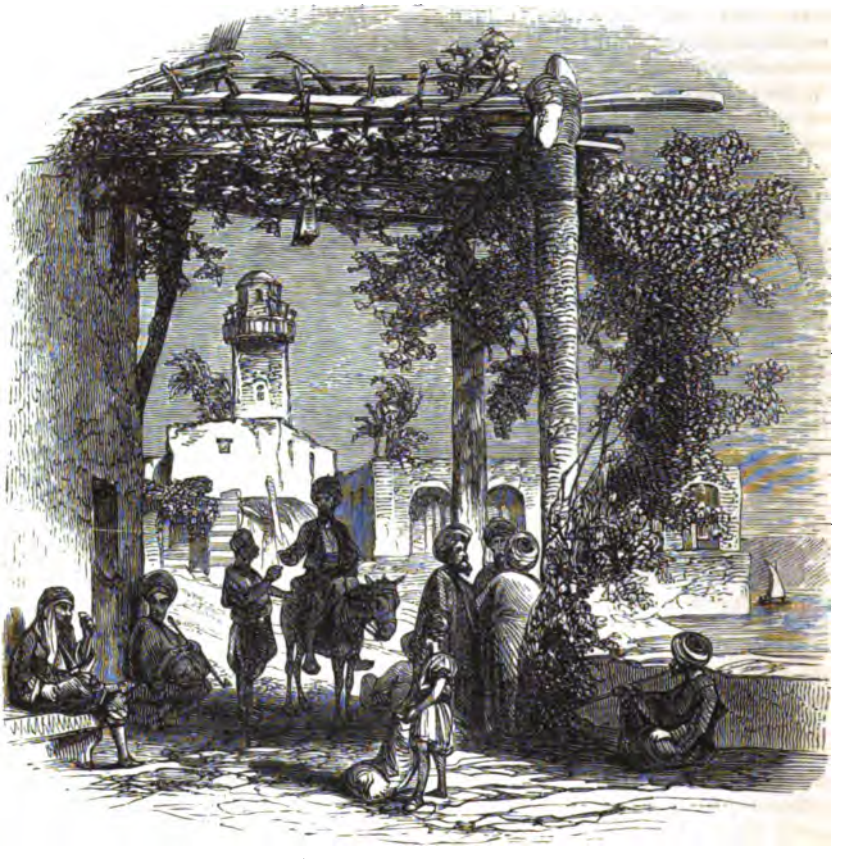
"To Heliopolis let it be, prince of Dragomen!" and the dusky guide of the scarlet caftan and thrice ample breeches left to prepare our cloud-pawing steeds of the race of Nedjid; or, descending from Oriental exaggeration, to saddle and bridle our donkeys.

In a few minutes Mr. Smead and myself were galloping down the great avenue toward Shoubra, the summer palace of the pacha, four miles from Grand Cairo. Though planted but thirty years, the fast-growing acacias have interwoven their long branches overhead so as to form a leafy and shady pavilion the entire distance. For much of the way to Shoubra it skirts the Nile like a fringe of Babylonian willows. Here and there are rustic kiosks, where one may stop to enjoy coffee and sherbet, and, fanned by soft breezes, look out upon the rushing waters of old Nilus, ever hurrying to the ocean gates of Egypt. The avenue of Shoubra is a favorite resort of the Caireens. Here the harems of the great beys and pachas take their airings, attended by watchful eunuchs; here humble Yusufs and Zuleikas whisper their tender passions, and many a dark-eyed maid of Egypt sings of her faithless lover away among the sandy vales:

"There Ahmed with his desert bride,
His loved one crowding near,
Laments no more his Lelia's fate—
He drops for me no tear:
Though once—be still, my bursting heart!—
Though once he seem'd to prize
The perfume of my panting breath,
The lightning of these eyes."

The country palace erected by Mohammed Ali at Shoubra, half oriental and half occidental in architecture, is by no means so beautiful as the gardens by which it is surrounded, or the baths, consisting of airy kiosks, colonnades of slender marble pillars, and perpetual fountains. The gardens, rivaling in beauty the Hesperides, cover

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Carlton & Phillips, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.



COFFEE-HOUSE ON THE NILE.

thirty or forty acres of ground, and are laid out in the most tasteful manner. The sylvan retreats, the thickets of orange trees, with the lemon and citron interspersed, the exotic shrubs and flowers, with their rich coloring and fragrance, the trellised arbors, the quiet alcoves, the mosaic pavement of pebble-stones, the air perfumed by odoriferous plants, the Nilotic charm of everything upon which the eye rests—where are gardens like those of Shoubra?

The apartments occupied by Mohammed Ali were of the simplest description, while those of his favorite consort were fitted up in the most sumptuous style of Eastern magnificence. From his marriage with her Mohammed Ali dated his good fortune. Much of her time was spent in receiving petitions, which were rarely referred to the pacha. If, however, she was obliged to appeal to him, in consequence of the remonstrances of his ministers, he used to say, "It is enough. By my two eyes! if she require it, the thing must be done, be it through fire, water, or stone." On the walls of one of the pacha's apartments was inscribed a verse from the Koran, signifying, "An hour of justice is worth seventy days of prayer."

Leaving Shoubra, we turned eastward in the direction of Heliopolis, more than an hour's ride distant on the plain. The path, winding along dikes and water courses, and shaded by long rows of acacias, led through fields of Dhoura Sefi and plots of sugar cane. The Nile had sunk four feet from the greatest height during the inundation, and the Fellahs were engaged in planting for a future crop.

The fertile land of Egypt exhibits, in fact, a network of irrigating canals. With-

out the Nile Egypt would be a desert. Its inundations are the annual pulsations of a great artery supplying life-blood to the most fertile land under the sun. And yet Egypt is fertile only in proportion to the quantity of water she can divert from the Nile. Agriculture has been from time immemorial the speciality of the country, and its resources have been developed only by judiciously employing the fertilizing influences of the Nile. Where the land is simply overflowed during the inundation one crop is produced; where it can be irrigated, two or three crops are obtained. Hence, the problem of Egypt's prosperity is of easy solution. The more widely she can spread, the longer she can retain, the precious waters, in order to fecundate a soil whose virginity is yearly renewed, the greater will be the amount of her agricultural products. Upon a proper system of canalization depend, then, the resources, the civilization, and the power of Egypt. Napoleon says:

WATER-RAISING MACHINES.

"There is no other country where the administration has more influence upon agriculture, and, consequently, upon population. In Egypt, where so much depends upon the irrigations, the administration is everything; if good, it adopts the best regulations for the direction of the waters, the construction, and keeping in repair of canals of irrigation; when bad, partial, or feeble, it favors localities or individual estates to the detriment of the general interest; is not able to repress the civil dissensions of the provinces when it is proposed to open great canals; or, lastly, permits them all to go to waste. The result of this is, that the inundation is restrained, and the extent of cultivable land diminished."

Hence, it is not enough that the fertilizing floods should annually roll down from the hidden fountains of the Nile toward the sea. They must be imprisoned in reservoirs and wells for use during the long months that intervene between the yearly inundations. The vast system of artificial canals and lakes built by the ancient Egyptians shows that they well understood this fact, and also comprehended the importance of building great public works for this purpose, rather than leaving it to the individual districts and localities. The same may be said of Egypt in the time of the Romans and during the rule of the Caliphs. Under the anarchy of the Mameluke kings, each section and hamlet had its separate canals without any general system. Hence the frequent conflicts between rival villages, and anarchy where there should have been unity and centralizaion. Mo-

hammed Ali returned to the ancient system of public works, and in this respect his despotism was productive of incalculable good to Egypt. He devised a system of *barrages*, or dams, to be erected across the Nile, at various points, in order to raise the height of the inundations and retain the water after the inundations have retired. This has already been effected at the southern point, or apex of the Delta, where the Nile divides itself into the two branches of Rosetta and Damietta. The barrage of the Rosetta branch consists of a massive stone dam, with twenty-four arches, each thirty feet broad, and a central arch, ninety-two feet broad, to allow the passage of the principal volume of water. The dam thrown across the Damietta branch has sixteen arches. A large canal has been carried directly through the Delta, and broad districts are irrigated by side canals, leaving the Nile at various points. Among these public works, erected in earlier as well as in recent times, and used, also, in one or two instances, for purposes of navigation, are the canals of Mahmoodeëh, Arsinoë, Moëz, Cairo, and the Bahr Yusef. Dikes are erected along the river banks to prevent the return of the water, and form, also, communications between the villages when the country is overflown. By means of these side canals, which are directed diagonally toward the mountain chains, or the deserts skirting the valley of the Nile, and the systems of small canals radiating from them, a very general distribution of water is obtained. Before the inundation dams are constructed across the grand canals near their junction with the river.

On the night of the 17th of June, called by the Egyptians the "Night of the Drop," a miraculous drop is said to fall into the Nile, and cause it to overflow its banks. The river, in fact, begins to rise about or soon after the period of the summer solstice. From the 3d of July the increase of the Nile is daily proclaimed by public criers in the streets of Grand Cairo, until it attains its greatest height, about the 26th or 27th of September. Then the munadée, or crier, goes to each house in his district and repeats the following:

"In uncertainty thou wilt not rest; nor in comparing wilt thou rest. O, my reproacher, rest. There is nothing that endureth! There remaineth nothing uncovered by the water but the shemmam and the lemmam, the sown fields and the anemone, and the safflower and flax; and may my master live and see that the river hath increased, and bring to the giver of good news according to a just judgment. Aboo-Roddad (the watcher of the nilometer) is entitled to a fee from the government for every digit of the river's increase; and we are entitled to a fee from the people of generosity; we come to take it with good behavior. The fortunate Nile of Egypt hath taken leave of us in prosperity; in its increase it hath irrigated all the country."

He generally receives a present of two or three piasters from each family, and his occupation then ceases for the year.

When the Nile has risen twenty-one feet (twenty-five or twenty-six feet being the medium of the annual increase) the Wefa-en-Neel is proclaimed, and with great festivities and rejoicings, the water is then permitted to flow into the canal of Cairo. This occurs between the 6th and the 16th of August, and the cutting of the dam at Cairo is the signal for opening all the canals of Egypt.

The Arab historians relate that before the conquest of Egypt by Amr Ibu-El-'As, the general of Omar, the Egyptians were accustomed annually to deck a young virgin in gay apparel, and throw her into the Nile, as a sacrifice, to obtain a plentiful inundation. The Arab general, it is said, abolished this barbarous custom, and, in consequence, the river did not rise in the least for three months after the usual commencement of the increase. The people, in their alarm, apprehended that a famine would take place. Amr wrote to the caliph, informing him of what had been done, and of the threatened calamity. Omar, in a laconic answer, commended the conduct of his general, and desired him to throw a note into the Nile, which he had written, as follows:

"From 'Abd-Allah 'Omar, prince of the faithful, to the Nile of Egypt. If thou flow of thine own accord, flow not; but if it be God, the One, the Mighty, who causeth thee to flow, we implore God, the One, the Mighty, to make thee flow."

Amr did as he was commanded, and, though the story is hard to believe, the Nile is said to have risen sixteen cubits the following night.

Various mechanical contrivances are also employed to raise the water from the Nile, and, likewise, the wells into which it percolates through the porous strata of alluvium and sand. The most common

of these, called *sakies*, consist of a large wheel, with leather buckets attached, and turned by one or two buffaloes. There are said to be fifty thousand sakies along the Nile, and certainly no Egyptian landscape is complete without one or more of them. Attempts have been made to introduce more elaborate hydraulic machines in the place of these rude contrivances of the Fellahs, but without success. They have been obliged to return to the methods employed from time immemorial. In the matter of agricultural processes Egypt is a land without change. The Fellahs make use of the same awkward plows, the same rude machines for beating out grain, and the same hand-mills and low ovens that were employed by their ancestors when the Pyramids were built and the enslaved children of Israel toiled in the valley of the Nile.

More unchangeable than all else in Egypt are the customs of the people.

In addition to water wheels the peasants use still simpler machines, which are called *shadoots*, and are well represented in the foreground of our engraving. They are most used in Upper Egypt, where the banks of the Nile are higher than toward the Delta. The Fellah, by means of one of these shadoots, raises the water seven or eight feet, and pours it from the leather bucket into a little reservoir, from which it is in like manner raised into successive reservoirs, as the case may require. Instead, however, of the shadoots, a couple of peasants often employ a large, flatish vessel, to which four ropes are attached. Standing face to face, a few feet apart, they fill the bucket, raise it by a backward motion of their bodies, and empty it into a reservoir, from which the water is taken up again. By day and by night the Fellahs work patiently with these rude machines, alleviating their weary labors with monotonous songs in the uniform rhythm of the country.

A short time before reaching the site of Heliopolis, we passed by the mud-walled village of Mataryeh, than whose low hovels and squalid inhabitants I have seen nothing more wretched in Egypt. Stagnant pools of water nearly surrounded the village, and, in an open place to which we penetrated, a number of dead donkeys were undergoing decomposition, the process being now and then accelerated by carnivora of various kinds. Yet what can be more delightful than the grove outside the village in which they point out the tree of the Madonna? Besides the orange and the citron, it contains several varieties of fruit trees, and flower-bearing shrubs, peculiar to the Orient. The wind, sighing through their thickly woven branches, is perfumed with the aroma of flowers. I can willingly believe that the Holy Family reposed in the shade of the tree of the Madonna, when compelled to sojourn for a time in Egypt. The venerable sycamore bearing that name, consists of a short thick trunk, the upper part of which appears to have been blown down by storms, or shattered by lightning. The shoots, put forth from the top, have grown, however, into wide-spreading branches, in whose cool shade several Catholic pilgrims were reposing. The Moslems regard the tree with veneration, and it unquestionably bears the marks of great antiquity. I found a multitude of names cut into the leaning trunk, accompanied by the figure of the cross. Near the tree of the Madonna is "the fountain of the sun," said to be the only spring in the valley of the Nile, though, in reality, it is supplied, like the other wells of Egypt, by filtration from the river. According to the Catholic traditions, it was miraculously produced to quench the thirst of the Holy Family. The balsam-tree was formerly cultivated in the neighboring fields. It appeared to thrive nowhere else in Egypt, and was supposed to flourish there on account of its being watered from "the fountain of the sun." The balsam plants are said to have been brought from Judea to Metaryeh by Cleopatra. In the time of Josephus the balsam, or balm of Gilead, the most precious drug of Palestine, was produced only near Jericho, in the valley of the Jordan. At a comparatively recent date the plants were taken to Arabia, and grown near Mecca, whence the balsam is now brought to Egypt and Europe, under the name of Balsam of Mecca.

I cannot say whether I was most charmed by the Nilotic beauty around me, or by the historical associations of the place. Philosophy and religion had dwelt there, and the soil had been trodden by Abraham and Jacob, by Herodotus and Plato, by the feet of Mary and of Jesus. I was near the supposed birthplace of Moses. Before me stretched away the plain on which the Hebrew shepherds first pitched

their tents in the valley of the Nile. Away to the northeast was the land of Goshen, once inhabited by the children of Israel. In the vicinity encamped Sultan Salim, in 1517, previous to his victory over Toman Bey, a victory which transferred the scepter of the Mameluke kings to the conquering Osmanlis.

Here was the site of Heliopolis, the On of the Scriptures, a city which appears to have been ancient even when Memphis was founded, and contained the oldest obelisk, and, perhaps, the oldest monument of Egypt. Heliopolis was for centuries a celebrated seat of learning. Eudoxus and Plato studied there thirteen years, and from her priests the father of history derived most of his information respecting Egypt. A line of mounds between two and three miles in extent, a single obelisk, and a few ruins, or rather traces of ruins, are all that now remain of the "City of the Sun," save an imperishable name. In point of size Heliopolis was far inferior to Memphis, or even to Grand Cairo in her palmiest days. As I rode over the high and uneven mounds, I attempted to conjure up before me the city as described by the early Greek philosophers. In imagination I raised the lofty walls and gates. I rebuilt the gorgeous Temple of the Sun, with its vast porticoes, its triple propylon, its two obelisks guarding the entrance, and the long avenue of sphinxes by which the worshiper approached the sacred *adytum*. There, for a moment, as three thousand five hundred years ago, stood the city with its colossal monuments of Egyptian architecture, and its myriads of living men. Then the vision disappeared, and again I saw but mounds and the fragments of ruins.

Until long after Memphis became a residence of kings, Heliopolis remained the university of Egypt. It suffered greatly by the invasion of Cambyses. In later times many of its obelisks, and other monuments, were carried to Alexandria and Rome. After the accession of the Ptolemies, Alexandria became, in fact, the great seat of Egyptian learning, and thither were removed the ancient colleges of Heliopolis. When visited by Strabo it had the character of a deserted city. The professors, and the sciences which they had taught, were no longer to be found; but the geographer speaks of "some very large houses where the priests used to live, that being the place to which they particularly resorted in former times for the study of philosophy and astronomy." Those only in charge of the temple remained to explain the sacred rites to strangers, and, among other things, pointed out to the Greek traveler the house in which Plato had lived.

By this time Ibrahim had conducted us to the base of the lonely obelisk. It shoots its venerable top, crowned with the glory of forty centuries, above a sea of verdure. The garden, or rather the thicket in which it stands, belongs to the viceroy, and I have seen nothing more lovely along the Nile. The water-wheel at the neighboring well supplied a little stream, which murmured sweetly among the orange and citron-trees. There, also, were the lime-tree, the plantain, the thannis-lotus, and the sugar-cane. The turbaned guardian gave us some tender joints of the latter, which I found to be sweet and agreeable. Singing birds were not wanting, nor smiling flowers. The first cotton produced in Egypt was raised in this garden.

The Obelisk of Heliopolis is about six feet square at the base, and rises sixty-two feet and four inches above the plain. Its actual height above the uppermost of the two pedestals is sixty-eight feet and two inches, the accumulated deposits of centuries having not only covered the latter, but risen nearly six feet above them.

Strabo, who saw the base of the Temple of the Sun and the pavement of the dromos of the sphinxes, says that Heliopolis stood upon a raised mound, having around it lakes which connected with the Nile. The temple occupied the southern part of the inclosure within the walls of the city, which is now considerably lower than the northern part, where stood the dwellings of the Heliopolitans.

Returning to the gateway, seating ourselves in the shade of a noble acacia, we were treated to pipes and cool sherbet by the venerable Arab who takes care of the pacha's garden. His conduct toward us may have been influenced by the hope of liberal *backsheesh*, but I cannot sufficiently express my admiration for the dignified bearing and the simple manners of these statuesque men of the flowing robe and broad caftan. They are owing, in part, to early education. Up to a certain age children of both sexes are confined to the

harem. There they are subject to the sweet influences of maternal love, which, on account of the restrictions imposed upon female life in the Orient, burns with more ardor than in other lands. At an early age the youth are taught to assume the gravity and the dignity of men. The Egyptians have also a natural gracefulness of manner, of which I have often seen striking examples even among the lower classes. Like the Osmanlis, they pride themselves upon their politeness; and nowhere have I seen more genuine instances of heartfelt kindness than in the lands of Islam.

A reception was one day granted to several strangers of distinction in the divan of Mohammed Ali. Coffee was served, but the persons in attendance offered it to the European guests of the pacha with the left hand. The latter, being unacquainted with the details of Oriental etiquette, did not perceive the gross impoliteness of the *cahvedjis*, (servants,) for with the Moslems the left hand is regarded as impure, and is to be used only for impure purposes. The act, however, did not escape the attention of Mohammed Ali. The guests had hardly retired when he ordered the offending servants to be clothed in white shirts and sent to Mecca, in order to do service in the kaaba, saying to them, "Since you are so fanatical as to be guilty of impoliteness toward persons whom I do myself the honor to receive, go to a city where you will never be offended by the sight of Europeans, and will never cause me to blush for your gross conduct."

The old fanaticism of the Moslems is fast passing away. With the intelligent it has entirely disappeared, as, also, the delusion of their supposed superiority to Christians. Mohammed Ali did much to bring about this state of opinion in Egypt. He acknowledged the vast superiority of European talent, gave to Europeans many of the highest posts in his government, and uniformly treated them with marked consideration. Still there are Moslems who will run out the tongue at Christians, and call them *dogs of infidels*. When a European traveler was worried by one of the innumerable wolfish curs which frequent every Mussulman city, a Turk, looking on with evident satisfaction, remarked, "It is proper that one dog should fatten upon another." Notwithstanding the repeated humiliations of the Turks, there are those among them who still believe that all the kings of Europe pay tribute to their sublime padishah. Women and children, from their want of education, are most fanatical. The traveler often hears such maledictions as the following from the lips of females on their way to the bath: "May the birds of heaven defile your beardless chin; may the woman whom you marry be childless."

As Mr. Smead, my companion, was one day being donkeyed through Grand Cairo, a group of saucy boys ventured to pelt him with stones. Abdallah, his donkey boy, at once fell upon the turbaned scamps with his stick, and gave them a terrible beating, shouting all the while, to the great delight of my friend, "I teach you, stone my master!"

The Persians say that "A pipe without coffee is meat without salt." After we had indulged for a time in cool sherbet, and the fragrant fumes of latakieh, the mocha nectar was served by the venerable Arab in minute cups balanced upon brass holders, or *fingans*. With them he also brought refreshing cups of crystal water from the garden well, which, unlike the Franks, and in accordance with the custom of the East, my Arab companions drank before the coffee. A story is told of a European who was recognized as such by a Bedouin in rags, although he spoke the languages of the East perfectly, wore its costume with the dignity of the Orientals, and from long residence had become as darkly tinted as themselves. Knowing that, unlike the dealer in vegetables who called Theophrastus a stranger on account of a misplaced accent, the ignorant child of the desert could not discover a mistake in his pure Arabic, he inquired,

"From what hast thou perceived that I am a Frank?"

"Thou hast taken thy water after thy coffee," responded the Bedouin.

With all this Oriental politeness and urbanity to strangers, the Egyptians are fond of intrigue. Double-dealing, indeed, often seems more agreeable to them than the open ways of truth and honesty. This is especially true of the officers of Said Pacha's government. Cunning and sagacity are, therefore, desirable virtues, and usually reap a rich reward. This

TOMB OF A MOSLEM SAINT.

whose occupation it is to chant the verses of the Prophet. It is the Moslem's companion in the caravan and the camp, laboring or journeying, ever delighting him with its beautiful thoughts, ever consoling him with its sweet words of promise.

The ink of the learned is held by the Moslems to be equal in value to the blood of the martyrs, but the schoolmasters of Egypt are generally persons of very little learning. Lane relates an anecdote of a man, who could neither read nor write, succeeding to the office of schoolmaster in his neighborhood. Being able to recite the whole of the Koran, as is usually the case with Egyptian *fikees* of even the lowest class, he could hear the boys repeat their lessons; to write them he employed the *'areef*, or head boy in the school, pretending that his eyes were weak. A few days after he had taken upon himself this office a poor woman brought him a letter to read to her from a son who had gone on a pilgrimage. The *fikee* pretended to read it, but said nothing; and the woman inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him, "Shall I shriek?" "Yes," he answered. "Shall I tear my clothes?" she continued. "Yes," he replied. So the poor woman returned to her house, and with her assembled friends performed the lamentation and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of a death. Not many days after this her son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean by causing a letter to be written stating that he was dead. He explained the contents of the letter. Going to the schoolmaster, she begged him to inform her why he had told her to shriek and to tear her clothes, since the letter was to inform her that her son was well, and would soon reach home.

Not at all abashed, he replied, "God alone knows futurity! How could I know that your son would arrive in safety? It was better that you should think him dead than be led to expect to see him, and perhaps be disappointed." Some persons who were sitting with him praised his wisdom, exclaiming, "Truly our new *fikee* is a man of unusual judgment!" and for a little while he found he had raised his reputation by this blunder.

The consideration of an Egyptian wife in the eyes of her lord is proportioned to the number of children she bears him. Sterility is looked upon as a curse, and the childless wife is subject to the worst reproaches that the husband can heap upon

The unsuspecting Georgian eagerly accepted the lot which was offered to her, and, dazzled by its promised splendor, determined upon following the instructions of the sultan to the very letter. In the due course of time she arrived at Cairo, with a splendid suite, and many slaves, bearing rich presents. Mohammed Ali's spies had, however, contrived to put him on his guard. Such a splendid demonstration of esteem from his imperial master alarmed him for his safety. He would not suffer the fair Georgian to see the light of his countenance; but, after some detention in Cairo, made a present of her to his *intimate friend*, Billel Aga, the governor of Alexandria, of whom, by the by, the pacha had long been jealous. The poor Georgian, having lost a pacha, thought she must do her best to captivate her aga, and administered to him the fatal draught in the manner Sultan Mahmoud had designed for Mohammed Ali. The aga fell dead upon the floor. The Georgian shrieked and clapped her hands; in rushed the eunuchs of the harem, and bore out the dead body of their master.

A venerable Arab *fikee* (schoolmaster) had assembled his turbaned pupils in the cool shades of a sycamore, near the obelisk of Heliopolis, and was teaching them the elements of Mussulman education. The children, bright-looking Arab boys, belonging to the neighboring village of Matarych, squatted on the ground around their master, whose attention seemed to be about equally divided between instruction, sleep, and braiding coarse mats. It may have been a model Egyptian school, but the pupils appeared to vie with each other in making confusion, each one jabbering as Arab boys only can.

Their studies were confined to writing sentences from the Koran on white tablets, committing them to memory, and then repeating them in noisy concert, rocking their bodies forward and backward at the same time to assist the memory. I have often looked in upon similar schools in Grand Cairo, where they are attached to the mosques, fountains, and watering places for animals. Every considerable village boasts of at least one *kuttab*, where the poorer children are instructed at a trifling expense, the *fikee*, or master, receiving about two cents from the parents of each pupil every Thursday, and a present of a Tarboosh and pair of shoes at the Ramazan.

On my approaching the well-bearded pedagogue, one or two of his pupils appeared to be frightened, but the others, nowise daunted, and probably obeying their instructions, "to adore the Prophet and curse the dogs of unbelievers," saluted us with a few Arab phrases, not of a complimentary description. Strange are the contrasts produced by time! It was suggestive of curious thoughts to see the praises of Allah inculcated where the Bull Mnevis was once worshiped, and an unlettered *fikee* teaching rude Arab boys on the very spot where Moses studied the wisdom of the Egyptians, and Grecian philosophers repaired to drink at original fountains of knowledge.

The Koran was the only book employed in instruction. Schoolboys gathered in the marble mosques of Stamboul, and under the shady palm-trees of the Nile, alike receive their first and last lessons from its pages. How that book hath wrought itself into the soul-life of the Orient, and shaped the destiny of its inflexible nations! Too sacred in the estimation of the Moslem to be printed, to be opened with unwashed hands, to be held below the waist, to be touched or even to be spoken of by an unbeliever, unless with the idea of conversion, it is, when translated into the Occidental languages, heavy and wearisome beyond measure. But when chanted in the Arabic, for the Prophet forbade the reading of the Koran, the jingling alliteration and mellifluous flow of words are indescribably bewitching. The chief excellence of the Koran, in the estimation of the Moslems, lies, indeed, in the classic style and beauty of its language. Whole libraries are composed of richly-bound volumes of the sacred book. The old Moslem warriors carried it in the left hand, while they wielded the saber with the other. Califs and sultans have built up their political systems on its maxims. The faithful are fond of deriving omens from its pages, by opening them at hazard, and reading the first verse that meets the eye. They find in it a source of perennial delight. Many of them are able to repeat the holy volume from beginning to end, while its beautiful aphorisms make up much of their daily conversation. And when, in the lands of Islam, festive bands assemble together, no social entertainments are more highly prized than recitations from the Koran, given by persons

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whose occupation it is to chant the verses of the Prophet. It is the Moslem's companion in the caravan and the camp, laboring or journeying, ever delighting him with its beautiful thoughts, ever consoling him with its sweet words of promise.

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A MOSLEM SAINT AND HIS AUDIENCE.

her. Barrenness is a legitimate cause of divorce, but public opinion regards it as improper for a husband to repudiate a wife who has borne him a child, especially if the child be living. The birth of an infant is, therefore, an important event in an Egyptian family, especially if it be a male. Then the doors are thrown open, friends come in to congratulate the father and mother, the parents can hardly find words for their joy, and there is no end to the rejoicings and festivities. Is it a female? the father hangs his head, the mother is grieved, the friends keep away, all regard it as a sore infliction of Providence, and the less that is said about the unfortunate affair the better. One of the first duties to be performed on the birth of a child is to whisper into its right ear, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." The father names the sons, the mother the daughters. The Moslem law prohibits the mother from weaning her child before the age of two years without the consent of the father, which, however, is usually given a few months earlier. The children of the middle and higher classes are dressed like adults, and confined to the harem until the sixth or seventh year, when circumcision takes place in case of males, and the latter also begin to receive the instructions of a private *fikee*. The children of the poor usually enjoy nakedness and unrestrained liberty in the pursuit of happiness. They are carried, not in the arms, but seated astride the shoulder. At the age of two or three years the boys have the head shaved, merely a tuft of

hair being left on the crown and a similar tuft on the forehead. When so fortunate as to receive a shred of clothing, it is twisted round the head so as to form a turban, or coquettishly hung over the face like a vail. Mothers are exceedingly indulgent to their children. The law compels them to nurse their own offspring, and should that duty, from necessity, devolve upon a female slave, she ever afterward enjoys a high degree of consideration in the family. One is witness of many strange things in the land of the Pharaohs, but I never saw an Egyptian mother airing an ugly dog in her arms, her cherub of an infant at the same time given over to a nurse trudging along behind. The children of the poorer class are filthy beyond description. It is a bad omen to keep them clean, while amulets and other agencies of superstition are employed to protect them from the *evil eye*. In the country they are set to light tasks at an early age, as driving the buffaloes turning the water-wheels and the like. Girls are rarely taught to read or write, and receive but little instruction in religion. After circumcision the father instructs his son in the manner of making the ablutions and prayers. The Prophet enjoins that male children be taught to pray at the age of seven years, and recommends the use of the rod if they are not proficient at the age of ten. Very few, however, pray before reaching maturity, and then, I am afraid, their prayers rarely ascend higher than their heads; for although the name of God is ever upon the lips of the Egyptians, there is actually but little love of God in their hearts.

Leaving Heliopolis, we rode to the border of the desert, and then turned toward Grand Cairo. The sun was already sinking over the Libyan desert. Returning again to the road between Cairo and Heliopolis, we reached, in a short time, the Kobbet el Ghoree, or tomb of El Ghoree, one of the last kings of Egypt, before the usurpation by the califs. In the neighborhood there was also the tomb of a Moslem saint, consisting of a small square, white-washed building, crowned with a cupola. Handsome mosques have been erected over the graves of the more celebrated saints, as that of El Hasan in Cairo. Saints of less note, or such as have acquired, by a life of sanctity or hypocrisy, the reputation of being *welees*, or devout sheiks, are honored with tombs like the one to which I have alluded. These sanctuaries are the objects of superstitious veneration. Pilgrimages are made to them. Over the vault in which the corpse or relics of the deceased are deposited, (or are supposed to be deposited,) there is usually an oblong monument of wood or brick, covered with a silk cloth inscribed with words from the Koran. Most of the reputed saints of Egypt are either impostors in the dress of wandering dervishes, idiots, or lunatics. The latter are confined when dangerous. Idiots are regarded as especial favorites of Allah, whose minds are in heaven while their grosser parts mingle with ordinary mortals. It matters not what enormities the saintly *fool* may be guilty of; his soul, or reasoning faculties, being constantly and wholly absorbed in devotion, how are his passions to be controlled? I have several times seen Mussulman saints naked in the streets of Cairo, with long matted hair, and living upon alms that were frequently given without being asked. Some of them wear strings of beads, cover their heads with ragged turbans, and eat straw, or a mixture of chopped straw and broken glass.

Just before sunset we passed by the splendid dome of the mosque and mausoleum of the Melek Adel, and entered Cairo by the Bad el Mesr, or Gate of Victory.

SONG OF THE BIRD.

A MAID reclined beside a stream,
At close of summer day,
And half awake and half a dream,
She watched the ripples play;
She marked the water's fall and heave,
The deepening shadows throng,
And heard, as darkened down the eve,
The river's babbling song.
And thus it sung with thinking tongue,
That rippling, shadowy river—
Youth's brightest day will fade away
Forever and forever!

The twilight past, the moon at last
Rose brightly, o'er the night;
Each ripple gleams beneath her beams,
As wrought in silver light;
The heaving waters glide along,
But mingling with their voice,
The nightingale now pours his song,
And makes the shade rejoice.
And thus he sung with tuneful tongue,
That bird beside the river—
"When youth is gone, true love shine on
Forever and forever."

SCENES FROM COWPER'S "TASK."

THE POSTMAN.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet, careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O the important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewel'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

WINTER EVENING.

In such a world so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted; or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin

Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathize with others suffering more.
Ill fares the traveler now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads, adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.

O happy; and in my account denied
That sensibility of pain, with which
Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful east
That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
Thy wagon is thy wife, and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah, treat them kindly! rude as thou appear'st,
Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great,
With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.
Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in every feeling heart.

Warm'd while it lasts, by labor, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad, and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands,
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.
The man feels least, as more inured than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil;
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end,
Just when the day declined; and the brown loaf
Lodged on the shelf, half eaten without sauce
Of savory cheese, or butter, costlier still;
Sleep seems their only refuge: for, alas,

Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few!

* * * * * * * * *

Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggar'd, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
That law has licensed, as makes temperance reel.
There sit, involved and lost in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey, and the groom: the craftsman there
Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil;
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
All learn'd and all drunk! the fiddle screams
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd
Its wasted tones and harmony unheard:
Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme; while she,

Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
Perch'd on the sign-post, holds with even hand
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride;
And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.
Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound,
The cheek distending oath, not to be praised
As ornamental, musical, polite,
Like those which modern senators employ,
Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for fame!
Behold the schools in which plebeian minds,
Once simple, are initiated in arts,
Which some may practice with politer grace,
But none with readier skill! 'tis here they learn
The road that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out.
But censure profits little: vain the attempt
To advertise in verse a public pest,
That, like the filth with which the peasant feeds
His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.
The excise is fatten'd with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink, and be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk, obey the important call!
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats;
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, PARIS.

A CHAPTER ON MINERALOGY.

THE Museum of Natural History at Paris is situated between the *Rue de Buffon* and the *Jardin des Plantes*. It lies precisely east and west, one of its sides being parallel with the street and the other looking toward the garden. It was built in 1833, under the ministry of M. Thiers, and is especially adapted to the purposes to which it is devoted. It contains not only mineralogical and geological, but also botanical specimens, an amphitheater for the court, and finally the museum's general library of natural history. The inorganic kingdom occupies the hall, or principal gallery, which extends almost the whole length of the edifice.

The principal entrance to the gallery is at its western extremity, toward the *Jardin*. A vestibule contains the first objects particularly noteworthy, among which is a numerous collection of minerals that formerly belonged to the Abbé Haüy, an old professor in the museum, and a devoted friend of mineralogical science. This collection was procured in London in 1848, by a decree of the National Assembly, from the Duke of Buckingham.

Some of the arches in the vestibule are adorned with the paintings of Biard, representing views taken near the North Pole, with exciting scenes, a moose hunt, and a reindeer chase. The gallery is entered from the vestibule, and one is struck, on entering it, with the magnificent perspective which presents itself. Innumerable columns extend the whole length of the immense hall, and give it an appearance of grandeur. The well-arranged openings shed upon every part of the interior an abundance of light, which displays even the smallest of the objects there collected.

The fine paintings by Rémond are placed in the arches of the wall, at the two extremities east and west of the gallery. These paintings consist of picturesque sites, chosen especially to represent scenes in inorganic natural history, Swiss views, Puy-de-dome, Vesuvius, and Stromboli, between Naples and Sicily.

The hall is divided into three naves

one in the middle, which is the lower and principal gallery, and two lateral galleries, more elevated, on the north and the south. We will first notice the general divisions in the collection of the principal gallery, and then examine the more precious objects which the collection contains.

The study of the inorganic bodies, those which we are accustomed to reckon in the mineral kingdom, may be viewed in two aspects, according as it has for its object a knowledge of the composition and exterior characters of these bodies, and their distinction into species and individuals; this constitutes the science of Mineralogy, properly so called, and the objects that it investigates are called minerals; or, if it has for its object the more general knowledge of inorganic bodies, it refers to their general characters in their great associations, in their origin, in their relative age, in their distribution at the surface, and in the interior of the earth; in a word, it embraces the universal history of the planet; and in this second case it takes the name of Geology, and the elements which are the subjects of its consideration are denominated rocks, fossils, &c. The collections in the gallery set apart to the inorganic kingdom are classified according to these principles; but our attention will be confined to Mineralogy.

The minerals occupy the whole length of the lateral closets in the lower or principal gallery. They form a numerous series, which may be estimated at more than twenty-five thousand specimens. This series is remarkable for the size and value of the specimens, and for the great number of their varieties. It is one of the most ancient collections of the museum. It was partly formed at an epoch when the study of the natural curiosities of the inorganic kingdom was yet in its infancy, and was only cultivated by very few naturalists, of whom France probably contributed the most zealous and the most learned. The localities of minerals were as yet little explored, and the celebrity of the professors, or other superior *attachés* of the establishment, that of Buffon and Cuvier in particular, had drawn to Paris valuable specimens from all parts of the world. Donations of great value have at different times been sent to the mineralogical collection of the museum; one in 1772 by the King of Poland; one in 1784 by the Emperor Joseph II.; one about 1785 by Catherine II., the Empress of Russia; one in 1815 by the Emperor of Austria; and another in 1836 by the corps of engineers in the Russian mines, &c. To these must be added the specimens given by private individuals, or brought back by scientific expeditions at the expense of the state, those procured in various ways by the government, and finally those purchased annually by the special funds of the museum.

The mineralogical collection is decidedly the finest and one of the most complete in existence, whether as regards the number, the choice, or the size of the specimens, and visitors who are curious to see the riches and the marvelous productions of inorganic nature, or who may have in view the object of obtaining a more intimate knowledge of these productions and of their value, will find ample subjects for all this in the mineralogical and geological galleries of the museum. They are open three days of the week to students, and two other days to visitors; besides, public lectures are given there throughout each year by learned professors, on the different branches of the science. A rich library of natural history is also open every day in the week.

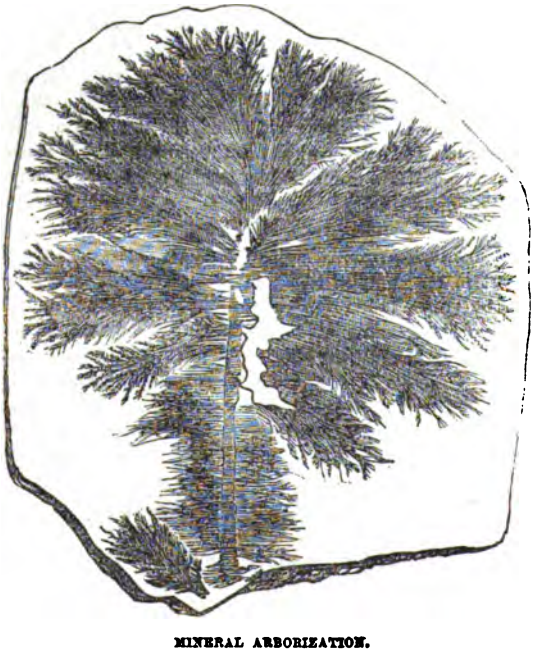
Nothing is more beautiful than a collection of minerals, which attract the attention by their colors, the polish of their faces, and the singularity of their forms. The topaz, the ruby, the emerald, the violet amethyst, the blood-red, the azure blue, the green, the yellow, and the glittering white, all the colors of the prism are multiplied by shades of infinite variety. Many of the minerals are formed of facets, and present sides as smooth and as well arranged as the most regular geometrical polyhedrons; they might readily be mistaken for the production of the human hand, aided by the most delicate means and the ablest artifice. Mineralogists call them crystals, but they are commonly known as crystalizations. Some other minerals take very different forms; those of spindles or elongated cones, as may be often seen in the interior of certain grottoes, at Antiparos, for example. These are known as stalactites or stalagmites. Here the mineral imitates, by the disposition of its parts, the ramifications of plants, mosses, and different vegetables. These forms are called arborizations, dendrites,

&c. There the hollow spheres have their walls composed of successive zones of different colors, and the interior is all carpeted with crystals. These are called geodes.

Among the minerals which glitter with a metallic luster, there may be seen bands of a peculiar nature and color traversing a mass of another color and composition. These are metallic veins or threads. Further on are some bodies, whose form and interior structure should place them among animate objects. They are enveloped in a stony crust, which has carefully preserved all the contour, or has penetrated into the interior, reproducing the primitive organization, even to the most minute details. These are found to be incrustations and petrifactions. Near the preceding objects is a marble which has been polished to show the interior structure.

CRYSTALS OF ALUM.

It appears like a tower in ruins on an uneven ground and under a cloudy sky. The illusion is complete. This marble, which is peculiar to one locality of Tuscany, is known in the collections under the name of the ruiniform marble of Florence. In prolonging our investigations we shall observe still other curiosities.

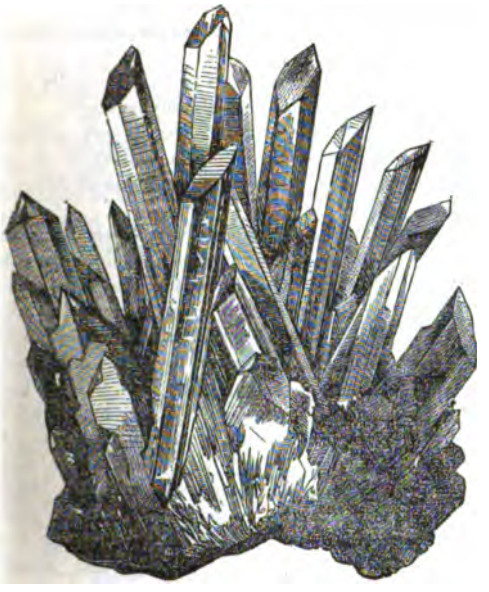


MINERAL ARBORIZATION.

With regard to practical utility, and it is principally with this point in view that we ought to conduct the reader through these rich galleries, we shall divide the most valuable of the objects to be examined into three classes, viz., *Precious Stones; Building Stones*, or those used for architectural ornament; and, thirdly, the most curious specimens under the different points of view.

PRECIOUS STONES.

The precious stones or gems are those that are sought for setting on account of their color, their transparency, their brilliancy, their



CRYSTALS OF QUARTZ.

hardness, and various other characteristics. The diamond constitutes their type. They are all represented in the gallery; first, in the special series to which each one belongs, and then all together in two cases by themselves, one in the middle of the gallery, containing the specimens which furnished material for a special treatise on this subject by the Abbé of Haüy, and the other toward the eastern extremity of the gallery, upon the left. We will particularly examine the latter.

First, we cannot but admire a choice specimen, a *Sapphire*, (blue corundum, pure alumina,) one of the finest known, and possessing much value. On one side is a large *Oriental Topaz*, also of great value, and of the same composition as the former, but of a yellow color. In another part of the case may be seen a greenish *Beryl*. This precious stone is the same in composition as the emerald, which we shall soon meet, (silicate of glucine, &c.) *Green Avanturine*, of the same composition as quartz, or rock crystal; it presents little glittering spangles in the interior; *Rock Crystal*, (quartz, pure silica,) differently varied or of fancy colors; the violet, otherwise called amethyst, the yellow or false topaz, chatoyan, or cat's eye; *Agates* of different varieties, of the same nature as the quartz; *Noble Opal*, otherwise called spotted opal, of a silicious nature, like quartz; the changing reflections seen in the interior of this stone make it a most desirable gem in jewelry; the ordinary *Topaz*, of the characteristic yellow color; chemically it is composed of silica, alumina, and fluor. It differs in its composition from the oriental topaz, which is also of a yellow color, and more valuable than the former.

Chrysolite, (peridot,) a fine, large, olive-green specimen; the peridot, or silicate of magnesia, is found principally among volcanic productions. *Oriental Amethyst* and *Oriental Ruby;* these kinds of precious stones are of the same composition as the sapphire; the names ruby and amethyst indicate their color. The fine stones called "oriental" are always related to

ONYX AGATE.

the corundum in their chemical nature, that is, the oxide of alumina; the epithet *Oriental* indicates the place of their most common production. These are the stones most generally sought, after the diamond.

The *Diamond*, or pure natural crystallized carbon; we may here see several varieties in the color of the diamond, a clear yellow, a marigold yellow, a light rose, a blackish gray, &c.; *Garnet*, (silicate of alumina, of lime, of iron, &c.,) two of the most important varieties, the Syrian violet, and the red or almandine; *Aigue Marine*, of a water green, or a pale blue; its composition is the same as that of the emerald; (silica, alumina, and glucine;) *Emerald*, characterized by its color, a magnificent green; *Spinel Ruby*, of the color of the oriental ruby just mentioned, but composed of alumina and magnesia; *Turquoise*, (phosphate of alumina and lime,) of a clear greenish blue.

After these precious stones, properly so called, which are used especially as jewels, we ought to speak of another kind of precious stones, which have less value, and are used only for objects of ornament, under the different forms of vases, cups, chalices, &c. These objects may be seen in different parts of the gallery, but mostly in the technological cases, which range along the north side, interspersed among the cases of the species. We shall find them in the following order:

Fluor Spar, much employed in England in a cut form. This is the substance of which the celebrated murrhine vases of antiquity were made. Those varieties with lively colors disposed in zigzag zones, or agreeably intermingled, are especially sought after for manufacturing vases, cups, and other fancy articles.

Agates are well known from their frequent use, whether in cheaper jewelry, in architectural ornament, or in making various common articles. There are distinct varieties of them, which are designated as cornelian, (red,) chalcedony, (milk white agate,) sardonyx, (clear yellow,) onyx, (successive zones of different colors,) arborized agate, frothy agate, &c. The onyx is particularly used for the figure in cameos; the subject is graven in relief, and reposes upon an agate bed of another color.

The ancient cameos are of great value, in addition to the special value of the graving, the colors of the onyx in them being natural; while in the cameos of the present day the colors are almost always produced artificially.

The *Jade* comes to us principally from India and China, already wrought. It is of a clear, grayish green, very uniform, and very hard. The collection in the museum is very rich in jades of different forms.

Lapis Lazuli, of a very lively deep blue color; its characteristic is, that upon the blue groundwork of the mass there are usually scattered some yellow metallic spangles, which are sometimes taken for gold, but in reality they are only small grains of sulphate of iron. The lapis lazuli was formerly much employed in ornamental work, mostly in mosaics. At the present day this magnificent stone has become more rare, and has almost attained the value of a precious stone, properly so called. It is brought from Little Bucharia, Thibet, and several provinces of China.

Malachite, a very fine stone, much sought for in jewelry. It presents sinuous zones, circular figures, a diversity of green tints, and receives a fine polish. The finest varieties come from the mines of Prince Demidoff, in Siberia. There were some magnificent pieces of malachite in the grand exposition at London, consisting of parlor ornaments, mantlepieces, double doors, window casings, &c.

Anthracite, (coal,) sometimes cut and polished, of a fine black color.

Black Lignite, employed like the preceding mineral, but particularly in mourning goods, valued for its deep black color. The necklaces, bracelets, broaches, and other trinkets, coming from Ireland, which were in fashion some time since, are of black lignite.

Beware of misapplying Scripture. It is a thing easily done, but not so easily answered. I know not any one gap that hath let in more and more dangerous errors into the Church than this—that men take the word of the sacred text, fitted to particular occasions, and to the condition of the times wherein they were written, and then apply them to themselves and others, as they find them, without due respect had to the differences that may be between those times and cases and the present.—*Bishop Sanderson.*

A MESSAGE FROM THE SHADES.

A SMOKE WITH A GHOST.

IT was a boisterous night, and any sensible man would have been sound asleep an hour ago; but I still sat sipping the coffee wherewith I usually moisten my nightly pipe, and listening, while I gazed indolently at the blazing fire, to the bluster of the wind and rain against my window. "Terrible weather for the half clad," I said to myself, "and worse still for the houseless; but, if the idea be not too fantastical, how fares the poor naked disembodied spirit, walking the earth unsheltered even by a 'tenement of clay,' in such a wild commotion of elements?"

The question interested my fancy; and in the effort to discover its probable solution, I puffed away at my meerschaum with a vigor that speedily involved me in a cloud of smoke-wreaths. Thus enshrouded, the idea of the visible world gradually faded from my mind, and I seemed almost able to identify myself with the mysterious beings whose fate I had perhaps presumptuously commiserated.

While I ruminated thus, the old eight-day clock on the staircase slowly struck twelve; and suddenly I became sensible of a slight chill, with a coincident dimness in the flame of my lamp. Taking the pipe from my mouth, I looked up; and was confounded and somewhat dismayed to meet the gaze of a pair of keen gray eyes, engaged in a critical examination of myself and my pursuits. Knowing that I was the only irregular member of the quiet family with whom I resided, I rubbed my eyes incredulously, but in vain; for as the smoke gradually rolled away, the form and features of my visitor were revealed with undeniable distinctness.

He was rather above the common height, and his spare limbs seemed full of vigor and elasticity, while an uncomfortable half smile played upon his very expressive face. I started to my feet in amazement; but the stranger, bowing courteously while he divested himself of his ample cloak, exclaimed:

"No ceremony, I beg! Pray keep your seat: this will do capitally for me." And he coolly drew a chair to the fire, and after depositing his hat and gloves on the floor, and unbuttoning his coat, sat down opposite me, stretching out his legs with the air of a man perfectly at home.

These proceedings indicated a determination on his part to make himself comfortable; but their effect upon me was decidedly the reverse. However, a peculiar shudder in the region of the spine warned me that I was no match for him; and I reseated myself as he commanded, completely subjugated by his easy assurance.

"The very thing!" said he, with a sparkle in his eye, as he drew toward him my open tobacco-pouch. "I always affected Oronoko." While he spoke, he drew from his breast pocket a small silver casket, from which he produced a beautiful ivory pipe, the bowl exquisitely carved into a Medusa's head, with its snaky locks twisted backward until they were entwined into a short stem. The casket, which he laid upon the table, bore upon its lid, finely executed in very low relief, the story of Orpheus and Eurydice.

Meanwhile, as I glanced rapidly at these details, the stranger charged his bowl with the deliberate science of a veteran smoker, and dexterously lit it with a blazing coal from the fire.

"Very well-flavored tobacco," said he, after inhaling half a dozen enormously-prolonged whiffs, with evident satisfaction, and puffing out the smoke in long straight jets right across the apartment. "But your pipe is out! pray resume it, or we shall not get along together. Allow me!" and, gripping a fresh coal with the tongs, he furnished me with a light.

Passively obeying him, I mechanically smoked on in silence, somewhat reassured by his conciliatory manner, though he assumed an air of patronage which considerably annoyed me. He fixed his singular gleaming eyes upon the fire, apparently yielding himself up to the enjoyment of the moment, while I seized the opportunity to steal a furtive glance at his features. All at once he seemed to recollect himself. Casting a piercing look upon me, and speaking in a deep, harsh voice, he said, abruptly,

"So you write about ghosts?"

I was so startled by the suddenness of this personal remark, that for a moment I was unable to frame a reply; but as he continued to gaze fixedly at me, with a somewhat sinister expression, as if rather enjoying my embarrassment, I at length stammered out:

"Yes, I—that is, I have attem—there was no intention—no disrespect—"

"Do not be alarmed," said he, smiling grimly; "your 'Uncle Jerry's Ghost' has given us no offense whatever."

"*Us!*" I repeated to myself; "then he *is* what I feared."

The stranger planted one foot upon the hob, tilted back his chair till I absurdly feared that he might come down with a crash, folded his arms across his chest, and puffing forth heavy volumes of dense smoke, seemed to contemplate with satisfaction the effect of his communication; while, notwithstanding the flattering assurance I had just received, I grew every moment more uneasy and embarrassed. At length he appeared satisfied with this tacit admission of his superiority, and endeavored to set me more at ease.

"Come, come," said he; "we waste precious time. I must be off soon, and I wanted a little friendly conversation with you. It is rare with us, now-a-days, to meet any sympathy or recognition among mankind; and although you may be mistaken in some points of our general characterr, you have shown so kindly a feeling toward us, that it has been thought right to let you know the gratification which anything you may write will occasion in our community. I chanced to be visiting in your neighborhood to-night, and volunteered to call upon you. But, my dear fellow, you seem disturbed!"

Yes; I certainly was disturbed. It was no light matter to be spending the small hours in such insubstantial society. And then there was such a contradictory air of comfort and reality about my visitor. It perplexed and confounded me. Substance or shadow, he certainly could smoke; for, though my puffs had become feeble and irregular, the room was filled with a thick, pungent vapor, that brought tears into my eyes. Then his pipe and his casket—they seemed solid enough. I longed to touch the latter, as it lay on the table, not six inches from my hand, but could not summon resolution to make the attempt. The stranger seemed to know what passed in my mind, and, as if to allay my fears, drew my attention to the workmanship of its lid.

"Not a bad specimen of Benvenuto Cellini," said he; "he has lost none of his skill since he joined us."

"It appears massive," I said, plucking up a desperate courage, and anxious to learn whether it possessed weight.

"It would seem very light in *your* hand," he replied.

"Then it has a certain gravity?"

"Certainly, to my sense; but you would not appreciate it. All the qualities of matter adjust themselves to our altered perceptions. Apparent lead is heavy, and apparent cork light, just as with you."

"Do you then possess no additional faculties or perceptions?" said I, forgetting my trepidation in the interest of the investigation.

"Decidedly. We penetrate substances at pleasure, and evoke appearances as we choose; so that each continues—that is, after undergoing due purgation—to enjoy to the utmost all blameless pleasures. Impure or sinful desires are unknown, and, therefore, ungratified, among us."

"But," I cried, with fervor, "are all ultimately thus fortunate? or are some hopelessly, eternally lost? Is there at last a haven for the erring and the weak, and a possibility of expiation or repentance for the sinful?"

A mournful yet serene expression passed into the stranger's face; and he seemed upon the point of answering my question. As I eagerly watched his lips, I trembled with anxiety; I felt that I was upon the verge of the eternal mystery, and hope and fear struggled for mastery within my heart. A change came across his features; his brows contracted into a frown, and he remained some moments lost in thought. At length he spoke, but in a subdued and altered voice:

"I must not answer you; perhaps I cannot. Yet it may well be that no attempt to conquer a temptation or to expiate a fault; no horror of evil, or yearning after good, can ever remain entirely without its proportionate reward. But you approach forbidden themes; and, but that your question had a nobler source than curiosity, it might have drawn upon you a heavier penalty than a vague reply. Sow now as you would reap hereafter; the wheat and the thistle alike pass through a thousand miracles ere the seed is developed into the perfect plant, yet each retains its original character."

I listened abashed and saddened while he spoke, astonished at the depth of feeling my imprudent question had developed beneath his abrupt and off-hand manner. I thought wistfully of all the doubts and fears which beset our human hearts in

certain solemn moments—doubts and fears destined, as I now knew, to remain forever undispelled save by death. Yet, without seeking to invade these deeper mysteries, how many less momentous questions were there which, despite my longing, I dared not propound to my visitor, after my rash attempt! He seemed to divine my thoughts, and to commiserate my inquietude, for he resumed:

"True, there are some points upon which your curiosity, since it springs from sympathy with a condition of humanity, may be partially gratified. You marvel that our people are so minutely informed of the fluctuating opinions of men as to have observed your unimportant production; but as we retain our harmless tastes, and are permitted to gratify them, it is not strange if some among us continue our acquaintance with mundane literature. Those who delight in such trifles may in a moment conjure up a fac-simile of whatever is published here, excepting always what is evil or false—an exception which occasions many modern books to appear almost blank to our eyes. However, we thus learned that we were not entirely forgotten; and although your article was invisible to us in several places, sufficient remained to convey to us a sense of human sympathy, which, without being essential to our happiness, yet has its charm for some of us."

This admission touched me in a vulnerable part. I began to regard my visitor in a new light, and thought him a very agreeable companion, when once he was understood. I bowed in acknowledgment of the honor, probably unique among mortals, of being approved by so judicious a nation; and, thus reassured, I ventured to seek the solution of an enigma which had frequently presented itself to my mind.

"If it is lawful to ask," said I, hesitatingly, "how can it be, seeing that tastes and inclinations equally blameless differ so widely among men; how can it be that, in a community such as yours, these various tastes or modes of happiness find each their several gratification? For instance, there are surely no populous cities, no moldering piles of architecture—nothing, in short, suggestive of mortal mutability or decay—in your Elysian fields; and yet these scenes, and more incongruous scenes than these, have been favorite haunts of many of our best men."

He smiled. "My friend," said he, relighting his pipe, which he had suffered to go out during his graver discourse, "why will men persist in judging us by their own standard? What is to prevent us from creating with a wish the scene we choose to contemplate? If Milton, blind, and poor, and old, could forget his sufferings and infirmities, while he pictured heaven, and hell, and chaos, to his rapt imagination, think you his highest faculties are dimmed or impaired now that he is free from the environment of anxieties and frailties which clogged and hampered him while in the flesh? and is he now less able, think you, to reproduce the earthly scenes which may have impressed his memory! If he could paint for posterity, amid the besetting cares of age, that wondrous panorama in his 'Paradise Regained,' of the ancient empires and their storied cities, extending from the Indus to the Nile, and from Rome to Nineveh, cannot his unvexed spirit as vividly reproduce them? And if Father Chaucer, living a life of turmoil in a half-savage age, could portray so freshly and lovingly the manners of his countrymen, are his geniality and tenderness diminished now that he has attained wider and deeper perceptions?"

I made a gesture of assent. But another inquiry hovered upon my lips, though I feared to pronounce it aloud.

"As to that matter," said the stranger, with the same singular intuition respecting my thoughts, "you can be only imperfectly satisfied. The nature and duration of our novitiate, and whether in some instances it is dispensed with entirely, or in others protracted to an almost infinite length, are mysteries too deep for mortal intelligence. Yet even imperfect faculties might suggest that to die while the heart is vibrating with pity and love, and the tongue vocal with wise and tender counsel, must be in some sort a passport to immediate bliss."

"As John Quincy Adams died!" I said, with a thrill of joy and consolation.

"As John Quincy Adams died," he repeated; "and as many have died whose virtues were, unfortunately for mankind, denied so wide a scope, and unadorned by such brilliant abilities. But we must speak no more of this."

He knocked out the ashes from his pipe upon the topmost bar of the grate, carefully replenished it from my pouch, lit it by his favorite process, and settled down into steady enjoyment of its fumes, as

though determined to discuss no more knotty points at *that* sitting. Meanwhile, totally oblivious of my former distrust, I felt my heart expand toward him, and cordially returned puff for puff from my humble meerschaum.

"Charles Lamb is our greatest smoker," at length he said, cheerfully; "and considering how resolutely he sacrificed it during life, he deserves his present unrestricted enjoyment of his favorite indulgence."

"Ah!" said I, "it must be a rare privilege to bear Elia company. His was a nature 'finely touched,' and as free from earthly alloy as might consist with mortality. He with his professed love for the 'sweet security of streets,' and sturdy Samuel Johnson, who delighted in the 'full tide of human existence,' at Charing Cross, were in my thoughts when I expressed a doubt concerning the diverse tasks of your nation."

"Yes, yes, they harmonize well enough on that point," replied the stranger, shifting a little in his seat, as though apprehensive of my recurrence to the themes he had just interdicted. "But what was that?" he exclaimed, springing suddenly from his chair, while an expression of anxiety—almost of terror—shot into his face. "It cannot be so late! yet I heard it distinctly enough. Friend," said he, turning sharply upon me, with a severe and reproachful air, and rapidly rehabilitating himself as he spoke, "do your neighbors keep poultry? and, above all, those hideous, unmusical Cochin-China brutes! It is galling enough to be warned off at a moment's notice even by an honest, bright-plumaged, clear-voiced native cock; but when the unwelcome summons issues in dull roupy tones from the shapeless throats of such monsters as these, it is a deliberate insult to our entire race!"

I strove to deprecate his wrath, but in vain. "I must vanish!" said he, fiercely; "keep your seat: I can find a way out!" He stretched his right hand toward me, and my limbs at once became powerless. My arms fell by my side, my head dropped upon my breast, and I sank instantly into a profound stupor.

When I again became conscious, I was torpid with cold. The fire was extinct, the lamp almost burned out, and my cherished meerschaum lay shattered into fifty pieces upon the cheerless hearth.

LIFE IN A DROP OF WATER.

"Scientia obiter libata a Deo abducit,
Profundius hausta ad eum reducit."
BACON OF VERULAM.

THE sun is reflected in the ocean as in the water-drop, and in both are called into existence beings the most varied in size and form. We admire the myriads of creatures which inhabit the depths of the ocean, from the monstrous whale to the tiniest specimen of the finny tribe. Their checkered existence and efforts; their fighting, striving, and disporting; their pains and pleasures; their various and wonderful construction; the mode and manner of their subsistence, all fill us with wonder, and we are awe-inspired while contemplating the infinite and manifold capacity with which the creating Power has stored the depths of the waters. But if the size, the power, and the variety of the denizens of the deep excite our admiration, how much more do we find ourselves carried away by that feeling, while looking into the water-drop!

Clear and transparent it lies before us; vainly our eye endeavors to discover the least evidence of life, or the smallest creature, in that which seems in itself too small to contain any living object; the breath of our mouth is strong enough to agitate it, and a few rays of the sun are sufficient to convert it into vapor. But we place this drop of water between two clean squares of glass, beneath the microscope, and, lo! what life suddenly presents itself; we scarcely trust our senses. The little drop has expanded into a large plain; wonderful shapes rush backward and forward, drawing toward and repulsing each other, or resting placidly and rocking themselves, as if they were cradled on the waves of an extensive sea. These are no delusions; they are real living creatures, for they play with each other, they rush violently upon one another, they whirl round each other, they free and propel themselves, and run from one place in order to renew the same game with some other little creature, or madly they precipitate themselves upon one another, combat and struggle, until the one conquers and the other is subdued, or carelessly they swim, side by side, until playfulness or rapacity is awakened anew. One sees that these little creatures, which the sharpest eye cannot detect without the aid of the microscope, are susceptible of enjoy-

ment and pain; in them lives an instinct which induces them to seek and enables them to find sustenance, which points out and leads them to avoid and to escape the enemy stronger than themselves. Here one tumbles about in mad career and drunken lust; it stretches out its feelers, beats about with its tail, tears its fellows, and is as frolicsome as if perfectly happy. It is gay, cheerful, hops and dances, rocks and bends about upon the little waves of the water-drop.

There is another creature; it does not swim about; it remains upon the same spot, but it contracts itself convulsively, and then stretches itself palpitatingly out again. Who could not detect in these motions the throes of agony? and so it is; for only just now it has freed itself from the jaws of a stronger enemy. The utmost power has it exerted in order to get away, but he must have had a tight hold, severely wounded it, for only a few more throes, each becoming weaker and more faint, it draws itself together, stretches out its whole length once more, and sinks slowly to the bottom. It was a death struggle. It has expired.

On one spot a great creature lies, apparently quiet and indifferent. A smaller one passes carelessly by, and like a flash of lightning, the first dashes upon it. Vainly does the weaker seek to escape its more powerful enemy; he has already caught it, embraces it; the throes of the vanquished cease; it has become a prey.

This is only a general glance at the life in a water-drop, but how *great* does even this already show the *small*; how wondrously does everything shape itself within that, of which we had formerly not the least conception. These are creatures which nature nowhere presents to the eye upon an enlarged scale, so marvelous, odd, and also again so beautiful, so merry, and happy in their whole life and movements; and although defective, and, in some respects, only one step removed from vegetable life, they are yet animated and possessed of will and power. It would be impossible here to give a description of all, or even of a great part of the ephemerous world in all its varied aspects, but we propose to take a nearer survey, of some few at least, in order to display the life which exists in a single drop of water taken from a pond.

Slowly and gracefully through the floods of this small drop of water, comes glidingly, swimming along, the little swan animalcule, turning and twisting its long, pliant neck, swaying itself comfortably, and moving in every direction, sucking whatever nourishment or prey may present itself. This animalcule has its name from its likeness to the swan; it carries its neck just as proudly and gracefully arched, only the head is wanting, for at the end there is a wide opening mouth, surrounded by innumerable beam-like lashes. The entire little creature is transparent, and it seems impossible that any species of nutriment could possibly pass through the thin throat, for even water seems too coarse a material for this small tube; but scarcely does one of the variously formed monads, which exist in all waters, and of which many thousands could move and tumble freely about in the hollow of a poppy seed, approach its mouth, ere it gulps them down; we see them gliding through the throat, and see the green, gray, or white monad laying in the little, but for this animalcule, great stomach. This monad is itself an animalcule, a living atom; and possibly, a still smaller animalcule serves for its nourishment; but the human eye has not yet penetrated thus far, possibly it may never do so; for the Creator has hidden from the material vision of man the limits of his creating power, alike in the infinitely great as in the infinitesimally small.

Whirling along, comes swimming by the side of the swan animalcule, the *Bell*. Here nature has still retained a form out of the vegetable kingdom; for the body of this animalcule is similar to the bell-shaped blossom of a May flower, fastened to a long stem; this stem, through which passes a spiral-formed vein, a fine dark tube, is easily movable; it closes itself, screw-like, together, and stretches itself out again: this is the tail of the bell animalcule; at the end there is a little knot, and soon this knot becomes attached to the bottom, or to a blade of grass, or to a piece of wood, and the little animalcule is like a ship at anchor in a bay or harbor; its tail extends and turns itself, and the body of the animalcule, the little bell, whose opening is at the top, begins to whirl itself round and round; and this movement is so quick and powerful that it creates, even in the billows of the water-drop, a whirlpool, which keeps ever going round wilder and more violently; it grows to a *Charybdis*, which

none of the little monads who are caught within it can escape; the whirlpool is too fierce, they get drawn into it, and find a grave in the jaws of the bell animalcule. The bell closes, the tail rolls together, but soon it stretches itself out again; the bell whirls, the whirlpool goes round, and in it many a quiet and thoughtless passing monad is drawn down. But the bell animalcule is also about meeting its punishment; again it whirls its bell violently, the tail breaks from the body, and the bell floats without control hither and thither on the waves of the water-drop; but it knows how to help itself; nature has provided for such a catrastrophe in its creation. The bell sinks to the bottom, and soon the missing tail grows again, and if death even comes, nature has been so liberal in the creation of this little world—new life and new creatures arise so quickly out of those which have passed away, and so great is their number—that the death of one is less than a drop in the ocean, or a grain of sand in the desert of Sahara.

The lives of innumerable animalculæ pass away as a breath, but they rise into existence in equally infinite numbers. The animalculæ multiply in every variety of way, but the most curious is that of dividing, and out of the several parts new animalculæ are formed, which, in a few hours, again divide themselves into parts, forming new creatures; and this process of increase proceeds to infinity. Numbers alone are able in some measure to give an idea of this infinite increasing power. An animalcule requires for its parting process about five hours, after which time the new creatures stand then perfect, and these again require the same time for their increase. At this rate of increase one single animalcule would, by the process of separation, be increased to half a million in four days, and after a month it would be inconceivable where this innumerable quantity of animalculæ, who are singly imperceptible to the naked eye, can possibly be placed. But nature has limited even this vast increasing power, and she freely sacrifices millions, in order to preserve their species always in their proper quantities. What are, compared with these numbers, the quantities of herrings, sprats, and many other kinds of fish which crowd the seas in such mighty masses? They vanish into nothingness.

The chief among those animalculæ which increase by means of separation is the *Weapon*, which has a species of dagger-like bristles at the back, and also a more pliable description, similarly formed, all round the mouth, which serve as feelers. Their movement is most peculiar, slow, almost floating; they proceed forward, then they shrink backward, and quickly return again, in order to proceed anew on their path. This animalcule pushes, when the parting process commences, at first a few little pieces from its side, then follow others, and soon the whole is divided into equal halves, which form themselves into new animalculæ, and, after a few hours, begin to separate themselves also.

One of the most interesting animalculæ which we discovered, with the aid of the microscope, in the water-drop, is the *Ship*—like a little glass ship which has lost in a storm its masts and sails, its ropes and riggings, does it proceed, quietly swimming through the little waves; it is clear and transparent, like an enchanted little craft—a delicate fairy palace; we see in both sides the ribs of the ship, which the carpenter has fitted into the keel; we see the deck, and in it the three holes, or light points, in which the masts were raised; it must have been a three-masted ship. But the ship's crew, the sailors, are wanting; nor is there a rudder which propels and regulates the vessel's course; the motive power which produces the progress of this tiny little craft is a mystery. Has nature in this curious animalcule copied the invention of man's hand? Was this little creature the minute model after which man has constructed the ships in which he crosses seas and oceans? Nature is always original in her creations; she had already created the same little animalcule for hundred thousands of years, if the hypothesis on which geologists base their calculations as to the time it takes to accomplish certain results be correct; we believe that these data are generally unreliable, and therefore we simply say, that these little creatures have existed from the beginning of the formation of some of the most important strata, which must have occupied a sufficiently long time in their formation to have been, at least, in existence antecedent to the first building of ships. These animalculæ are to be found in, and indeed form no inconsiderable part of all coal and chalk formations. But it

can, on the other hand, not be said, that the animalcule was the minute model after which man built, for ships were built before the microscope enabled man to discover the invisible world of the diminutive.

In the interior of this little glass ship, which consists of quartz, rock crystal, and flint, there is real life; a few small globules contained within it clearly indicate this. They die, pass away, but the crystal covering remains perfect for thousands of years.

Another peculiar animalcule is the *Sickle*, which resembles very much a Turkish crescent. Even in its ways, in its motions, has this finely-beaded animalcule, which, throughout its length, is constructed of little globules, regularly joining each other, and divided across the middle by a larger globule than the rest, like a row of pearls, something characteristic of the believers of the crescent; it exhibits the same fatal repose; it is equally absorbed in itself, for it can lay a long time at the bottom without motion; occasionally it raises its sickle, but exhausted it allows it to drop again immediately, and relapses into its former quiet state. On both ends of this animalcule there are a few red grains, sometimes more, at others less, which now keep moving, and then again remain motionless, whose signification is as yet undetermined.

Besides these various creatures which are grouped in the little world of a water-drop, which are so infinitely delicate and neat, and even beautifully formed, and of which each has, in its movements, and, it may almost be said, in its character, something original and independent, there are many more, larger and smaller; most of them, however, are only occasionally met with, and only few others have the grace and beauty in their appearance and motions which distinguish those we have mentioned. Among the larger species, we are struck first by the *Trumpet* and the *Bullet* animalculæ. The first is like a trumpet or cornucopia; in its interior there are numerous dark dots and a row of globules, like a string of beads; about its mouth are bristle-like threads. The bullet animalcule is round, covered as with a net, and also trimmed round with a fine row of hair; in the interior there are always to be seen several smaller bullets. But when we observe the whole closer, we find that it is not a single creature, but a group of thousands of smaller double-trunked animalculæ, which combine in the formation of this greater animalcule, and thus form a numerous isolated family.

Repulsive, unpleasant creatures also present themselves in a drop of water, which affect us unpleasantly in their nature, their motions, and their form. Thus, there is a species of *Chameleon* among the animalculæ, which can expand and contract its body into the most various shapes; now it elongates itself, stretching its members in the most opposite directions, with a slow expanding motion; now it draws itself up in a heap, and when another animalcule approaches, it stretches out its arms, embraces, entwines it, and, as it were, envelops it, until it dies in its embrace.

We have not space in a periodical to follow out the life in a water-drop to its various specialities and curiosities, and it is impossible, under any circumstances, entirely to exhaust the subject. The more one looks into it, the greater the wonders which present themselves; the more nature discloses herself in her hitherto unknown powers, the more does she appear to us so wonderfully great in miniature.

The life in the water-drop which we have here exhibited is, indeed, not to be found in every water, but it is to be seen in ponds, swamps, and generally in all waters in which animal and fossil matter is in the act of decomposition; cooked, distilled, or rain-water, contain no animalculæ, but only a few days are required, if left in the open air, for the formation of living things within it; it begins to move, to live; but whence do they come? what produces these little animalculæ? Has the air conveyed to the water the matter necessary for their formation? It is possible.

How all this is accomplished man will, probably, never discover, but the lesson conveyed in the foregoing facts, rightly appreciated, opens a vast field of speculation, in exhibiting the infinity of the Creator's power; and yet, strange to say, the pride of many of those who occupy themselves in tracing the laws of nature leads them to overlook the Creator in creation, and the great design is lost sight of in the contemplation of minute laws and detailed process.

A FEARFUL NIGHT.

AN ADVENTURE IN AN ENGLISH RAILWAY CAR.

"COME down at once—Ellen is dying!" That was all they said—seven short words!

I read the telegraph paper again and again, before I could comprehend the full force of the message it bore. My eyes wandered over the regulations of the company, their tariff of prices, the conditions under which they undertook their functions, and at last reverting to the penciled lines, I roused myself from the stupor into which their receipt had thrown me, and understood their purport. Ellen Luttrell was dying. She was my cousin, my earliest playmate, my embodiment of all that was lovely, pure, and womanly. I have no sister, but had I been so blessed, I could not have loved her with a deeper affection than I bestowed on Ellen. My regard for her was utterly passionless, utterly indescribable. Love, in the common acceptation of the word, had never been mentioned between us; we confided to each other all our flirtations, all the caprices, annoyances, and jealousies which are the lot of young people. When I was first engaged to Lucy, I was not happy until Ellen could share my joy, could see the object of my choice, and in sweet sisterly tones could congratulate me upon it. It was my delight to see the affection springing up between my cousin and her whom I now call my wife—to hear their mutual praises of each other, and to think that, until some favored suitor should come to claim her for his own, Ellen would share our new home. This was not to be. Just before my marriage, my cousin went to Burgundy, on a visit to an old schoolfellow, whose husband, a sickly and consumptive man, was compelled to reside there for the benefit of his health. Her stay in France, which was to have occupied but a few weeks, extended over six months. I heard from her but twice during the interval, but upon the occasion of my marriage, she wrote a long and affectionate letter to Lucy, telling her that she was perfectly happy, and speaking in those mysterious terms which girls love to use, of a certain Vîcomte de Bodé, who was paying her great attention. Two months after, Ellen suddenly returned home, accompanied by her brother, who had been dispatched to bring her back. There was a mystery connected with her return which I could never fathom; her mother, indeed, wrote me a plaintive letter, lamenting the folly with which young girls usually throw away their affections, and hinting that even Ellen's good sense was not proof against womanly weakness, and that, had she not been recalled when she was, she would have been drawn into a marriage which, for reasons hereafter to be verbally explained to me, must have been an everlasting source of misery to her.

Within ten minutes after I received the telegraph message, I had thrown a few things into a carpet-bag, had a card stitched on to it with my name and address, (for I am old-fashioned enough always to direct my luggage in case of loss,) and at once started to catch the night mail-train; the platform was thronged; there were students, barristers, invalids, and all classes of individuals huddled together. Porters were pushing, rushing against stolid old gentlemen, crushing their feet with enormous, heavily-laden barrows, and crying, "by your leave," while the sufferers were clasping their mangled limbs in anguish. The post-office van, with its trim arrangement of sorting boxes, and its traveling-capped clerks, stood gaping to receive the flood of bags pouring into it from the shoulders of the guards; non-passengers were bidding adieu to their friends at the doors of the carriages; commercial gents, those knowing travelers, were settling themselves comfortably on the back seats of the cars; the old gentleman who is always late, was being rapidly hurried to his place; and the black-faced stoker was leaning forward, looking out for the signal of the station-master to go a head, when I sprang into a first-class compartment, and took the only vacant seat I found there.

Once started, I looked round upon my traveling companions, who were apparently of the usual stamp. There was a stout, red-faced, elderly, gentleman-farmer looking man, rather flushed after wine, and the exertion of cramming a fat little portmanteau (the corner of which still obstinately protruded) under the seat; there was a thin, pale-faced curate, with no whiskers, and no shirt collar, but with a long black coat, and a silk waistcoat buttoning round the throat, a mild, washed-out, limp, afternoon-service style of man, engaged in reading a little book with a brass cross on the back. There was a fidgety, pinched-

up old lady, with a face so wrinkled as to make one thankful she was a female, as by no earthly means could she have shaved it, who kept perpetually peering into a mottled-looking basket suggestive of sandwiches, under apprehension of having lost her ticket; and there was a young man apparently devoted to the stock-broking interest, stiff as to his all-rounder, checked as to his trousers, natty as to his boots, who kept alternately paring his nails, stroking his chin, whistling popular melodies in a subdued tone, and attempting to go to sleep, Finally, on the opposite side to me, and in the further corner, there was a large bundle, the only visible component parts of which were a large poncho cloak, a black beard, and a slouched, foreign-looking hat; but these parts were all so blended and huddled together, that after five minutes' sharp scrutiny it would have been difficult to tell what the bundle was.

I had arrived so late at the station, that I had not had time to provide myself with a book, or even, to render the journey more tedious, by the purchase of an evening paper; so that, after settling down in my seat, I had to content myself with a perusal of Bradshaw, with wondering whether anybody ever went to Ambergate, Flotten Episcopi, or Bolton-le-Moors, and what they did when they got there, and with musing upon Heal's bedsteads, which, according to the advertisement, could be sent free by post, and upon the dismayed gentleman who, in the wood-cut, cannot put up his umbrella, and is envious of the syphonia'd individual who finds "comfort in a storm." But this species of amusement, though undeniably exciting at first, palls on repetition, and I soon found myself letting the Bradshaw drop, and endeavoring to seek solace in sleep. To seek, but not to find. To me, sleep in a railway carriage is next to impossible. First, the lamp glares in my eyes, and when I try to cover them with my hat, the stiff rim grates over my nose, and scrubs me to desperation; then the cloth-covered sides of the carriage are rough to my face; my legs are cramped, and my feet, in opposition to the rest of my body, go to sleep, and are troubled with pins and needles; and so, after much tossing, and tumbling, and changing from side to side, I sit bolt upright, gazing at the lamp, and thinking over Ellen and the object of my journey, until we arrive at our first halting-place. Here we lose the curate and the stock-broker, the flashing lamps of the latter's dog-cart being seen outside the station-yard. The old lady gets out too, under the impression that we are at Crewe, and is only induced to return after much assurance, and, in fact, bodily force on the part of a porter. She, I, the farmer, and the bundle, are left together again, and the train proceeds. And now, worn-out and utterly wearied, I fall asleep in good earnest, and sleep so soundly that I do not rouse till a prolonged "Hoi!" reverberates in my ears, and starting up, I find the lights of Crewe station flashing in my eyes, the farmer and the old lady gone, and a porter holding up my carpet-bag and talking through the carriage window. "A old lady has just left this carriage," says he, "have tuke a carpet-bag in mistake for her own, she thinks. Does any gent own this here?"

At these words, the bundle roused, picked itself up, and showed itself to be a young man with a bearded face, and a remarkably bright eye. He seemed about to speak; but I, half asleep, reclaimed my property, handed out the old lady's luggage, and, as the whistle announced our departure, sank back again in slumber.

I had slept, I suppose, for about three minutes, when I was aroused by a choking, suffocating sensation in my throat, and on opening my eyes, I saw the bearded countenance of the stranger within an inch of my face, his eyes flashing, his nostrils dilated, and his whole frame quivering with emotion; so that his hand, although twisted tightly in my neckcloth, trembled violently. Surprise for a second numbed my energies, but I soon recollected the practical teaching of my old instructor, the gallant Nobbler, and finding I could free myself by no other means, dealt him a blow with my left hand which sent him staggering to the other end of the carriage. He recovered himself in an instant, and rushed at me again; but this time I was on my guard, and as he advanced I seized his hands by the wrists, and being much the more powerful man, forced him into a seat, and kept him there, never for an instant relaxing my grip. "Let me go!" he hissed between his teeth, speaking in a foreign accent, "Let me go! Scoundrel! coward! release me!"

Had any other persons been present, they could not have failed to be amused at the

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stant [illegible]

matter-of-fact tone of my remarks in contrast to the high-flown speech of the stranger.

"What the deuce do you mean, sir, by attacking an inoffensive man in this way?" said I; "what's your motive? You don't look like a thief."

"No," he screamed; "'tis you who are the thief, you who would steal from me all that I cherish in the world!"

"Why, I never set eyes on you before!" I exclaimed, getting bewildered, and not feeling quite certain whether I was awake or asleep.

"No, but I have heard of you," he replied; "heard of you too often. Tiens! did not you just acknowledge you were going to Boltons!"

"Well, what if I am?" I asked.

"You shall never reach your destination," and with a jerk he shook my hand from his neck, sprang at my face, and struck me with such force that I fell on my back on the floor of the carriage. In falling I dragged my adversary with me, but he was nimbler than I, and succeeded in planting his knee in my throat while he pinned my hands to my sides. Seeing me at his mercy, he gave a cry of triumph; then stooping over me, scanned my face with such a wild and scaring glance that a glimmering of the truth for the first time flashed across me—the man was mad. I turned faint sick at the idea, and closed my eyes. "Aha!" shrieked the lunatic; "you pale, you tremble! You change color like a girl! You shall be yet another color before I leave you; your cheeks shall be blue, your eyes red. Entends tu, misérable?" And as he spoke he knelt with such force on my throat that I felt my eyes were starting from their sockets; I struggled convulsively, but the more I writhed the more tightly did he press me with his knee, until at length the anguish grew insupportable, and I fainted.

How long I remained insensible, I know not; it can have been but for a few minutes, however, and when I came to myself I found the refreshing night air blowing over my face, I saw the door of the carriage open, and felt the madman endeavoring to drag me to the aperture with the evident intention of throwing me out upon the line.

And now I felt that the crisis was at hand, and that it was but a question of time whether I could hold out until we arrived at the station, or whether I should be murdered by the lunatic. We were both young men, and though, perhaps, I was naturally the more powerful, yet his position gave him great advantages, as I was still extended on my back, while he was stooping over me, and while my limbs were cramped he had free play for all his energies. On seeing me recovering from the swoon, he uttered a short, sharp cry, and, bending lower, twined his hands in my cravat. Now was my opportunity; his back was toward the door, his face so close to mine, that I could feel his breath upon my cheek. Gathering all my remaining strength together, I seized him by the ankles, and literally hurled him over my head on his face. He fell heavily, striking his head against the opposite door, and lay stunned and bleeding. In a second I was on my feet ready to grapple him, but as I rose the engine shrieked our approaching advent to the station, and almost before I could raise my fallen foe we ran in to Tamworth. The first person I saw on the platform was Ellen's brother, to whom, after hearing that she was out of danger, I, in a few words, narrated my adventure, and pointed out the stranger, who, still insensible, was supported by some of the porters.

"Let's have a look at the fellow!" said Fred Luttrell, an unsophisticated youth; but he no sooner had set eyes on the pallid face than he drew back, exclaiming, "Heavens! it's Bodé!"

And so it was; and by the aid of explanation I received afterward from Fred Luttrell, I was, in some measure, enabled to account for the attack made upon me. It appears that the Vîcomte de Bodé had seen Ellen while in Burgundy, and fell desperately in love with her; but his addresses were utterly discouraged by her friends, for one reason alone, but that a most powerful one. His family were afflicted with hereditary insanity, and he himself had already on two occasions shown the taint. Of course it was impossible to declare to him the real reason of his rejection, and he was accordingly informed that Ellen's parents had long since pledged her hand to a connection of her own.

After her departure he grew moody and irritable, and it was judged advisable to have him watched; but he managed to elude the observation of his keepers, and to escape to England. Ellen's address

was well known to him; he was proceeding thither; and when he heard the very house mentioned by the porter at C—— as the direction of my luggage, he doubtless, in his wandering mind, pictured me as his rival and supplanter.

My dear Ellen recovered, and so did the vîcomte—that is to say, from my assault. As to his madness, it stood by him, poor creature, until he died.

AMERICA AS SEEN BY A FRENCHMAN.

WE have read in our time many ludicrous descriptions of our country, but the one given of the manners, customs, associations, and general living of Americans, by M. Ampère, the son of a well-known natural philosopher, who was, it was thought, a person in every way qualified to give an opinion upon the new social and political conditions that are daily developing themselves among the people of the United States, transcends, in ridicule, all we have ever met before. Poet, academician, and professor, as well as an experienced traveler, he could bring his studies of antiquity in Egypt, Greece, and Italy, of the middle ages in Spain, Scandinavia, and Germany, and of modern times in France and England, to bear upon the phenomena exhibited by the New World. Such was his tact, indeed, that no sooner had he set his foot on board the *Franklin*, than he found himself in an American atmosphere. "The first thing that I remarked," he says, "on board ship, where the greater number of passengers belonged to the United States, were incessant allusions to, and perpetual glorification of their country. America is the fixed idea of the Americans; the conviction of the superiority of their country is at the bottom of everything that they say; it is even found in the acknowledgment of what they are in want of. Thus every one hastens to warn me that I must not expect to find in a new society the refinements of the Old World: nothing can be more reasonable; but I find in this anxiety to inform me as to what I shall not meet with in the United States, the precautions of a sensitive patriotism, always mistrustful of the opinions of a stranger."

Entering the bay of New-York, which, notwithstanding the asseverations made to that effect, M. Ampère declares to have no resemblance whatsoever to that of Naples—and landing upon its busy quays, our traveler found the drivers and inn-keepers to be by no means so obliging as "the gentlemen." One of the latter engaged a vehicle to convey him to Astor House for half a dollar; arrived there, the driver demanded a double fare. Upon referring the difficulty to those who received him at the hotel, they paid no attention to him or to his letter of introduction, but contented themselves with remitting a dollar to the coachman, with an indifference, he remarks, that would have been quite charming if the money had come out of their own pockets. Going on board the Boston packet, a colored attendant passed over his ticket to him, taking care not to touch his hand. This little incident suggested a first painful reflection upon the relation of the two races. On the other hand, on board the packet he asked for a glass of water. The waiter, a white man, without condescending to reply, and with a gesture of incomparable dignity, pointed to a glass on the table. A sharp, shrewd, and practiced observer like M. Ampère, detected at once a fact in American life which has not been put in the same light before. "There is," he says, "military precision carried into the habits of civil life. The servants who bring in the dishes keep the step; they place them on the table at a given signal, distribute the plates in a measured and methodical manner, and knives and forks set to work with all the trained regularity of soldiers grounding arms. Everything is done with the same punctuality, precision, and rapidity; no one has either any time or words to lose."

M. Ampère was at Boston at the time that a festival was held in honor of the opening of a railway between the United States and Canada. For the greatest number around him, he says, the basis of congratulation was associated with ideas of annexation; but Mr. Neilson, formerly a Canadian democrat, repudiated the idea in a public speech, declaring that an annexation brought about by so invasive a people would be the death of Canadian nationality. "As well," adds M. Ampère, "throw themselves into the gulf of the Niagara at once." At this festival there was a review, at which was a goodly display of coats of various colors and fashion—blue, gray, and red—Hungarian, Hus-

sar, and Polish. If, our traveler remarks, Boston contained as many regiments as it does uniforms, it would possess a formidable army, but every one is an officer, and chooses his own uniform. Mr. Fillmore presided on horseback, and policemen held the animal when the firing of guns disturbed its state of repose. It is not necessary in America, M. Ampère remarks, "que le pouvoir sache monter à cheval." The Americans, he adds, have a decided inclination for military affairs, and differ in that point greatly from the English. This manifest tendency may one day lead to a total change in the character and institutions of the American people. There was also a procession, which was most characterized by what the French call *réclame*, that is to say, that every one wanted to take a part in it, but always with the object of advertising or puffing himself or his goods. A dealer in bear's-grease promenaded a stuffed bear; there were vans with workshops in them, and agencies for domestics and nurses exhibited their human commodities. There was afterward a dinner, at which, according to a local journal, "a Mediterranean of human fraternity sat under a firmament of flags." M. Ampère returned, he says, to his hotel, exclaiming to himself, "Le roi s'amuse."

At Buffalo, the driver called the Frenchman "my friend." This was the essence of politeness compared with the style of another of the fraternity, who, entering a hotel in pursuit of his fare—the Prince Bernard of Saxe Weimar—called out, "Where is the man who starts this evening? I am the gentleman that has to convey him." Alluding to the praiseworthy respect with which the fair sex is treated in America, open in some cases to abuse, our traveler says he has seen three hundred gentlemen waiting for a lady, who often, although not a "lady," allowed herself to be waited for before they could take their seats at table. He elsewhere saw an American go and bring in an old peasant from among some emigrant passengers, so that he might claim a first and upper seat at the table by having "a lady in charge." At Detroit, M. Ampère went to see a picture, much spoken of, as from the easel of an American artist. It was, indeed, proclaimed to be a *chef-d'œuvre*; nothing, he was told, among ancient or modern paintings in Europe, could bear comparison with it; yet he declares it to have been quite an ordinary easel-piece. At Buffalo, where he had to sleep on a table, he was aroused by the waiter throwing a napkin on his stomach, with a "Come, comrade, it is time to get up."

A grandiloquent description of the pig-killing season at Cincinnati, in periods of Ciceronian length, reminded our academician of Dante's description of the endless files of pilgrims going and coming from St. Peter's to the Bridge of Hadrian during the solemnity of the Jubilee. "Great numbers," he adds, "however, always arouse the faculties of wonder and imagination, whether of years, distances, or individuals, even if those individuals be pigs; and the porcine industry of the 'Queen of the West' is a really astounding fact." Contemplating these new cities in the West, Cincinnati and Columbus, M. Ampère is led to remark that the Americans, who have been successful in sculpture, fail in architecture. Artistic inferiority shows itself mainly in this point, where new types are wanted for new circumstances. The American taste inclines to the Gothic, not only in churches, but in custom-houses, banks, and colleges. Their classic architecture does not come up to the Bourse or the Madeleine, nor do they succeed in Gothic like the English, who sometimes attain considerable perfection; and when they wish to strike out something new they fall into the incongruous. At Columbus there is a brick edifice with a great hexagonal tower, a crowd of turrets, doors, and windows of white marble; this castellated building is a school of medicine! The only descriptions of buildings that deserve serious attention in America are the great works of public utility, particularly its aqueducts and reservoirs, as in the instance of the High Bridge at New-York. These are magnificent undertakings, to be admired even after having seen the analogous works of the Romans.

In the midst of his long dissertations on the literature of the United States, of whose living representatives M. Ampère speaks in most favorable yet discriminating terms, our academician is every moment put out by what he calls *l'incurie Américaine* — "American carelessness." If he walked in Broadway, it was always at the risk of his life: great excavations to pass over by narrow and insecure

planks, open cellars, and neither lamps nor rails; or new and old edifices tumbling down into the street. The *Courier des Etats Unis*, a French paper published in New-York, is, according to our traveler, the only organ of publicity that has the courage to denounce this state of things. Scarcely a day passes at New-York without a fire; and what is supposed to be the main cause? The acquisition of the insurance money! The post-office service is very inadequately performed. Mistakes, our author heard from several persons, were very common; and he himself experienced the fact. The police is also not equal to the task of keeping the heterogeneous population of a great city like New-York in order. In the evening, some of the quarters are infested with those terrible bandits called rowdies, who not only delight in robbery, but also in assassination. While M. Ampère was in New-York, these wretches went into a Frenchman's house and killed him, out of the mere caprice of unbridled ferocity.

Remarking upon the progress of the fine arts in the United States, M. Ampère says, the principle insisted upon by the Americans, that they must wait for society to establish itself, and that the development of the fine arts will come with time, is a wrong one; it is not, he says, the maturity, but the youth of nations that is favorable to imagination. But to found a good school, part of the money of the New-York Art Union should be invested in examples of the old masters, and not frittered away on mediocre and even bad paintings. At Columbia College M. Ampère met a professor who did not make a secret of his antipathy to the democratic side of American institutions. The statutes of the college embrace an admirable course of study, but the young American is so anxious to make money, that he can only devote four years to accomplishing that which is supposed to include integral calculus, and the methods of Newton, Laplace, and Lagrange!

Coming down the Bowery, one of those myriad of colonels without regiments who adorn American society, said to M. Ampère, "You see this street; it divides the society of New-York into two classes: those who have not made their fortunes live to the east of the Bowery, those who have made their fortunes go to the West." "And if misfortunes come?" "O, well, they go back to the East!" This is an especially free and independent country, with democratic presidents, democratic diplomatists, and democratic institutions!

The Americans, always inclined to be jealous of Europe, compare the Hudson to the Rhine. A young traveler remarked, in a tone of triumph, of the same river: "The pages of our history are pure; we have no feudal castles!" "As far as I am concerned," says M. Ampère, "I only asked him to allow me to love at least what remained of feudal times—its ruins." One of the innumerable inconsistencies of democracy is witnessed at the military school at West Point, which is conducted on the system of the Ecole Polytechnique, but a nomination to which is only obtained by favor; whereas, at the great military school of France, all candidates are admitted to compete upon a footing of perfect equality—a much more democratic system in the best sense of the word.

The practical money-getting turn of mind of the Americans, our academician remarks, is adverse to metaphysical or purely philosophical speculation, yet there exists at Concord a little knot of thinkers, or dreamers, of whom Emerson is the center. But, as he further remarks, the philosophy of Emerson, advocating contempt for the past, excess of confidence in the present, and above all things self-reliance, is only the tendencies and excesses of the American character embodied in a so-called philosophical system. While at the same time the Americans are professedly so religious, our academician tells us that the "Philosophie Positive" of M. Comte, which arrives at the negation of all religion under a serious and scientific form, is much read in America, and obtains greater credit there than in France. The idea of a positive philosophy, he intimates, was agreeable to an eminently positive people, and a narrow, limited system was congenial to minds characterized by firmness rather than by comprehensiveness.

M. Ampère describes the excesses of democracy as never made more manifest than upon the occasion of the arrival of Kossuth in the United States. He was proclaimed to be the future liberator of Europe. One preacher, he states, declared his coming to be the second advent

of Christ! The papers propounded that the time had come for the United States to interfere in the affairs of Europe, and to support the democratic principle. One spoke of sending a fleet into the Adriatic to attack Austria, by taking Fiume; and another into the Baltic to bombard Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. Another proposed to declare war simultaneously with England and France. A charming young person said that she had always wished to see a hero! Lola Montes alone declared him to be a humbug. Two of a trade never agree. The populace shouted out, "Hungary!" but said to themselves, "Canada and Havana!"

Religion, even in its toleration, presents as many inconsistencies in the states as does democracy. Religious toleration, which could not be found in Episcopal Virginia or Puritanical New-England, originated with the Quakers of Pennsylvania, a sect notoriously intolerant in the Old World. Roger Williams, who first inculcated that the state should not interfere with creeds, would not himself join in prayer with his own family because he did not deem them to be regenerated. An Irish Catholic, Lord Baltimore, advocated religious liberty in Maryland, which was rewarded by the Protestants excluding his co-religionists from the state. The vagaries of religion may also be said to have attained their extreme development in the United States in Mormonism. The Mormons resemble the Jews in having the same antipathy for the rest of mankind, the same indefatigable activity in pursuit of wealth, and the same union among themselves. M. Ampère remarks upon Mormonism, that there is no doubt that that which assisted it in its progress in the United States, is the idea that America ought to have her own religion and her own revelation, and ought even upon that point to detach herself from the Old World, so as to be indebted to her in no one thing. The book of the Mormons has, he adds, been manifestly written for Americans. The theory which makes reason the gift of the majority is placed in the mouth of one of the chiefs of the predestined tribe: "It is not usual that the voice of the people should desire anything contrary to that which is good; but it often happens that the minority wants that which it is not proper to concede. That is why you will make it a law to conduct your affairs according to the will of the people."

It is easily seen by this how much the Mormons, whatever may be the difference of their ideas upon other matters, are imbued with the American doctrine of the infallibility of numbers, and the presumed error of the minority; a doctrine which has few inconveniences, M. Ampère says, where the people are so enlightened as in the United States, but which must everywhere have the result of elevating force into the place of right.

M. Ampère is exceedingly sensitive about our industrial exhibitions, and in a rather testy vein—which we will not find fault with, seeing that we are so extravagantly ambitious—says:

"The triumph of Mr. Hobbes, the victory gained by the yacht *America* at the regatta off the Isle of Wight, and the success of the reaping-machine, are three subjects upon which the American press is never tired of dilating. To these three industrial exploits must be added the superiority in speed which has enabled the American steamers to effect the passage from Europe to America in less time than the English boats. These are like so many grand warlike exploits. They are the Arcole, Marengo, Austerlitz, and Wagram of the United States. The national pride is perfectly intoxicated by such successes. The English honor themselves by the courtesy with which they accepted the defeat. When the *America* beat their yachts off the Isle of Wight, the queen congratulated the conquerors. The conquered applauded their victors. I have heard Americans admit that in case of defeat they would not have done as much."

At Washington there are two things essential for the traveler: one is to visit the Senate, another to attend a levée of the president. At the first, M. Ampère witnessed the violence of democracy personified by Mr. Foote; at the second he had—*his pocket picked!* Upon another occasion our academician attended a discussion on the subject of a compromise between the North and the South on the question of the Fugitive Slave Law. Here he heard Houston and Foote, parliamentary antagonists a few days previously, now unanimous in their sentiments, in which they were also followed by the "inveterate enemy of England"—General Cass. M. Ampère was most struck by the manners and appearance of Mr. Douglas, whom he describes as "petit, noir, trapu, sa parole est pleine de nerf, son action simple et forte." No small amusement has since been created by this

passage having been publicly expounded, as implying that the short, squat, and dark senator in question was a negro!

The alarming perspective suggested by a brief delay at Washington, and which alternates with more agreeable details regarding the Smithsonian Institution, the Patent Office, the Observatory, Messrs. Henry, Maury, and Bache, men of scientific fame in both worlds, were soon exchanged for the bustle of railway and boat, and the glorious inconveniences of wending the way through rain and mud, in search of a house where the tickets were exchanged, without even a sign-post, still less a living person to indicate the place. As to the omnibus at the end of the journey, it had to be felt for. Near Wilmington the train traversed a river by a viaduct, with great intervals open beneath the wagons, and no parapet at the side. The effect, our traveler says, was *peu rassurant*.

Charleston, with its commerce in cotton, suggested new trains of thought. What would become of the population of the great manufacturing towns in England if no cotton arrived at Liverpool? That which will maintain peace between England and America more than all the societies united to that effect, M. Ampère remarks, will be a certain number of bales of cotton!

If it was not for a day's journey to be performed in a carriage near Montgomery, the whole distance between Quebec and New-Orleans could now be performed by rail or steamboat. M. Ampère, who appears to have been constitutionally chilly, actually complained of the climate of Alabama: "America," he says, "is a rigorous climate: it has preserved the native roughness of countries that have not been softened by an ancient cultivation; the land has not yet been warmed by the breath of man!" On board the same boat on the Alabama was one of those dogs used for hunting fugitive slaves. He was not a little disgusted at seeing the people caress it, and call it "a good dog." The Southerners, he says, will work with negroes, but will not eat with them. Politics were freely discussed on board, and one of the leading speakers had his coat out at the elbows.

The first thing that struck our traveler on arriving at New-Orleans was an advertisement for the sale of lands and slaves: one of the slaves was designated as an idiot. "Sell an idiot!" he exclaims. At the great hotel, which, with its cupola, is one of the leading features of the city, the rooms have no bells; their place is occupied by an electro-magnetic apparatus. A tradition of France still existed in the same city: the cookery was infinitely better than elsewhere. Other reminiscences of France soon also presented themselves; the ladies dressed and even looked French.

The Mississippi, M. Ampère chronicles, on his way to Havana, is one of the most respectable masses of water in the universe. When its valley shall be as well peopled as England, it will contain a population equal to two thirds of that of the whole world, and New-Orleans will probably be the greatest city ever seen under the sun. The Gulf of Mexico is itself only an expansion of the Mississippi; no wonder, then, that the Americans anticipate their future union by such an expansion with the great rivers of South America!

The charms of climate and the beauties of art and nature in Havana were tempered by the dread of yellow fever. A motley, incoherent population, badly governed and over-taxed, deducted equally from the relief otherwise afforded to the selfishness and pride of the United States, by the gayety, elegance, and grace of a Spanish town, and the polish of the Old World ingrafted on a race with tropical blood in its veins.

As to Mexico, still worse governed than Cuba, it presented to our academician, in modern life, ranchos, convents, churches—monks, gamblers, and bandits—barbarity in civilization; in ancient life, hieroglyphic paintings of the Aztecs, colossal statues resembling petrified monsters, and other monstrous combinations of Mexican art. There were also pyramids, more particularly the great Cholula; and M. Ampère, who is well qualified to give an opinion, says, that except in point of form, he thinks there is no analogy to establish between the pyramids of Egypt and the Mexican pyramids. The first, he says, were decidedly funereal; the latter had simply a religious object.

Finally, Cuba, Mexico, and Canada, our academician tells us, are destined, sooner or later, to form part of the United States, and such may be the case.

A TALK AMONG THE TREES.

"WHY did the Fir creak so, when the Daisy said that Winter was cruel, and hated the flowers?" asked the Lime-tree.

"Because he was angry," replied the Ash; "when he is angry he makes that creaking noise. Have you never heard it before? The Wind cries out to us trees when he comes storming through the forest, 'Bow yourselves!' but the Fir says, 'Stand firm!' and when all the trees in the wood are frightened, and bow before the Wind, the Fir alone remains straight and stiff. But he shakes his head disapprovingly, and creaks because he is so angry."

"But what has that to do with Winter and the Daisy?" asked the Lime.

"Just ask him about it—just ask him!" said the chattering Poplar; "you will hear what he has to say. Do you like sharp answers?"

But the Lime's curiosity was not to be damped, and who can wonder at it? If you had to stand on the same spot from one year's end to another, you would not be willing to let a good story escape you, for fear of receiving a sharp answer. If an answer be too sharp, we shake it off, and the trees do the same. The Lime was prudent, however, and planned a suitable beginning:

"Fir-tree," she said, "how is it that you always wear the same dress in summer and in winter, in hot weather and in cold?"

"Because I am not vain, and am not always wanting something new," replied the Fir.

"Now you've got it. How do you like it?" said the Poplar.

But the Fir was wrong; that was not the true reason; for, after all, he could do nothing contrary to his nature. But men act no better; they too call their peculiarities virtues. He who has no taste for dress, abuses the vain. There are even people who find fault with poetry, because they themselves have no poetic feeling, and they are still further wrong than the Fir. The Lime was very nearly being offended with the answer she had received, and almost made up her mind not to pursue the conversation any further, but she was far too inquisitive for that, and a good thing too; for, in the first place, sulking does no good; and, secondly, she would never have heard the history of Winter, nor we either, for the matter of that. So after the Lime had muttered something to herself, she turned to her cross neighbor and said:

"You might tell us something about Winter; you know him, and it is even said that you like him. All the rest of us know nothing about him, for we are asleep when he comes; but you stay awake, and can talk to him the whole long time."

The Fir was silent for a time. The other trees listened attentively, wondering what would be the end of this affair. The Willow only whispering to the Lime:

"Well, you are courageous to venture to speak to *him!*"

At last the Fir replied:

"Let me alone, and if you really want to know anything about Winter, stay awake. Those who are anxious to learn must not sleep their time away."

The conversation would certainly have ended here, had not the Oak interfered. He was very much respected among the trees of the forest, for he was the eldest and the strongest. Who knows if the former quality alone would have procured him respect, had it not been accompanied by the latter?

"Fir," he said, "you seem a cross fellow enough; but you are not so bad as you appear; you always put the worst side foremost. I know you better, for I saw you when you were scarcely a year old, and had only one green shoot. Why are you so rude to your companions? Has not one soil given us birth? Do not our roots intermingle underground and our branches above? Do we not brave dangers in company which we could never withstand singly? It is not wise to isolate one's self, and particularly not for such trifles. Because the others dress in broad leaves, and you in pointed ones, because your bark is not quite so smooth as that of the Beech, will you withdraw yourself from their society, and look bad-tempered, which you really are not? You will never do that, I am sure; tell your companions what they want to know. Be merry with them in these happy days, for you are obliged to hold by them in time of trouble."

This was serious language, and the Fir took it to heart; many another could do the same. He thought better of the matter, and commenced his narration:

"You wish to hear something about Winter, do you? Well, listen, then. But

first: lay aside the prejudice you have against him, for I know well enough that you dislike him. Do not think that I am partial because he is my friend; I only speak the truth because I know him. But to the point. When God had made the world, when the flowers bloomed on the meadows, and the trees flourished in the woods, he called the Seasons to him, and said: 'Behold the world I have created, how beautiful it is! I now deliver it over to your charge; divide the flowers and trees among you, but cherish and protect them too.' Then the Seasons rejoiced greatly, and abandoned themselves to pleasure in company with the children of nature. This lasted but a short time, however; discord soon showed itself among them. Spring, saucy and fickle, could not agree with Winter, who is deliberate and prudent; enthusiastic Summer thought Autumn provokingly phlegmatic; Autumn found fault with Spring for over-indulging the flowers; in short, the quarrel became more and more violent, and the poor flowers and trees fared the worse for it. At last Autumn said: "Things can no longer continue in this way; we cannot agree together, so let us make a division." And they did so. The Seasons divided the earth among them. Winter set up his abode at the two poles; Summer wound himself round the middle of the earth; and Spring and Autumn established themselves between these two. You will hear afterward that this division was not always strictly adhered to, but it is still pretty nearly so, and Winter still occupies his old house.

"How do you know that?" asked the Lime.

"My cousin, who once paid him a visit, told me."

"Don't believe him; he is cheating us," whispered the Poplar to her neighbor.

"How could your cousin visit him?" asked the Lime.

"That came about in this way," answered the Fir: "Bold, adventurous men once came here to fetch timber with which to build a ship. My cousin, a straight and tall fir-tree, stood proudly among the other trees of the forest. They felled him as soon as they saw him, made him into a mast, and then they went to sea. The sailors wrapped a large sheet round my cousin, and said, 'Hold fast!' They also placed a long, gay streamer on his lofty head. My cousin was in capital spirits during the journey, and did his duty bravely; when the wind came blustering and tried to rob him of the sheet, he held it tight and fast, and did not even bend. This made the sailors respect him more than any piece of timber in the ship. The voyage was toward the north, and they sailed and sailed until they came to Winter's palace, which is built in a grand but simple style. Winter came out when the ship knocked at the door, and was surprised enough to see such an unusual visitor. He remembered, though, that he was not always received in the kindest way when he paid a visit, and did not, therefore, feel obliged to show any hospitality, but shook his head till the white flakes flew thick around him. But he became good-tempered as soon as he saw my cousin, for he is remarkably fond of us fir-trees. He was quite chatty, and inquired particularly after each of his brothers; and when the mast had told him all that he wished to know, he himself began to relate the most wonderful tales. The story I am now telling you is one of them. He could find no end to his tales, and was so happy in the recollections of old times which he thus brought to mind, that he would not let the ship leave him, but clasped it tightly in his arms. My cousin was pleased enough at this, for he was enjoying himself famously; but the better he was satisfied, the more did the crew suffer. He overheard them talking together one morning. The steersman said, 'Our wood is all burned, our provisions will soon be finished, and if the ice does not shortly open, we shall die miserably: let us cut down the mast, and burn it; it will last us a little time at any rate.'

"When my cousin heard this, he begged Winter to set the ship free. Winter granted his request, and thus did to save his favorite what he would never have done for the sailors; he broke up the ice, and the ship and crew reached home in safety."

"That was a good thing," exclaimed the trees.

"But now let me return to my story," continued the Fir. "So the earth was divided, and each of the Seasons had his own kingdom. It would most likely always have remained so, had not Spring, with his love of change, occasioned an alteration. He did not like to be constantly in the same place; he, therefore, called the Sea-

sons together, and made the following proposal: 'Let us make another division,' he said; 'as the whole earth belongs to us all four, we need not each be limited to one part. We will each have a fixed time during which to reign alone.' 'I shall be satisfied,' exclaimed Summer; 'but then I must keep the middle of the world for my own share.' 'And I will not give up my poles,' said Winter. The spendthrift Spring was inclined to find fault with nothing, so that he could only attain his purpose; and Autumn hoped to indemnify himself in some other way. So the contract was signed, and Spring was just about to enter upon his reign, when prudent Winter said: 'But to prevent the beauties of the earth from being appropriated by one of us alone, we must make a division of them too.' 'Very well,' replied Spring; 'then I shall take the buds.' 'And I the flowers,' cried Summer. 'I choose the fruits,' exclaimed covetous Autumn, 'and Winter can have the leaves of the trees.' To this Winter made no objection, and this second contract was also signed. Spring now began his reign. He called forth the buds on trees and plants with his kisses, and was everywhere welcomed with smiles. When the buds began to open, when leaves and flowers shone in a thousand varied hues, Summer ascended the throne of the earth. But the new arrangements were soon infringed upon. Autumn, who was always intent upon forwarding his interests, had made a special contract with Summer, by virtue of which he was to have part of the flowers, in exchange for some fruits which he made over to Summer; but it is said that he took good care of himself, and has kept the best. It was now his turn to govern alone. He began by busily gathering in the fruits, to which he had an undoubted right. But in the meantime something had occurred through which poor Winter again suffered loss. You remember that, according to the division they had made, the leaves fell to Winter's share. But in the passionate time of love, when the leaves hung thickly above, and the flowers shone in the grass, coquettishly displaying their myriad colors, a warm liking had arisen between them. As is often the case, this love first showed itself in playful tricks. When the sun shone down warm and bright upon the flowers, the leaves of the trees put themselves in the way so as to intercept the rays from reaching them, and then they all at once flew to one side, so that the sun shone suddenly in the faces of the flowers, and dazzled them. The flowers winked and blinked, and the leaves laughed up above them among the twigs. Or again, when a shower fell, the leaves caught the drops and saved them; then, when the flowers thought that all was over, they poured them quickly down, making the pretty flowers start and shake themselves. But what was at first playful teazing, was soon an office of love; for the sun became hotter and hotter, and the poor delicate flowers would have been scorched and withered, had not the leaves acted as a shield to protect them from the fiery arrows of the burning sunbeams. Their tricks and jokes no longer sufficed them now that they really loved, and they sought a means of communication. But how was this to be brought about? The leaves hung high, and the flowers grew on the green grass. Love is inventive and not easily puzzled. Leaves and flowers soon found a messenger to carry backward and forward their vows and sighs. The Ivy, who had his origin among the flowers, and then wound himself like a long green garland up, up to the leaves of the trees, with one shining leaf close upon another, and each one the conductor of loving vows—a silent chain of love. Who does not recognize this calling at the first glance? Who does not feel the breath of secret sighs of young and passionate love issuing from these evergreen leaves? And the flowers and leaves were contented with this means of communication. But the reign of Autumn drew near its end, and he stretched out his hand to pluck the last flowers of the plain. The leaves became pale with longing, and begged earnestly that Autumn would but once allow them to descend to the dying loved ones. And Autumn allowed it, although he had no right to do so, and interfered thus in the province of Winter; for to Winter alone belonged the rule over the leaves. Autumn shook the trees, and the freed leaves fluttered down unto the earth. And now began a passionate life of love. Autumn was diverted by it, and began to play a wild, exciting melody; the leaves wheeled and circled round the flowers, till the latter, tired and weary, sank their heads to rest. When Autumn played his last wild measure, the leaves, too, laid themselves down to their eternal rest. Then

Winter came, and found wood and plain bleak and bare. Nothing green was to be seen excepting we poor Fir-trees, for no flower had found us worthy of its love. The Ivy, it is true, wound himself in long wreaths from tree to tree, as if he would build an arch of triumph for Winter; and from bough to bough, as if he would hide the treachery of the leaves, and give the trees another ornament in the place of their withered and scattered foliage. Winter was moved at this. He beat down the few leaves, which, against their will, had remained hanging upon the branches, and chased them away over snow and ice; but he said to the bright Ivy-leaves, 'I will preserve you to fill the loving office you have taken upon yourselves; continue to be the messengers of love; carry silent greetings from flower to leaf, from Autumn to Spring; throw an eternal bridge from season to season; your calling is to embrace and to unite; you—the eternally green remembrancers of wood and plain—to you is given to soften even the severity of Winter.' Thus did Winter speak to the Ivy. But we Fir-trees were his favorites, and he prepared us an honor which none of you will ever enjoy."

"What may that be?" asked the other trees, in an offended tone.

"Winter is the season of the affections," continued the Fir; "therefore the affectionate disposition of the Ivy pleased him so much, and therefore he honored it so greatly. Man knows Winter's warm heart, for at no time of the year does he feel himself more drawn toward his brethren than in winter. He brings holy, loving, and mysterious Christmas with him, too, and that kindest of beings the Christmas Spirit. Men say that the Christmas Spirit is the love of parents and friends; but that is a mistake. When he exercises his magic influence, he takes all men captive to his will. The mother's head is busy day and night in the beginning of Winter, but only because the Christmas Spirit is constantly whispering in her ear. Whoever goes out at Christmas to make purchases brings home more than he meant, and dips far more deeply into his purse than he intended. You must not think that the beautiful things are so tempting to him. O no; it is the Christmas Spirit, who is everywhere beckoning, and whispering, and moving the heart, till the hand be once and again widely opened, until he has prepared everything for the greatest Christmas pleasure. We Fir-trees know all about that, for we always stand in the midst of it all; we are the Christmas trees, and the good Christmas Spirit plants us in the middle of every Christmas feast. Nowhere do we fail, neither in the hut nor in the castle. We are hung with gold and silver, we bear shining fruit, and the children clap their hands at the sight of us; for however beautiful all the rest may be, the Christmas tree, enveloped in its peculiar and magic charm, is always the most beautiful. Perhaps the reason why all children are so fond of the Christmas tree is, because it is itself like a good and promising child. Hope's green branches are hung with every kind of brilliant image; it stands there rich and golden, mysterious and unexplained. But the brilliant figures fall off; the gold was tinsel; the hopes fade; the riddle is solved; the wonder ceases with the last spangle that is taken from the tree, and nothing but a withered fir-tree remains. So it is with the child: one after the other the golden dreams pass away; one mystery after the other, in which he had been enveloped, is cleared up; and O how different is life to the ideal of it which was formed in the mind of the child!"

"Your glory is over then, when all the tinsel is fallen off, is it?" asked the Aspen.

"Then the tree is put on to the fire," said the Fir, "and many an exciting tale does he hear men tell to one another as they sit looking at the glowing embers. He listens attentively; but when anything which does not please him is said, he crackles so that the sparks fly out, and the people round the fire start. And although the golden apples are all eaten, the children still look sadly from their corner while the fir-tree is being burned. I will, one day, tell you a tale that a Christmas tree heard when it was on the fire; for men can tell beautiful stories, too."

"Yes; some other time."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—There is nothing in this world which is so remarkable as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and so endearing as the true relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so lovely as those of brethren and sisters. The little circle is made one by a single interest, and by a singular union of affection.

THE ISLE CALLED PATMOS.

HISTORY scarcely names it. Geography mentions it but little more. Religion alone lingers on its shores, and numbers it among her sacred places. A sentence will suffice to describe it.

Conceive of a bleak and barren rock in the Ægean Sea, about sixty miles southwest from Ephesus; of volcanic formation and jagged outline; seven or eight miles long, and from one to three broad; without inhabitants, except convicts; almost bare of trees; with a few vines and shrubs in here and there a nook; presenting on every side a cheerless and desolate aspect, and you have the Patmos of the Apocalypse. It plainly was no paradise. It was just such a spot as Domitian might well choose for his victims. It was admirably fitted for an imperial penitentiary.

The modern Patmos is somewhat changed from the ancient Patmos. It has historical renown. It has the prestige of sacredness. Its naked rocks have gathered more and deeper soil in the flow of centuries. It is less a desert waste. It has its port, with, perhaps, four thousand people; its church and holy grotto; its monastery and monks; its library, containing a thousand volumes, and its fortifications. Its natural features, however, are much the same; and despite labor and religion, it is yet sterile and uninviting.

To this then dismal place the Roman tyrant banished John. Would you know his crime? He was a disciple of Christ. He believed in the word of God. He bore witness to the Christian truth. This conflicted with the religion of the empire. It frowned upon the iniquities of the great and noble as well as of the vulgar. If it prevailed, it would revolutionize society and the state, and demolish the Pantheon. It must be put down. The chosen instrument was, not truth and reason, but force. John said to the hopeless nations, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son to be a Prince and a Saviour!" "Audacious fellow!" cried the dominant powers, "be still!" "Off with him to the mines!" commanded the emperor. The lictors seized him, bound him, hurried him to the ship. In a few hours, with favoring wind, they would reach the island. "There," perhaps they thought, as they cast him ashore; "there let him perish, and his hated superstition with him!" Vain hope! Truth is mightier than brute force. It may die, or seem to die, under violence, or in prison, or at the stake, but it will live again and triumph. Those desperate men who saw the dead Christ in the grave, and rolled that huge stone against its door, and sealed it with the great seal, how they exulted! In their view the deed was done; the Nazarene had run his course. His very name, if not forgotten, would be henceforth the synonym of infamy. Poor fools! That death was the womb of life. Out of it came invincible strength and eternal triumph. He that was dead lives again, ascends to heaven, sits at the right hand of God! The blood of martyrs has been the seed of the Church. John had done much for the Christian cause, but it was needful that he should do more. He must, therefore, be fitted for it. He had spoken to that age with all the wisdom and fervor of an apostle; but he must also speak to the future ages, and with that wondrous elevation and magnificence which stamps him greatest as well as the last of the prophets. In order to this his pure spirit must be still more ennobled and refined. He must go again into the furnace. It was prepared for him in Patmos, certainly by the edict of Domitian; but above this, by the will of God.

Victorinus, who flourished A. D. 270, says he was condemned to the mines. This testimony has been doubted, because it is not probable there were mines in Patmos. But the word may just as well be rendered quarries. In all likelihood this was the meaning of Victorinus. And who need doubt there were quarries in Patmos? The Ægean Islands abounded with them. Patmos could have been little else. Admit this thought, and the exile of the apostle has an element of new and deeper interest. He had labored long and suffered much for Christ. In extreme age now, he doubtless thought the rough blasts of life were all blown. A few days more, and he should go home. Heaven was waiting for him—the crown of life was ready. Alas! instead of heaven, behold him in dismal Patmos! Instead of glory, see him toiling in the quarries! What wonder if at such reverse the venerable old man wept! How natural if his dejection become fixed and deep! Blessed be God, the dark to-night issues in the bright to-morrow! Deep grief is often the pre-

cursor of holy and ecstatic joy. In the gloom of Patmos John saw the visions of God. It was the grand point in his life. There centered in it the bliss and glory of ages. He will look back to it, from his place before the throne, with unspeakable gratitude. The memory of it will impel him to nobler songs. He entered that furnace cast down. He came out of it strong and shining as an angel, and gave to the Church the grand and divine Apocalypse.

A GREEK CONVENT.

MEGASPILI is a Greek convent in Achaia, close to the confines of Arcadia. Passing through the Arcadian town of Kalawryta, which lies in a fine plain, we arrived at the base of the snow-covered hill of Kyllene. We rode along the banks of the rushing Buraikos, in a hollow between two high bare hills. Suddenly the path makes a steep ascent out of the valley, then turns round a corner, and we have before us a cluster of buildings lying close to high and rugged walls of rock, seeming partly as if built into the hollows like swallows' nests. The edges of the rocks hang threateningly over the roofs. This is Megaspili, the largest and richest convent in Greece, containing nearly two hundred monks.

The name Megaspili means, in Greek, a great cavern. This cavern, in which the church and part of the convent is now built, is evidently the site of the original temple mentioned by the old Greek traveler Pausanias, who visited Greece in the second century, and describes this cavern as the spot where, according to old tradition, the most ancient Greek seer, Melampus, cured the daughters of Prœtus of their madness, by mystical sacrifices and expiations. We have here a proof of what is to be found all over Greece, that Christian worshipers love best to settle themselves in places solemnly consecrated to religious rites in old heathen times. The present convent was built in 1510; the original foundation, however, goes back to the time of Simon and Theodorus, who found here an image of the Virgin, said to be the work of the apostle Luke!

It was on the afternoon of the 1st of May that we rode through the lonely, deeply inclosed valley, finely illumined by the sun's rays, and approached the convent. Never shall I forget the scene which now burst on us. The mild warmth of the sun had allured the monks out of their gloomy cells, and they were sitting in the shady entrance of the convent court. They were chiefly venerable old men, with long, flowing white beards, their gray hairs covered with a black cap. They wore a long under-garment of blue, reaching to the feet, confined round the loins by a blue or red shawl; over this was an upper garment, shorter, but also of blue, cut in the same form, and trimmed round the edges with black fur.

These Greek convents exercise hospitality after the manner of the hospices on the Swiss Alps; and on departure, the traveler deposits some small alms in the convent coffers. Having good introductions from Athens, we were made doubly welcome. We had scarcely time to change our dress and take our seats at table, when we were subjected to an endless round of questions as to who we were, whence we came, and what religion we belonged to; for these were the subjects which chiefly awakened the curiosity of the solitary monks. On their side, the questions were most animated; but our answers were somewhat tedious, for our knowledge of the language was imperfect, and we had frequently to make use of our guide as an interpreter. The greatest enjoyment I had was in studying the remarkable physiognomies of those patriarchal figures; and I could not help thinking of Lessing, the Dusseldorf artist, who might have found here models for his pictures of the history of Huss. I happened to pull my eye-glass out of my pocket, an article that none of these monks had ever seen before. My traveling companions wore spectacles, which did not in the least interest the monks, many of whom themselves wore them; but my glass was a marvel to them, and they wished to inspect it more closely. The prior took his spectacles from his eyes, and tried the glass; the rest of the monks followed his example, and it circulated from hand to hand, or rather from eye to eye, some of them having scarcely patience to wait till it came to their turn. And even after the charm of novelty had worn off, a few of them still kept coming to me, and requesting to be allowed another trial of this wonderful instrument.

As evening approached, we quitted the shady courts of the convent, and enjoyed

the cool free air under the shadow of some plane-trees, from which we had a charming view of dark cypresses and rugged rocky cliffs, the light-brown color of which contrasted finely with the white convent-walls. The monks went on questioning us, and it was natural that, after having heard we were Protestants, the conversation should turn on religion. One of them especially, made it evident that he was bent on making converts. He went on with great zeal, inveighing against Catholicism and the pope, and said, that we Protestants, who also hated the pope, must therefore agree with the Greek Church, and ought to join it, for the Greek was the orthodox Church. I began in sport to play the zealous Lutheran, and replied that the case was exactly the contrary: that we Protestants were of the true evangelical faith, for we believed nothing that was not in the Bible, and had been taught by Christ and his apostles. But this only irritated him, and the proselytizing monk gave me pretty plainly to understand, that we Protestants were nothing better than heretics, and were beyond the pale of salvation. When I continued to press him, and inquired into the fundamental dogmas of his Church, he became miserably embarrassed, and had nothing to say but that the Greek Church was neither Protestant nor Catholic, but held the true faith as established by the general council. This answer did not surprise me, for I knew that these monks could scarcely either read or write, very different from the high cultivation to be met with in Italy, at least in all the larger convents.

In the evening, we took a walk with some of the monks in the vicinity of the convent. The church-yard, with its little chapel, lies in the still and peaceful bosom of the green valley. From this spot, one of the monks pointed with evident pride to the highest point of the surrounding rocks, crowned by a small fort, on which a cannon presented its threatening mouth. The monks of Megaspili conducted themselves with great bravery in the Greek Liberation War. Ibrahim Pacha made several attempts, in 1825 and 1826, to seize on their convent; but he was always successfully resisted. The Turks have, however, exercised no religious oppression in Greece. On Mount Athos there are still at the present day twenty Greek convents under Turkish rule, all on a magnificent scale; and the toleration of these convents by the Turks is the more astonishing, it being well known to them that they form the central point for Russian party intrigues.

After this walk, we inspected the church and the other buildings. The church is very simple: in the interior, unsightly. It contains no pictures, for the miserable daubs which cover the walls are not worthy of the name. The only remarkable object is one already mentioned—an old and much discolored wax-figure of the Virgin and Child, an ancient Byzantine work, but reverenced here as that of St. Luke, and the discovery of which, according to tradition, gave origin and importance to the convent. There are only three works of the kind said to be by St. Luke, all belonging to the Greek Church: this one in Megaspili; another in the convent of Keety, in the Isle of Cyprus; and a third at Mount Malas, in Trebizond. The monks kissed the figure with pious rapture, and even our dragoman, who in other religious matters we regarded as a sly rationalist, could scarcely be satisfied with kissing and worshiping this figure, to which the whole of Greek Christendom makes continual pilgrimage.

From the church we were taken into the wine-cellar, the sight of which convinced us that the pious monks know well how to season the intervals between fasting and praying. Tun was piled on tun, and immense tuns too. Not that the largest of them was quite so large as the celebrated Heidelberg tun, but neither was it, like it, a mere spectacle for exhibition, but an article in daily use. We tasted the wine, and found it sour; but I very much doubt whether the rogues gave us their best.

On our return from this subterranean apartment, we passed the door of a room which they said was the library. On my expressing a desire to see it, they hesitated, and presently one of them said that the key was lost. I smiled, and thought how very significant it was that the key of the library should be lost, and not that of the wine-cellar. It afterward appeared that I had done the good monks injustice, for it was told me in Athens they are always very mysterious about their library, which is said to contain many rare works; among others, a German translation of the Bible by Luther, which the great reformer sent

to the monks of Megaspili, with a dedication by his own hand, for he long cherished the hope of enlisting the Greek Church on his side in his struggle against the papacy.

I shall never forget the afternoon spent in this convent. I felt as if suddenly transported into Italy out of desolate, uncultivated Greece. The beautiful and carefully tended cypresses contributed to foster this delusion; but it did not last long. Where are to be found here those signs of the refined culture of the arts of the middle ages, which render so attractive even the smallest Italian convent? These swallows' nests, piled above each other like boxes, are picturesque enough; but where, in this confused jumble, are the charming models of Roman architecture? And these gardens down there, winding up the mountains like an amphitheater, and which the monks take a truly idyllic pleasure in planting out—they please us doubly, because they remind us of home and of the fresh green we have so long been deprived of; but he who has once seen the artistic splendor of an Italian convent garden, with its rose-trees and splashing fountains, looks in vain for the renewal of such pleasing impressions here. Where, too, are the shady piazzas, with their fine frescoes, which have made the Italian masters so renowned? Here, if anywhere, we may learn what a misfortune it has been to Greece, that throughout the middle ages down to the latest times, it was cut off from European culture. The Italian convents do not suit the present times, but we reverence them for the mighty past, when, by their means, the arts and sciences were preserved, and instruction imparted to the people. But as for these Greek convents, the past and the present are equally gloomy. Where is their art? where their science? where their efforts to diffuse education? The monks know nothing, learn nothing, give no instruction to the young, who have nothing for it but to become monks themselves; the country is poor, depopulated, entirely without active energy. Here, in this charming spot, dwell two hundred idlers, who deprive the country of their labors, and live on the sweat of the poor man's brow.

These considerations forced themselves on me in spite of my efforts to banish them, that I might not willfully disturb present enjoyment. At night, we had an excellent supper with two of the monks. The beds were especially comfortable for us weary travelers. Next morning, in magnificent weather, we rode off and returned to the world again. The monks were in church, and we heard a long way off the sound of their nasal singing at matins.

[For the National Magazine.]

TO THE DANDELION.

"Dear common flower! that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold:
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and full of pride uphold—
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An El Dorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ampler round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be."

LOWELL'S ADDRESS TO THE DANDELION.

No gardener's pride!
Not valued for imaginary charms;
No rarity from foreign countries brought,
Thou dost abide
By lowly waysides, gem luxuriant farms,
And in still quiet places should'st be sought.

Beside the streams
That purl along to music of their own,
In silent nooks, and velvet-tufted lanes,
Where pleasant dreams
Steal o'er the soul that loves to be alone,
Thou bloomest, bless'd by dews and early rains.

An humble flower!
So meek and lowly, modesty embalm'd,
With golden petals nestling mid the green,
An unseen power
Thou hast, that oft my soul hath sweetly charm'd,
When mid life's brightest hours shades stole between.

Thy golden crown
The brightest ornament of genial spring,
By richest, poorest, ever will be bless'd;
Thy seeds of down
In mid-air o'er the landscape wandering,
Are emblems fair of spirits seeking rest.

The humblest weed
That lifts its head above the fragrant sod,
And runs its course and crumbles into dust,
If we would heed,
Would sweetly speak the wisdom of our God,
And teach us lessons, holy, pure, and just.

Then lift thy head,
And ever smile, fair flower, of beauty rare;
And cheer the hearts of all who love thy face.
'Tis often said,
That what we *think* indeed *is* truly fair,
And thou in poetry shalt find a place.

W. R. LAWRENCE.

AN ELEPHANT RIDE.

I NEVER had "an adventure" but once, and now I mean to relate it. It occurred during the prosecution of the first Burmese war, when I was left on sick-report, much to my disgust, at Rangoon, while my regiment, for I was then a British officer, was with the grand army in advance.

Everybody knows now, what nobody knew then, the extreme disadvantage we were under at commencing the war during the most unpropitious season of the year, when the country near Rangoon is almost entirely under water. The flat coast and mangrove-shores become a fertile hotbed for miasma, every green and exuberant pool a hall of revelry for fever and pestilence. But at the time I speak of, in September, the water, or most of it, had disappeared, leaving behind all the quick and luxuriant growth of vegetation that so soon invests the neighborhood with the beauty derivable from the richest shades of color on tree, and shrub, and leaf. From the town, with its wooden stockade, for two miles, up to the low range of hills on which glows and glitters the stupendous Shoe Dagon pagoda, the whole way appeared but an extensive series of rich, unwalled fields, gardens of fruit and vegetables, copses of bananas, and ponds of almost invisible water, over which nature had woven a carpet of deceptive verdure.

Rangoon was no longer the wretched seat of disease, comparative famine, and desolation, which it had been a few months back. The natives had flocked back in numbers; the houses were rebuilt; the shops began to be refilled by Chinese; while the adjoining country was once more peopled, and even the deserted *keowms*, or monasteries, began to resume their look of cheerful habitation; for there is no class of the Burmese more cheerful and courteous than the priests. I was convalescent, and my medical friend—how frequently it happens that the physician really becomes the friend!—approved of my taking a little relaxation by rambles in the country near the stockade, for it still might be unsafe to extend them into the interior. It was decided that we were to go together to witness the funeral obsequies of a *phongi*, or priest, of great reputed learning, whose death, happening when the war was at its hottest, had been looked upon by the Burmese as a public calamity. It is a sight seldom seen by Europeans, and great preparations had been made for the ceremony. The body had, as is usual, undergone the process of embalming, after which it is covered by a layer of melted wax, to prevent injury from atmospheric action. This is in turn overlaid with sheets of leaf-gold, and in this state it awaits the final pyrotechnic display which constitutes the funeral.

The day arrived, and with it my friend, who had been fortunate enough to obtain an elephant—one of three whose services for the procession had been granted by the commissariat for the grand ceremony. The ground chosen was within half a mile of the outer stockade, a plain of some extent, slanting down seaward, and overlooked by a dismantled pagoda, better known as the White House picket, having formed a strong fortified position of the enemy until it fell into our hands, when it became one of our outposts. When we reached the scene of display, immense crowds had already assembled, the procession round Rangoon being over, and the final rite about to begin. On an elevated stage of wood and bamboo, gaudily decorated with emblematic devices in gold-leaf, stood the coffin, by no means of a lugubrious appearance, for it was likewise overlaid with gilding. As we approached, somewhat delayed by the unusually restless temper of our elephant, which the *mahout*, or driver, ascribed to discomposure at the sight of so many people, the coffin was being removed from the stage to a very high vehicle or car, on which also a platform was erected. A moving mass of Burmese, bearing flags, banners, images of deities, and mythic blazons, surrounded the car; boys and girls danced and chanted as the coffin was deposited; and as we drew still nearer, we discovered that the strange images which were affixed to the car were stuck over with all manner of pyrotechnics—rockets, &c. A large assemblage of phongis stood by, while a few golden *tees*, or umbrellas, declared the presence of influential chiefs. There were not many of the fair sex; but a score or two of elderly women, in yellow raiment, were pointed out as belonging to a sacerdotal sisterhood—Buddhist nuns. Directly behind the coffin was a cannon ready loaded, and leveled with precision; while in front, the space was clear of the crowd, to prevent accidents.

Meanwhile our elephant's fretfulness seemed to increase, nor could all the efforts of the mahout control it. In fact, we were afterward informed that this man was a stranger to the animal, whose accustomed conductor was sick in hospital.

At last there was a signal, the blare of a most discordant horn, and then the cannon was fired, the rockets, the fireworks let off, with a roar and a blaze, and a shout of multitudinous voices, that not only shook the whole space, but terrified the already excited elephant into perfect fury. With a velocity that nearly shook me from the pile of cushions and rope-work which fortunately supplied the place of a howdah, the animal dashed forward right among the crowd, piercing the smoke that burst from oil, petroleum, and wood, till, almost choked by the fumes, he as suddenly turned his back upon the whole, and, trumpeting loudly—surest evidence of elephantine rage—rushed on, I knew not whither. Nevertheless, I had seen the discharge of the cannon; and amid flames and flashes of fire, that in darkness and at night might have made an impressive spectacle, I witnessed the coffin literally blown up into the skies, while the acclamations of the populace sounded like thunder.

When I had self-possession to look at my own situation, I found that, though the mahout retained his seat on the neck of the elephant, the hinder half of our cushions had given way, and with them the worthy doctor had disappeared. I had enough to do to hold fast by the ropes; the mahout seemed to have resigned every attempt to regulate the creature, and we were advancing at a pace little short of a run up a woody track, that, leading from the stockade, promised to land us in the uninhabited jungle beyond the Shoe Dagon, whose glittering proportions, seen above the trees, loomed mystically on the left. But as we proceeded, the path narrowed, and the trees were of a larger size; and still, from time to time, the elephant, trumpeting, crashed among them—here rending away a branch, and there forcing himself through underwood, amid which I expected every moment to be hurled like a cast-off caparison. We had probably advanced more than a mile at this reckless pace, when, an enormous tree coming in our way, the animal checked his speed for a minute; the next, turning upward his trunk, and suddenly seizing the mahout, as a squirrel seizes a straw, he swung him with a wrench up into a tree, the amazed wretch howling with terror as he found himself fixed among the boughs. I could hardly help laughing, regardless of the fact that the same fate might be allotted to me. But no! the elephant, with a strange sound, that from a mouse would have been a squeak, continued his progress at a slower rate. I then discovered, as I thought, the cause of its anger: that tender part under or beside the ear, to which the mahout is wont to apply the goad which acts as spur, was raw and sore, the blood running from it down the poor creature's neck. The mahout, a stranger to the animal, in ignorance, perhaps, of the wound, if he had not indeed made it, had cruelly and unwisely used the goad, thereby irritating his charge to madness.

The poor creature now appeared perfectly tranquil; and presently the soil grew wet and boggy, and he tried cautiously to steer clear of the softest places, browsing the tender branches of some shrubs near us. I was considering the expedience of dismounting, and of endeavoring to find my way to the Shoe Dagon, now invisible, for we were at the bottom of a dell, and, I believed, approaching a creek which I knew ran in the direction we were taking; nor was it long ere the powerful and peculiar smell that saluted us assured me I was right. From it, I was certain that we were close to a little hamlet famous for the produce of that most offensive Burmese condiment, *gnapee* or *balichong*. Some of my readers may not know that this is a sort of paste, forming an essential article of diet at every Burman's meal, where it is consumed with everything: with rice, as if it were jam; with meat, as if it were mustard, only in larger proportions; and with fish, as if it were anchovy-sauce. Let me briefly add, that it is nothing but putrefied fish or prawns, which are in this state dried in an oven, and then pounded in a mortar with garlic, onions, spices, and a little salt; it is then put into a jar, and hot vinegar poured over it. After remaining for some time untouched, to let the acid penetrate and thoroughly saturate the *compote*, the jar is hermetically sealed and set aside for some weeks—the longer the better. Wonderfully potent is the smell, and I have

no doubt the taste is more so, but I wanted courage to give it a trial.

However, the strong effluvium of the gnapee was welcome to me as the "gardens of Gûl in their bloom," for I knew that I was sure of finding at the creek some friendly ally of Pegu, or perhaps some of the Burmese flocking back to find safety under the conquering English, and who would conduct me to the stockade by a shorter track than any I could discover. But I had yet to wait a while, for as I was preparing to slip off the elephant's back, the capricious animal trotted quickly on till, reaching an enormous cotton-tree, whose large showy scarlet and white blossoms had attracted him, he again stopped, and began to feed on them. Not long, however. A peculiar noise in the lofty tree beneath which we were placed, drew my attention upward—a crumpling and crushing of foliage, which startled the animal as well as myself. It did not resemble that which is made by a bird or a squirrel, and seemed to seek rather than to fly us. My first impression was that a man was in the branches; for monkeys I had not heard of in Ava. I am short of sight, but as I gazed intently, I became conscious of the proximity of a most unwelcome neighbor. I beheld a monstrous serpent right above me; its tail coiled and knotted about a branch of the tree; its gray, and green, and yellow-spotted skin and fiery eyes staring down into mine, while his huge head, wavering to and fro, chilled me with horror; and in another instant the elephant also became cognizant of its presence, for it absolutely shivered as it stood, giving forth a sound so distinctly different from either the trumpeting of anger or the gigantic bass-squeak of satisfaction, (so to speak,) as proved that the modulations of the creature's voice were so many forms of expression given to it, as speech to man, by that Wisdom which allots to everything that lives its own peculiar language. In another instant, the serpent, releasing its hold of the tree, swung itself with unimaginable velocity on the elephant's back, behind me. I felt the horrible reptile, as it weltered on the pack-saddle against which I leaned, and expected every moment to find myself within its coils. But at the touch of the serpent, mindless of marsh or bog, the elephant gave so sudden a spring that, weakened and paralyzed by terror, I lost my hold of the fastenings by which I had hitherto kept my position, and before one could count three, found myself lying on a couch of the softest mud in all Burmah. When I was able to look about me, and saw that no hideous length of reptile was near, while the elephant's hasty steps as he crushed over the track we had so lately come by, led me to hope he had carried away the unacceptable visitor, I was heartily thankful to have had a landing-place so safe. The mud was not of any depth, and though I carried its colors on every stitch about me, I extricated myself without difficulty, and, crawling quite to the other side of the jungle, far from the snake-haunted cotton-tree, sat quietly down, feeling an unusual sickness creep over me: in plain terms, I fainted.

I do not suppose this state of things continued very long; but I have no doubt that my recovery was accelerated by the powerful odor—more conducive to restoration from syncope than burned feathers—exhaled from the persons of the three natives by whom I found myself supported. They were worthy men of Pegu, concocters of gnapee, of which they carried huge jars for the Rangoon market; and the aroma of which might well have induced a stench-hating Bedouin, had he been within a *fursung* of it, to stuff his nostrils with the cotton of expulsion. Truly, I was thankful to have their ready assistance in my return to the stockade; and, faint and athirst, welcomed with no common relish the ripe bananas and cool water with which they liberally supplied me.

At my quarters, I found the worthy doctor preparing to set forth on a search for me; and in great alarm, as, shortly before I appeared, the refractory elephant had returned quietly to the stockade. The doctor, like myself, had fallen without injury; but of the inexperienced mahout we heard nothing; and the elephant made no revelations of the manner by which he got rid of his serpent-rider.

THE FEAR OF GOD.—They that fear God least have the greatest reason to fear him. —A fear of departing from God is a good means to keep us from departing from him.—The more we fear God, the less we shall fear men.—They that will not fear God in prosperity, will be afraid of him in adversity.

A SCENE AT RONNEBURG.

DURING the period of Count Zinzendorf's banishment in the Wetteran (on account of his religious principles) it was his custom to assemble the inhabitants of the numerous villages surrounding Ronneburg every Sabbath day for worship. "The field is white to the harvest," said Zinzendorf, as he watched the people coming up out of the valleys—men and women, old and young.

One of the guests, who appeared Sunday by Sunday, particularly attracted the count's attention. He was a young man, apparently about twenty-two years of age, small and slightly made, and very well dressed, who was always first at the place. With his companion, an old gray-headed man, upon whom he bestowed much attention, he had, from the commencement of the Sabbath services, placed himself upon a wall, from whence both congregation and minister could be well overlooked, and during the singing of the hymns his full, rich voice might be distinguished from the rest of the assembled multitude.

There was something in the expression of the young man which the count termed, "The mark of the soul," a look of peace, and desire for communion with the Lord.

Zinzendorf had frequently attempted to show kindness to the strangers, but had never succeeded in reaching them. With marked bashfulness, the young man kept out of his way, and never appeared except during service; but this shyness only increased the desire of the count to make his acquaintance. On the present occasion, about dinner-time, he wandered among the groups of Sunday guests scattered around. He soon discovered the old man under the shade of a tree, who, having finished his simple meal, was sitting with folded hands, gazing into the rich valley below, watered by a peaceful stream, and clothed with corn-fields waving in the warm mid-day wind.

"Where is your companion, my father?" said the count, addressing him. "Why are you alone? I never saw you so before." "At your grace's service," replied the old man; "my young companion is with an old Hebrew called Rabbi Abraham. God only knows wherefore they meet; the elder seeks the younger, and the younger the elder, and they eat together from the same loaf, although one is a believing Christian, and the other an unbelieving Jew." "And who is the young man?" asked the count. "Is he a near relation?" "O, if he were," cried the aged man, in a mournful tone, "I should yet have pleasures which passed away long ago. I have a son, but he has left me, and I am alone in my old age; but, no, not alone; the Lord my light is with me, and his rod and his staff they comfort me, and *will* comfort me till my hour of death comes. But concerning my young friend, I can tell you nothing except that he occupies himself with clerical studies, and is truly spiritually-minded. He belongs to my people, as brother under the cross, and is our learned master. The noble youth has no home about here; he leads a wandering, I should say an exiled life, similar to that of your grace."

"And how did you find him?" again asked the count. "Very easily, your grace; as the boy and I had the same father, the Lord brought us together. I must tell you that my name is Philip Dorr, and I live below in the village of Himback; my cottage stands on the outskirts of the village, and from thence springs the best brook in the place. It was eight weeks ago yesterday, since I was sitting in the evening before my door, gazing into the fields beyond, and reflecting upon my advancing years, when the young gentleman came up, tired and dusty, and, stopping at my stream, begged a vessel to drink out of it. I took a small bowl from the kitchen, having no glass in the house, and, as I filled it and reached it to the stranger, it came into my mind to try his spirit, whether he was of God, and I said, 'There, sir, drink; the water of this stream is wholesome and greatly prized, yet whosoever drinks of this water will thirst again, "but," says our Lord, "whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."' 'True,' said he, looking at me, 'the Lord's word is the stream from whence flows everlasting life.' 'Now,' said I, 'if you are of this mind, come in here, for evening is approaching; a morsel of bread have I got for those who believe in the Lord.' He gave me his hand, and we turned into the house. Since that day he has taken shelter with me every Saturday evening, and leads me here for the preaching on the Sabbath. Farther know I nothing of him; nothing more must you ask.

He is now with the old Hebrew; if you will do me a favor, fetch him away; I do not willingly see him go there."

The count proceeded to the familiar dwelling of the rabbi; the door was partially unclosed; an unusual voice impelled him to stand still and listen. The stranger was conversing with the rabbi in Hebrew. The old man, ready and full of fire, as he pronounced the accents of his mother tongue, the younger, uncertain, often corrected by the elder, but never misunderstood. Never had the Hebrew tongue sounded so harmonious to the count; it fell as music from the aged mouth, in the rising and falling tones of the hymn of Moses: "Thy word shall distill as the dew, as the rain upon the grass, and as drops upon the herb. Then will I praise the name of our Lord, and give to our God the praise." The count entered with a loud step. Before a small table, covered with a snowy cloth, at a spare meal, sat the rabbi and his guest. The latter rose, with great timidity in his manner, but the Jew remained seated, with his cap on, saying, "Be welcome, Lord Count, but pardon me for observing the customs of my fathers; welcome are you to partake of our scanty meal. Do not despise the coarse food of a poor Jew; so eat bread with us," at the same time reaching him with one hand the black bread, and with the other the great salt-cellar.

"I accept your invitation as heartily as it was given," replied the count, cutting a slice from the loaf; "but, Rabbi Abraham, how is it with your great liberality; is it never abused?"

"Never, Lord Count," said the Jew, in reply; "and never shall I weary of giving so long as I have somewhat to give. Thus have I learned from my youth from my teacher, Rabbi Ben Joel, whom may the God of Paradise bless. It must be fully thirty years ago since I was dining here one Sabbath day with my people. A stranger of wild appearance came to the door, asking alms, to whom I said, 'Friend, my religion forbids my taking money into my hand to-day, but, if you are hungry, sit down and eat with us what God has provided.' He placed himself at the table in silence, and ate and drank like a hungry man, from time to time listening cautiously at the door, but he spake not a word. When he had finished, I said to him, 'Friend, if you are satisfied, return thanks to the Lord; I will, with my friends, thank Him for food and drink.' I stood up, the stranger also, and I thanked the God of Israel, when he, with speedy acknowledgments, went away. He had not been gone long, and I was considering how I should make my way through the wood, when a highwayman appeared, seized hold of me, and, with fierce words, struck me to the ground. I begged my life, but the robber, enraged at finding so few valuables about me, threatened me with his knife. I begged a moment for prayer, which he granted. While I was upon my knees, committing soul and body to the Lord, who orders my days, a second appeared, who, looking at me, raised me from the ground, saying, 'Do you not know me, Rabbi Abraham?' I did not know him. 'He who fed me a short time ago, when I was hungry, shall not die,' said he, and, putting a dollar into my hand, disappeared with his companion into a thicket."

The count listened attentively to the old man's story, but, as soon as it was concluded, fixed his eyes on the countenance of the youthful guest in whom he felt so greatly interested. The three remained together till Rabbi Abraham had returned thanks, when Zinzendorf took the young man out with him; and, as they wandered together under the shade of the trees, their hearts were opened to each other, and a deep affection sprung up from that day.

And who was the young stranger? It was John Kaspar Horst, afterward preacher in Sindheim, a man full of ardent love to the Saviour, and one whose memory, still living, is blessed.

Life is a succession of shower-baths. Some shiver and tremble, look round for a means of escape, and feel the first misery of the shock, and then in fear give way, and shiver, and look, and at last leave the scene of their trial, chilled and comfortless, and uninvigorated: and others rouse up their energies to face the seeming suffering, and after the first alarm is over, find that they have attained a lasting good at the expense of a momentary evil; for good that must be, which, at whatever price, strengthens our powers of self-command, and gives us moral courage.—*Margaret Percival.*

[For the National Magazine.]

REVIEWS EXTRAORDINARY—No. V.

BY ONE OF OUR STATED CONTRIBUTORS.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. A. AUGUSTUS WAGTAIL, D.D., WITH A PORTRAIT ON BRASS. TWO VOLUMES POST OCTAVO, HOT PRESSED, AND BOUND IN CALF.

IF a man may write his own memoirs, and have them published before his death, there seems no good reason why they may not be reviewed before being printed. Again, if it be true, as Sanconiathon has it, that "Whatever is *is*," so it will follow, to speak learnedly, that *in posse* may with great propriety be substituted for the more matter-of-fact *in esse*. This being admitted, as, indeed, it will be useless to deny it, we proceed to give the reader some account of the volumes named at the head of this article, with critical observations and comments of our own.

And first, as to the general question touching the propriety of autobiographies, let it be observed that every man knows, or ought to know, better than any one else, the struggles of his early life—his fears, his hopes, his subsequent labors, and the effects of those labors. Who, then, so well qualified as he to write his life?

Then, again, men love to read about themselves.

"'Tis a pleasant thing to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

So strong is this desire, that they will even read caricatures of their persons and slanderous attacks on their character. How much more, then, a well-polished or even a well-varnished biography? The publication of a man's life in his own time, affords him the opportunity of gratifying this laudable desire.

The profits, we may remark further, which arise from the sale of a man's life, he needs, if ever, while he is alive. The price of the copyright, even should it be five or ten thousand dollars, can do him no good when he is in the grave. So, also, if his life is criticised unjustly by reviewers, he is where he can defend himself. It is not every Johnson that has a Boswell; nor, we say it modestly, does every Wagtail fall into the hands of an admirer of the Dagger correspondent. Besides, the autobiographist has illustrious examples as precedents. Goethe published his own life, and called it *Poetry and Truth*. Heinrich Stilling, who married many wives, wrote and published his life, and called it *Stilling*. The great seedsman of America, as fond of Scotch and Yankee lasses, as of the rose and the violet, has written and published his eventful life, and called it, euphoniously, *Laurie Todd*. The prince of showmen has recently written and published the Life of *Phineas Taylor Barnum*, or rather a part of his life. Whether the remainder will ever be given to the public is at present doubtful.

It can scarcely be a question, then, whether a man has a right to peddle his own life. If he knows it is truthful, and of moral and religious tendency; and still further, if he has paid the printer, he has the same right to sell his autobiography that the grocer has to sell his sugar, or the mercer his silks and satins.

The only question now remaining is one of taste. But as the tastes of no two persons are yet exactly alike, and as the approximation is very slow, it must be a long while before that question can be fully settled. It cannot, therefore, be of any practical concernment to the present generation.

Thus much on what the learned John Howe would call the clearing of the subject.

The early life of Dr. Wagtail was very much like the early life of other great men. In the nursery he exhibited some of those traits which distinguished him in after life. The first fifteen chapters of the autobiography may be supposed to give a minute detail of the incidents of his youthful days. The reader as he peruses the volume will find this whole account deeply interesting. He will see the sensibilities, the intellect, and the will, gradually, though somewhat precariously, developing themselves. He will be furnished, too, with additional proof of the truthfulness of the saying of the poet, that "the boy is father of the man." And this narrative, though the author had no such thought, goes far toward settling the question, which has so long divided the philosophical schools, namely, Whether the chicken is in the egg or the egg in the chicken.

There is nothing very remarkable in the manner by which our author came in possession of his double Christian name. He was originally called Tony, in honor of his progenitor, but when his capacious mind began to expand, and young ambi-

tion plumed her glossy wing within his soul, he added, with becoming modesty, the indefinite article, and became Antony. This satisfied him for a while, but in his seventeenth year, finding that almost all his associates had two, and some of them three, and even four Christian names, it is not wonderful that the aspirations within should blossom and bring forth its fruit in the imperial name Augustus. Fashion, too, when the young man's whiskers began to develop themselves, induced him to adopt the latest style. He was successively Tony, Antony, Antony A., Antony Augustus, and finally, in the beauty of euphonistic concatenation and æsthetic elegance, A. Augustus, which we are not sure will not again be altered before the sculptor receives orders for an inscription which shall mark his final resting place.

It were tedious to dwell upon the schoolboy days of the little A. Augustus, and unnecessary to trace the development of his intellectual powers as he progressed toward manhood. Let us plunge at once *in medias res*, and introduce him to the reader, a full-grown clergyman, in a delightful village known as Hard Scrabble. Let us give, in his own words, a brief account of the manner in which he enlarged his congregations. There is, in the account, so much of meekness and humility, characteristics which ever distinguished the doctor, that it commends itself even to the most modest, timid, and self-abased of the clerical profession. He says:

"On entering upon my ministerial duties, I found the congregations very small. Circumstances, which I need not mention, had tended to make them so. It seemed like a waste of strength for me to preach my sermons to so few. I, therefore, set myself to divine some way to increase the number of my hearers. I thought if I could once get before the people more prominently, it would enable me to do a greater amount of good. Finally I hit upon the following plan, of which I claim to be the original inventor. In both our village papers, *The Saturday Evening Gad-Fly* and the *Hard Scrabble Flag of the American Union*, appeared the following announcement:

"'☞ The Rev. A. Augustus Wagtail will, by particular request, deliver a Series of Discourses on the most important subjects. The public are invited to attend. The first sermon of the series, being a satisfactory solution of the mystery involved in the names of Gog and Magog, may be expected to-morrow morning. To be followed, in the evening, by an exposition of the Pentateuch, and family connections of Melchisedec. Services commence in the morning at half past ten, and in the evening at early candle-light.'

"The announcement brought out quite a number of persons; and they were just that class of hearers, too, I perceived, that needed the Gospel. In two or three weeks my congregation was about the same size it formerly was. I then prepared another notice for the *Gad-Fly*, and the printer "leaded" it, so that it appeared as editorial. It was on this wise:

"'☞ The Rev. A. Augustus Wagtail, we are happy to learn, will preach to-morrow on subjects of rare importance to this community. We advise those of our citizens who have not heard this eloquent divine to avail themselves of this opportunity to do so. To those who have heard him, the simple announcement that he is to preach special sermons is sufficient.'

"This kind notice from the editor helped my congregation for some two or three Sabbaths. When the interest died away I caused weekly notices to be inserted every Saturday. Thus, to give a specimen:

"'☞ The Rev. A. Augustus Wagtail will preach to-morrow morning, on 'The Lord's Hired Razor;' in the evening, on 'Ephraim is a cake not turned.'

"Here is another:

"'☞ Subject of the Rev. Mr. Wagtail's discourse to-morrow morning—The Ram and He-Goat of Daniel. In the evening the Witch of Endor.'

"The church, after such announcements, was generally full in the morning; and in the evening it was frequently necessary to place benches in the aisles. By these efforts I got before the public, and had a larger field of hearts to work upon. Some of the more staid people kept away, but their places were filled with others. I had an audience that I could move. I never saw a congregation anywhere, or under any performance, more ready to be brought down than the Hard Scrabble congregation. To God be all the glory!"—Vol. i, pp. 400–402.

The above extract shows how indefatigable was this eminent young divine in building up his congregations, and in doing good in his ministrations. His example is worthy of the consideration of all clergymen, young ministers especially.

The propriety of his course has, however, been questioned by a few ministers and laymen. But why should it be? If God has given to one of his ministers some especial gifts for the edification of his Church, and the multitude not in the Church, how are they to be profited by these gifts if they are not apprised when and where they may avail themselves of them? Besides, there is Scriptural authority. "No man when he hath lighted a candle putteth it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light to all that are in the house." This must settle the question to the satisfaction of all reasonable men. As, however, we wish to make a complete defense, we may advert to the argument from analogy. The clam-man cries his clams, the scissors grinder rings his bell, and the fisherman blows his horn. Why not, then, should

the preaching man publish his appointments, and give notice of the subjects he intends to discuss? Indeed, the argument cumulates in the ratio and to the extent of man's value above that of the bivalves and the finny race.

We cannot, in the brief space allowed us, follow Dr. Wagtail in his long and eventful career. We must confine ourselves to a few of the many striking passages in the life of this extraordinary man.

He was a rising star, and had made himself notorious when the Woolwich College went into operation. The faculty and corporation of that institution had resolved to confer, at their first commencement, honorary degrees upon seven of the most distinguished professional men in the country. They fixed upon the number seven, because Rome and Constantinople were built on seven hills, and because Noah was commanded to take into the ark with him of clean things "sevens," and because, also, it is said in the Proverbs, "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her 'seven pillars.'"

Among the number selected was Mr. Wagtail; but younger colleges see sooner than the older ones who are worthy of honorary titles. They are more generous. However, we do not wish to be understood as finding fault with the course pursued by the older institutions. Their liberality, in this respect, if not so excessive, is, nevertheless, quite satisfactory.

The Woolwich College could not have conferred a degree upon any one that would more highly appreciate it than did Rev. A. Augustus Wagtail. He felt that it was his duty—a matter of honor on his part—to accept the title, and meekly wear his honors. He immediately, therefore, purchased a new door-plate, and had engraved thereon

REV. A. AUGUSTUS WAGTAIL, D.D.

In his autobiography the doctor, as may well be supposed, goes extensively into the reasons which led him to the constant use of this title. He devotes nearly fifty pages of the second volume to the subject. It will be sufficient for our purpose briefly to state some of his principal reasons, and refer the reader to the doctor himself for their amplification.

1. As the Woolwich College had honored him in conferring the title, it was proper that he should honor the college by using it. Herein, it is clear, he has Albert Barnes on the hip, and, if we mistake not, the former editor of THE NATIONAL.

2. His view of Christian morals would not allow him, even in his signature and address, to appear what he was not. This is very striking. Hence he always signed himself A. Augustus Wagtail, D. D.

3. The euphonious argument. There is something in *Dr.* Wagtail very agreeable to the ear. This argument is well fortified by Grecian authorities.

4. The utilitarian, or American argument. This, as the reader will anticipate, is a powerful one, and is most ably handled by the doctor.

The above arguments, as they are drawn out in full in the autobiography, show very clearly that Dr. Cox looked only on the surface of things; he was comparatively young when he wrote his famous article on Honorary Degrees. The "semi-lunar fardels," as he rather sneeringly calls D. duplicated at the end of a man's name, Dr. Wagtail proves to be exceedingly significant. And when they have been conferred by a learned and pious faculty and corporation, having the fear of God before their eyes, they are not an appendage to the name, but an essential part of it. The argument is entirely conclusive. It is satisfactory even to Samuel Hanson Cox, who now practically illustrates the folly of his juvenile objection, made when the grapes were sour, and must lead to a higher appreciation of the value of the title by those honored sons of the Church, who have been, and who may be, selected by our colleges as the recipients of their favors, and whose learning and pious zeal entitle them to such distinguished consideration.

We have referred to the course pursued by Dr. Wagtail to bring himself more fully before the people that he might do more good. The same motives actuated him in all his subsequent life. If he desired ease, it was only that he might recruit his wasted energies. If he desired fame, it was only that he might be more extensively useful. If he courted the rich, it was to do them good; if he introduced himself to the great, it was that he and they might be mutually benefited; and, if he was disputatious, it was because he felt he was set for the defense of the truth. Every effectual door he en-

tered, and those that were not effectual he sought, nevertheless, to enter, at whatever cost of self-respect. He says:

"I early joined the Masonic fraternity. I thought it would open a door of usefulness to me. I should likely be elected chaplain. It would bring me into connection with persons outside of my Church. Some of them would come and hear me preach because I was a brother Mason. I should be called upon to attend the funerals of Masons, and to deliver orations on public occasions. Thus I should be better known, and, consequently, be in a position where I could accomplish a greater amount of good. I may say, also, in this connection, though it is out of chronological order, that I joined the Odd Fellows, the Rechabites, the Sons of Temperance, the Brothers of Temperance, the Templars, and the League. Were it not unconstitutional, I should have become a Daughter of Temperance. In all these societies I have been greatly honored by my brethren. In most instances they remitted the fees altogether, and in others passed me through all the degrees at half price. Besides, I have been elected chaplain, master, grand master, worthy, noble, grand patriarch, worthy patriarch, grand, worthy patriarch, &c. All these offices and associations have tended to the fuller development of my character, and have materially furthered me in the great purposes of my life."—Vol. ii, pp. 35, 36.

Some persons have been unkind enough to intimate that Dr. Wagtail joined these societies to advance selfish ends. The above extract should put that suspicion to rest.

Another subject of much interest to the ministry is brought before us in this autobiography. It is well known that Dr. Wagtail was very fond of the weed. He chewed and smoked every day, Sundays and fast days not excepted. On the latter subject he remarks:

"I took to smoking in the early part of my ministry. I have always, however, been a moderate smoker. Taking the time altogether, I have not expended more than a dollar a week for pipes, tobacco, and cigars. I am aware of the objections to ministers smoking. But I do not think they are well taken. What is more becoming in a young minister than a pipe or cigar? And is it not still more becoming in an old minister? I have found great comfort in smoking, and I am well satisfied that it is a good thing for ministers to smoke."—Vol. ii, pp. 104, 105.

The subject here presented is one of so great importance, especially to the ministry, that it will be well to consider it in its length and breadth. And we do this, not merely to defend the views of our author, and the habits of many popular clergymen, but, also, to correct the notions which a portion of the Church entertain respecting smoking ministers. These heterodox notions have been engendered and fostered, to some extent, by the periodical press. The *Christian Advocate*, conservative as it is, not long since contained an article on the "Smoking Disciple." The writer was evidently prejudiced against tobacco. The little Sunday-school paper, when under the editorial charge of Dr. Kidder, seemed to be affected by the anti-tobacco mania. Some while ago it contained two articles, illustrated with wood-cuts, designed, as we must think, to reflect on Nicotian ministers. One of these cuts was supposed to be meant for a portrait of a most venerable presiding elder! The pages of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, also, by some hallucination on the part of the acting editor, was permitted to be the vehicle of a "Meditation on Tobacco," an article evincing, indeed, very extensive historical research and vast antiquarian knowledge; but so obnoxious to the charge of speaking evil of dignitaries, whom it is our duty to esteem very highly in love for their work's sake, if we can, that its author deserves to be rebuked. And we do hereby, in the name, and for the sake of the ministry, rebuke him!

We must not be understood as undertaking to defend chewing or smoking in the abstract. Everything depends upon circumstances; the *quomodo* is as important as the *quid*. We are no advocates for those who soil their shirt-bosoms with the yellow saliva. We do not even argue in favor of incrustations on the corners of the mouth, at least during the hour devoted to divine service. So with regard to smoking, if a man takes his cigar between his thumb and fore-finger, and holds it perpendicularly, and spits often, and looks round, and rolls his eyes like a dying calf, we have no objection, if his manner is not esteemed æsthetical, provided the thing itself is not treated in style denunciatory.

If, again, he puffs and blows like a wheezing locomotive, or the exhaust-pipe of a high-pressure engine, his smoking may be no accomplishment. But, on the other hand, when a man, an ordained minister more especially, draws the smoke into his mouth slowly, and without effort, gradually filling up every cavity thereof, and slightly distending or rounding the cheeks; when, with a graceful curve of

the arm, he brings his hand to his mouth, and takes the cigar between the first and second fingers, and holds it horizontally, while the ball, or lower part of the palm of the hand, rests upon his knee, or a desk, or the top of the back of a neighboring chair; when he throws his chin a little forward, and expels the smoke from his mouth in beautiful rings — ah! then you have a picture to be gazed at, one that it requires an effort of the imagination to suppose even Paul himself equaled when on his way to answer the Macedonian cry, Come over and help us. The smoke so expelled from the mouth rises like incense from the altar. The Dutchman who painted John, with a short pipe in his mouth, in the Isle of Patmos, when he was in the spirit on the Lord's day, may have been guilty of an anachronism, but it was the embodiment of a very expressive idea, and one which, happily for us, we may see exemplified every Sunday in our own neighborhoods; that is, so far as the pipe is concerned.

Now, as a young minister should always do well what he undertakes, or, as the Methodist Discipline expresses it, make out what he takes in hand, let him see to it that he does his chewing gracefully, and his smoking in a way that shall bring no reproach upon his sacred calling.

It would derogate from our well-known impartiality as a reviewer did we find no fault with the volumes under consideration. We proceed, therefore, to say that there is one manifest and unpardonable omission. The autobiography has no preface! Whoever heard before of a clergyman publishing a book about himself, or about anybody else, without a preface, or an introduction, or at least introductory remarks by a brother clergyman? This is a sad blunder, Dr. Wagtail! Was there no bishop, nor editor, nor professor, who would gladly have availed himself of the opportunity to secure coimmortality with yourself when it might be had so cheaply, by prefixing with his name a few irrelevant remarks to your incomparable volumes? We cannot believe it. Indeed, we know better, and when your second edition is called for by a hungry public, just call on us for an introduction to a high dignitary who will gratefully remedy this defect, and whose name upon the title page will be all the remuneration he asks for.

But, on the other hand, the good doctor has followed the fashion of the age, and given us his own portrait engraved on brass. There he is, true to the life! an embodiment of all that firmness, all that expression, all that strength for which he was so noted. The lines in the cheek, the muscle at the corner of the mouth, that nether lip, eloquent of the quid within, that Grecian nose, a very little depressed in the middle, and slightly turned up at the end, that bold forehead, those knowing and benignant eyes, those acute ears, all as they were. And perception, too, just as fully developed as in the living subject. The student in phrenology and physiandrology could not fail to discover at once the true sources of that wonderful knowledge which he possessed of men, and things, and places. Even his hair is all the thrixinologist could desire in proof of the truthfulness of his science. Yes, there he is, all radiant with physical, intellectual, and moral beauty, and, to appearance, as instinct with life as when, in the pulpit, he addressed the multitudes that waited upon his ministry; or, as when, meekly wrapping his cloak around him, he retired from the gaze and applause of his admiring friends.

And, to conclude, for our space is exhausted, the effect produced upon us by Dr. Wagtail's picture, has entirely removed all our prejudice against the practice of inserting the portraits of authors in their works. And here we express the hope that all our publishers will hereafter give us the portraits of all the authors whose works they publish, whether such authors are old or young, homely or handsome; or, whether their works shall consist of biography, poetry, fugitive productions, single sermons, discussions, or scientific treatises.

I HAVE observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition toward happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire; a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will quarrel with the disposal of things which is allotted to himself.—*Mackenzie's Man of Feeling.*

FIERY METEORS AND SHOOTING STARS.

WHENCE come these stones and metallic masses? In ancient times they were denominated sun-stones, and were supposed to fall from that luminary; but as there was never any ground for this supposition, and as we now know that the King of Day is ninety-six millions of miles away from us, we need say no more about this hypothesis.

Leurery imagined that they were due to lightning tearing up the ground and converting soil into compact masses, but this fancy we may summarily dismiss.

Another theory was, that they had been projected from volcanoes on the earth, and being carried into regions where the earth's attraction was small, they had remained long in the upper atmosphere, and had traveled far before descending to the earth. To this there are several most serious objections, especially that the meteoric stones are of a totally different character to the lavas actually thrown out of volcanoes. Some have supposed that these meteoric masses were formed in the atmosphere itself like hail; and they have made large use of the words electricity, magnetism, and diamagnetism. But there is this difference between the two, that hail is made of water, of which there is an abundant supply in the clouds, and the physical forces by which the water is formed into solid masses of a considerable size are well known; whereas the meteoric stones are composed of iron, silica, &c., which do not exist in the atmosphere; and even if they did, we are absolutely unacquainted with any means by which they could be at once consolidated into masses of many pounds weight.

In quest of the origin of meteoric stones we have thus traveled from the earth to the atmosphere, but we find no possible source there: we must proceed further on our adventurous search, and see whether in the extra-terrestrial spaces we can find something which shall account for these strange visitors; and, indeed, they seem very independent of our earth; they fall unceremoniously on every part of it alike, and appear quite indifferent to fair weather or foul, thunder-storms or bright sunshine.

Yet if they be actually extra-mundane, what a tale do they tell of the unity of creation! No element has been found in them which does not occur in the earth, and a third of our recognized elements have been detected there. The laws of chemical combination and of crystallization, too, are the same; for the olivine of these masses, and the iron pyrites, are identical in composition and in form with terrestrial minerals; and yet there is something unearthly about them, too. Why that deficiency of oxygen which, though it admits of the oxidation of silicon or magnesium, has allowed the iron and nickel to remain in the metallic state? Verily, had they been formed in the atmosphere, that great storehouse of oxygen, this had never been the case; and then the phosphorus and sulphur are also unoxidized, while the mineral Schreibersite, so general in them, occurs not on the surface of our planet.

Yes, they are assuredly no children of the earth or of the air. But was Olbers right when, speculating on the great fall at Sienna, he threw out the idea that they might be fugitives from the moon? This lunar hypothesis has been supported by Laplace, and other distinguished philosophers, and still finds a powerful advocate in Professor Lawrence Smith, of Louisville. The idea is, that these masses may have been projected from lunar volcanoes; that they flew into a part of space where the earth's attraction was greater than that of the moon, and thus they either revolve for a while around the larger sphere, or fall at once upon its surface. An initial velocity of eight thousand feet per second would be sufficient for this, and such a velocity is easily conceivable when the prodigious size of the moon's volcanoes is taken into account. At the time, also, of the prevalence of this theory, it was believed that some of these volcanoes were active, but now it is generally considered that the bright spots seen on the dark portion of the moon are only the sun's rays impinging on the summits of very high mountains. The moon, indeed, seems to be given up to death-like quiet.

Though this lunar theory may satisfy many of the requirements of the problem, there are some circumstances about the fall of these meteoric masses which it seems inadequate to explain: the very oblique direction in which they almost always strike the earth, the extreme rapidity of their descent, and certain peculiarities of the fire-ball; for we must not rest satisfied with observing only those fire-balls

from which stones have been known to descend. Hundreds have been noticed, from which we have no record of projected matter having been found; but there is nothing improbable in that; if a fire-ball of no remarkable brilliancy shoot down toward us in broad daylight, it will be scarcely distinguishable from some errant wreath of cloud, and will attract no attention, while the stone descending will just at that time stand the best chance of being seen and secured. If, on the other hand, our fire-ball wend its way earthward during the night, it cannot fail to be remarked by any observer; but the stone being dark, will not be seen in its fall. Nor is the fact that the very large majority of fire-balls have been described without any notice of falling masses, any disproof of the theory that they are small phenomena of the same type as the fire-balls of Laigle or Weston. For let it be remembered, that a fiery meteor in the sky could scarcely escape notice from some parties over the large area from which it would be visible, while the stone would be more likely to fall into some sea, lake, or river, than upon dry land; and even supposing it reached terra firma, it might be on some uninhabited or rarely-traversed region, or in a wood. Or let us grant that it did fall within the precincts of men, unless actually observed to strike the earth, it might remain undiscovered or undetected. If it fell in a field, it would just make a sudden visit to the rabbits or moles in their subterranean abodes; if it fell into the streets of a city, it would be attributed to some mischievous fellow who had no fear of the police.

We believe, then, that these fire-balls, which are frequently observed, are intimately connected with meteoric stones. We doubt altogether their reputed size; five hundred, one thousand, even two thousand six hundred feet in diameter; believing that an incandescent body seen at a distance is most illusory in its apparent dimensions. Let us inquire a little further about these fire-balls. Mr. Cameron, of Belfast, Ireland, writes:

"On the evening of June 22, (1851,) when in my parlor, I observed a large ball of a whitish red appearing northwest from where I was, and I think about one mile from me, and about half a mile from the surface of the earth; it seemed at first enveloped in a cloud or haze; but upon emerging it showed about the size of the full moon, traveling slowly from west, and taking an easterly direction. After having traveled about a hundred yards, it began to throw out small ball-like comets in every direction, and the balls had a greater velocity than the main body, and preceded it for a short distance; and before each ball exploded it became scarlet red, and threw out small shocks of matter; and after the ball had traveled four hundred or five hundred yards, it then appeared to be totally exhausted, and, as it were, dissolved without showing any remnant of matter. After this, the whole length that the large ball traveled had the appearance as if the space were filled with a reddish white matter, and remained so for seven minutes, and then began to get disordered and irregular, and in three minutes got spread or flattened, and ultimately dispersed, apparently by contrary currents of air."

Yet, what constitutes a fire-ball? How shall we discriminate between it and other luminous meteors, which we find described in any of the published lists, as "Half apparent diameter of Moon," or, perhaps, "About size of *Venus*," "Brighter than *α Lyræ*," or, "Like a star of the third magnitude?" Size, of course, tells us nothing, for even the Weston fiery cloud seen at a great distance would have appeared but as a speck of light; indeed, there is every reason to consider, as identical in character and origin, those fire-balls which have showered hot stones upon the earth, those celestial fireworks which take their course in the upper sky and vanish, leaving a train of light behind them, and those "shooting stars," which suddenly appear among their more quiet brethren, run a short and rapid course, and disappear.

Many lists of these luminous meteors have been drawn out. Besides that of the British Association, by Professor Baden Powell, from which the preceding narratives have been taken, there is that of Chasles, from A. D. 583 to A. D. 1123; that of Chladni, continued first by Von Hoff, then by Kämtz, and latterly by George Von Boguslawski; and those of Coulvier Gravier, Biot, and others whose names may not be interesting. These lists are quite voluminous; but what do they teach us about these strange wanderers?

1st. That they frequently come in showers. Ancient historians tell us of "a rain of fire," "and of the stars falling from heaven as thick as hail," and in modern times such displays have not been rare. The most wonderful was seen on the night of the 12th of November, 1833, over the whole of North America, when an observer in Boston calculated that three

hundred thousand fell during seven hours. The first appearance is described as that of a magnificent shower of sky-rockets, and the subsequent meteors were sometimes simple luminons lines, but at other times bodies of notable size darting across the sky, and occasionally also remaining in view for half an hour or more.

2d. That these showers are periodic. The most brilliant spectacles were seen for several consecutive years about the 12th of November. There is another period, about the 10th of August, which has been remarked in perhaps thirty different years. In 1784 and 1785 showers occurred on July 27th. What is also significant is, that no remarkable displays have been observed in recent times in January or February, and scarcely any during the spring months; yet in the eighth century, the great period for such fiery rain seems to have been in February.

3d. That these showers proceed from some common direction: thus, in the November phenomena, meteors proceeded usually from the constellation *Leo*. It has been noticed that this direction has frequently been the opposite of that in which the earth was moving; but stars are often seen to shoot on the same evening in every conceivable manner.

4th. That these luminous meteors are frequently very high above the earth. If two or more observers at different places notice the same meteor, and remark the stars which it appears to traverse in its passage, it is a very simple matter to determine where it was. In this way, a fire-ball that was seen over England last December, was determined to be fifty miles high when it exploded; but the shooting stars have been observed at ninety, one hundred and forty, and even four hundred and sixty miles above us.

5th. That the rapidity of their passage is very great. According to the independent observations of Brandes and Quetelet, it varies from ten to thirty-six miles per second, which is a speed analogous to that of the earth in her orbit, namely, nineteen miles per second. Wartmann, of Geneva, has deduced very different numbers from his observations. In fact, he assigns five hundred and fifty miles above the surface of the earth as the *average* height of shooting stars, and two hundred and twenty miles per second as their *average* speed. These numbers are astounding, and are certainly incompatible with the previous computations.

6th. The course of these meteors is generally downward toward the earth, but sometimes they actually rise away from it; neither do they always travel in regular curves, but sometimes bend or make sharp turns in their passage.

From the annual periodicity of these showers, Chladni was led to throw out what has been designated the cosmical theory. It supposes that, besides the recognized planets of respectable dimensions, there are innumerable smaller bodies revolving round the sun, and that the earth occasionally crosses their paths, when, as they enter our atmosphere, they become luminous from the heat evolved by the violent compression of the air. If the attraction of the earth be sufficiently great, or if their direction necessitate it, they strike the earth, frequently suffering combustion, or splitting into fragments as they pass through the denser air. The theory supposes, also, that these pieces of planet-dust sometimes fly round the sun in groups of considerable number, and that the orbit of one of these groups cuts that of the earth on November 12; that of another, on August 10, &c.

This cosmical theory offers a satisfactory explanation of the principal phenomena, yet it is attended with one or two difficulties. It has received not a little support recently from the discovery of so many new planets, most of them being little worlds not larger than an English county. We believe that the solar system does include these masses of iron and olivine, and that in their course round the central luminary, they frequently become ignited in our atmosphere, and sometimes impinge upon the earth.

We refrain, however, from any expression of opinion upon the conjectures that they are the fragments of a planet that once occupied the vacant place between *Mars* and *Jupiter;* or that they fill up the space near the sun in countless multitudes, thus producing the strange luminosity often seen at sunrise or sunset, called the zodiacal light; or that they are constantly wending their way to the great center of the solar system, and by their ceaseless falling produce that heat and light which, transmitted to us, start a thousand actions among the inanimate masses or the animated beings of our globe.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

A FEW days after our arrival in Cape Town we left it, to fulfill our promised visit to a friend, whom a five years' residence in South Africa had almost naturalized. A drive of four or five miles over a well-made road shaded by trees, and bordered by villas, gardens, and vineyards, brought us to our destination, a quaint Dutch country-house, with its lofty gables rising in every imaginable and unimaginable part; their grotesque carvings looking grimly down on the astonished stranger, as he emerges from the dark oak plantation and tamarisk hedges that screen the old house from the road.

Within were large rambling rooms, opening one out of another in the most inconvenient manner possible, with small rooms squeezed in between, as if to fill up the corners and still further convert the larger rooms into ante-chambers. It was scantily furnished, too, despite the large rent that was paid for it; but it had a charm greater than mirrors or gilding could bestow, in the delicious coolness of its dim rooms, and the pleasant "soughing" of the night wind in the trees that surrounded it, as we sat on the gabled stoop at evening.

The garden was our resort by day, where we used to sit beneath the impenetrable shelter of the fig-trees. But for their greenness, and that of the jasmine bowers, covered with silver stars, the bright clusters of the scarlet geranium, and the broad blossoms of the passion flower, the garden would at that season have been an arid wilderness. But the (to us) novel hedge of prickly pear, with crimson tufted blossoms and huge, quaintly shaped leaves, was beautiful.

Behind the house rose wave after wave of grassy swells, reaching to the silver trees, round Table Mountain. We climbed them sufficiently high to obtain a beautiful panoramic view of the surrounding country, and, despite the unfavorable season, a fair and fertile scene it was; with orchards glowing with fruit, and wide-spreading vineyards of the deepest green, and gardens where fig-trees and myrtles hid their barrenness of aught else. Here and there were scattered hamlets, and white or yellow villas, or old Dutch houses; while winding hither and thither, like dark serpents, were tree-sheltered roads; and speeding on to Table Bay was the silver thread of the Salt River, the only water visible in that wide landscape, to which a back-ground was formed on every side by nearer and more distant hills.

Behind was Table Mountain, looking all the loftier and more rugged on nearer view. It is astonishing how few there are, who have ever stood on its summit; during our residence at the Cape we never met with one by whom the exploit had even been attempted; and this is the more extraordinary from the number of adventurous, climbing, frolic-loving midshipmen that are always coming up on leave from Simon's Bay.

From the old Dutch house we made excursions to Wynburg and Simon's Bay. The former is celebrated as being the "quarter" of the wealthiest of the many Anglo-Indians who visit the Cape in quest of health; but though many of its large tree-embowered houses are said to be furnished with Oriental luxury, it showed no outward difference to any of the other villages around it, save by the greater number of slippered Hindoos that shuffled along its paths, and of muslin-enveloped, many-ringed ayahs sauntering beneath the trees.

From thence we went to Simon's Town, the naval station. Round the bay, like a succession of white terraces, with gardens in front, stretches the principal street of the town, reaching almost to the battery on the southern point, where a flag is hoisted to give notice of a ship entering False Bay. Beyond the town all is as wild, and drear, and barren as if it was a scene in the northern Highlands, instead of a land of perpetual summer. On every side are precipitous hills, clad with heaths, which are, however, of great variety and beauty, and deliciously scented, arid sand-hills, and broad, sandy flats; and towering above all is the sharp-coned summit of Simon's Berg, with its ruff of snowy clouds, and rugged sides scantily clothed with sugar bushes. But when night falls, and the moon rises, it seems as if a magician had waved his wand over the spot; for it suddenly changes to one of the loveliest and most fairy-like scenes imaginable. Almost as beautiful as moonlit snow, but milder and softer, as if a silver mist covered all things. Most probably this is occasioned by the sparkling parti-

cles of the sand reflecting the rays of the moon, as they come pouring down through the clear South African atmosphere.

Simon's and False Bay also yield great quantities of fish, and of a description so superior as to be celebrated all over the Cape district. Many of them are known by the somewhat whimsical names of Scotsmen, Hottentots, Romans, &c. The Romans are the most highly esteemed, but we could not endure them, for even after they are dressed they smell overpoweringly of sea-weed. There is also a small, beautifully-tinted fish, very numerous in the bay, that is one of the most virulent animal poisons I ever heard of; so rapid are its effects, that if a sailor eats of it on board of ship, ere a boat can be drawn alongside to send for medical aid, he is dead.

Two months after our first landing we were again afloat. This new voyage was not more than five hundred miles, a little matter to those who had lately come five thousand. But its roughness more than compensated for its brevity; for we had to round the stormy Cape with its heavy seas, and the yet heavier swells that roll round L'Agulhas, that most southerly African point that in storm and calm has wrought destruction to so many noble vessels; and the shores of which we were soon to see from our ship's deck whitened by the tents of those who were watching for the washed-up portions of a large East Indiaman's cargo, though we were too distant to see the rows of fresh-heaped graves containing those who had been her passengers.

On the eleventh day we were speeding on our course with a fair wind, and four days after we entered Algoa Bay, an expanse of water greater than that of Table Bay, and anchored opposite Port Elizabeth, the maritime town of second importance in the colony.

But Port Elizabeth has one truly beautiful possession, though one that newly-arrived voyagers would be thankful it was without, in its magnificent surf, which beats in mimic thunder along the whole shore, varying in force according to the weather, but never silent. Algoa Bay is fifteen miles wide across its entrance, and is open to the South Atlantic Ocean, the swell of whose broad expanse of waters comes rolling into the bay, and, rushing upon the sands in huge crested billows, rarely less than four or five feet deep, dash themselves down with a hollow roar, and retreat in murmuring foam.

Once landed in Port Elizabeth, there was little to attract the eye of the stranger, save the crowds of wagons, with long strings of oxen, conveying loads, (I little thought they were used for conveying passengers also,) and the changed character of the colored population. A few Malays and Africanders are still to be met with; but the great mass of dark-skinned humanity consists of variously-mingled offshoots from the aboriginal Hottentot, who, it is said, is now rarely to be seen. But they are called Hottentots, and the Hottentot type is strong among them, for they are exceedingly under-sized, with earth-brown skins, flat, monkey-like features, and obliquely-set eyes, that nevertheless shine out with great intelligence and good nature. Nature gives their heads no other covering than a few tufts of wool; and both sexes wear a red kerchief folded over their heads, with great advantage to their appearance. They have no peculiar mode of dress, but are ragged or respectably-clad according to their fortunes.

There are few races that have not some good gift, and the Hottentots generally are possessed of a most exquisite ear for music, and a clear and flexible voice in singing, though their speaking voice is not remarkable; and wherever a band is playing, Hottentot children may be seen dancing beautifully.

This musical taste is shared by the Fingoes, a gentle and inoffensive race, long held in slavery by the Kaffirs, who had conquered them in war, and who applied to them the significant term, "Kaffirs' dogs." A party of them had established themselves near Port Elizabeth, and they were daily to be seen in the town, their slight, erect forms wrapped in sheepskins, and carrying burdens on their heads. And night-black as she is, there is something almost classic in the appearance of a Fingo girl with a water-jar upon her head, so exquisitely molded are the hand and arm that steady her burden, and the feet and ankles that appear beneath her sheepskin kaross. The features also are agreeable, and greatly superior to those of the colored races generally.

The morning after our arrival they came to tell us that there were whales in

the bay, and we went out on the stoop to see them. There were five speeding round the bay as if they were swimming a race; one was so near that through the telescope we could even distinguish its eyes. In a few minutes no less than eight whale-boats were out in pursuit, four from a fishery near the opening of the bay, the others from a whaler lying in the road-stead.

The fish were going so fast that they were already far ahead; and it was only by the most strenuous efforts that the boatmen could hope to come up with them. I never saw boats dash on as they did; but their progress was nothing to be compared to that of one which, when a whale was struck, was dragged along by the rope attached to the harpoon in the suffering creature's side, with a velocity that sent clouds of spray from her bows, and often threatened to engulf her.

Then followed a long struggle, which we, and dozens of others, to whom the scene could have been no novelty, watched from the shore. Many times the huge fish returned to the surface, and was received with lances, until it dashed down into its native element again, almost dragging the boat with it; but at length the poor animal bellowed in its agony, a sign the fishers know; and they stood aloof till his "flurry" was over, and he lay dead on the surface.

In the meantime the other whales were scattered about, some tossing and rolling in uncouth sport, others throwing aloft arching jets of foam that sparkled in the sunbeams. At length one of them was harpooned by another boat, and a repetition of the former scene went on, until, by a sudden stroke of his tail, the whale dashed the slight boat in pieces, and the men were left struggling in the water. The other boats hastened to their rescue; but one of the men was missing. The poor fellow had got entangled in their harpoon rope, and was dragged out to sea by the infuriated whale. It was a terrible death! The whale-fishers are all white men, and this one left a widow and children.

Though it was not yet twelve o'clock, the whalers were obliged to anchor their prize, and leave it; for the southeast wind began to blow so strongly, that they would have been unable to make way against it. Soon it became evident that a gale was setting in; for huge blue billows, with foaming crests, came rolling into the bay, and the vessels at anchor lowered their upper masts in preparation. Still they pitched heavily among the wild waters; sometimes only their bows, at others their sterns, being visible from the shore, with which all communication had already ceased, from the tremendous surf that was now breaking upon it; and over all, the sun shone brightly down from a fair summer sky.

As the day wore on, a vessel parted one anchor; the ships in Algoa Bay are all moored by two; and then the beach was lined with anxious spectators, in momentary expectation that she would snap the other cable. She hoisted a signal of distress, but it was impossible to render her any assistance; but still she held on. Just at dusk the bows of a beautiful little schooner turned slowly off from the wind. They loosened her sails, and tried to make her tack across the bay; but to no purpose. She drifted rapidly in to the land, and in five minutes had grounded on the rocks, with the sea washing over her decks, and in five more was lying on her side in the surf, which was breaking and dashing over her.

It was a scene never to be forgotten; the red glare of the fires lighted on the shore, for night falls suddenly in those latitudes, the crowding people, the wreck dashing against the rocks, the blinding spray, and the poor, half-drowned mariners making their way, with much danger, to the shore, by means of a rope; but all were saved.

I never saw so fearful a scene before; but I have seen many such since, in the course of my different visits to Port Elizabeth. And once I witnessed one far worse, when the gale increased to a hurricane; and we could see, through the driving clouds of rain, the vessels that were expected every moment to sink at their anchors. There were three vessels in the bay, and that evening they were all wrecked.

In Heaven all God's servants will be abundantly satisfied with his dealings and dispensations with them; and shall see how all conduced, like so many winds, to bring them to their haven; and how even the roughest blasts helped to bring them homeward.

A VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND.

ON entering by the Damascus Gate, we rode along narrow streets—the street of St. Stephen, the street of the Holy Sepulcher, and Patriarch-street—to the quarters which were to be our home during our stay in the Holy City. The round stones, with which the streets are paved, are worn so smooth, that it was with great difficulty our horses could keep their feet.

What is the spot whither you first bend your steps on arriving in Jerusalem? *Of course*, the Garden of Gethsemane—the Mount of Olives.

After a few hours' rest, we set out for the most deeply interesting place in the world. Our road lay along the *Via Dolorosa*. In passing, our dragoman pointed out to us the house of the Rich Man, the house of St. Veronica, the Church of the Flagellation, with the "impression" on the wall! the different stations where Christ rested on his way to Calvary; the spot where "Simon a Cyrenian, coming out of the country," was compelled to bear his cross; and the arch of the *Ecce Homo!* whence Pilate, exclaiming, "Behold the man!" gave up Christ to the multitude, that they might crucify Him.

Mounting the roof of the Seraglio, or governor's residence, which stands, probably, on part of the site of the Tower Antonia, a fine panorama of the city opened before us; and, from this nearest point that Christians are permitted to approach, we gained a view of the whole Harem inclosure, the site of the ancient Temple. The Mosque of Omar was in front of us, and we could leisurely contemplate its form and architecture. The Mosque El Aksa rose conspicuously just beyond. The inclosure is ornamented with cypress-trees, which wave to and fro in the wind. As you gaze in silent thought upon the scene around, it seems gradually to lose its modern aspect: you see "the beautiful city" spring up, and are ready to cry out, "What manner of stones, and what buildings are here!"

We just looked, in passing, at the ruined Church of St. Anne, and at the Pool of Bethesda, the bottom of which is now covered with heaps of rubbish; but we did not linger, for we were anxious to get to Gethsemane. As we went out by the St. Stephen's Gate, the Valley of Jehoshaphat lay spread at our feet; and right opposite rose the Mount of Olives, with Gethsemane at its base.

Descending a steep, zigzag path to the course of the Kedron, we went over the brook, where is still "a garden," into which we entered. Part of it, where eight aged olive-trees grow, has been inclosed by a high wall. The low, rude wall, described by former travelers, was found insufficient for its protection; and, some three or four years ago, this higher one was built. Gethsemane is still a lonely and secluded spot—one which invites profound and sacred meditation. Here we read the passages in the Evangelists relating to the agony of the Saviour: Matt. xxvi, 36–49: "Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane," &c. Mark xiv, 32–42: "And they came to a place, which was named Gethsemane," &c. Luke xxii, 39–46: "And he came out, and went, as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives," &c.

It may well be believed that the eight old trees within this inclosure, have sprung from the roots of the very olives which overshadowed the Saviour, when, "being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." How it annihilates the intervening space of time to stand on this holy ground! Your mental eye sees the Saviour taking the bitter cup; and your heart, beating with emotion, says, "It was *my* sin which caused the sweat-drop on his brow! Jesus loved *me*, and gave himself for *me!*" Our solemn rejoicing in the garden was the same, though intenser in degree, that we had often experienced when there in thought before. Yet there were *peculiar* and hallowed emotions, such as may only be experienced by those who tread Gethsemane's soil. Before we left the garden, all three of us knelt down beside one of the olive-trees, and each prayed aloud. Whatever other hour of our lives may be forgotten by us, *that hour* will ever be remembered.

We were shown the tomb of the Virgin, the place where St. Cyril "sweated blood," and that where the proto-martyr suffered. But as to these and some other particulars named above, we put no faith at all in them; knowing that the monks can find any and every sacred spot without the least difficulty.

Next let us go to the Church of the Holy

Sepulcher, said to be erected on or over Calvary, and to contain within it the cavity of rock in which the cross was fixed, the stone of unction, and the tomb of the Saviour. Much has been written upon this subject, which is indeed a wide one. It is generally believed, and especially by the missionaries resident in Jerusalem, (to whose judgment some deference should be paid,) that the site of Calvary was not here, but just outside St. Stephen's Gate, on the left of the path which crosses the Kedron.

1. Calvary is acknowledged, on all hands, to have been *outside* the walls. "For the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city." (John xix, 20.) "Wherefore Jesus also . . . . . suffered without the gate." (Heb. xiii, 12.) But the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher must have been *within*. We know that the Pool of Hezekiah was *within;* (2 Chron. xxxii, 30;) and the wall could not have been so constructed as to include this pool and exclude the site in question.

2. The people having been exasperated against Christ, it seems probable that, when Pilate delivered him into their hands, they would lead him forth by the nearest gate. Now St. Stephen's was the nearest to "the Judgment Hall."

3. The place we incline to mark as identical with Calvary is on Moriah, *the Mount of Sacrifice;* whereas the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is on Zion. To the former Abraham had to come, three days' journey, to offer up Isaac. This was the mount that God would "tell him of." Here, within the Temple inclosure, were offered, also, the innumerable sacrifices of the Jewish law, all of which pointed to their great Antitype. Is it not reasonable to suppose, that that one great Oblation for sins would be presented upon this same Mount of Sacrifice, and not upon Zion?

4. Women were *afar off* beholding. (Matt. xxvii, 55.) There is no point "afar off," whence you can gain a good view of the site of the Holy Sepulcher; but the site beyond St. Stephen's Gate may be distinctly seen from the declivity of the Mount of Olives, which is right opposite, and on which, it is generally supposed, the women were standing.

5. It is a generally received opinion that Calvary is a *mount*. The expression does not occur in Scripture; yet you hear it from almost every one. It seems reasonable to suppose that an opinion so universal has some foundation. Now the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher (taken generally) is a level; but the one outside St. Stephen's Gate is a summit, whence the ground slopes rapidly down to the brook Kedron.

There is this difference, however, between those who hold the former opinion, and those who hold the latter: the monks say, "This is *the very spot*," and assume to point out the very hole in the rock in which the cross was fixed; whereas the advocates of the latter opinion content themselves with holding it most probable that *somewhere* upon the elevated ground, just outside St. Stephen's Gate, Christ suffered for our sins. God has wisely chosen that the precise spot should be concealed, lest men should make it an object of veneration, and so transfer to it the worship due to himself alone. Thus, of old, he concealed the resting-place of Moses, who in his prophetic character was a type of Christ, "no man" knowing "of his sepulcher unto this day," (Deut. xxxiv, 6,) lest it should be to the children of Israel an occasion of idolatry and sin.

We explored the Church of the Holy Sepulcher with conflicting feelings. Many pilgrims have been, doubtless, led hither by the pure love they bore to the Saviour; but more, it is to be feared, in the hope of gaining heaven by a pilgrimage to a revered shrine. The Greek, Roman Catholic, Armenian, Syrian, and Coptic Churches have each a chapel within these sacred precincts.

The day after our arrival, we had the pleasure of an interview with Dr. Gobat, bishop of Jerusalem. This English bishopric, it is well known, was founded in 1841. The appointment is alternately with the crowns of England and Prussia, the metropolitan archbishop of the Anglican Church having, however, the power of veto in regard to those nominated by the King of Prussia. Dr. Michael Solomon Alexander was appointed the first English bishop, and was consecrated at Lambeth in November, 1841. Since his death, in November, 1845, the present dignitary has occupied this very important position. His jurisdiction extends over English clergy and congregations in Palestine, Syria, Chaldæa, Egypt, and Abyssinia. We were also introduced to the

Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, who has been missionary in Jerusalem for about twenty-seven years; to Mr. Calman, manager of the English hospital for Jews; and to Mr. Graham, lay-agent of the "London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews."

In company with Mr. Calman, we paid a visit to the excavation, lately discovered, by which a great part of Jerusalem (from near the Damascus Gate to Mount Moriah) is completely undermined. We had provided ourselves with chisel and hammer, some Palmer's candles, and a large water-melon: the last, to refresh us in the midst of our explorations. The entrance (two hundred yards east of the Damascus Gate) is exceedingly narrow, allowing just only room to get in. One after another we managed, worm-like, to wriggle through. The extent of this excavation quite astonished us. For three hours we wandered about through immense halls, quarried out of the solid rock—marks of exquisite chiseling, as if executed but the other day, on every side of us. Hungry jackals, which have claimed this for their habitation, were occasionally to be seen, hastening away as we approached. Here and there were remains of human skeletons. At one part, some broken pieces of pottery drew our attention to a circular basin in the solid rock, worn smooth on all sides by the constant trickling of drops of moisture, and filled to the brim with water clear as crystal. These broken pieces are remains of drinking-vessels, used, perhaps, by workmen who obtained hence the material which was to form the walls of Solomon's Temple. My own mind inclines to the belief, that here the stones were "made ready" before they were "brought thither:" "so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building." (1 Kings vi, 7.) The appearance of the stone is marbly, and often sparkling. Where the surface of the rock has been exposed to the action of water, exquisitely beautiful stalactites have been formed. In many parts, immense square pillars have been left standing as supports, the surrounding masses having been cut away. Have we not, then, a solution of the question, Whence was the stone obtained for building the first Temple?

Leaving these subterranean corridors, we repaired to the Tombs of the Kings, about half a mile north of the Damascus Gate, and on the right of the road to Nablous. Over the entrance is a finely-sculptured entablature, on which you can distinctly trace the well-elaborated forms of foliage, flowers, and fruit. You descend on the left of the portico, by a path cut in the rock, into a room (about eight yards square) hewn out of the solid limestone. From this chamber you pass into six more, at the sides of which are niches, hollowed out of the rock, where the sarcophagi rest. The doors of these chambers consisted of huge slabs of stone, about six inches thick, one of which still remains.

On the Friday morning, I attended the early Hebrew service in the Protestant church, which commenced at six o'clock. About fifty were present. Mr. Nicolayson read the Liturgy. We were all furnished with Hebrew prayer-books, and repeated the responses in that language—of all languages, surely the most beautiful and musical.

Every one has heard of the Jews' Place of Wailing. On Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, we went, accompanied by Mr. Calman, to this mournfully interesting spot. On our way thither, we saw, built into more modern walls, some of the finest specimens of Saracenic architecture to be found in Jerusalem. On arriving at the remnant of the old wall, (composed of immense blocks of stone, beveled at the edges, and wrought with great care,) we found several aged men, whose silvery locks and bending frames at once told the purpose for which they had come to Jerusalem—to die in the city of their fathers. Squat upon the ground in front of the wall, they were turning over and reading well-thumbed pages of Hebrew books. Several women, also, vailed in white, were close to the wall, kissing its stones, breathing prayers through its crevices, and uttering heart-piercing threnodies. One poor woman, in particular, attracted our attention, as at intervals she gave utterance to loud bursts of grief, the tears meanwhile streaming down her cheeks. It is here that the Jews sing their plaintive and affecting laments for Zion:

"Lord, build! Lord, build! build thy temple speedily;
In our days, speedily, speedily:
The great God, the mighty God, the glorious God, shall build his temple speedily;
Lord, build! Lord, build! build thy temple speedily," &c.

Near this Place of Wailing, as we stood in the valley of Tyropœon, now overgrown with the prickly pear, we saw, under the southwestern wall of the Harem inclosure, not far from the Mosque El Aksa, the spring of the arch of the old bridge, which formerly united Mount Moriah to Mount Zion. Walking upon the top of the wall, we made the circuit of Mount Zion, passed the Zion Gate, and then pursued our way through the city to the Pool of Hezekiah, which we saw from the banking-office of Mr. Bergheim, a believing Israelite, and one of the fruits of the mission to the Jews.

Thence we made our way out, by the Jaffa Gate, to see the lower Pool of Gihon; then, tracing "the conduit of the upper pool, in the highway of the Fuller's Field," (Isai. vii, 3,) we at length reached "the upper pool," with the dimensions of which we were not a little astonished. Its walls are almost perfect; its length, about three hundred feet; its breadth, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and eighteen feet; its depth, eighteen or twenty feet. The basin was about one third filled with water.

Mr. Graham had made us promise to take tea with him, at his residence half way up the Mount of Olives, an old Arab watch-tower, which he has had comfortably fitted up. So we sallied forth at sunset, and spent the evening most agreeably; principally in looking over numerous photographs of the city and its environs, which Mr. Graham had lately taken. One representing the Mosque of Omar, and the interior of the Harem, was more than commonly interesting. He had taken it only the Thursday but one before, having then gained admittance along with Sir Moses Montefiore, to whom a firman had been granted by the sultan. The time that Sir Moses spent in examining the Mosque, Mr. Graham had employed in plying his beautiful art.

We had given direction that our horses should meet us about six o'clock. Mr. Benoni Gobat, the bishop's son, joined our party; and, with Mr. Graham at our head, we set out for our morning's ride about Jerusalem. Mounting first of all to the topmost ridge of the Mount of Olives, we gained a most magnificent prospect, embracing, on the one hand, the mountains of Moab, the plain of the Jordan, and glimpses of the Dead Sea; and the Holy City, with its "hilly bulwarks," on the other. Proceeding by the eastern declivity of the mount, we visited Bethany, "the town of Mary and her sister Martha," (John xi, 1,) whither the Saviour so frequently resorted, and where he spent the evenings of that most memorable week before his crucifixion. We descended into a cave, said to be the cave of Lazarus; and, of course, were shown the house of Simon, where Christ was a guest. Returning to Jerusalem by the southeastern peak of Olivet, we gained that view of the city which burst upon the eyes of the Saviour when he "wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." (Luke xix, 41, 42.) Passing Gethsemane, we could see the Valley of Jehoshaphat all the way down to En-rogel. Right in front of us, about the middle of the eastern wall of the Harem, was "the Golden Gate," an archway of Roman construction, by which Christ entered the city in triumph, but which is now walled up.

Along the valley we pursued our course, staying to look at the tomb of Absalom and that of Zechariah, the cave of St. James, and the sepulchral slabs, with Hebrew inscriptions rudely chiseled, which crowd in thousands upon the slope facing the southeast corner of the city wall. This place has been chosen, because here, in the popular belief, the great assize of the last day will be opened. By two flights of stone steps we descended to the well of Siloam, (now called the "Fountain of the Virgin,") and tasted of the waters that "go softly," (Isai. viii, 6;) then, leaving the overhanging village of Siloam on our left, and passing a wide-spreading mulberry-tree, said to mark the place where Isaiah was sawn asunder by command of Manasseh, made our way to En-rogel. Here our horses were supplied with water from the well of Nehemiah, drawn up in skin-vessels. It was at En-rogel that Jonathan and Ahimaaz stayed, (2 Sam. xvii, 17,) when Absalom took possession of the city, in order that they might carry tidings to David; and it was in the same secluded place that Adonijah's ambitious aspirings after the throne of Judah were suddenly checked by the shout, carried on the breeze, and echoed by the mountains, "God save King Solomon!" (1 Kings i, 9–34.)

Ascending the "high places of Tophet,"

we made our way up the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, passing Aceldama, "the potter's field," in which strangers are buried to this day. We re-entered Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, taking a view, in passing, of the Diocesan School, established by the bishop in 1847.

With deep and solemn feeling had we long looked forward to our "first day of the week" in Jerusalem; and we hailed, both with heart and voice, its happy dawning. It was no small privilege, truly, to spend that day in the city where Jesus taught, and where he died; in the city where the Christian Sabbath was first celebrated. (John xx, 26.) With the first light of morning we sang,

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;"

At half past ten o'clock we repaired to the Protestant church, a neat Gothic edifice adjoining the consulate.

"With a remnant of God's people did we worship at his shrine,
And own'd the hand that succor'd us to be the Hand Divine."

As the westering sun was tinting the domes of the city with golden hues, and the shadows were beginning to creep up the sides of the deep valleys, we walked along the Valley of Jehoshaphat. A calm stillness rested on all around. We lingered beside the tomb of Absalom, the base of which is surrounded by loose stones, such as the Jews are still in the habit of casting at it as they pass, to show their abhorrence of the rebel whose name it bears. (2 Sam. xviii, 18.) On our way home, we saw the houses of the lepers, miserable hovels, just inside the walls, apart from the houses of the city.

Before leaving Jerusalem, we made an effort to get some phylacteries. Accompanied by Mr. Calman, I pursued my way, through narrow streets, to the Jews' Quarter. We approached a dwelling which shelters several families, each occupying a room; and climbed to the very top, by several ladder-staircases, before we reached the apartment occupied by the person of whom we were in quest. His wife and three little children were beside the bed at the further corner of the room, while the phylactery-maker himself was pursuing his handicraft just within the door, in front of a small window. The whole room was a picture of filth and wretchedness. Mr. Calman carried on the negotiations for a couple of these wares. The Jew was just concluding a bargain for sixty piasters, when all at once he asked if I were a Christian. Learning that I was, he began to make serious objections to selling them to me. Mr. Calman assured him, that, though I was not a Jew according to the flesh, yet I was a Jew "inwardly." (Rom. ii, 29.) His wife, meanwhile, went out of the room, muttering something to herself; and the husband at once followed her. He soon returned, quite under the power of female influence, and declared that he would not sell them for five hundred piasters. Mr. Calman then begged that they might be sold to him, as he was a born Jew. The man said he would go and consult with some others about it; and soon brought in two rabbis, who for ten minutes held a consultation whether I should be allowed to have a pair of phylacteries or not. At last they concluded that I should not have them on any account whatever; and so we had to return, after nearly an hour's useless labor. But Mr. Calman succeeded, afterward, in procuring some old phylacteries, which had been worn hundreds of times in the synagogues, and which, on that account, we esteemed the more valuable. They consist of strips of parchment, folded up in a small leathern box. One is worn on the forehead, the leathern straps, by which it is attached, tied in a knot at the back of the head, and then passed forward to fall over the breast. This contains Exod. xiii, 1–10, and 11–16. The other is worn on the left arm, and contains Deut. vi, 4–9, and xi, 13–21. This latter is put on with a good deal of ceremony. The long straps are first twisted seven times round the arm, Psalm cxlv, 16, being meanwhile repeated: "Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." There are just seven Hebrew words in the verse, one of which is repeated at each twist. The straps are next twisted round the first three fingers, severally, the clauses of Hosea ii, 19, being repeated in like succession:

1. "I will betroth thee unto me forever:"

2. "I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness:"

3. "I will betroth thee unto me in mercies."

LISBON AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1755.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

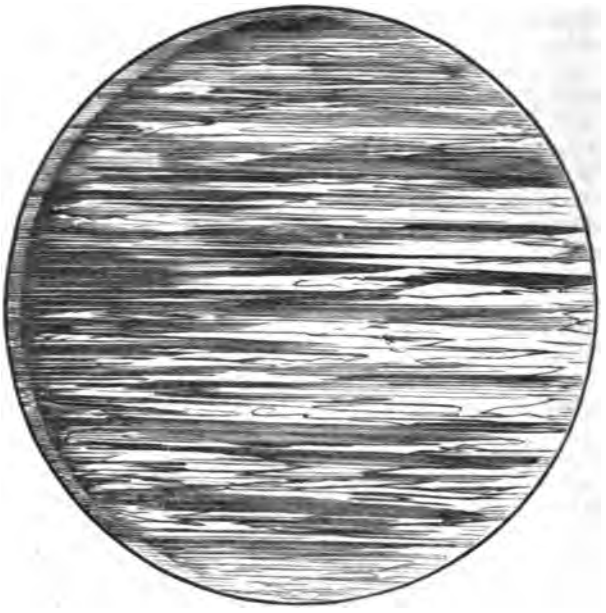
EARTHQUAKES, volcanic eruptions, the production and submersion of islands, the issue of gases, such as sulphurous and carbonic acid, from fissures in the earth, hot springs, eruptions of warm mud, the increase of temperature at increasing depths, the origin of mountain chains, such as the Andes, the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Himalaya, the alternate elevation and submersion of vast continents, the variations of the configuration of the land, and the distribution of the waters on the surface of the globe, all these so apparently different phenomena, it has been the triumph of science to trace to a common origin, the reaction of the matter confined within the earth against its external shell.

It is our present purpose briefly to explain the physical conditions out of which these stupendous phenomena arise, and to describe the circumstances attending them.

When it is considered that the actual distance of the surface from the center, or the length of the terrestrial radius, is more than twenty millions of feet, and that the utmost depth to which we have been able to descend in boring or mining operations has not much exceeded two thousand feet, that is, the ten thousandth part of the entire radius, it will be apparent that the data supplied by so scanty a range of observation must be very limited. Less direct sources of observation, though not less certain and precise, have, however, been opened by the researches of geologists, who have shown that the crust of the earth fractured by eruptions produced by forces acting from the interior outward has been exposed to view, so that the condition of the external shell, to the depth of about forty thousand feet, or the five hundredth part of the entire distance from the surface to the center, can be ascertained.

Extended and general thermometric observations made in mines and other deep excavations, and on the temperature of water rising in Artesian wells, prove that in descending to greater and greater depths into the crust of the earth, there is a constant and regular increase of temperature at the rate of about one thermometric degree for every fifty feet of depth, or, what is nearly the same, an increase at the rate of 100° per mile.

Now supposing this law of increase to continue without interruption downward, it would follow that at the depth of forty miles, or the hundredth part of the distance from the surface to the center, a temperature of 4000° prevails. It is certain that no part of the matter composing the crust of the earth could remain solid at such a temperature, being higher than those at which the most refractory bodies are fused. Whatever be the exact rate at which the temperature is augmented in descending, it is beyond all doubt that at a depth of thirty or forty miles it must be such as to reduce to the state of an incandescent liquid the most refractory bodies which enter into the composition of the earth. This liquid fire must extend to the very center of the globe, and from the well-understood properties of fluidity, it may be considered certain that a uniform temperature is maintained throughout the liquid mass thus inclosed within the solid spheroidal shell. We are then to regard the earth as a spherical shell of solid matter filled with liquid fire. The thickness of this shell being in the proportion to its diameter just stated, it will be represented by the black circle surrounding the figure which we here give.



If the egg of a fowl or an ostrich be imagined to represent the earth, its shell would be much too thick to represent its solid crust!

It is no rhetorical exaggeration, then, to affirm that the globe we live on is a stupendous but very thin bomb-shell charged with liquid fire! If such be the case, it may naturally be asked how it happens that so thin a crust, supported on so mobile a fluid, can maintain that general state of stability and equilibrium which characterizes the surface of the earth, so that it is referred to in times ancient and modern as the type of all that is most solid and durable? To this it may be answered, that many phenomena with which mankind in certain localities is only too familiar, and which are known to all by authentic cotemporary reports and historical records, prove that this imputed stability cannot be admitted without most serious qualifications and exceptions. Not a year passes that earthquakes are not reported in various parts of the earth. Not a century passes that these terrible phenomena are not occasionally developed with such an energy and extent that vast tracts of country are laid waste, cities and towns destroyed, and thousands of human beings buried beneath their ruins. Volcanic eruptions are permanent indications of subter-

ranean agencies, modifying more or less the surface. Torrents of lava and clouds of ashes ejected from them cover surrounding regions, and sometimes entomb entire cities. The solid bottom of the ocean is occasionally heaved upward by a force from below, so as to form new islands, which sometimes subsiding, are again submerged. These and countless other phenomena show that the crust of the globe is not so solid and unchangeable as it is generally assumed to be.

The fluid fire, like the waters of the ocean, is subject to undulation. If its undulations be so limited in their play that the materials of which the terrestrial shell is formed, have sufficient elasticity to yield to their pressure without being fractured, they will produce on the exterior surface of that shell corresponding undulations, by which all bodies placed upon its surface must be affected, as a floating body is by the waves of the ocean. If the height of the waves of the subterranean fluid be greater than the elasticity of the solid shell which confines them can bear, that shell must be fractured to a greater or less extent, and through the openings thus produced in it, the internal matter, in a state of igneous fusion, may issue, producing volcanic phenomena. Or, in fine, the fracture may be only external, in which case the consequences will be limited to local derangement of the surface.

The undulations which produce earthquakes are sometimes rectilinear, and propagated in parallel lines and in a single direction. In other cases they form concentric circles, and are propagated from a certain central point, like the waves produced on the surface of still water round the point at which a pebble is dropped into it.

Humboldt, who has been personal witness of a considerable number of these phenomena, and has elaborately investigated the recorded effects of the most remarkable of them, says that the undulations are propagated chiefly in parallel lines, and with a progressive velocity of from twenty to thirty miles per minute. He observes that the cases in which the waves issue from a center of undulation, and are propagated in circles round it, are more rare, and that when it takes place, the height of the waves diminish as their distance from the common center increases.

In general, the undulations are inconsiderable in their vertical height and velocity of oscillation, so that in places affected by them, the strength of buildings is sufficient to resist their effects, and we constantly hear of slight shocks of earthquakes being sensible, which are attended with no injurious consequences. Bells are sometimes thus rung, and furniture and other loose objects more or less displaced without other more serious consequences.

The vertical shock, however, in places more subject to these visitations, is sometimes attended with far more grave effects. In the case of the earthquake, by which the town of Riobamba, at the foot of Chimborazo, was destroyed in 1797, the bodies of many of the inhabitants were hurled to a height of several hundred feet, and thrown upon the hill of La Cullca, beyond the small river Lican.

In certain cases the motion imparted to the surface is not merely that of undulation properly so called, which can only produce vertical and oscillating motions; it has been found, in some cases, that the ground has been affected by a horizontal as well as vertical displacement. In some cases also a gyratory movement of the ground has been observed, so that after the shock, the direction of the walls of buildings, and the relative bearings of fixed objects, such as buildings, trees, and the directions of hills and valleys, have been changed.

The earthquakes which produce a gyratory motion of the ground are the most destructive, and happily also the most rare. After the earthquake which destroyed Riobamba in 1797, and that which took place in Calabria in 1783, walls were changed in their direction without being thrown down; rows of trees, which were previously strait and parallel, were, after the shock, in different directions, and even in curved rows. Fields were changed in their relative positions, those in which two different crops were growing having interchanged places.

A popular impression prevails that earthquakes are preceded by peculiar atmospheric phenomena, such as a profound stillness of the air, a suffocating and oppressive heat, and a misty horizon. Exact and extensive observations made in various countries, and for long periods of time, have proved that this is without any foundation in fact. Humboldt states not only as the result of his own experience, but

that of those who have lived for many years in regions where earthquakes are frequent, that they take place indifferently in all weathers, and in all states of the atmosphere. His own observations within the tropics, and those of Adolphe Erman during the earthquake of the 8th of March, 1829, at Irkutsk, near Lake Baikal, lat. 53°, were in this respect in complete accordance. Nevertheless, the subterranean convulsions appear to have been in some cases attended with atmospheric effects, which would indicate some connection between the phenomena and the electric state of the surface and of the atmosphere. Thus, for example, during the long-continued trembling of the ground in the Piedmontese valleys of Pelis and Cluson, considerable variations of the electric tension of the atmosphere were observed, which could not have arisen from any storm, the sky being at the time quite serene and unclouded.

Earthquakes are often attended, though not at all, as is commonly supposed, preceded by awful subterranean sounds. These noises, however, appear to have no relation whatever to the violence of the shock. Some of the most tremendous of these convulsions have, on the contrary, been unaccompanied by any noise whatever. The noises which are heard most commonly occur after the shock, and seldom at the place where the earthquake has the greatest violence. In the case of the earthquake of which Tacunga and Hambato were the center and points of greatest action, no noise was heard at these places, but violent subterraneous detonations were heard at Quito, which is fifty-five miles, and at Ibarra, about one hundred miles distant from those points, at twenty minutes after the shock. The subterranean thunder, if it may be so called, is sometimes heard at places situate beyond the limits of the shocks. Thus in the case of the violent earthquake which occurred at Lima and Callao, on 28th of October, 1746, a noise resembling a clap of subterranean thunder was heard at Truxillo, where no shock whatever was felt, nor even the least trembling of the ground.

The character of the noise attending earthquakes has differed greatly in different cases. Sometimes it has been a rolling sound like that of thunder, or the discharges of cannon in rapid succession. Sometimes it is described as resembling the clanking of chains. At Quito it is often sudden, like a near thunder-clap, and sometimes it is clear and ringing, like the clashing of glass, as if enormous masses of vitrified matter were shattered in subterranean caverns.

During the great eruption at Cotopaxi, one of the most lofty peaks of the Andes, subterranean sounds like discharges of artillery were heard at Honda, on the Magdalena River. This is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the crater of Cotopaxi is not only eighteen thousand feet above the level of Honda, and the distance measured in a direct line between the two points is four hundred and sixty-three miles, but vast mountain masses, such as Quito, Pasto, and Popayan, as well as innumerable valleys and ravines, are interposed between them. The sound was therefore evidently in this case propagated through the solid crust of the earth from a great depth, and not through the air.

It would appear that in some cases the solid telluric shell is strong enough to resist the undulations of the subterranean igneous fluid, while it transmits the sonorous vibrations. It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the impression which these terrible sounds, issuing from the depths of the earth, produce, when they are not attended by any dynamical or other phenomena. It is as if a preternatural voice coming from below addressed the entire population. The listener waits after each roll of the sound in an agony of suspense for what may follow.

One of the most remarkable examples of these subterranean sounds, unaccompanied by any disturbance of the surface of the ground, was that which occurred in the great mining regions of Mexico, in 1784, and which is known in that country as the *Bramidos subterraneos* (subterraneous roaring) of Guanaxuato.

Guanaxuato is the capital town of the mining district of that name, situate in the Sierra de Santa Rosa, at one hundred and sixty miles northwest of Mexico, and at an elevation of six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is irregularly built on mountain declivities, and is surrounded by deep shafts, through which the produce of the rich gold and silver mines is brought to the surface. More than a hundred of these shafts are sunk within a radius of fifteen miles round the town. There is no active volcano in

the neighborhood. The subterranean sounds were first heard at midnight on the 9th January, 1784, and they continued without intermission for more than a month. From the 13th to the 16th it seemed as if a rolling thunder, alternately with loud and sharp thunder-claps, issued from storm clouds beneath the foundation of the town. These sounds, which increased from the beginning by slow degrees, until they attained their greatest loudness and violence, ceased by the same slow degrees.

The inhabitants of the surrounding table-lands being prevented by their fright from bringing supplies into the markets of the town, a famine commenced, and the power of the authorities being at length overborne, a general flight ensued. Nearly the whole population deserted the town, in which large masses of the precious metals, the produce of the surrounding mines, had been stored. Bands of plunderers lingered to seize this treasure. After a while, the inhabitants being familiarized with the continuance of the subterraneous thunder, unaccompanied by any other symptoms of earthquake, the more courageous returned to the town, and fought with the robbers in defense of their property. In no part of the mountainous regions of Mexico was anything of this kind ever before known or heard of, nor has it ever recurred since. Thus it would appear, that as chasms in the inferior parts of the crust of the earth are opened or closed, the sound produced by the agitation of the igneous ocean, which roars beneath it, is propagated in different directions and at different times.

It would be a great mistake to assume that earthquakes are always merely local phenomena of very limited range. On the contrary, they have in some cases been manifested over a large portion of the surface of the globe. The great earthquake by which Lisbon was destroyed on the 1st November, 1755, was felt over the whole extent of Europe, from the Alps to the coast of Sweden, over Northern Germany and the shores of the Baltic, across the Atlantic to the West Indies, where the shocks were sensible in the islands of Barbadoes, Martinique, and Antigua, and across the continent of North America to the great Northern lakes. Distant fountains were interrupted in their flow. Thus the hot springs of Töplitz were first dried up, but soon reappeared, sending up unusual quantities of water of an ocherous color.

That the solid surface of the bottom of the ocean shared in the general undulation manifested over so great an extent of the continents on this occasion could not be doubted, if no other evidence of it existed save the transmission of the undulation across the Atlantic. But we have more direct evidence of this in the sudden changes of elevation of the water of the ocean itself. At Cadiz the sea rose above sixty feet, and in the islands of Barbadoes, Martinique, and Antigua, where the normal rise of the tide does not much exceed two feet, the water suddenly rose twenty feet, and was moreover discolored, having the blackness of ink. During the earthquake the water retired from the harbor at Lisbon, leaving the bar uncovered and dry, but it soon returned, rushing in enormous volumes, so as to rise in some places to the height of sixty feet. The shores were everywhere inundated, and the seaport of St. Eubal's, about twenty miles south of Lisbon, was submerged and totally disappeared. The records of these convulsions of the earth supply many examples showing that the bottom of the sea has shared the perturbations of the land. In the case of the great earthquake which desolated Peru in 1746, the Pacific rushed upon the coast with irresistible fury, destroyed several seaports, carrying the vessels which floated in them to great distances up the country, and submerging a large tract of land near Callao, so as to convert it into a permanent bay.

A remarkable submarine earthquake occurred in the Gulf of Mexico in 1780, during which a mass of water was carried against the western coast of the island of Jamaica, which in an instant submerged the entire town of Savannah la Mar. Not a building or living thing escaped this prodigious irruption of water.

The same island underwent still more extensive devastation from an earthquake which occurred there in 1692. Three fourths of Port Royal, the capital of the island at that time, suddenly sunk down, and with all its inhabitants were submerged by the sea. Large warehouses which stood upon the quays were submerged to such a depth, that their roofs were from twenty to forty feet below the surface of the water. The subsidence was so evenly vertical, and so free from any lateral displacement or rocking motion, that many of the houses sunk without falling; so

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that after the catastrophe the chimney-tops of some of them were seen, as well as the topmasts of ships wrecked in the harbor, projecting from the surface of the water. A vessel of war which had been under repair in one of the docks was transported over several of the submerged buildings, and finally rested upon one of the sunken houses, breaking through the roof. In the first shock of this earthquake a tract of the adjacent country of the extent of above a thousand acres was instantaneously submerged. It has been calculated that in the great earthquake of Lisbon, a portion of the earth's surface, more than four times the area of Europe, was affected by the undulation, without taking into account any part of the submarine disturbances which attended it.

As examples of shocks and tremblings of the ground which have continued from hour to hour for several successive months, Humboldt produces the following examples, all of which took place at great distances from any active volcano. On the eastern slope of Mount Cenis, at Fenestrelles and Pignerol, the phenomena commenced in April, 1808. The liquid contained in full glasses exhibited a constant agitation and trembling. In the United States, at New Madrid, and Little Prairie, north of Cincinnati, the trembling commenced in December, 1811, and continued through the winter of 1812. In the Pachalik of Aleppo the shocks continued during the months of August and September, 1822.

The undulations of earthquakes proceed so often in directions parallel to mountain chains that it might be conjectured that they are directed by some influence exerted by the walls of the fissures of the strata, between which the matter forming the chain was originally forced up. Many exceptions, however, to this are presented by earthquakes which have been propagated in directions transverse to those of the mountain chains. Thus, in South America they have crossed the littoral chain of Venezuela and the Sierra Parime. In Asia they have been propagated, in January, 1832, from Lahore and the foot of the Himalaya, across the chain of the Hindoo Coosh as far as Badakschan on the Upper Oxus, and even to Bokhara.

Of all the substances thus thrown out through the external crust from the interior of the earth, the most frequent is water. That liquid appears to be deposited

in terrestrial strata, having depths more or less considerable, and it necessarily acquires the temperature of the strata in which it is thus confined. In ordinary springs rising from inconsiderable depths within the limits of the superficial strata, the temperature in warm seasons is generally lower considerably than that of the air at the surface, and hence arises the coolness of common spring-water. But when water rises from depths much more considerable, lying below the stratum of invariable temperature, it is found to have a higher temperature than the air.

The natural hot springs which exist in various parts of the globe must issue from strata whose depth corresponds to their temperature, rising through fissures or perforations in the superior strata, produced by disruptions effected by the pressure from within prevailing over the tenacity of the materials composing such strata. If the temperature of the water issuing from such springs could be taken to be that which it had in the reservoir from which it has risen, such temperature would supply at least an approximate index of the depth of such reservoir. But it must be considered, that in rising to the surface it passes through a succession of strata of constantly decreasing temperature, composed of materials of various conducting powers and capacities for heat, and that in its ascent it must part with more or less of its heat, and therefore that its temperature, on issuing from the spring at the surface, must be less than that of the subterranean reservoir from which it has risen.

Nothing is more remarkable and curious respecting springs, whatever be their temperature, than the secular permanence which attends so many of them. The fountains of Greece still flow in the same places as they did when described by the historians, and sung by the poets, of the classic age. The River Erasinos, which rose in Lake Stymphalus, after flowing a certain distance disappeared in the earth, but sprung up again out of the declivity of the mountain Chaon, two hours' journey south of Argos. This spring, which is mentioned by Herodotus, still issues from the same point in the slope of the mountain. In the center of the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, was a small opening in the ground, from which, from time to time, an intoxicating vapor was said to proceed, and which was supposed to proceed from the adjacent well of Cassotis. Over this chasm the priestess Pythia took her seat whenever the oracle was to be consulted, and the words she uttered after inhaling the mephitic vapor were believed to be the revelations of the god. Of this chasm no trace remains, but the well of Cassotis still exists, and is known as that of St. Nicholas. Its waters still pass under the site of the temple of Apollo.

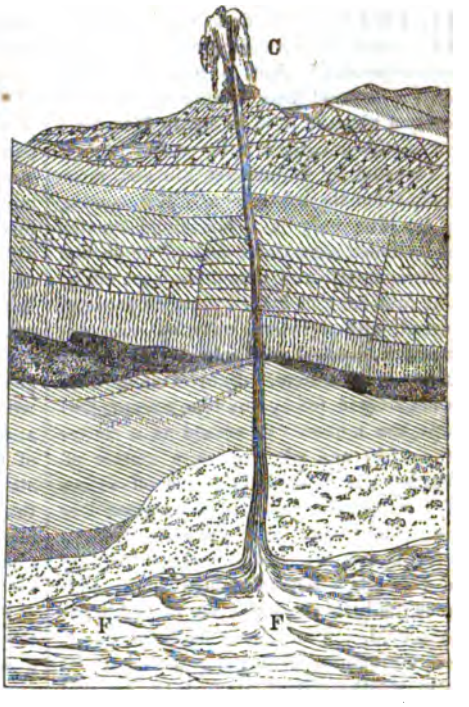
Of the other classic fountains which still flow may be mentioned that of Castalia at the foot of Mount Parnassus, Piréné at Corinth, the thermal springs of Ædepsus on the coast of Eubœa, near Chalcis. It is remarkable that in a tract of country so peculiarly subject to frequent and violent earthquakes, the strata in the main continue to preserve their relative position, so that even those narrow holes and fissures, through which those subterranean waters force themselves up, have remained unchanged during the long interval of two thousand years. Various gases are also ejected in enormous quantities. The gas called carbureted hydrogen, which, evolved by artificial processes, is now so universally used for the purposes of illumination, issues in vast quantities from the interior of the earth through fissures of greater or less magnitude, and thus presented by nature herself, has actually been used for illumination in China for more than ten centuries back. The artesian fire-wells of China, at Ho-tsing, are well known. The gas has from very ancient times been collected in tubes of bamboo, and being thus rendered portable, has been used for illumination in the city of Khiung-tscheu.

The transition from the ejection of gases and liquids to that of molten rocks exhibited in the effects of volcanoes, is marked by the intermediate phenomena of the ejection of hot mud. According to Humboldt, although salses or mud volcanoes in their normal state present little to arrest attention, their origin is characterized by the imposing phenomena of earthquakes, subterranean thunder, the upswelling of vast tracts of country, and the ejection of lofty jets of flame. A recent and well-observed example of such a phenomenon is presented in the case of the mud volcano of Jokmali, on the peninsula of Apscheron, east of Baku, on the shores of the Caspian Sea. This peninsula has always been the theater of singular

subterranean phenomena, and flames have so frequently, in past times, issued from the ground upon it, that it has been regarded with veneration by the Oriental fire-worshipers. On this peninsula, on the 27th of November, 1827, flames blazed up from the ground to so great a height that they were seen at the distance of twenty-four miles, in which state they continued for three hours, after which they decreased to the height of three feet. They issued from a crater which was formed by their ejection, and continued to burn in that way for twenty hours. This ended in the ejection of enormous fragments of rock and quantities of hot mud.

From the examples of subterranean activity presented by superficial convulsions, earthquakes, thermal springs, and jets of gas and steam, we pass to the formation of volcanoes properly so called. The internal forces, acting with unequal effect on different parts of the solid crust of the earth, surmount its resistance at points where it has least tenacity, and upheaving the incumbent strata, raise them into dome-shaped masses, like those of the Puy de Dome and Chimborazo, without, however, producing actual fracture. Sometimes the mass thus upheaved gives way at the summit of the dome, which separates so as to leave a circular cavity of a certain depth surrounded by a nearly perpendicular wall, having on the exterior a gradual slope, which formed the declivity of the dome before the disruption. If the energy of the subterranean forces be sufficiently intense, the floor of this crater will be disrupted, holes and fissures will be formed in it, communicating with the liquid fire which fills the solid shell of the earth, steam and acid gases will be ejected in vast quantities, followed by ignited scoriæ, and red-hot stones, and fragments of rock, after which will follow torrents of that incandescent earthy matter in a state of pasty fusion, which has been called lava; in a word, an active volcano will be formed. Now there are here several distinct stages, at any one of which the phenomena may be brought to a close, according to the relation between the energy of the upheaving force and the local tenacity of the earth's solid crust. If the upheaving force do not much exceed that tenacity, it may spend its entire energy in producing swelling of the surface of the ground more or less pronounced. If the excess be greater still, a dome-shaped hill or mountain will be produced. A greater excess again will cause the disruption of this dome, and its conversion into a crater of elevation. Finally, if the internal force be sufficient to break a way through the entire mass of solid strata which forms the shell of the earth, the fiery fluid central matter, rising through the opening thus made for it, will issue from the holes, crevices, and fissures in the floor of the crater, and, overflowing or breaking away through the surrounding wall, rush in a torrent of fire down the slopes of the dome-shaped hill thus formed. The intervals of activity and repose of volcanoes are often of very long duration. Thus, in the case of Vesuvius, the eruptions were renewed with unabated force after an interruption of several centuries. In the time of Nero, Etna was considered as approaching to entire extinction, and, according to Ælian, the summit of the mountain at a later period was gradually sinking, so that it could no longer be seen as a landmark by vessels at sea from the same distances. Humboldt affirms that it may be considered as a pretty well established law of volcanoes, that those which have least elevation are characterized by the most unceasing activity. He proves this law by many examples, and explains it by the supposition that a less internal force is sufficient to raise the molten masses to low than to high summits. Now Stromboli has been in a continued state of activity from the Homeric age to the present, so unceasing that it has served, and still serves, all the purposes of a stupendous light-house to ships navigating that part of the Mediterranean. The entire island situate off the north coast of Sicily, is of volcanic formation. Around each mouth, from which the fiery matter is projected, a cone of cinders and ashes is formed by the return of the matter which has been projected upward. These cones vary greatly in height and magnitude, and appear to have no relation to the general elevation of the mountain, the smaller class of volcanoes often producing the highest cones. One of the most remarkable of these cones is that of the Volcano of Cotopaxi, in the eastern Cordillera of the Andes, about thirty-four miles S.S.E. of Quito. The general form of this remarkable mountain is that of an immense cone, shaped with an accuracy almost geometrical. The summit is about nineteen thousand feet

above the level of the sea, and nearly ten thousand above the adjacent table-land. The snow line is at four thousand four hundred feet below the summit. The cone, therefore, above this line is coated with perpetual snow, except at the times of eruptions, in which the solid sides of the cone becoming incandescent, the snow suddenly melts, and descending in torrents down the flanks of the mountain, leaves the conical summit uncovered. "Of all the volcanoes which I have seen," says Humboldt, "in either hemisphere, the cone-formed Cotopaxi is at once the most regular and the most picturesque. Before each great eruption, the sudden fusion of the snow, which habitually invests its vast cone, announces the coming catastrophe. Even before the appearance of smoke issuing from its lofty crater, the sides of the cone acquire a glowing temperature, and the mass of the mountain assumes an aspect of most awful and portentous blackness." It is difficult to imagine any spectacle more awfully grand than the view of a crater in activity presented to an observer when he is stationed at the summit of the surrounding wall. The space beneath him appears like the surface of agitated, half-molten matter contained in a colossal cauldron. The surface swells and intumesces; from the cracks and fissures vapors issue; small chasms here and there alternately open and close, showing within them red-hot molten matter; burning fragments are from time to time thrown up, and fall back upon the sides of the mounds surrounding the mouths from which they have been vomited; each small eruption of this kind is regularly preceded and announced by small earthquake shocks, which sensibly shake the ground beneath the feet of the observer; occasionally lava issues in a fiery torrent from these fissures and mouths, but not in sufficient quantity to break through the walls of the crater, but sometimes the flow of this red-hot pasty matter is so abundant that it breaks the wall, and rushes down the side of the mountain.



Various theories have been proposed to explain the phenomena of volcanoes, and to solve the questions, What is it that burns? What excites such prodigious degrees and quantities of heat? heat sufficient to fuse not only the metals, but the most refractory earths, imparting to masses of fused earth a heat which many years are required to dissipate. Among the hypotheses which have been proposed, and which received and merited much consideration, though now put aside, was the chemical theory of Sir Humphry Davy, in which the evolution of heat and light in the depths of the volcanic craters, were ascribed to the chemical action of the most oxydable metals, such as potassium, sodium, calcium, &c.

Our limits, and the object of this tract, preclude us from entering upon this question here beyond this mere indication of the ingenious hypothesis of the illustrious chemist; and as the theory proposed has been generally abandoned, such a discussion is the less necessary.

To illustrate the generally received theory, we have given, in the figure at the head of this page, an hypothetical section of the crust of the earth, showing the progress upward of the igneous fluid from the internal liquid fire, FF, to the mouth of the crater at C.

The National Magazine.

AUGUST, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

EDITORIAL ARRANGEMENTS. — It will be no news to many of our readers, but it is fitting that we chronicle the fact, that the *Rev. Abel Stevens*, formerly editor of this Magazine, has been transferred to the editorial chair of the *Christian Advocate*, vacated by the death of the lamented *Dr. Thomas E. Bond*. The appointment, so far as we have heard, gives universal satisfaction, and we predict for the *Advocate*, as a first class religious family newspaper, a still more extended sphere of usefulness.

The *Rev. Dr. McClintock*, for the last eight years editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and in whose hands that periodical maintained a rank second to no similar publication, has retired from that position, and is succeeded by that ripe scholar, the *Rev. Dr. Whedon*, formerly professor of languages in the University of Michigan.

In the editorial chair of the *Sunday School Advocate*, in some respects the most important of periodical visitors, the *Rev. Dr. Kidder* is succeeded by the *Rev. Daniel Wise*, formerly editor of the *Zion's Herald*, and well known as the author of many popular juvenile volumes.

From the cover of the present number, the readers of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE will learn that its editorial supervision remains as it has been for the last twelve months, during which Mr. Stevens, the nominal editor, was in Europe. There will be this difference, however, that the editor, henceforth free from his special ministerial duties as the presiding officer of a large district, will be enabled to devote more time to the pages of the Magazine. With the aid of competent assistants and able contributors, he hopes to make it worthy of more extended circulation.

I LOCATED.—Dr. Deems, in the appendix to his "Annals of Southern Methodism," gives the following narrative, said to have been taken from the lips of a dying minister of the Lord Jesus, who had abandoned his sacred calling:

"In my nineteenth year, I determined to enter the itinerant ministry; and having received the blessing of my beloved parents, and their parting counsels, I left home on the 15th of September, 18—, to offer myself to the ——— Conference, then about to sit in a neighboring town. My father furnished me with a valuable riding-horse, saddle, bridle, and saddle-bags, a new suit of clothes, and fifty dollars in money, telling me to go in the name of the Lord, and acquit myself like a man; adding, that if ever I needed a home, his door was open to me. I went with a trembling heart, but with a firm resolve to do my duty. I was kindly received by the preachers, and sent to the ——— circuit. Here I first learned what hardship meant; but I enjoyed religion, attended to my appointment, was useful, was happy, and felt assured that the Lord had called me to preach. At the end of the year I went to conference again, and received another appointment, where, under my feeble instrumentality, the word of God was powerfully revived, and some two or three hundred souls were added to the Church. Again I went to conference, again received a new field of labor, and was again blessed of the Lord; and had thus spent three years in the itinerant work. Up to this time I had been single-hearted, deeply pious, and devoted to one work. I lived much upon my knees, read my Bible much, and felt that all my sufficiency was of God. But shortly after the commencement of my fourth year my parents died, and as I was their only child, the whole of their property fell into my hands. My attention now became divided between my property and the work of the ministry. Pressed with the cares of business, I neglected my private devotions, then my appointments; backslid in heart, lost my relish for the work to which God had been pleased to call me; and, restless and unhappy, sought by marriage to remedy the evil, and, as it were, to make myself independent of Deity. But, alas! how sadly was I mistaken; how fearfully have I reaped the harvest of my own guilt and folly! Becoming acquainted with Mary I.———, and believing that she had all the qualities of mind and heart that were requisite to make her a good wife, I addressed her, and married her in August, 18—. In a few weeks I went to conference once more, and without letting her know anything of my intentions, located. Yes, I located, located unbidden by the Lord of the harvest! and every step since that act has been taken down hill, with an ever-accelerating velocity, and has but plunged me and my unfortunate, unoffending Mary, deeper and deeper in misery. When I came back and told her what I had done, she burst into tears, and begged me to go back to the Lord's work. Noble woman! Would to God that I had taken her advice! But no; I was well off as respects this world's goods; I would be rich; I would go into business; I was tired of roving about; I flattered myself I could be a local preacher, and do as much or more good, than if I had continued in the itinerancy, a man of one work. I did go into business, with a handsome capital, and in three years lost it all, I could not tell how. My Mary still entreated me to re-join the conference; my brethren urged me to do so. Still I was rebellious against the Almighty; still I dreamed of prosperity, though conscious that I was a traitor to high Heaven. An uncle of my wife died, leaving her three thousand dollars. With this I again went into business, and in a few months this sum all vanished like smoke. Mary had meanwhile become the mother of two interesting babes. These both died. Almost broken-hearted, she implored me to do what was so manifestly my duty; but no; I was infatuated, and still persisted in my ruinous course. At length, I succeeded in purchasing the small farm on which I now live, and where I expect soon to die. My health has been steadily declining for months. My religious comforts are all gone, my soul is darkened, my usefulness departed. I am a wreck floating on the sea of time, soon to be dashed upon the breakers of eternity, and this because I located. O! how significant to me of fearful meaning is that word. It seems to me burned into my memory. Go where I will, do what I may, there it is staring me in the face—*located*. It appears as though it were written on every log of my humble cabin, upon every tree without, upon the earth, and upon the skies above me. I read it in the pallid cheeks of my noble, uncomplaining Mary, in the tears that steal down from her eyes, and which she strives so hard to conceal from me. I feel it in the fever which burns up my life; in the sinking of my strength; in the consciousness that I must soon die; in the absence of that strong faith, which can alone prepare me to grapple with death; in the leanness and barrenness of my soul! Sometimes in my dreams my dear father and my sainted mother seem to stand before me, and ask, 'Why did you locate?' O! what shall I say when I stand before my Judge, and he puts to me the dreadful question, 'Why did you locate?' No tongue can tell, no pen describe, what I have suffered on account of this one act of my life. I have fully proved the woe of striving with my Maker, so far, at least, as the bitterness and anguish of that woe can be experienced in this world. I have tried to repent before God; I have sought refuge in the arms of bleeding mercy; I have prayed for one ray of heavenly light to guide me through the gloomy valley of death, but all is dark, dark, dark; I can only trust in the mercy of my offended Sovereign through Christ, and with fear and trembling await the issue. A sincere desire that others may not come into like condemnation, that others may not sow as I have sowed, and reap as I have reaped, has alone induced me to write this brief history of my sin, and its dreadful consequences to myself and to others. May it have this effect on all who read it! To one, to all I say, as a dying man speaking from bitter experience which has beggared me, has broken the heart of my Mary, and is taking both of us rapidly and yet prematurely to the grave, never let anything induce you to locate unbidden by the Master!"

A PHYSICAL FORCE-PUMP.—The strange confusion arising from the use of words in their literal signification was strikingly illustrated in a controversy between an evangelical Christian and a Roman Catholic. The former had been dwelling upon the necessity of experimental and practical godliness, which he called the religion of the heart. The Romanist ridiculed the expression. "What is the heart?" he asked. "It is a mere muscular viscus, a physical force-pump by which the blood is propelled through the body. To talk of the religion of the heart is, therefore, an absurdity." "Suppose we admit your definition, and apply it to some passages of Scripture," replied the other, "Let us take them from your own version." "My son, give me thy physical force-pump." "Create in me a clean physical force-pump." "Blessed are those who are pure in their physical force-pumps, for they shall see God." A peal of laughter from the by-standers, in which the Romanist himself was compelled to join, brought the controversy to an abrupt termination.

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THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—In THE NATIONAL for October, 1855, we endeavored to enlighten the public on the subject of *autographs*, and modestly hinted at the developments hereafter to be made in an art which we called *Penology*. Some of our grave readers were disposed to doubt the fundamental principles of the new science; and two or three mistakes into which we had fallen, in our illustrations of character deduced from signatures, have been pointed out to us. In the main, however, we were right, and it will possibly gratify some of our readers to know that in the progress of the age such developments have been made as enable professors of both sexes to appeal with confidence to a discriminating public. The following advertisement, which we find in a recent London paper, is evidence that our friends across the water have brought the new science to a wonderful degree of perfection, and that the higher circles in Great Britain are giving it their attention, that is, if Professor Blenkinsop is a man of truth, which we have no right to question:

KNOW THYSELF!—Professor BLENKINSOP continues to receive from individuals of every rank the most flattering testimonials of his success in describing the CHARACTERS of persons from their HANDWRITING, pointing out their mental and moral qualities, whether good or bad. Address by letter, stating age, sex, and profession, inclosing thirteen uncut postage stamps, to Dr. Blenkinsop, 344 Strand, London.

Only thirteen uncut postage stamps! Cheaper than even a phrenological examination, and quite as satisfactory. Dr. Blenkinsop, however, is not alone in the field. He has a rival of the other sex. Miss Coupelle knows as much about the science as he does. She calls it "the science of Graphiology." Her price is the same as the professor's, and she has the endorsement of *Chambers's Journal*. Perhaps it would be well to send specimens to them both. Then, if, after inspecting your handwriting, they both agree that you are amiable, unsuspecting, somewhat credulous, and a little soft, you may rest satisfied that in all probability there is some truth in the science. But read Miss Coupelle's advertisement. It is also taken from a late London paper:

KNOW THYSELF.—MARIE COUPELLE continues to give her graphic and interesting delineations of character, discoverable from the handwriting. All persons desirous of knowing themselves, or any friend in whom they are interested, must send a specimen of the writing, stating the sex and age, and inclosing thirteen penny postage stamps to MISS COUPELLE, 69 CASTLE-STREET, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, and they will receive a minute detail of the talents, tastes, virtues, and failings of the writer, with many other things hitherto unsuspected. "Miss Coupelle has established the truth of the science of Graphiology by several years' successful practice of it."—*Chambers's Journal.*

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AN INTERESTING STORY.—"Shon, mine Shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language. "Shon, mine Shon! come here, an' I vill dell you von little stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it pe a drue story, or a makes pelieve?"

"O, a true story, of course!" answered John.

"Ferry vell den. Dere vas once a goot, nice old sheutleman, (shoost like I,) andt he had von liddle poy, (shoost like you.) Andt von day he heard him shwearing like a young fillin, as he was. So he vent to der winkie (corner,) and took out a cowhide, (shoost as I am going now,) and he dook ter dirty little plackguard py de collar, (dis way, you see!) and valloped him, (shoost so!) And den, mine tear Shon, he bull his ears, (dis way,) and smack his face, (dat way,) an' dell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vilt do this efening."

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MAGENDIE ON MEDICINE.—The last number of the *American Medical Gazette* contains a remarkably interesting letter from an American medical student in Paris. This writer says that on one occasion he heard the celebrated physician and physiologist, Magendie, open a lecture somewhat in the following words:

"*Gentlemen*,—Medicine is a great humbug. I know it is called a science; science, indeed. It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere empirics, when they are not charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world about medicine? Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here to attend my lectures, and I must tell you frankly now, in the beginning, that I know nothing in the world about medicine, and I don't know anybody who does know anything about it. Don't think for a moment that I haven't read the bills advertising the course of lectures at the medical school; I know that this man teaches anatomy, that man teaches pathology, another man physiology, such a one therapeutics, such another materia medica. *Eh bien! et apres?* What's known about all that? Why, gentlemen, at the school of Montpellier, (God knows it was famous enough in its day,) they discarded the study of anatomy, and taught nothing but the dispensary; and the doctors educated there knew just as much and were quite as successful as any others. I repeat it; nobody knows anything about medicine. True enough, we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting a certain substance into the veins of a dog; that's something; we can alleviate diabetes, and, I see distinctly, we are fast approaching the day when phthisis can be cured as easily as any disease.

"We are collecting facts in the right spirit, and I dare say in a century or so the accumulation of facts may enable our successors to form a medical science; but I repeat it to you, there is no such thing now as a medical science. Who can tell me how to cure the headache? or the gout? or disease of the heart? Nobody. O! you tell me doctors cure people. I grant you people are cured. But how are they cured? Gentlemen,

nature does a great deal. Imagination does a good deal. Doctors do but little, when they don't do harm. Let me tell you, gentlemen, what I did when I was the head physician at Hôtel Dieu. Some three or four thousand patients passed through my hands every year. I divided the patients into two classes; with one, I followed the dispensary and gave them the usual medicines without having the least idea why or wherefore; to the other, I gave bread pills and colored water, without, of course, letting them know anything about it . . . and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division, to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would fret a good deal, they would feel they were neglected, (sick people always feel they are neglected, unless they are well drugged . . . *les imbeciles!*) and they would irritate themselves until they got really sick, but nature invariably came to the rescue, and all the persons in this third class got well. There was little mortality among those who received but bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was greatest among those who were carefully drugged according to the dispensary."

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THE NITER LAKES OF EGYPT.—Tischendorf gives the following account of the Niter lakes which supply a large portion of the world with an article of commerce and consumption of no small importance:

"In the midst of this sandy waste, where uniformity is scarcely interrupted by grass or shrubs, there are extensive districts where niter springs from the earth like crystallized fruits. One thinks he sees a wild overgrown with moss, weeds, and shrubs, thickly covered with hoar frost. And to imagine this wintery scene beneath the fervent heat of an Egyptian sun will give some idea of the strangeness of its aspect. The existence of this niter upon the sandy surface is caused by the evaporation of the lake. According to the quantity of niter left behind the lake, do these fantastic shapes assume either a dazzling white color, or are more or less tinted with the somber hue of the sand. The niter lakes themselves, six in number, situated in a spacious valley between two rows of low sand-hills, presented—at least the three which we visited—a pleasing contrast, in the dark blue and red colors, to the dull hues of the sand. The niter, which forms a thick crystallized crust upon these shallow lakes, is broken off in large square cakes, which are either of a dirty white or of a flesh color, or of a deep, dark red. The Fellahs employed upon this labor stand quite naked in the water, furnished with iron rods. The part which is removed being speedily renewed, the riches of its produce are inexhaustible. It is hence that nearly the whole of Europe is exclusively supplied with niter, and this has probably been the case for ages; for Sicard mentions at the commencement of the last century, that then thirty-six thousand cwt. of niter were broken annually for the grand signor, to whom it yields thirty-six purses. By the side of one of the lakes, piled in large layers, was heaped the product of last week's labor. My companion had occasion to find fault with the result of the work of the villagers—the sheik of the village stood before us—he sharply rebuked him, and to give the greater effect to his words, he crossed his naked shoulders two or three times with his whip of elephant skin. The sheik sprang as nimbly as a gazelle into the shallow lake, and received his further instructions beyond arm's length. Such was the impressive discipline which even the Italian, who was a man of gentle manners, considered it necessary to adopt toward those Fellahs. The plates of niter, after undergoing a preliminary cleaning upon the banks of the lake, are carried to the castle, where, by various processes, they become dazzling white powder, and in this state it is carried in large quantities to Terraneth."

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THE EVER BUSY HAMMER.—The hammer is the universal emblem of mechanics. With it are alike forged the sword of contention and the plowshare of peaceful agriculture—the press of the free and the shackles of the slave. The eloquence of the forum has moved the armies of Greece and Rome to a thousand battle-fields; but the eloquence of the hammer has covered those fields with victory or defeat. The inspiration of song has kindled high and noble aspirations in the bosoms of brave knights and gentle dames; but the inspiration of the hammer has strewn the field with shattered helmet and shield, decided not only the fate of chivalric combat, but the fate of thrones, crowns, and kingdoms. The forging of the thunder-bolt was ascribed by the Greeks as the highest act of Jove's omnipotence, and their mythology beautifully ascribes to one of their gods the task of presiding at the labors of the forge. In ancient warfare the hammer was a powerful weapon, independent of the blade which it formed. Many a stout skull was broken through the cap and helmet by the blow of Vulcan's weapon. The armies of the Crescent would have subdued Europe to the sway of Mohammed; but on the plains of France their progress was arrested, and the brave and simple warrior who saved Christendom from the sway of the Mussulman, was Martel—"the hammer." The hammer, the saviour and the bulwark of Christendom! The hammer is the wealth of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clinks point out the abode of industry. It is a domestic deity, presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious, as the most humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, a ship floats, a carriage rolls, a wheel spins, an engine moves, a press squeaks, a viol sings, a spade delves, or a flag waves without the hammer. Without the hammer civilization would be unknown, and the human species be only as defenseless brutes; but in skillful hands, directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, of greatness, and true glory.

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A NEW SECT.—A new sect, half political and half religious, has formed itself in France. Its tenets are those of Druidism, the national doctrine of the ancient Gauls, combined with the principles of the Revolution of 1792. This Revolution, the sectarians assert, delivered the nation of the Gauls from their oppressors, the Franks, (represented by the clergy and the aristocracy,) and France (or Gaul we should rather say) must maintain that delivery by returning altogether to the past—by reviving the traditions and the rites of the golden sickle and the sacred hatchets. The sect is, strange to say, headed by men of some consequence, as, for instance, by M. Henri Martin, the historian, by M. Carnot, formerly Minister of Public Instruction, by M. Jean Renaud, the philosopher, and by M. Dumesnil, son-in-law to M. Michelet. M. Michelet himself, though considered by the new party as a Druid, has not yet formally joined the sect; and, for his own sake, we hope he never may.

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FRIAR BACON'S STUDY.—The following lines, found among Upcott's MSS., were written on the intended demolition of Friar Bacon's study, April 6, 1779:

"Roger! if with thy magic glasses
Running, thou seest below what passes,
As when on earth thou didst descry
With them the wonders of the sky—
Look down on these devoted walls!
O! save them—ere thy study falls!
Or to thy votaries quick impart
The secret of thy mystic art:
Teach us, ere learning's quite forsaken,
To honor thee, and—save our BACON!"

MISDIRECTED LETTERS.—In a late number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, we find a highly amusing article, entitled "Curiosities of our Post-Office." All letters which the postmen cannot deliver—wrong addresses in some cases, emigration or death in others, being the cause—are returned to the General Post-Office, where they are opened, and, if important, and the persons who wrote them can be found, they are sent back. The originals of those which we now copy were presented to the writer of the article in question, from the persons who received them, and their genuineness admits of no doubt. The writer says:

"It is recorded of Dr. Johnson, that on receiving a letter a day or two before his death, he said: 'An odd thought strikes me—we shall receive no letters in the grave.' Now, without venturing to affirm that our post-office is a means of transmitting epistles to the 'silent land,' it certainly would appear to be now and then the medium of conveying letters from the dead to the living; in proof of which assertion I will copy, *verbatim et literatim*, a missive received by a gentleman in our village.'

"'MR DALLICO. Parson.

"'DEAR SIR I take the oppertunity of writing those lines to you hoping that you would bestow some charity towards burying her as it is the last Request now and for ever and She died Thursday the 18th Inst and She have no one to bury her unless yer assistance towards it and her dependance is always on your Revce to do it for her and it is an act of Charity besides a reward from God Amen.

"'I remain your very dutiful and obt Sert
ELLEN AHERNE dead.'"

We should like to copy the whole of this article, with all the curious epistles strung together by the author, did our space permit, but we must be satisfied with one more curiosity. It is a gem in its way, sent by an emigrant country schoolmaster to a friend in Ireland:

"'Mr. M CONNORS

"'With congruous gratitude and decorum I accost to you this debonnaire communication. And announce to you with amicable Complacency that we continually enjoy competent laudable good health, thanks to our omnipotent Father for it. We are endowed with the momentous prerogatives of respectable operations of a supplement concuity of having a fine brave and gallant youthful daughter the pendicity ladies age is four months at this date, we denominated her Margaret Connolly.

"'I have to respond to the Communication and accost and remit a Convoy revealing with your identity candour and sincerity. If your brother who had been pristinely located and stationed in England whether if he has induced himself with Ecstasy to be in preparation to progress with you. I am paid by the respectable potent loyal nobleman that I work for one dollar per day. Announce to me in what Concuity the crops and the products of husbandry dignify, also predict how is Jno. Carrol and his wife and family. My brother and Myself are continually employed and occupied in similar work. Living and doing good. Dictate how Jno. Mahony wife and family is.

"'Don't you permit oblivion to obstruct you from inserting this. Prognosticate how Mrs. Harrington is and if she accept my intelligence or any convoy from either of Her 2 progenies since their embarkation for this nation. If she has please specify with congruous and elysian gratitude with validity and veracity to my magnanimous self.

"'I remit my respects to my former friends and acquaintances. I remain D. CONNOLLY.

"'*P. S.* Direct to Pembroke state of Maine.

"'Dear brother-in-law

"'I am determined and candidly arrive at Corolary, as I am fully resolved to transfer a sufficient portion of money to you to recompense your liabilities from thence to hence. I hope your similar operations will not impede any occurrence that might obstruct your progression on or at the specified time the 17th of March next.'"

MOTHER.—Around the idea of mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when soft and capable of receiving most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our willfulness may lead us far from our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her councils or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amid her tears. Around that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

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ECCENTRICITY.—Eccentricity of manner is so often allied to great genius that some very great fools have been thought to possess talent, because they were unlike the rest of the world in their actions.

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A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—One of the saddest stories that we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, just as yours is, reader, whom its mother, one bright morning, rigged out in a beautiful jacket, all shining with silk and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the "Swiss cottage," when an enormous eagle scooped him from the earth, and bore him to his nest, high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyrie being at a point utterly inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces, the eagle so placed the gay jacket in the nest that it became a fixture there, and whenever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the lowlands, long after the eagles had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim.

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HEINE.—Heine liked to relate the following little incident: Returning home, one evening, from his *cabinet de lecture*, and ascending to his lodgings, Faubourg Poissonnière, *au quatrième*, he was met on the landing-place by his wife, who told him, in a tone of reproach, that a very old gentleman had called, and that she had been so sorry for him, because of his having climbed up so high to no purpose. Heine looked at the old gentleman's card. "Be easy about that, my child," he said; "this gentleman has ascended more formidable heights than those of our lodgings!" It was the card of Alexander von Humboldt.

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LEAVE YOUR NAME.—One evening Voltaire and Piron, who were mortal enemies, met at the house of a mutual friend, and early the next morning Piron got up and wrote the word

"villain!" upon Voltaire's door. The latter noticed it, when he came from his room, and guessing who inscribed it, he sought Piron, and shaking him cordially by the hand, thanked him for showing him so much courtesy as to leave his (Piron's) *name* at his door so early in the morning.

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BEAUTY.—The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the birds of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, give no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit.

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"TAKE THE CASE."—A justice of the peace, in the Western country, recently delivered the following "charge" to a jury of that ilk, in an action of replevin, brought for the recovery of a canal boat. It is rather an "original effort," in its way:

"'*Gentlemen of the Jury:* This is an action of replevin, brought for the purpose of obtaining the canal boat Ocean Wave, No. 2, levied on as the property of the plaintiff. I shall first charge you as to the rule of construing evidence, namely: If you have reason to believe that any one witness in this case has willfully, maliciously, deliberately, and contrary to the peace and dignity of the State of Ohio, sworn to that which is false in any single instance, you are bound to believe that he has lied throughout.'

"Mr. B——, for the plaintiff, inquired: 'What if he be corroberated?'

"The Court, with much dignity, replied: 'Wait until I am done! And if you should find that the aforementioned witness is corroborated, or sustained in any particular, by any other witness, you are bound to believe that said last-named witness lies also, in every particular of his statement! I am also requested to charge you that you find in your verdict the value of the property at issue.

"'After some deliberation, I have concluded not to do that, but will simply say, if you find, in your finding, that you have found—you will have found, in your finding, whatever at that time you may find; on the other *hand*, gentlemen, if you find, in your finding, that you have *not* found—you will not have found—in your finding—what you ought to have found! Now, gentlemen, you have heard the testimony of the witnesses, the arguments of the counsels, and *my charge*. Take the case!'"

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VISIT OF A COUNTRYMAN TO THE ASTOR LIBRARY.—The following amusing dialogue took place in one of our most fashionable hotels a short time since, between two individuals, one of whom appeared to be a dry-goods merchant from some distant village; the other, a fastidious metropolitan, who first spoke:

"Been about much since you've been in town?"

"Yes, considerable."

"You used to be fond of reading. Been into any of our libraries—the Society, Mercantile, or the Astor?"

"Yes, all on 'em; but the Astor took me down. First place, it's a tremendous structer."

"It is; it is one of the most chastest and beautiful buildings in our whole city."

"Yes—that's so. And what a lot of books! Gosh!"

"Did you examine any of 'em?"

"No, not much. Fact is, I was kind of 'fraid; everything was so still and solemn. Jest afore I come away a young man—smart as a steel trap—come up to me and asked,

"'Kin I help you to any book which you wish to consultuate?'

"He had a book in his hand at the time, with a boy a hold of the other end of it—full of pictera. It was wrote by a man named Humboldt, Humbug, or some such French name. I was dumbfounded. I didn't know what I did want; but I finally said,

"'Got the Life of General Tom Thumb? a very little book, wrote by a man which his name was Sherman, who was Barnum's showman when he went all over Ew-rop?'

"He spread out his big hook first, and then looked at me, very quizzical, and says he,

"'No, sir, we have not got that book, but we have most everything else.'

"I told him I didn't want nothin' else at that time, and so I come away.

"What it was that made 'em snicker, I don't know; but one man with a big horn-button screwed into his eye, dropped it by a string tied to his trowsis, and laughed; and an old, bald-headed man, he grinned; and a little dandy, who was sucking the end of a yaller stick, with yaller gloves, he squeaked out a laugh; and all 'cause I asked for a little book in a big library.

"But I didn't care—what did I care?"

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INDIAN HYMNS.—Much has been written on the manners and customs of the people of India, their exaggerated and bombastic literature, &c., but very little of their sacred books. They are a race of human beings who, though gifted with a luxuriant imagination, with tenderness of feeling, with sensibility to natural impressions, with a delicate perception of the nicest shades of thought, and of the harmonies of language, are yet deficient in correct taste, and in a sense of the true sublime: their poetical power is wasted on tasteless refinements or jingling alliterations; and when dealing with the vast or the terrible, they are prone to mistake exaggeration and aggregation of magnitudes and numbers for forcible and impressive representation. These general features of mental character are illustrated in their literature, and especially in their sacred books.

The oldest and most sacred records of the Hindoos are, as is well known, the VEDAS. There are four Vedas: the *Rig Veda*, the *Sáma Veda*, the *Yajur Veda*, and the *Atharva Veda*. Each of these consists generally of two parts—*mantras*, or hymns, and *brahmanas*, or precepts. Of these, the hymns are, of course, the most ancient, forming, in fact, the essential portion of the Vedas. These hymns were composed by ancient Rishis, or priestly bards, to be pronounced at the performance of sacrifices, or on other occasions of domestic worship. Their composition, no doubt, extended over a long series of centuries. Mention occurs, even in the hymns themselves, of some more ancient bards and their effusions, and different hymns are ascribed by the earliest authorities to successive generations of the same priestly race. These hymns were, doubtless, preserved with care by the descendants of the original authors, till at length the time came when the increase of their number, combined with a growing opinion of their sanctity, induced the different sacerdotal families to combine their various collections into one great body of sacred song.

The language in which these hymns are composed, is a "rustic and irregular dialect," differing from the later Sanscrit, more than Homeric does from Attic Greek. Their style is, moreover, extremely elliptical; and the meaning of many of the words can now be only imperfectly divined. The real sense and reference of these ancient effusions, has not been uninterruptedly preserved. Gradual alterations in the language, as well as in the belief and observances of the Hindoos, have caused the descendants of the ancient bards to lose, if not willfully to misinterpret, the original meaning of the sacred songs. Notwithstanding, however, the great and frequent difficulties which arise in the interpretation of particular phrases or

passages in the hymns, their general character and purport are sufficiently evident. We find in them the simple and natural expression of the religious emotions and ideas which were current among the Hindoos in the earliest ages of their history. Professor Müller says:

"Without insisting on the fact, that even chronologically the Veda is the first book of the Arian nations, we have in it, at all events, a period in the intellectual life of man, to which there is no parallel in any other part of the world. In the hymns of the Veda, we see man left to himself to solve the riddle of this world. We see him crawling on like a creature of this earth, with all the desires and weaknesses of his animal nature. . . . . But he begins to lift up his eyes. He stares at the tent of heaven, and asks who supports it? He opens his ears to the winds, and asks them whence and whither? He is awakened from darkness and slumber by the light of the sun, and Him whom his eyes cannot behold, and who seems to grant him the daily pittance of his existence, he calls 'his life, his breath, his brilliant Lord and Protector.' He gives names to all the powers of nature . . . . they all seem to grow naturally into beings like himself, nay, greater than himself. He invokes them, he praises them, he worships them."

The following is Professor Wilson's summary of the character and contents of the hymns, so far as they had come under his review during the translation of the first book:

"The Sukta [hymn] almost invariably combines the attributes of prayer and praise; the power, the vastness, the generosity, the goodness, and even the personal beauty of the Deity addressed, are described in highly laudatory strains, and his past bounties or exploits rehearsed and glorified; in requital of which commendations, and of the libations or oblations which he is solicited to accept, and in approval of the rite in his honor, at which his presence is invoked, he is implored to bestow blessings on the person who has instituted the ceremony, and sometimes, but not so commonly, also on the author or reciter of the prayer. The blessings prayed for are, for the most part, of a temporal and personal description—wealth, food, life, posterity, cattle, cows, and horses; protection against enemies, victory over them, and sometimes their destruction, particularly when they are represented as inimical to the celebration of religious rites; or, in other words, people not professing the same religious faith. There are a few indications of a hope of immortality and of future happiness, but they are neither frequent, nor, in general, distinctly announced. . . . . There is little demand for moral benefactions, although in some few instances hatred of untruth and abhorrence of sin are expressed, a hope is uttered that the latter may be repented of or expiated, and the gods are in one hymn solicited to extricate the worshiper from sin of every kind."

The religion of the early or Vedic period was thus orignally a polytheism. Indra is generally regarded as the principal among the gods who are celebrated in the Rig Veda. He is the lord of the firmament, the wielder of the lightnings, who pierces the clouds with his thunderbolts, and compels them to discharge their fertilizing showers on the earth. The hostile power which withholds the rain, is personified as Vritra or Ahi, a demon whose frequent conflicts with Indra, and defeats by the superior prowess of his antagonist, are largely celebrated in the hymns. Agni (the Ignis of the Latins) is the god of fire. As the personification of an element, the uses and relations of which are so manifold, it was natural that Agni should be invested, by the imagination of his worshipers, with many diverse attributes and characters. He is the protector of the domestic hearth, presides at sacrifices, summons the gods to the ceremony, or conveys to them the oblations of their worshipers. The sun also appears as a deity under several characters, as Surya, Savitri, &c., with attributes naturally suggested by solar influences and phenomena; but does not hold such a prominent place in this system of nature-worship, as the splendor of the orb of day might have led us to expect. Vishnu, who, in the later Hindoo mythology, plays so conspicuous a part as the second person in the supreme triad of gods, occupies in the hymns of the Veda a very different and subordinate position. He appears to be merely a form of the sun. Varuna, who was afterward regarded by Hindu mythologists as god of the sea, bears another character in the Rig Veda. He is often associated with Mitra, who is said by the Hindu commentators, to be the god of day, as Varuna is of night. Varuna is frequently styled monarch, and is represented as an omniscient moral governor, enthroned in splendor in his remote and lofty palace; and a variety of functions, creative or regulative, are assigned to him. The resemblance of his name to the Greek *ouranos* is obvious. Professor Roth regards him as having been originally the highest god of the Arian race, the more spiritual monarch of an earlier divine dynasty, who, though to some extent maintaining his place and his honors in the hymns of the Rig Veda, is already retiring into the background before the superior popularity of Indra, the representative of the more sensuous side of the Arian worship. Ushas is the goddess of the dawn, and to her many beautiful and imaginative invocations are addressed. Vayu is the wind personified. He is occasionally invoked as a single deity, when he is for the most part associated with Indra. The latter is, however, more frequently attended by a troop of winds called Maruts, or Rudras. Rudra is, in the later mythology, one of the designations of the great god Siva, the third member of the Hindoo triad. In the Rig Veda, the application of the word is different, but not clear or consistent.

There is one celebrated hymn, apparently of a more modern date than the rest, in which the identity of the universe with the Supreme Spirit appears to be clearly asserted in these words: "All this, [universe,] whatever has been or will be, is Purusha, [the supreme soul.]" There is another hymn, of which we will cite the greater portion, as it throws open to us, in a very interesting way, the innermost mind of an ancient thinker speculating in simple wonder on the mysteries of existence, and reveals to us the process of his doubts and conjectures:

"Then there was no entity nor nonentity, no world nor sky, nor aught above it. What covered all? Where did each thing abide? Did the deep waters exist?

"Death then existed not, nor immortality, nor distinction of day and night. That only One breathed without affiation with *Swadhá*, (her who was contained within him.) Other than Him, (or It,) nothing existed since (or besides.)

"Darkness existed; in darkness was all this undistinguishable deep at first enveloped. The mass (or germ) which was covered by the husk, was produced (as) one by the power of contemplation (or heat.)

"At first love arose in him, the earliest productive power of mind, which the wise, pondering it by the intellect, discovered in their hearts, the bond between the existent and the non-existent.

"Who knows, who on earth has told, whence this various creation sprang? The gods are subsequent to its production. Who then knows whence it has arisen?

"He who, in the highest heavens, is the overseer of it, He knows, or perhaps (even) He knows not."

Book Notices.

Elements of Theology; or, an Exposition of the Divine Origin, Doctrines, Morals, and Institutions of Christianity. By Rev. Luther Lee, President of Leoni Theological Institute. *Octavo, pp.* 580. (*New-York: Miller, Orton, & Mulligan.*) Mr. Lee is a vigorous writer, at times careless, but always intelligible. Without any attempts at originality in the design or plan of his volume, he has succeeded in presenting his own views, which are in the main of the Arminian school, clearly and forcibly. We differ from him, of course, on some points, but have no hesitation in saying that, in his own language, his work "will be found to interest, instruct, and profit Christians generally." The typographical errors, which are numerous, will, we trust, be corrected in a future edition, to which ought to be added a more copious index.

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We have examined carefully, and with profit to ourselves, *A Key to the Bible; being an Exposition of the History, Axioms, and General Laws of Sacred Interpretation.* By David Dobie. (*Press of Scribner, New-York.*) We prefer the general rules for the interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures, as laid down by the author, to those of any writer on sacred hermeneutics with whom we are acquainted. They seem to us more precise and axiomatic, and less defective and arbitrary. We copy them:

"I. The literal or obvious meaning is generally the true meaning. 1. Except where it asserts a known impossibility. 2. Where it is evidently contrary to reason. 3. Where it contradicts any precept. 4. Where an express limitation is expressed.

"II. Figurative language must be distinguished from its opposite, and interpreted according to its nature.

"III. No inferences to be drawn from any text, till its meaning has been ascertained.

"IV. No interpretation correct if it be at variance with the analogy of the Faith.

"V. No interpretation correct which is at variance with the known nature of things.

"VI. If, in any passage, a doctrine elsewhere taught be omitted, the passage must be interpreted in harmony with the omission.

"VII. No passage is to be explained contrary to the context, nor apart from the context.

"VIII. Our interpretation is not sound if it be opposed to the general design of the writer.

"IX. Of two possible meanings, that which best agrees with the design of the writer and the analogy of the Faith, is to be preferred.

"X. No interpretation is correct which violates the grammar or idioms of the original languages of the Bible.

"XI. Comparisons not to be pressed beyond the nature of the subject.

"XII. No interpretation correct which bases any doctrine on a mere phrase.

"XIII. When any doctrine is stated, or event described, in different passages, the briefer is always to be explained by the more extended statement.

"XIV. No interpretation is sound which violates the express definitions given in Scripture.

These general principles are explained and illustrated with clearness, and interspersed with much information, specially valuable to the student of theology, to whose library this modest duodecimo, of 320 pages, will be a desirable addition. Our author's creed may be gathered from one of his illustrations of the proposition that it is not sufficient to prove a doctrine, that something implied in it is taught in the Scriptures. He says:

"To prove that Christians actually fall away in many cases, and perish in hell, texts are quoted (we suppose because no others can be found) proving that Christians *may* possibly fall away and perish. You have not proved any man a thief, by proving his ability to steal."

All very true, Mr. Dobie, except that there is a difference of opinion as to the "we suppose" included in your parenthesis. It is very modestly done, however, and it is not worth while to dispute about a mere supposition.

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The Three Gardens: Eden, Gethsemane, and Paradise; or, Man's Ruin, Redemption, and Restoration.. By William Adams, D.D. (*New-York: Charles Scribner.*) Dr. Adams, in this beautiful little volume, eschews all philosophic speculation, and turns his back upon mere dogmatic theology. Taking the plain teaching of the Bible for his guide, he gives us, consecutively, an account of man's original character and condition, his probation, his apostasy, his redemption as wrought out by Christ, and his ultimate perfection in the celestial paradise. This is done in an attractive style, somewhat more poetic, perhaps, than the subject required, and occasionally marred by solecisms and newly-invented phrases. The author's aim, however, is praiseworthy, and his invitations pointed and eloquent. His volume is well adapted to convince the sinner of his need of a Saviour, and to lead his readers to the cross of Christ.

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The Annals of Southern Methodism, for the year 1855, is a stout duodecimo pamphlet of nearly four hundred pages in small type. Printed in New-York, for reasons very apparent; but why not copyrighted within the limits of the Church South, we can only conjecture. It is edited by the *Rev. Dr. Deems*, of the North Carolina Conference, and contains an immense amount of statistical and other information, relative to Southern Methodism, accurate, condensed, and philosophically arranged. We hope the sales of the present edition will justify the painstaking editor in fulfilling his promise of a similar volume, annually, hereafter. But we hope doubtingly, knowing, we suppose, more of the perils of this kind of literature than our esteemed friend, the compiler, of whose work we may not speak in as high terms as it deserves, lest we injure its circulation at the South, where, it seems, readers are in the habit not only of weighing what is said, but are very sensitive as to who says it. Thus at least we judge from a statement relative to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, which our author quotes in giving an account of the Books and Literature of the Southern Methodist Publishing House. "The praises," we are told, "recently bestowed on *The National* by the abolition press, in regard to the attitude which that capital journal has assumed toward *the peculiar institution*, do not befriend its circulation in the South." We give the italics as we find them. Will "the abolition press" have mercy upon us, and not so praise a "capital

journal" as to interfere with "its circulation in the South?" Of course Dr. Deems did not write the silly paragraph alluded to, and we marvel that he should have quoted it.

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An authentic narrative of a residence in Kansas during the eventful period between September, 1855, and April, 1856, is before us, in a series of letters written by a true-hearted New-England woman. It is a story of privations and toil, of violence, perfidy, wanton destruction of property, and cold-blooded butchery—a tale to make the heart sick. But the end is not yet. The little city of Lawrence is destined to rise again, and freedom's flag shall yet wave over the length and breadth of the territory. Such, at least, is the hope kindled almost to certainty by a perusal of *Six Months in Kansas*. By a Lady. (*Boston: Jewett & Co.*)

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The Earnest Man is the somewhat fanciful title of a volume on the character and labors of *Adoniram Judson*, the well-known Baptist missionary. It is, in the main, a compilation from Dr. Wayland's more extended memoir, which has had a wide circulation. The compiler, Mrs. H. C. Conant, has skillfully availed herself of the materials within her reach, and has produced a very readable volume. It was undertaken, we are told, with the entire approbation of the deceased missionary's widow, and the larger share of the profits of the work are relinquished to his orphan children. It is a neatly printed duodecimo of five hundred pages, with an engraved likeness of Dr. Judson. It is from the press of *Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston.*

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Few late English writers have scattered through their works more of the "seeds of thought" than *Richard Chenevix Trench*, author of the "Study of Words," "Lessons on Proverbs," &c.; but he has not been known this side the Atlantic as a poet. He is, however, a genuine one. In England he is placed honorably in the rank of Herbert, Heber, Keble, and such Church singers. One of the English quarterlies, the *Christian Remembrancer*, puts him at the head of our present religious poets. *Redfield, New-York*, always *recherché* in the selection of English authors, has issued a beautiful collection of his productions, edited by Mr. J. A. Spencer. There is too much of what may be called "ecclesiasticism" in some of them for American taste, but their general excellence, their severely pure English, and artistic finish, will secure them a welcome reception.

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The best book of the season, a book to be read at intervals in the odds and ends of time, lounging under the shade in the country, or upon the sofa, here in the city, during the sweltering heat of these long summer days, has just reached us from the press of *Redfield*. To those familiar with the book-making skill of the compiler it will suffice to give the title of the volume. It is, *Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith; being Selections from his Writings and Passages of his Letters and Table-Talk, with a Biographical Memoir and Notes.* By Evert A. Duyckinck. The memoir is exceedingly well written, brief but comprehensive; and the book is full from beginning to end, not of the tinsel of mere puns and quibbles, but of the genuine stuff, pure golden wit and costly wisdom. It is embellished by a well-executed portrait, and a *fac simile* of one of the author's characteristic letters.

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Another book, specially adapted for summer reading, and full of good things, is *Salad for the Social*. It is prepared by the same hands that fixed the "Salad for the Solitary," noticed in these pages at the time of its publication. Among the ingredients of this salad we have "The Toilet and its Devotees," "The Mysteries of Medicine," "The Humors of Law," "Pulpit Peculiarities," "The Larcenies of Literature;" all of which have been happily selected, and judiciously blended, rendering the whole dish exceedingly palatable and refreshing. (*De Witt & Davenport.*)

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Sight and Hearing: How Preserved and how Lost. This is a capital book, from the pen of Dr. J. H. Clark. Not a professional treatise, though treated scientifically, but designed to instruct the mother, the guardian, and the teacher, respecting the perils to which children and youth are exposed by the abuse of the functions of sight and hearing. The effect of bad habits, of overwork, or wrong work, of disease, of glasses, &c., are ably discussed. The book is full of popular interest as well as popular instruction. (*Scribner: New-York.*)

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Carter & Brothers, New-York, have sent us two small volumes, elegantly "got out" with gilt edges, containing, respectively, Rev. Dr. Rice's sermon on "Preaching," delivered at the opening of the late session of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Dr. Williams's sermon on "*Missions Needful to the Higher Blessedness of the Churches*," delivered at the anniversary of the Society of Inquiry of Union Theological Seminary. They are both among the most important issues of the season, masterly performances. We shall quote from them hereafter.

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A Series of Discourses on Fundamental Religious Subjects, including a Preliminary Discourse on the Divine Revelation of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. William Winans, D. D. (*Stevenson & Owen, Nashville, Tenn.*) This large octavo volume is dedicated to the members of the Mississippi Conference, by whom, we are told, the request was made for the publication of these discourses. In a neatly written and modest preface, the author disclaims any expectation of reaping pecuniary profit or literary fame from this publication. He pretends not to compete with those who have enriched this department of literature, but deems it not impossible that his peculiar modes of thought and forms of expression may so fall in with the taste of many individuals, as to render what he calls his inferior instructions more profitable than those of the great masters of pulpit eloquence. The discourses, as indicated in the title, are all upon fundamental doctrines of the Bible, and present in their connection, a system of theology, harmonious and evangelical.

To those fortunate descendants of our great ancestor who are possessed of a little spot of the earth's surface, where, like Adam in his days of innocence, they may cultivate the loveliest of nature's gifts, the floral tribe, and especially to such as have no time to study more elaborate works upon the subject, we shall do a favor by commending *The Flower Garden, or Breck's Book of Flowers*, in which are described the various hardy herbaceous perennials, annuals, shrubbery plants, and evergreen trees desirable for ornamental purposes, with directions for their cultivation. It is the work of a practical man, who tells his story in a straightforward style. He is occasionally at fault, indeed, in his Latin, as where he mixes it with his own vernacular, and talks of "Pæony officinallis," instead of *Pæonia officinalis;* and unmindful of his cases and genders, "flora plena," for instance, where he means *flore pleno;* but these are small matters, which do not lessen the practical value of the work. (*Boston: Jewett & Co.*)

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Of NOVELS and TALES we have upon our table, (1.) *Forest and Shore; or, Legends of the Pine-tree State.* By Charles P. Ilsley. Mr. Ilsley is a graceful story-teller. His fictions have the air of veritable history, and he has done well to collect them into a volume. Most of them, if not all, have previously appeared in the columns of the periodical press. They are entitled, severally: "The Wrecker's Daughter," "The Scout," "The Light Keeper," "The Settlers," "The Liberty Pole," "The Storm at Sea," and "The Canadian Captive." They are dedicated "to the Sons and Daughters of Maine, wherever found," and make a very neat duodecimo volume, from the press of *Jewett & Co.*

(2.) *Vassal Morton*, a novel by Francis Parkman, well known as the author of "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life," and other publications that have been well received by the public. It is from the press of *Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*

(3.) From the same publishers we have an ingeniously contrived romance, in the guise of an autobiography, entitled *The New Age of Gold; or, the Life and Adventures of Robert Dexter Romaine, Written by Himself.*

(4.) *Peter Gott, the Cape Ann Fisherman*, by J. Reynolds, M. D., is a story founded upon facts, and designed to illustrate the every-day life of the fisherman at sea and on shore. It is amusing and truthlike. (*Jewett & Co.*)

(5.) *Reality; or, the Millionaire's Daughter*, is what it professes to be, a book for young men and young women, from the pen of that well-known writer, Mrs. L. C. Tuthill, and from the press of *C. Scribner*. It is a story well written and full of interest.

(6.) For younger readers we have no hesitation to commend *Edward Clifford; or, Memories of Childhood.* It is written in an attractive style, and is pure in its moral tone. (*Carter & Brothers.*)

Literary Record.

AT a late meeting of the *New-York Historical* Society, Frederic Kopp, Esq., read a paper entitled "The Hessians in America." It was replete with interesting information relative to the connection of the Hessians with the Revolutionary war, and their prior sale by the princes of Germany to the English government, to aid it in the prosecution of this war against the United Colonies. The following table, never published before, was given, showing the number of troops furnished by each German prince to the English government, the per centage of the population of the respective States from which they were sold, the number lost during the war, and the sum total paid to the prince by the English government:

Name of Prince.	Troops.	Per cent of Population.	Number Lost.	Sum Paid.
Hesse Cassel...	16,992	4.55	6,500	£2,600,000
Hesse Hanau...	2,422	3.95	981	385,150
Brunswick.....	5,723	4.45	3,015	780,000
Anspach	1,644	0.79	461	366,400
Waldeck.....	1,225	4.05	720	122,670
Anhart	1,160	5.05	176	585,500
Total.....	29,186	3.64	11,853	£4,678,620
Hanover received.....				448,000
Total.....				£5,126,620

Mr. Kopp read also extracts from a pamphlet written by the celebrated Mirabeau, while a refugee in Amsterdam, in 1777, and entitled "Counsel to the Hessians, and other People of Germany sold by their enemies to England." We understand that there is only one copy of this pamphlet in this country, and this is in the Library of the New-York Historical Society. The vehemence, the force, and the terseness of Mirabeau will readily be recognized in it. It comes down to us as an expression of public opinion at that time on the continent. It is a noble tribute, by one of the principal actors of the French Revolution, to the cause of American Independence, and we cannot refrain from taking a few extracts from it:

"Intrepid Germans! What mark of infamy do you suffer to be branded on your generous fronts? Has it come to this, that at the end of the eighteenth century the people of the center of Europe are the mercenaries of an odious despotism? Has it come to this, that the brave Germans, who defended their liberties with such desperation against the conquerors of the world, and defied the Roman armies, are sold like vile Africans, and seek to shed their blood in the cause of tyrants? Has it come to this, that the traffic in men is carried on among them, that their towns are depopulated, and their lands exhausted, in order to aid insolent lords in ravaging another hemisphere?

"Will you longer share the stupid blindness of your masters? You! honorable soldiers! The faithful and valiant upholders of their power! of that power which was intrusted to them only for the protection of their subjects! You are sold! Ah! for what purpose! Just heavens! Crowded together like cattle, in foreign ships, you cross the seas! You brave the rocks and the tempests to attack men who have done you no harm, who support a most righteous cause, and who set you the most noble example! Ah! why do you not imitate them, those courageous men, instead of striving

-troy them? They are bursting their bonds; are struggling to maintain their natural rights ' secure their liberties. They reach out their to you; they are your brothers; yes, in a two- manner nature has made them such, and social ave confirmed that sacred title. More than half people consists of your countrymen, of your ds, of your relatives. They have fled from tyr- to the ends of the earth, and tyranny pursues thither. Oppressors equally greedy and ungrate- ve forged chains for them, and the high-minded ricans have made weapons of these chains to resist oppressors. The New World, then, is about to n you among the monsters which, eager for gold blood, have despoiled it! Germans, of whom ty was always the distinguished characteristic, do not dread such a reproach?"

* * * * * *

"O, mercenary warriors! O, satellites of tyrants! nervated Europeans! You are going to fight nat men stronger and more industrious, more rageous and more active, than you can possibly be. mentous interests animate them; it is filthy lucre leads you. They are defending their property fighting for their firesides; you quit your firesides do not fight for yourselves. They are waging war he bosom of their country, in their native climate, aided by all domestic resources, and that, too, inst bands vomited up by the ocean after it has epared their defeat. Motives the most powerful and most sacred arouse their valor and summon vic- ry to their steps. Chiefs who despise you while they ee you, will oppose empty harangues to the irre- sistible eloquence of liberty, of want, of necessity. nally, and to sum up the whole in one word, the ause of the Americans is just, while the heavens and he earth disapprove of that which you do not blush sustain."

Professor Sophocles, of Cambridge, Mass., is preparing for publication a collection of popular modern Greek poetry.

Dr. Clemens, of Frankfort, publishes, in the *Frankfurter Conversationsblatt*, two poems by Napoleon Bonaparte, which were communicated to him (Dr. Clemens) by M. Leonard Casella, a gentleman well versed in the literatures of France and Italy. We are not told, however, how M. Casella got possession of them, and upon what evidence he bases their authenticity. One of the poems dates from the year 1782, and is a fable in the style of Lafontaine; the other (written at Marseilles, when its author was still a lieutenant of Artillery) is in praise of an actress.

The St. Petersburgh Academy is actively engaged in translating Ritter's great work, the "Description of the Terrestial Globe," the first volume of which is ready for publication.

The works of Schelling, the German philosopher, are to appear, for the first time, in a collected form. The publication is intrusted to a number of *savans*. About one-sixth of the matter to be given in this edition has never been published before. The first volume (beginning with the unprinted writings) has just left the press. It contains the "Einleitung in die Philosophie der Mythologie."

The *Frankfurter Museum* brings a report on the publication of the posthumous works of Heinrich Heine, intermixed with capital remarks and anecdotes of the late poet. Heine's "Literary Remains" will be edited, according to his own wish, by his friend and relative, Dr. Christiani, the same whom, many years ago, he celebrated in one of his most witty little poems as the "Mirabeau der Lüneburger Haide." It was always Heine's wish that his works should be published after his death with as little alteration as possible. He himself has pointed out only three poems which are to be omitted in a future edition of his works. One of these is the wicked cyclus, "Lobgesänge auf König Ludwig," printed, in 1844, in the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*; another, that most harmless, though, at the same time, irresistibly ludicrous, "Song of Praise" to Meyerbeer, the musical composer, of which, as it defies translation, we subjoin the first stanza in German for the benefit of our readers:

"Heil dem Meister, der uns theuer;
Heil dem grossen Bärenmeyer;
Heil dem grossen Meyerbeer,
Der nach Nöthen lang und schwer,
Der nach langen Schweren Wehen
Uns geboren der Propheten!"

A munificent friend of literature has forwarded to the French Society of Men of Letters a donation of ten thousand francs. The gift is accompanied by a note, requesting that six thousand francs may be assigned to four medals, to be awarded to the best essay on four stated subjects—the first of which is "Criticism and the Critics of the Nineteenth Century;" and the remaining four thousand francs to the reward of papers of merit inferior to the best.

A very interesting Anglo-Saxon psalter, formerly preserved among the manuscripts of the library of La Sainte Chapelle, at Bourges, and now in the Bibliothèque Impériale, has apparently escaped the notice of the antiquary. It is a folio volume of one hundred and ninety-six pages, on parchment, and contains the Latin psalter, with an Anglo-Saxon version on the opposite page. On some of the first pages are designs traced with a pen. After the psalter follows several sacred canticles, the symbol of Saint Athanasius, and the Litanies of the Saints. The copyist has subscribed his works thus: "Hoc psalterii carmen inclyti regis David sacer Dei Wulfrinus, id est cognomento Cada, manu sua conscripsit. Quicumque legerit scriptum, anime sue expetiat votum." This manuscript, which is supposed by M. Leopold Delisle to be of the eleventh century, appears to have been made for a lady. The volume is decorated with the arms of France and Auvergne. The latter have been confounded with those of Boulogne—the Counts of Boulogne and Auvergne having in the fourteenth century held the same possessions. The absence of the names of several of the Anglo-Saxon saints, has led some palæographists to assign a date so early as the seventh century to this manuscript, but M. Delisle is of opinion that the litanies belong to the Gallic liturgy, and that the absence of the names of certain Anglo-Saxon saints is thus accounted for. In the litanies of this volume the name of Saint Martial occupies a place on the same line with the apostles!

Lamartine.—We learn, by the latest advices from Paris, that M. De Lamartine's long struggle to preserve his family mansion and estate from sale by auction by his creditors, a struggle which, of late years, has caused him incessant literary labor, has ended in failure, and that he, in consequence, a ruined and broken-hearted man, has resolved on emigrating to America. We still further learn that the

grant of land in Turkey, which was so generously made to him some years ago by the sultan, has been retracted under circumstances which subject him to heavy loss. We regret to learn that so distinguished a man is reduced to such sore straits.

German Literature. — A new edition of the complete works of *Schelling* is now being published by Cotta, beginning with his lectures on mythology. The editorship is in able hands, and the work promises to be a valuable addition to German literature. Also a new edition of Kepler's entire works has been announced, and together with it appears an invitation to subscribe to a proposed monument to the astronomer, intended to be erected in Stuttgard, and for which the sculptor Braun has already sent in a model.

A new work, entitled "Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa," from the pen of *Charles John Anderson*, lately published in London, will, we understand, shortly be reprinted in this country. Lake Ngami was discovered in 1849, by Livingston, Oswell, and Murray, and has given a fresh impulse to Southern African travel. On discovering the lake, Mr. Anderson was very much affected, having gone through the most severe hardships, from the time he got the first idea that the lake existed, to reach its margin. But let him tell his own story:

"The first sensation occasioned by this sight was very curious. Long as I had been prepared for the event, it now almost overwhelmed me. It was a mixture of pleasure and pain. My temples throbbed, and my heart beat so violently, that I was obliged to dismount, and lean against a tree for support, until the excitement had subsided. The reader will no doubt think that thus giving way to my feelings was very childish; but 'those who know that the first glimpse of some great object which we have read or dreamed of from earliest recollection is ever a moment of intensest enjoyment, will forgive the transport.' I felt unfeignedly thankful for the unbounded goodness and gracious assistance which I had experienced from Providence throughout the whole of this prolonged and perilous journey."

He had many "hair-breadth 'scapes" from both man and beast; but the most extraordinary was from a large black-maned lion, first fired at when about thirty paces distant:

"On receiving the ball, he wheeled short about, and, with a terrific roar, bounded toward me. When within a few paces, he crouched as if about to spring, having his head embedded, so to say, between his forepaws.

"Drawing a large hunting-knife, and slipping it over the wrist of my right hand, I dropped on one knee, and, thus prepared, awaited his onset. It was an awful moment of suspense; and my situation was critical in the extreme. Still my presence of mind never for a moment forsook me; indeed, I felt that nothing but the most perfect coolness and absolute self-command would be of any avail. I would now have become the assailant; but as, owing to the intervening bushes, and clouds of dust raised by the lion's lashing his tail against the ground, I was unable to see his head, while to aim at any other part would have been madness, I refrained from firing. While intently watching his every motion, he suddenly bounded toward me; but, whether it was owing to his not perceiving me, partially concealed as I was in the long grass, or to my instinctively throwing my body on one side, or to his miscalculating the distance, in making his last spring, he went clear over me, and alighted on the ground three or four paces beyond. Instantly, and without rising, I wheeled round on my knees, and discharged my second barrel; and, as his broadside was then toward me, lodged a ball in his shoulder, which it completely smashed. On receiving my second fire, he made another and more determined rush at me; but, owing to his disabled state, I happily avoided him. It was, however, only by a hair's breadth, for he passed me within arm's length. He afterward scrambled into the thick cover beyond, where, as night was then approaching, I did not deem it prudent to pursue him."

Herr Ahlquist, a Finlander, has just published a grammar of the Votish idioms, which will be a most acceptable work to the student of Northern languages and customs. The Voten (Vatjalaiset) are a people of Finnish descent, possessing singular customs and language. The celebrated philologist Sjögren held their language to be a dialect of the Finnish; and with this Herr Ahlquist partly agrees, considering it, however, mingled with much of other Northern dialects.

Professor Joseph Müller, one of the best Oriental scholars of the day, has been instructed by the King of Bavaria to repair to Spain, there to examine the Arabic MSS. in the Escurial library in Madrid. They consist of a collection made by Philip II., and which, in spite of the destruction of many of them by fire in 1671, is considered the richest in the world. The Escurial catalogue, by Kasiri, enumerates many, the careful examination of which will doubtless throw new light on Arabic history.

Polish papers announce the death of *Kajetan Koenian*, at Piotrowice, one of the most celebrated of their poets.

A valuable work has lately appeared in Brunswick, from the pen of *Professor Hettner*, a profound historian and acute critic on art, who has lately been transferred from the University of Jena to the city of Dresden, entitled the "History of Literature of the Eighteenth Century." It is to consist of three parts, the first of which is on the English Literature of the Eighteenth Century.

In the literary circles of Paris a good deal is said of the last work of *Count de Marcellus*, who was a long time French Minister to the English court. It consists of a new edition of the epic poem of Nonnus of Panopolis, of which the text is restored, and a translation given for the first time in a living language, with comments, by the ex-diplomatist. This ancient epic, the last song of the Greek muse, is the Dionysiad or Bacchus. The subject is the genius of civilization, originating in Egypt and Phœnicia, revived in Greece, and extending its benign influence to India. It required some courage and great patience to illustrate a work which contains not less than twenty-two thousand verses in forty-eight cantos. The epic is thought to possess much poetic talent and a considerable amount of mythological erudition, and but for its extreme length would probably be much better known and more popular. A paraphrase in verse of the Gospel of St. John is also attributed to Nonnus, and hence it is inferred that he had at a late period of life become a convert to Christianity.

The library of the late *Professor Hermann*, of Göttingen, the renowned philologist, has been purchased by the University of Prague. It contains eleven thousand volumes.

Arts and Sciences.

Telegraphic. — Since the resumption of commercial relations between England and Russia, dispatches have been received in London one second after they left St. Petersbugh, the length of wire being one thousand seven hundred miles. The medium by which the messages were conveyed is the printing telegraph.

A patent has been issued to *Mr. H. Fultz*, of Lexington, Miss., for an improvement in cotton gins, consisting in giving to the cotton to be ginned a spiral motion in the feed-box, over the saws, so that the cotton is made to pass from one end of the feed-box to the other, to present a fresh surface of it to the action of the saws as it passes along; also to prevent the staples from being cut off by the saws.

The great gold medal of science and arts, conferred upon *Professor Morse* by the Emperor of Austria, in acknowledgment of the professor's scientific services, especially as relating to the telegraph, is a massive and beautiful specimen of art. On one side is a medallion head of the young emperor, crowned with laurel, with the inscription, "Franciscus Josephus, I. D. G., Austriæ Imperator;" and on the obverse, a wreath surrounding the imperial crown, with the inscription, "Literis et Artibus." This is the fourth acknowledgment from European sovereigns accorded to Professor Morse.

We learn from Germany that a large piece of wood, supposed to have belonged to a printing-press in the possession of *Guttenberg*, was discovered a short time since at Mayence, by some workmen digging a new cellar in the mansion called "Zum Jungen," the first printing-house of Guttenberg. The beam seems to have formed the head of the press, and contains the socket in which the spindle revolved. The letters J. G. and the date 1441 are cut in one part of it.

The *Hughes Printing Telegraph Instrument* has been finished, and will, we understand, be immediately placed upon the line between this city and Philadelphia. This invention may be called a Printing Press and Telegraph Instrument combined, for it prints all messages in plain Roman capitals, with unerring correctness, and at an almost incredible rate of speed, averaging, in the ordinary dispatch of business, from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand letters per hour. This instrument clearly demonstrates the practicability of sending and receiving messages in opposite directions over the same wire at the same time, and with the utmost ease, regularity, and certainty. It will consequently require but one wire and one operator, at any given point, to send and receive as much business as can be transmitted by the aid of four or five operators, and an equal number of wires, under the Morse system.

The London *Mining Journal* mentions some improvements which have been made in the manufacture of gas. The processes are based, first, upon an improved method of rendering luminous the gases resulting from the perfect decomposition of water or steam; and, second, upon the conservative influence which hydrogen exercises in protecting the matter upon which the illuminating power of gas depends, from decomposition by heat. The first point is gained by condensing the water gases, and then passing them through a heated retort containing carbonaceous matter, and afterward these gases are admitted in regulated quantities into retorts, where carbonaceous matter is undergoing distillation or decomposition, and by which they are rendered highly luminous.

Mr. Aaron Roberts, a colored man in Philadelphia, has invented a valuable aid to the fire department. It is constructed on the principle of a telescope, occupying a very small space when closed, but capable of being extended to a height of some sixty feet, by means of concealed cogs. Above this is a branch-pipe, made flexible, and worked in any direction by chains reaching the ground. The machine can be run into a narrow alley, and by attaching a hose to a fire-plug, the water will be forced to the top, and thence directed at the pleasure of the operator. Safety is thus afforded to the firemen, and instant application may be made to any part of a burning building.

A new process of manufacturing sugar has been discovered, by means of which it may be converted into perfect loaves in the space of twenty minutes, instead of, as now, a period of three weeks being consumed in the operation. The sugar is scraped from the cleansing machines into molds placed on a revoking frame, and then subjected to pressure from the blows of a piston as they are carried around on a circular frame; and, having completed their circuit, are raised by a pressure from beneath on to an endless web, which conveys them to the drying shelves. In this manner, two thousand four hundred pounds of loose sugar can be converted into loaf every hour, with the attendance of one person, and a steam-engine of four-horse power.

M. Goupil, of Paris, has commissioned an eminent artist to produce a picture of the Peace Congress at Paris. It is to be eighteen feet long by twelve feet high, and a large sum is to be paid for it. All of the plenipotentiaries have consented to sit for their portraits; and the room in which they assembled, with its furniture, is to be exactly represented. The painting is to be engraved, and it will form a companion piece to Isabey's celebrated painting of the Congress of Vienna.

Mr. J. W. Pettis, of Hillsdale, Michigan, has effected an improvement in packing pistons for steam-engines; intended to enable the engineer to lighten the packing of the piston without going to the trouble of removing the cylinder head and various other appurtenances. This is done by making the piston-rod hollow, and passing a solid rod down its center to the piston head. The packing is metallic. Within the head are four arms, connected by joints at one end with the packing, and at the other with the

central rod. By raising or lowering the rod, the packing will be loosened or tightened.

A new and unique *musical instrument* has been invented. It is described as consisting of fifty shells or viols with strings similar to a violin; the sound being produced by the drawing of a hair-bow across them. It contains four full octaves, and is played with keys like a pianoforte.

A monument of magnificent design is to be erected in Plymouth, Mass., to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. Upon a pedestal, to be erected on an eminence near the Forefathers' Rock, stands a colossal granite statue of Faith, seventy feet in height, standing with its feet eighty feet from the ground, thus making the entire height one hundred and fifty feet. At four of the corners of the pedestal, which is octagonal, are seated figures typifying Morality, Education, Law, and Liberty, each thirty-eight feet in height, while between them are panels to receive bas-reliefs and inscriptions. It will be, when completed, one of the most beautiful works of art, and one of the most stupendous monumental structures in the world.

A machine has been invented by an American mechanic, which takes hold of a sheet of brass, copper, or iron, and turns off complete hinges at the rate of a gross in ten minutes; hinges, too, neater than are made by any other process. Also, a machine that takes hold of an iron rod and whips it into perfect bit-pointed screws with wonderful rapidity, and by a single process. Both the machines are superior to anything of the kind in the world, for no other known process can compete with them in the manufacture of the articles named. Their cost will be about $500 each.

M. Stanislas Julien, of Paris, has produced a translation of a Chinese work, published in 1815, on the History and Manufacture of Porcelain. It is very curious in many respects, and says, among other things, that the art of making porcelain was known in China so far back as the epoch comprised between one hundred and eighty-five years before and eighty-seven after Jesus Christ.

The mosaic floor from *Coanso*, representing in the center a basket of fruits, and in the corners the four winds, has been placed in the Vatican Museum.

A *marble statue*, of beautiful workmanship, and in perfect condition, has been dug up in making excavations for the foundations of a church in Atlantis, in Greece; it is life size, and represents a youth leaning on a column.

The University of Breslau has lost one of her greatest ornaments in the person of *Dr. Julius Athanasius Ambrosch*, professor of philology, and director of the Academy of Arts and Sciences.

The New Atlantic Telegraph Cable.—The cable of the New-York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company, which was lost from the steamer James Adger, weighed five tons to the mile, had three conducting wires, each about as thick as a knitting-needle, and a flaw of either of these was sufficient to stop the electric current from one end to the other. The new cable now making in England will be of small copper wire twisted together, and will not be more than half the thickness of the old cable. The Trans-Atlantic cable will have but one conductor made like the above, and will weigh about three fourths of a ton to the mile. The distance from St. John's, Newfoundland, to the nearest point on the southern coast of Ireland, is one thousand six hundred and forty-seven miles. The cable will be two thousand four hundred miles long, and is to be laid by two steamers, each of them to have on board one thousand two hundred miles of cable, weighing nine hundred tons.

The scientific expedition sent from *St. Petersburgh* to *Eastern Siberia* before the war broke out—and which was believed to have a menacing character for the territories on the Amoor River, a stream then little known to either English or American readers, though now familiar as the Thames and the Hudson—appears to be making progress in its work. The explorers have surveyed the Amoor, made a map, determined the exact positions by astronomical observations, and collected a body of plants, minerals, and animals—specimens of the natural wealth and natural productions of the region. If we may credit accounts received from Irkutsch, a movement has taken place in Siberia not unlike that in California and Australia, owing to the discovery of gold in the bed of the Lena, and the sudden irruption of bands of eager gold-seekers.

Late, but not too late, the bold adventurers and discoverers of the *fifteenth and sixteenth centuries* are being remembered in Portugal. A proposal has been started in Lisbon for three monuments to commemorate the great events of Portuguese enterprise. It is proposed to erect a statue to Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the Cape passage to India, near the Jeronymite Convent; and a statue to Nuno Alves Cabral, the discoverer of Brazil, in Rocio Square. It is also proposed to erect a statue to Camoens, who sang the glories of Portugal in its most glorious period, in Belem Square.

The German journals publish a report, from the pen of *Professor Rosenkrans*, of Königsberg, on the intended monument of Kant, the philosopher. We learn by this report that the total expense for this monument is calculated not to exceed ten thousand thalers. Of this sum six thousand thalers are collected already, the King of Prussia and the magistrate of Königsberg being among the principal donors. The plaster model of the statue has been completed by Rauch, the sculptor, and has been sent from Berlin to Silesia, where the casting is to take place.

M. Binet, the eminent mathematician, died last month at Paris. He presided over the Ecole Polytechnique from 1816 to 1830, and more recently was President of the Academy of Sciences, and showed himself in this position highly deserving of the trust reposed in him.

The magistrates of Munich have decreed that the graves of *Sennefelder*, the inventor of lithography, who died in 1834, and *Gabelsberger*, the inventor of stenography, who died in 1849, shall from henceforth be attended to, and kept with unusual care.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1856.

FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

THE fashion of illustrating books is not one of recent date, as a glance at almost any collection of old books will show. Go back as far as you will, even before the invention of printing, when books grew slowly under the pens of scribes, you still find them illustrated. The old monks, who were the copyists of the dark ages, felt the inspiration of the text they copied, and let it make pictures in their minds, the which pictures they transferred to their manuscripts in the shape of borders, vignettes, and initial letters. They succeeded in the frame-work of their pictures better than in the pictures themselves; for their drawing of natural objects and

the human figure was crude and false, while their conceptions were ludicrous and common-place. Still

"They painted better than they knew."

They were the progenitors of Fra Angelico, Perugino, and the early sacred painters.

The very first works issued from the presses of Caxton and Winkin de Worde, were adorned with cuts, and very queer cuts they were. They might have been worshiped safely, so little resemblance did they bear to anything in the heavens, or the earth, or the waters under the earth. But they were necessary even in that rude age, or they would never have existed; perhaps they were more necessary then than now. Nations are like children—they love pictures in their childhood.

Two or three centuries passed with but little improvement in the art of illustration. The designs of Albert Durer, in Germany, and those of Le Brun and other eminent artists in France, are wretched enough. There is a world of amusement in those old French steel engravings. Fat Cupids, in a deplorable state of nudity, sit on mountainous clouds, aiming yard-sticks at the round bosoms of innocent damsels of forty, or thereabouts. Amorous Jupiters descend to their waiting Danaes in showers of golden *louis d'ors*, fresh from the mint. Fauns, satyrs, and wood gods, make love to dryads and hamadryads. Everything is mythological and allegorical.

Our English literature of a hundred years ago is disfigured with the same sort of high art. But toward the close of the century our book illustrations began to look up. Westall and Stothard were graceful and natural in comparison with those who preceded them. Still later, we have Turner, the prince of painters and designers; and now, at this present writing, Birket Foster, John Gilbert, and a score of other excellent artists in England; while, in France, we have, or rather had, (for he is dead now,) the marvelous Tony Johannot. In America, we have Felix O. C. Darley, the subject of the present sketch. If you have many new books in your library, you certainly have some of Darley's designs in them. If you have any old books among the new ones, just compare their designs with Darley's, and see how superior he is to the best artists in his line. I must put him at the start at the very top of his profession. But let me drop this generalization, which came near being a small folio, and give you a short biographical sketch.

Felix O. C. Darley was born in Philadelphia, on the 23d of June, 1822; a little ciphering will give you his present age; by the rule of simple addition, it is thirty-four years and a fraction. His parents were well-to-do people: an old family, I believe. His mother is said to have been a woman of strong natural talent, with a clear and vigorous mind. One of his brothers is a good musical composer; another a fine artist. He has two sisters likewise, one of whom is an artist, while the other writes exceedingly well. Talent seems to run in the Darley family, as acting ran in the Kembles.

I know but little of the childhood of Felix, except that he began to draw at a very early period. He remembers using a chair instead of a table to draw upon, so small was he when the "designing disease" first broke out. He made sad havoc with his father's letter-paper, and soon used up a box of water-colors belonging to his sister. In other respects he was, doubtless, like little boys the world over. He devoured much bread and butter; and, like Mr. John Horner, of nursery memory, retired selfishly and privately into remote and obscure corners, and pulled out plums to any extent. In due course of time he was sent to school, when a passion for drawing on his slate rampant cats, and disorderly gentlemen with long legs, introduced him to those spurs of human intellect, ratans and flat rulers. The rod was not spared, so the child was not spoiled.

At the age of fourteen he was placed in a mercantile house in Philadelphia. His father thought he would rather have his son a merchant than a poor artist. He was quite right, was papa, except that he made a slight mistake about Felix.

Felix was destined to be an artist, but not a poor one. He went into the counting house, as his father wished, and gave himself up to business—just as much as he could. Like Lamb, if he sometimes came late in the morning, he made it up by going home early in the afternoon!

He drew, in his leisure moments, a series of sketches of characters about town. Philadelphia is a fine field for character, but a

dangerous one for a young artist to work in, if he has a fancy for such studies as Darley made. He drew fish-women, market-women, engine-boys, "killers," and loafers generally. The loafers of the city of Brotherly Love, especially those who run with its engines, are famous.

To call a man a Philadelphia fireman is to call him a *mauvais sujet*. Darley's sketches were characteristic and spirited, and were much admired by his friends. I doubt myself, though, whether they were creditable to the genius he has since shown. I have looked over his illustrations in "The Library of Humorous American Works," (of which hereafter,) and I must say that they do not strike me happily. They were admired, however, by many, among others by Mr. Thomas Dunn English, a literary gentleman of Philadelphia, author of the popular song of "Ben Bolt." Mr. English had a poem, which he wanted illustrated, and a friend, who happened to know Darley, recommended the latter to him. He was struck with one of Darley's sketches, the ink of which was scarcely dry, an outline drawing of a drunkard whom Mr. English had just passed in the street; so he sought the young artist, and looked over his portfolio. This was 1842, when Darley was twenty years old. Like all young artists and poets, he aimed high. In addition to the sketches of city life, he had been trying his hand and pencil on a variety of high-art themes. He had illustrated "Manfred," "The Maid and the Magpie," "Cromwell," and "Scenes in the Life of an Indian Chief."

These and the city sketches were shown to the Philadelphia editors, who were kind enough to notice them. In a few days Darley saw himself mentioned in an article. He has been mentioned in hundreds of articles since, but probably none moved him like that one. It is a great thing to see our names in print for the first time. In a little while it becomes an old story; the difficulty then is to keep out of print.

A number of Darley's early efforts, doubtless the fish-women, engine-boys, and "killers," fell into the hands of the editor or owner of "The Saturday Museum," who expressed a desire to publish them in his paper. A bargain was soon made, for I fancy Darley had given up the mercantile myth, and the vocation of the young genius was definitely settled. He was an artist. Not being accustomed to draw on the block, his sketches did not look as well in printer's ink as in his own pencilings. Still their merit was conspicuous, and the foundation of Darley's reputation may be dated from their appearance.

Some more of the same sort remaining on hand, Joseph C. Neal, author of "Charcoal Sketches," "Peter Ploddy," &c., undertook to illustrate them with reading matter. A series was commenced, but it died after one number was issued. The rest of the sketches were published in "Godey's Magazine," and "The Democratic Review."

The publishers of Philadelphia began to hear of and to employ Darley, whom they found very useful, and I dare say cheap. It is only your old geniuses, men who have made a mark, who dare to ask the mercantile value of their ware. As for the young ones, the fledglings of art and literature, they must be content for a while with whatever they can get.

Messrs. Carey & Hart, an old and well-known firm, about this time, say in 1843, published a series of cheap volumes, which they called "The Library of Humorous American Works." These works consisted, for the most part, of short newspaper stories, based on sporting anecdotes and traits and customs at the South and West. They were funny, but coarse; good specimens of a bad school of writing. A little closer attention to the niceties of English grammar would have added to their merit. How many of these things Darley wasted his talent on, I know not; his name is on the cover of each volume of the library, and there are not far from fifty in all, but I am confident he never saw the inside of many of them. Certainly the pictures are not by him.

Besides this "Humorous Library," he made designs for an elegant edition of the poetical works of Mrs. Sigourney. This was indeed going from "the lively" to "the severe."

In 1848 Darley was persuaded by his friends to remove to New-York, where he has since resided. He was engaged by Mr. George P. Putnam, who was then getting out a complete edition of the works of Washington Irving, to furnish a number of designs for "The Sketch Book," "Knickerbocker," and "Tales

of a Traveler." It is no flattery to say that these designs are worthy of the stories they illustrate; they are worthy of any author, living or dead. A number of Darley's outline sketches suggested by Judd's "Margaret," not drawn for publication, but out of sheer admiration for this singular but powerful romance, having been seen by the managers of the American Art Union, they gave him an order for six designs in the same style from Irving's "Rip Van Winkle." These were distributed to the members of that institution, (it is dead now,) and soon after republished in England. The English edition was a miniature copy of the original. In 1849 he drew six more designs from the same lucky author. This time it was "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." These outlines placed Darley at the head of American artists. The English critics considered them superior to any thing of the kind ever produced in England.

The Irving outlines were followed by a series of large designs on American historical subjects, some of which have been engraved and published in this country and in England. The London publishers have offered Darley various inducements to pull up his stakes, and settle in the modern Babylon, but he has hitherto refused their offers. He has enough, and more than enough, to do at home. He has his "Margaret" outlines not finished, innumerable orders from booksellers and bank-note engravers, and an untiring fertility and patience to spur him on. Every year he contributes a dozen or two characteristic drawings to the Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, and scarcely a month passes but you see "Darley fecit" under the graceful frontispiece or title-page of some new book. His bank-note designs are well known among engravers, and beautiful designs they are. For the first time in its history, perhaps, money finds itself endorsed by a true artist. The root of all evil rejuvenates itself with the fairy blossoms of Art. The poor artist has become the bosom friend of the rich merchant; his dainty fancies are garnered up in corpulent pocket books, transformed by magic into Tens, Twenties, Fifties, and other fabulous fortunes in federal currency. Would that all our pockets were filled with them for the sake of Darley's designs!

The "Margaret" outlines will be finished and published this fall. There are to be some thirty in all. I believe Redfield is the happy publisher.

The "Margaret" outlines will place Darley higher than anything that he has yet put his name to. They have been in his hands now eight or nine years, during which time he has labored at them constantly, and grown up from youth to manhood in art. They are not crude blossoms, although their conception may be dated from the spring of his artistic life, but ripe fruit, the first perfect and mature harvest of his genius. About two years ago his publishers showed me the proofs of several of them. I have forgotten their detail, but the spirit of each remains vivid in my mind. They are representative pictures of certain phases of New-England life and character, the truest and best among the very few that can be considered successful. There is a true and a false New-England mapped out in our so-called Yankee sketches and stories, and, as is often the case, the false predominates over and is generally taken for the true. The false element of New-England has produced "Major Jack Downing," "The Widow Bedott," and the "Sam Slick" books of Judge Haliburton. Take from them their disgusting slang, and the result is *nil*. In such books the Down Easter always whines through his nose, which nose he is forever poking into the affairs of his neighbors; always wears a bell-crowned hat, with a bad nap, an antiquated coat, with long tails and bright buttons, and the shortest of all possible trowsers. He is mean, vulgar, and inquisitive, and so "cute" that it is a wonder he keeps out of the States Prison. You have often seen the wretch in caricatures; but never, I will be bound, in real life. The true New-Englander, the Yankee as he was and is, is a *rara avis* in art and letters. You find him and her (I beg the pardon of the ladies for neglecting them so long!) in Judd's "Margaret," in Mrs. Dorr's "Farmingdale," and in the weird and wonderful tales of Hawthorne. Hawthorne's New-England, however, is mostly the New-England of our forefathers, the stern old Puritan land of two centuries ago. "Margaret" is a magnificent book, and magnificently has Darley illustrated it, as you will see early in the fall or winter.

I have been looking over the "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow" outlines. When first published, they were pronounced superb by the best art-critics here and in England, and for once these gentlemen were right. They *are* superb. They are as good of their kind as are Retzsch's outlines of *their* kind, which is the highest praise I can think of; for Moritz Retzsch is the greatest outlinist in the world. His etchings to "Faust," originally published in 1812, his outline illustrations to Schiller's "Song of the Bell," "Pegasus in Harness," "Fridolin," and "The Fight with the Dragon," marked an epoch in art. His "Gallery to Shakspeare's Dramatic Works," which occupied him from 1827 to 1846, is not so happy as a whole. "Macbeth" and "The Midsummer's Night Dream" are wonderful: the one for its terrible tragic power; the other for its delightful glimpses of Fairy Land. Darley is the only outline-artist who fails to remind me of Retzsch. I can detect no evidence of his ever having seen the etchings of his renowned German brother, but of course he has seen them, and studied them profoundly. Other artists copy Retzsch's faces, and figures, and foliage, in short, imitate him; but Darley merely borrows his method, and creates for himself. He is a creator. I remember only one face, and that an unimportant one, in the "Sleepy Hollow" outlines, which suggests Retzsch. It is the face of the negro boy who is swinging on the door, in the fourth plate. It somehow reminds me of Caliban in "The Midsummer's Night Dream." The rest of the faces are native to the soil and time, grotesque or beautiful, as the exigences of the drawing require, but always characteristic and original. The children in the first plate, and the dancers and on-lookers in the fourth plate, are admirable.

Darley's Indian drawings are among his best, as they are among his oldest works. As long ago as "The Humorous Library" days, when he might be supposed to turn out anything, "to make the pot boil," he published a series of outlines intended to embody the adventures of an Indian chief from the cradle to the grave. Mr. Dunn English supplied the letter-press, and named the whole "The Death of War Eagle." The title is not very promising, whatever the sketches may have been.

"Just as the twig was bent, the tree inclined."

Darley would illustrate "Hiawatha" finely, but I fancy his time is too much taken up with "Margaret" and bank-notes. Perhaps he don't admire the poem.

One of the first things that strikes you about his sketches is their wonderful clearness of idea. You feel that they are drawn by a ready and skillful hand; one who thoroughly understands himself and his art. He never seems to have hesitated for a moment on the progress of his work. His conception is clear, sharp, and distinct in his mind before he puts pencil to paper. He knows the grouping of every figure, the expression of every face. If he wants a tree in a particular spot, he knows just what species of tree he wants—the size and shape of its bole, the individuality of its bark and moss, every quirl and twist of its boughs, the very twinkle of its leaves. Nothing is left to chance; all is certainty. He never guesses, he *knows*.

He groups his characters finely, dramatically. They are beautiful in themselves, and, what is better still, they tell their story. Many artists insert figures in their compositions, not because the compositions demand it, but because the figures are pretty. Darley belongs to another and a higher school of art. His mind is too simple and direct to sacrifice anything to mere beauty. He sees everything severely: his atmosphere is like crystal in its clearness, but it is intensely cold.

Darley is more widely known as an illustrator of books, than any other artist in this country, and known as such rather than an artist proper. He does his work well, and turns off a great quantity of it. He will illustrate a novel for Simms to-day, a poem for Mrs. Estelle Anne Lewis to-morrow, and the day after a comic almanac or a political biography. But you would have to pay him well, I fancy, before he would meddle with politics, especially in their present condition.

To conclude. I consider Darley one of the best, if not *the* best artist in America. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to his brethren of the pallet and brush, to elevate one who works without color, so certainly above them; but such is my opinion. I judge the man by the idea in his drawings; by their harmony, beauty, correctness, and finish. His ideal is high; his execution excellent. If I had a story or a poem which I wanted illustrated, I would take it to Felix Darley.

THE FALLS OF ELF CARLEBY.

FROM STOCKHOLM TO DALECARLIA.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

IT was a fine evening of the last week in July that I found myself on board one of the Haparanda steamers, bound for Gefle, from which place I had purposed traveling across the country to Fahlun, the capital of Dalecarlia.

There are some excellent steamers which make the passage from Stockholm to Haparanda, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, touching at Gefle, as well as other points along the coast. But I had been particularly unfortunate in my selection of a vessel. The "Berzelius," a very fine steamer belonging to this line, was some two or three days over due, and reports were beginning to be circulated that she had been taken possession of by the Russians. This rumor, however, proved quite unfounded; but there is no trespass, whatever may be its character, which the Swedes would hesitate to impute to their Russian neighbors. The steamer which for this voyage replaced the "Berzelius," was destitute of a solitary good quality to entitle her to a kind remembrance. Even the quarter deck was crowded with freight of all descriptions; and confined to our cage for twenty-four hours, a standing posture was the only relief which we found for a change from long sitting, as walking was quite impracticable.

The scenery of the Gulf of Bothnia is similar in character to other portions of the Swedish coast. The belt of islands extending around the whole of the Scandinavian Peninsula, is here more broken than at any other point, with the exception of the southwestern coast of Sweden. And, although we found ourselves at times in a maze of islands with tall masts apparently lifting themselves among the forests, yet, occasionally, we were quite in the open sea. The Aland Islands were passed at such a distance as to enable us to judge little of their character.

Among our passengers were two returned Swedish emigrants, who had passed some years in the United States. They

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

seemed well pleased at meeting an American, and extended to me at once an invitation to their houses in the interior of the country. I was, however, unable to avail myself of their kindness without materially changing my route. One of these persons had accumulated considerable wealth in America, and had returned to enjoy the fruits of his labor in his Northern home, situated far up the Gulf of Bothnia, the charms of which seemed never to have lost their hold upon his affections. There are, I think, few people so devotedly attached to their fatherland as the Scandinavians. It has been difficult for me at times to comprehend, in some desolate portions of the North, how persons who have visited other climes can still find so much to attract them in their Northern homes.

The peasant who has been nursed among the most beautiful scenes of Switzerland, or of sunny and classic Italy, is not more warmly attached to his country than is the peasant of the extreme North. In surveying his domain, oftentimes where jagged, wild, and shattered rocks stretch away in all directions, with scarce a blade of grass, a tree, or a shrub, he is ready to exclaim, "God be praised; this is my country." The words of the Creator, expressed in the ancient Saga as addressed to the North, seem truly verified. "Although no flower shall here bloom," said the Almighty, "no bird sing, and no blade of grass grow, yet the wicked spirit shall have no share in thee. I will have compassion on thee, and suffer men here to dwell, who with love and affection shall cling to these rocks, and be happy in their possession."

Among our passengers generally I found the same spirit of kindness to me, as a foreigner and an American, which I have everywhere seen in the North. From a captain in his Swedish majesty's service, I received an invitation to pass some time at his house in the country. Such invitations are by no means uncommon here; they seem to be honest and heartfelt, and oftentimes from a person who is scarcely known to you.

With another Swedish gentleman I discussed the merits of Cooper and Irving. I found him quite familiar with the characters of "Leather-Stocking" and "Harvey Birch," as well as with that of "Rip Van Winkle," and others of the inimitably drawn characters of "Geoffrey Crayon." But in the North I think we have no other writer so fully appreciated as Cooper. There is, indeed, to all Europeans, something peculiarly American and novel in the scenes and characters which he introduces. In "Leather-Stocking" they find a creation which no other country could have suggested. The half savage and half civilized character of the trapper is one especially pleasing to the people of the North.

It was eleven o'clock, just twenty-four hours after leaving Stockholm, that we found ourselves set down at Gefle, and were soon after established in a comfortable inn. Gefle contains about ten thousand inhabitants, and seems a flourishing town, but without anything of especial interest to the traveler. There is a small trade with the United States carried on at this port, amounting in all to some four or five ships a year, which are usually freighted with cotton, and take iron for a return freight. Southeast from Gefle, at the distance of about sixteen English miles, are the Falls of Elf Carleby.

EXCURSION TO ELF CARLEBY.

The waters of the Dal Elv, after passing through a singularly wild and picturesque country, become more tame and uninteresting in their descent, until just before pouring themselves into the waters of the Baltic, they make a sudden leap over a rocky ledge, as if unwilling to be lost in the waters of the sea without making one more effort at the picturesque. In a note which I received from Miss Frederika Bremer, she says:

"This is the waterfall which in Sweden comes nearest to the American Niagara. Mr. B. will enjoy himself there in a good, though homely inn, near the falls, see salmon taken by the fisherman, and eat salmon, if he likes it, at all his meals. The Linnæus flower and the Forget-Me-Not grow abundantly in the woods about the falls, and will, I think, be flowering at this time."

With such an account of the charms which nature had lavished upon this quiet and secluded retreat, it was with no small degree of anticipation that I left Gefle with pilgrim's staff and knapsack *en route* for the "Swedish Niagara."

The road passes through a country possessing nothing of especial interest, occupied by a hardy race of peasantry, with here and there a timber building

THE LAKE OF SVARTSJOHN.

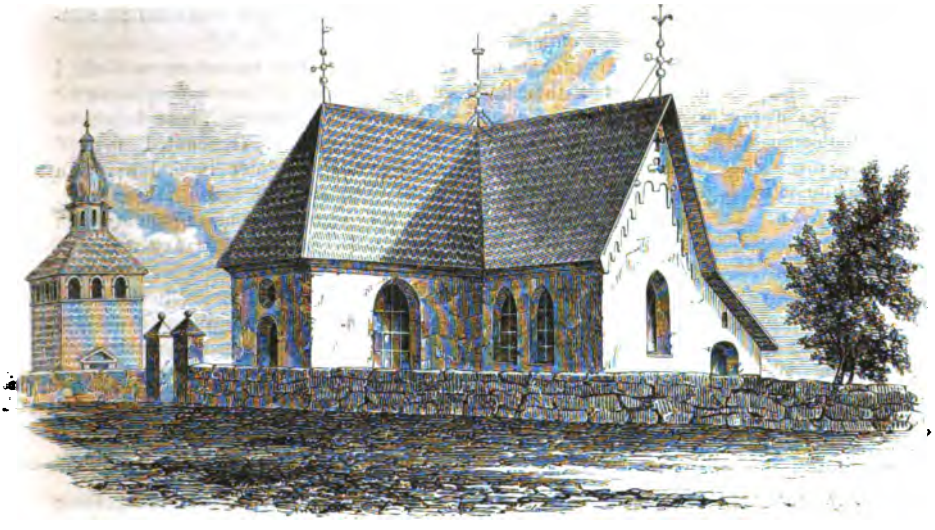
red, and occasionally a large gateway opening through the center of the building, on the one side of which are stables, and on the other the domicil of the family. Upon the whole route I observed but one house which made the slightest approach toward elegance. All the others were evidently the abodes of a simple class of peasantry, and generally displayed an appearance of rustic comfort. These were constructed, like the houses which I have described in the last number of THE NATIONAL, of hewn timber, and mostly painted red. In Sweden the roofs are generally covered with tile or boards; but in some portions of the country turf is used, as in Norway.

Having started with the intention of taking everything quite in the rustic fashion, I stopped for breakfast at a peasant's house, which indicated some degree of comfort. Here I found fresh milk, with very dark brown bread. The house was red, and had, withal, a certain *well-to-do* look about it, externally, as well as internally. The farmer's wife and daughter were patting about the house with bare feet and homespun dresses. In the corner of the room which I entered stood a spinning-wheel, and on the window shelf lay the unfinished yarn stocking. The same apartment served for kitchen, dining-room, and dormitory. One corner was occupied with a capacious fireplace, the chimney standing out quite entire in the room, the fireplace opening upon two sides of the chimney, with a massive iron crane fastened in the corner and swinging round upon the two open sides. Directly opposite was a tier of berths arranged like those on board ships, but occupying more space; these supplied sleeping accommodations for some five or six of the household. The people I found to be good-natured and very obliging. A tin basin in which the milk for breakfast was brought, looked bright, and the wooden trencher upon which the brown bread was placed, clean and white. The latter was suggestive of pleasant memories of the olden time in New-England. So much for my first Swedish country breakfast.

It was near evening when I arrived at the end of my journey; not very fast walking, it is true, sixteen miles to the day. The roar of the cataract was distinctly heard for the last two or three miles of the way. The falls of Elf Carleby are by no means destitute of interest. But what American, after having viewed the wonders of his own beautiful land, ever arrives at a European waterfall without feelings of disappointment? At the time of my visit so small was the

supply of water, owing to the unusual drought of the season, that even the miniature likeness of Niagara was entirely imperceptible. The water was twelve feet below its ordinary level, and a second fall, separated from the main sheet of water by a small island, as represented at the right of the sketch, bringing Goat Island slightly to mind, was entirely destitute of water. The rapids, which extend a distance of some three hundred yards below the cataract, add much to the picturesqueness of the whole scene.

My little inn near the falls was humble and unpretending in the extreme. The house, built of timber, was one and a half stories in height, and painted yellow. There was, withal, an air of homely comfort about the establishment which pleased me. The floors were clean, and sprinkled over with fresh twigs of the juniper. My little attic room had a very low ceiling, and was of small dimensions. As is often the case in Sweden, it contained a sofa, which was arranged for a bed at night. There was a certain indescribable and cozy look about the little chamber. The walls were ornamented with framed lithographs of Luther, Gustavus Wasa, King Oscar, and Jenny Lind, all of which are favorite embellishments of the houses of Swedish peasants. The linen spread over the table, and the little white, fringed curtain of my solitary window, were of



SVARTSJOHN CHURCH.

faultless whiteness. Within a few yards of the house, indeed, almost under my window, were the rapids of the river. The roaring of the waters seemed to invite to early repose, and to be a sure guarantee for sound slumber, and so I retired dreaming of to-morrow, of the "Salmon skipping in the falls, of seeing salmon taken by the fisherman," and perhaps of eating them, as well as of rambles in the solitary woods about the falls, and bouquets of the "Forget-Me-Not" and flowers of the *Linnæa borealis*.

A gentle knock at the door, with the announcement that breakfast was ready, at six o'clock the next morning, was by no means unwelcome. The breakfast consisted of salmon and strawberries with milk. The day was passed delightfully in rambles about the woods and along the river, now gazing at the Dal Elv *rolling rapidly*, and watching the salmon as they occasionally darted up to the surface. At evening I accompanied the fishermen to the point where they draw their nets just below the rapids. In this mode of taking these beautiful fish, they have no chance for their lives, but are driven into the net, whereas in fly-fishing the only legitimate mode of taking salmon, there is something more republican. It is a matter quite optional with the fish whether he bites or not, and if he prefers to take the bait, and is scientifically

landed upon the shore, I must confess I have then little sympathy for him; but in seine fishing the matter is quite different.

The salmon fishery here is quite celebrated, even in this salmon-abounding country. The largest haul made here this season was ninety-four fish at one time, averaging in weight about fifteen pounds. In the morning I saw fifteen fine fish taken in a scoop-net near the falls.

The humble inn at Elf Carleby offered little but salmon for breakfast, dinner, or supper. This fish, which is such a rarity in the larger cities of America, and which, from its high cost, is usually served up in *Homeopathic* portions, is so often offered to the traveler in Norway and Sweden, that he is likely to become entirely satiated with it. Indeed, he finds no difficulty in believing the fact that apprentices, in the former salmon-abounding days of New-England, had inserted in their indentures a proviso securing them from being compelled to live upon salmon more than three days in the week. I have heartily wished, when traveling in some portions of Norway, that I might be equally protected from it.

My researches for the modest little Linnæan flower were unsuccessful. The beautiful "Forget-Me-Not" of the North, and many other wild flowers, I found, but still the delicate little object of my search seemed to shun me in my rambles. I had a great desire to succeed in discovering this tiny gem of the wild woods. It is described as a singularly delicate flower, which clings to the moss in the most secluded spots, but withers at the very touch of man, and has thus far eluded all attempts at cultivation. It is an interesting fact, that this modest little flower should have been selected by the great botanist to bear his name, and that, in its natural sensitiveness and disposition to shrink from observation, it should bear such a close resemblance to the character of the person whose name it bears.

On my return to Gefle, I stopped for the night at a very neat and comfortable little wayside inn at Harnes. This consisted of two tenements of one story each, quite detached, one of which was occupied by the family of mine host and the kitchen department and offices, while the other was wholly devoted to apartments for travelers, consisting of some eight or ten rooms handsomely fitted up, all upon the same floor. It is quite common in the inns of the North for the building occupied by the guests to be entirely separated from that of the host and his family. This arrangement is a very desirable one, as the traveler finds his quarters quite removed from the annoyances of the culinary department and the bar-room. A handsome parlor, in addition to a bed-room, was furnished me here, where my meals were served. I was quite surprised, on demanding my bill, to find the whole charge about fifty cents per day. But when my host informed me that he paid only about twenty-eight dollars per annum rent for the whole establishment, I could better understand his extremely low charges.

JOURNEY TO FAHLUN—BORGARDET STATION, ETC.

Immediately after my return to Gefle I set myself about making preparations for a journey to Fahlun. There being no public conveyance, I counted myself fortunate in being able to find a return carriage, for which I speedily bargained. I had previously made arrangements with a young Swede to accompany me as a *compagnon du voyage*. The next important matter was to attend to the packing of our provision box, an article in general use, and almost indispensable, both in Sweden and Norway. White bread is very rarely to be found in the interior of the country, and must necessarily be taken with you, as well as fresh meat, cheese, and other delicacies.

A curious vehicle is the old posting carriage of Sweden. In Norway the traveler is necessarily confined to the *cariole*, a small two-wheeled carriage, containing only a seat for one person; but in Sweden the posting carriages are usually cumbersome. The one which I counted myself fortunate in having secured for the journey, had evidently seen far better days, and those a long time since. Its whole appearance betokened that it belonged to other days. About six o'clock in the morning our lumbering vehicle was drawn out from the courtyard of the inn by a villainous-looking pair of post-horses, and a post-boy quite in keeping with the animals. The luggage was placed on board, the provision box examined to make sure that it contained the needful, a wave of our hand to the driver, and we were *en route*.

The first day's journey took us to Borgardet station, a distance of about seven Swedish miles, (fifty miles English.) For the most part of the way the country is singularly destitute of interest; a constant succession of pine or fir wood stretches away in either direction from the road. About midway we passed a little village, which afforded some relief to the eye. The land in its vicinity was in a high state of cultivation, and rich with the golden harvest. Near the village was a picturesque lake, upon the border of which stood an extensive mansion, with several detached buildings occupied by work people, looking not unlike the establishments of some Southern planters, with the out-houses for the slaves. The greatest charm of the village was, however, its picturesque church. It is built in a style not uncommon, as I have since observed, in this portion of Sweden. The door being open, I resolved to enter, and accordingly ordered the post-boy to stop. He made a tremendous pur-r, the Swedish equivalent for whoa, [to be pronounced with a roll of the tongue,] which was instantly obeyed by the horses. The interior of the structure was ornamented with many curious carvings in wood, some of them belonging, evidently, to the Roman Catholic period. The aisles were paved with stones bearing the names and devices of many past generations. The walls were adorned with wood and gilt carvings, surmounted by the armorial bearings of numerous families.

Leaving this place, our route continued through an uninteresting country, with the view occasionally relieved by one of the little lakes which are so numerous in this portion of Sweden. The farm-houses generally presented an appearance of rustic comfort; they were all of timber, and generally painted red. Gates constantly occurred upon the road, dividing one estate from another, about which were always to be found a group of children seeking a few coppers for opening them. Sometimes the urchins would scamper on toward the next gate, a distance of perhaps a mile or so, to secure a second fee. They are good runners, and usually kept pace with the horses. They showed no disposition to beg, but were evidently desirous of earning an honest penny.

It was about eight o'clock when we arrived in sight of the Lake of Svartsjon, upon the border of which the station-house of Borgardet is situated. Fronting upon this beautiful sheet of water is a venerable and picturesque church, standing quite alone. Near it is a grove of stately trees, while beyond arise picturesque hills, covered with firs, presenting that peculiar fringed outline against the sky so characteristic of the North.

The sun was just setting as, at a sudden turn in the road, we came in sight of this picturesque scene, the beauty of which was greatly enhanced by the sunset, lending as it did a rich purple hue to the whole landscape, alike shed over mountain, lake, and valley, while the calm and mirror-like surface of the water reflected with an unusual distinctness every outline of hill and wood, as well as the unique and interesting church so beautifully situated upon its border.

We soon found ourselves at a very comfortable station-house, and were very favorably impressed by our first experience of Dalecarlian inns; concluding, in the meantime, that if this was a fair specimen of the public-houses of this remote province, the people of the capital have some things to learn from the Dalecarlians.

Like most of the inns of the country here, the tenement occupied by the family was entirely distinct from what may be termed the guests' house. The buildings were low, but covered a considerable surface upon three sides of a square. The house for the guests formed one side; that for the family and *kitchen cabinet* another; while the other side was occupied by the stables. The arrival of such a formidable establishment as I have described our equipage, was not without its effect in impressing our landlady with the consequence of her guests. The importance thus attached to us was, as usual, all very well until the bill was presented. The bustling hostess stood waiting in the door-way, jingling a huge bunch of keys, evidently desirous of exhibiting her apartments; and well she might have been, as I have rarely found the same degree of neatness; the floors were scoured; the linen was like snow; the tables shone with new varnish; the window-curtains were of white muslin, tastefully arranged: and here, for the present, we quarters.

In the morning I wandered over to the picturesque little church which fronts the lake. While engaged making the sketch which I present, a reverend-looking gentleman approached me, and courteously raising his hat, invited me, in English, to dine with him, pointing at the same time to the parsonage house which stood near the church. I gladly accepted his unexpected hospitality. My kind host was the vicar of the parish. His whole stock of English seemed to have been exhausted in the invitation to dinner. There is, however, one English word which the Swedes all speak, namely, *welcome;* and few people understand so well how to convince one that he is to take the meaning as strictly literal. Nothing could have been more cordial and considerate than the attentions which I received from the worthy vicar and his family; and all this, it will be remembered, without the slightest introduction.

The church of *Svartsjon* dates, the central portion of it, to some period previous to the fourteenth century. In more modern times the two wings have been added, as the wants of the parish have increased, making it cruciform. The vicar informed me that the earliest preserved records of the church were of the latter portion of the fourteenth century, at which time it is spoken of as an ancient edifice. The additions were made in 1672 and 1734. The interior exhibits no pomp of heraldry; all is simple and in keeping with the character of the Dalecarlian people.

At about the distance of an English mile from the church, on the opposite side of the lake, is the little hamlet of Isla, a place of peculiar interest in its connection with Gustavus Wasa, the great liberator of his country. It will be remembered that the youthful Gustavus, after the assassination of his father and the principal nobles and clergy of Sweden, by order of Christian II., sought refuge from his Danish pursuers among the mountains of Dalecarlia. Here he labored as a peasant, pursued by his bloodthirsty enemies. Sven Elfson, at that period the king's ranger, lived at Isla. This honest peasant for a long time afforded the refugee shelter and protection, notwithstanding the immense reward which had been offered for his apprehension.

The house of Sven Elfson is still standing, but doubtless much changed in modern times. The marked resemblance of this domicil to the log-houses of our Western States will be at once discerned.

It was during Gustavus's sojourn at Isla that the following story is related of him: "On one occasion, when the Danish soldiers entered the house of Sven Elfson, Gustavus happened at the moment to be seated in the chimney-corner. Good dame Elfson was stirring the fire in the oven with a long poker, making ready for baking. Discovering at the instant the danger of her *protégé*, with that tact which belongs so exclusively to her sex, she turned and struck Gustavus a severe blow across his shoulders with the poker which she was holding, exclaiming at the same time, 'You idle scapegrace, go to your

SVEN ELFSON'S HOUSE.

BARN IN THE HAMLET OF ISLA.

threshing, and don't sit here staring at the soldiers.' "

The remarkable presence of mind of this good woman, doubtless, saved the hero. The king's soldiers did not suspect that the staring peasant boy, who had been thus unceremoniously dismissed to his labor, was the noble whom they sought.

At a short distance from the house stands the barn in which Gustavus threshed, which has now become a state monument. Gustavus III. erected a handsome monument of Swedish porphyry upon a granite base, immediately in front of the barn, upon which is the following inscription, which I render literally from the Swedish:

"In this barn threshed Gustavus Erickson, pursued by the enemies of his country, but selected by Providence to be the liberator of Sweden. His descendant in the sixth generation, Gustavus III., erected this monument."

The barn is still in the possession of the family of Sven Elfson, upon whom Gustavus III. conferred a small annuity, to be expended yearly in such repairs as the barn might require. This annuity descends from father to son, with a silver medal, also the gift of Gustavus III.

After the illustrious fugitive had remained for a long time at Isla, the honest ranger became apprehensive of his discovery, as the pursuit was still kept up in the immediate neighborhood. He therefore determined to remove him to the house of a friend at Marness. The trusty peasant accordingly placed Gustavus under a load of straw, and started with his precious load in the direction of Marness. The road passes along the border of the lake, and when they had arrived at a point near the church, they were overtaken by the Danish officials, who suspected the ranger of having secreted the refugee, and would not allow him to pass until they had examined his load, which they did by piercing the straw with their spears. Gustavus was wounded, and the blood began to drop upon the newly-fallen snow. Geijer, in his History of the Swedes, says:

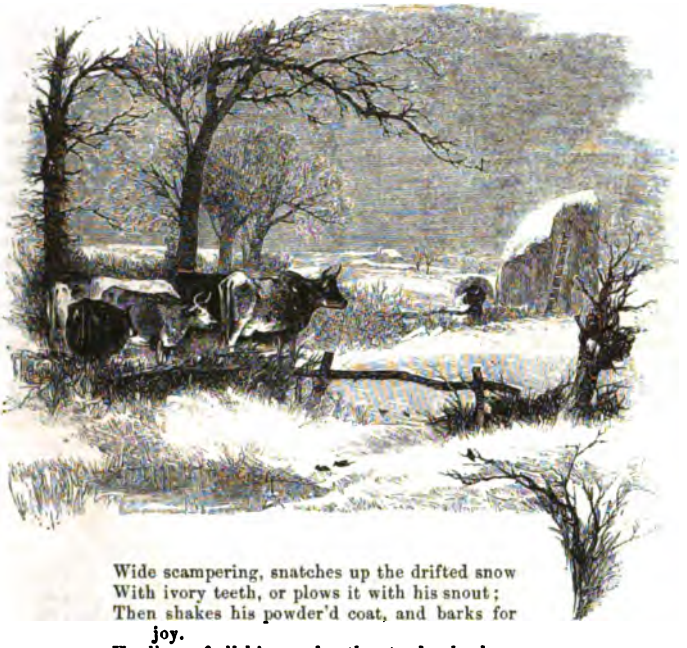
"He would have been betrayed by his blood falling upon the snow, had not this faithful ranger taken the precaution, when unobserved, of cutting his horse in the foot, so that it bled. Nor must we decline to state, as an example both of the dangers and manners of the times, that Gustavus, in his fugitive condition, was obliged, for his own safety, even to shed his blood."

WHEN benefits are lost, the mind has time to recount their several worths; which, after a considerate search, she finds to be many more than the unexamining possession told her of. . . . . Blessings appear not till they have vanished.—*Feltham's Resolves.*

SCENES FROM COWPER'S "TASK."

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

'Tis MORNING; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires the horizon; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From every herb and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
I view the muscular, proportion'd limb
Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
As they design'd to mock me, at my side
Take step for step; and, as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,
Preposterous sight! the legs without the man.
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder; not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out the accustom'd load,
Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass:
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no needless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the ax
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk



Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or plows it with his snout;
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighboring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the first fair gleam
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious, and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves,
To seize the fair occasion: well they eye
The scatter'd grain, and thievishly resolved

At Leyden he managed to exist by borrowing and giving lessons in English. When he took his departure in February, 1755, he was obliged to a fellow-student for the loan which was to carry him on his way. Immediately afterward he passed the shop of a florist, saw some costly tulip roots, which were things prized by Mr. Contarine, and, solely intent upon gratifying his uncle, bought them at once with the borrowed money. It is these benevolent but ill-regulated impulses which have endeared the memory of Goldsmith to the world. In him the extravagance which ministers to gratitude and relieves wretchedness was still stronger than the improvidence which grew from self-indulgence. "He left Leyden next day," says Mr. Forster, "with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand."

He took the course which he afterward described in "The Traveler," and trudged on foot through parts of Flanders, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In later days he used to tell his friends of the distresses he underwent—of his sleeping in barns, of his dependence at one time upon the charity of convents, and of his turning itinerant flute-player at another to get bed and board.

The pedestrian tour of Goldsmith lasted exactly a year, and in February, 1756, he landed at Dover. He had increased his knowledge of men, manners, and countries, but he had brought back little which could aid him in his profession, except a medical degree that was supposed to have been procured at either Padua or Louvain, where the principal qualification was the payment of the fees. He made his way to London, and his first employment is believed to have been that of an usher in a provincial school. He soon returned to the metropolis, and offered himself to apothecaries to dispense their medicines. He had no other introduction than his mien and address, and it is not surprising that his ungainly figure, plain face, awkward manners, and shabby clothes, should have failed to recommend him. Such was the poverty of his appearance, that when he called shortly afterward in his *best* suit upon Dr. Sleigh, who had been his fellow-student at Edinburgh, his former associate was unable to recognize him in his pitiful garb. His Irish birth increased the mistrust and stood much in his way. One Jacob, a chemist who lived near the Monument, at last ventured to try him, and it was while in his service that Oliver renewed his intercourse with Dr. Sleigh. "When he did recollect me," says Goldsmith, "I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse and friendship with me during his continuance in London."

Through the agency of Sleigh and Jacob he commenced practicing in Southwark, and, in the language of Mr. Forster, became "poor physician to the poor." Yet even in this lowly sphere he was mindful of dress, and while with one hand he felt the pulse of his patient, with the other he held his hat upon his breast to conceal a patch in his coat. Either he failed to get practice, or those who employed him were too needy to pay, and he abandoned physic to become corrector of the press to the famous Samuel Richardson. A printer whom he attended, and who worked for Richardson, is said to have suggested the notion and introduced him to the novelist. This contact with literature did not assist to make apparent the latent qualities of his genius. The author of "Clarissa" was too much taken up with his own importance to have a chance of detecting in his humble assistant the powers which were to produce the "Vicar of Wakefield."

In these several occupations the year was passed. The early part of 1757 found him usher at the Academy of Dr. Milner, of Peckham, whose son was another of the fellow-students of Goldsmith at Edinburgh. He was now secure from want; but to judge from the descriptions he has left of the calling in his writings, it was of all his shifts the most painful and degrading. But the old halo of benevolence which surrounds him everywhere shines out here, and his salary was usually spent, the very day it was paid, in charity to beggars and gifts to the smaller boys.

It was while he was at Peckham that the circumstance occurred which brought him into connection with his real vocation. Dr. Milner was a contributor to the "Monthly Review," and Griffiths, the proprietor, when dining at his table, was so far impressed by the conversation of Goldsmith, that he asked him to furnish a few specimens of criticism. The result was his removal from the establishment of Dr. Milner to that of Mr. Griffiths.

In the autumn of 1757 he was once more thrown upon the town, sleeping in a garret, and dating his letters from the Temple

Exchange Coffee-house, near Temple Bar. He was tracked to his lodgings by his brother Charles, who, hearing a rumor that Oliver was up in the world, had decamped secretly from Ireland to partake of this unwonted Goldsmith prosperity. The poor author made light of his situation, and said that the *Campaign* of Addison was written in a garret higher than his own; but Charles saw that he must seek for another patron, and was soon on his way to Jamaica. Even existence in a garret could not be supported upon the proceeds of authorship, and he had to return to the Peckham academy. Yet his situation was still uneasy, and the hope which brightened his prospects was the promise of Dr. Milner to procure him a medical appointment in India. He bid a final adieu to the Peckham seminary in August, 1758, and shortly afterward received the warrant which nominated him physician and surgeon to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel. The salary was only a hundred a year, but the private practice of the place, which followed the official station, was an extra thousand. To raise money for the outfit, which he calculated would require £130, he had for some time been preparing in his leisure hours "An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." He wrote to his relatives and old companions in Ireland, to ask them to obtain subscriptions for the work.

While Goldsmith was anxiously waiting for his Irish supplies, he had to disburse ten pounds for the warrant of his appointment by the East India Company. To raise the money, he wrote articles for the "Critical Review," which was superintended by the genius of Dr. Smollett. Two papers from Oliver's pen appeared in the number for January, 1759, but before they saw the light the warrant which was to make his fortune was withdrawn.

Goldsmith said of himself that he had "a knack of hoping," but the multiplied disasters which followed close upon one another had nearly reduced him to despair. He ceased to indulge in the tantalizing expectations which had balked him so often, and, without further distractions, sullenly resigned himself to the only business for which he was fitted. "No man," remarks Johnson, "was wiser when he had a pen in his hand, or more foolish when he had not." He was never

DR. PERCY.

any judge of his own qualifications. He volunteered to take a journey to copy the inscriptions on the *Written Mountains*, in Arabia, which had baffled every traveler, though he was not acquainted with a single letter of any Oriental language living or dead; and he memorialized Lord Bute to send him out to investigate the arts and sciences of the East, for the purpose of importing improvements into England, though Dr. Johnson exclaimed that he was utterly ignorant of the subject, and would have brought home "a grinding barrow that was to be seen in all the streets of London, and fancy he had furnished a wonderful improvement."

Just before his last discomfiture he had removed to a lodging in a pent-up little square, now leveled with the ground, which, embosomed in a mass of buildings between Fleet-street and the Old Bailey, seemed named in mockery "Green Arbor Court," and which was approached by a steep flight of stone stairs called "Break-neck Steps." The houses were tall and tumbling, the inhabitants poor and filthy, the children over-many and over-noisy—in Mr. Forster's phrase, "a squalid and squalling colony." In this retreat he was visited by Percy, the well-known editor of the "Reliques," and afterward Bishop of Dromore. Goldsmith had been introduced to him at the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, by Dr. Grainger, the author of the "Sugar-cane," and one of the contributors to Mr. Griffiths' "Monthly Review," and Percy had detected sufficient merit beneath the unpromising appearance of his new-made acquaintance to think him worth a call. He found him, at the

EDMUND BURKE.

beginning of March, 1759, engaged upon his "Inquiry," in a dirty room, with only a single chair, which he gave up to his visitor, while he sat himself in the window. As the conversation was proceeding, a ragged little girl appeared at the door, and, dropping a courtesy to Goldsmith, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favor of you to lend her a potful of coals." A volume of description would not convey a more vivid impression of the society of "Green Arbor Court," than this single trait; and ludicrous as is the incident, the respectful address of the messenger is yet a pleasing proof of the homage which was paid him by the ordinary inhabitants of the square. The most complete picture which, perhaps, we possess of Grub-street life has come down to us in connection with Goldsmith. The majority of distressed authors were too obscure to find a biographer. Those of greater pretensions had either started from a respectable position, or had quickly reached a higher eminence. A single unwieldy figure, in the person of Johnson, was seen moving for years among the crowd of ill-dressed, ill-fed, badly-lodged, and insulted tribe who provided the ephemeral literature and party pamphlets of the day, but maintaining in the midst of his poverty such unshaken fortitude, such lofty principles, and such rugged independence, that the characteristics of the class were very imperfectly shadowed forth in him. Goldsmith, on the contrary, had the habits and tastes of the class. After he had acquired celebrity, and was admitted to the society of men like Burke, Fox, Reynolds, and Beauclerk, he looked back with regret upon his former haunts. "In truth," he said to Mr. Cooke, "one sacrifices something for the sake of good company, for here I'm shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably."

At the commencement of April appeared the "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," upon which Percy had found him engaged in the preceding month. It attracted little attention. None of his other productions in the first nine months of 1759 have been identified, except a few contributions to the "Critical Review;" but in October he is found exerting himself with unwonted diligence, furnishing essays to "The Busy-Body" and "The Ladies' Magazine," and writing the whole of a weekly paper called "The Bee," which alone consisted of thirty-two pages. "The Bee" expired after a brief existence of eight weeks.

On the 1st of January, 1760, appeared the opening number of the "British Magazine," a monthly publication edited by Dr. Smollett; and on the 12th the "Public Ledger," a daily newspaper, which was started by Mr. Newberry, the bookseller. Goldsmith was invited to contribute to both. He furnished about twenty essays to the magazine, and for the newspaper he wrote his "Citizen of the World."

In the gracefully told story of the "Man in Black," which derives additional interest from its being in the main an epitome

TOPHAM BEAUCLERK.

of the life of the essayist himself, he talks of his improvident generosity, and his discovery that the way to assist the needy was first to secure independence. "My immediate care, therefore," he says, "was to leave my present habitation, and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behavior." He removed, accordingly, toward the close of 1760, into better lodgings in Wine Office Court, Fleet-street, but the reformation in his conduct did not ensue. In everything which he wrote at this period he dwells upon the superiority of economy and justice over the misplaced liberality which puts the donor into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves; for he had been smarting from the effects of discharging the debts of others with the money which should have gone to defray his own. In furtherance of his design he boasted that he had exchanged his free and open manner for a close, suspicious air, and that he was now on his guard against the needy sharpers who, instead of picking his pockets, prevailed on him to empty them of his own accord into their hands. But he rightly called himself a mere machine of pity, incapable of withstanding the slightest exhibition of real or fictitious distress, and, however knowing his looks, his power to see through the clumsiest fraud was on a par with his firmness. He seems to have smiled at his own impotent resolutions in the moment of forming them. "One of the most heroic actions I ever performed," says the Man in Black, "and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half-a-crown to an old acquaintance at the time when he wanted it and I had it to

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

spare." This does not promise much constancy in the course, and no indication ever appeared that he had left his improvidence or his simplicity in his Green Arbor Court lodging. Among other good deeds, he remembered the landlady to the day of his death, supplied her from time to time with food from his table, and frequently returned to the scene of his old one-chaired apartment to cheer and assist her.

In evidence of his progress in detecting imposition we are told that one Pilkington, who had long preyed upon the easiness of his nature, and had exasperated him by his conduct, burst into his room in ecstasies of joy. He apologized for the liberty, but his fortune was made, and he could not resist hurrying to impart the glad tidings to his best and earliest benefactor. The Duchess of Manchester had a mania for white mice. She possessed a pair, and for years had been offering enormous sums for a second. Pilkington had commissioned a friend in India to send him two from the East; they were now in the river on board the good ship "Earl of Chatham," and in proof of his story he pulled out the letter advising him of their dispatch. Nothing stood between him and independence except the want of a suitable cage in which to present them, and he could no more raise the two guineas for the purpose than pay off the national debt. Goldsmith protested that a single half-guinea was all he had in the world. "Ay," says Pilkington, "but you have a watch: if you could let me have that I could pawn it across the way for two guineas, and be able to repay you with heartfelt gratitude in a few days." Pilk-

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

ington must have resolved to have his jest as well as his guineas when he made poor Oliver the dupe of so gross a hoax. Two years elapsed, when he suddenly reappeared in a state of semi-intoxication at Goldsmith's chambers, and greeted him in the language of familiar friendship, at the unlucky moment when Topham Beauclerk and General Oglethorpe were honoring him with their company, and he was ashamed to seem intimate with the vulgar and disreputable importer of white mice. Pilkington had come to pay, not the guineas, but the "heartfelt gratitude." "Here, my dear friend," he suddenly exclaimed, as he pulled a couple of little parcels out of his pocket, "is a quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar; for though it is not in my power at present to return you the two guineas, neither you nor any man else shall ever have it to say that I want gratitude." Oliver, roused to anger, bid him begone, and he departed, carrying his tea and sugar with him. They never met again; but when Pilkington was dying, a messenger took to the poor starving creature's deathbed a guinea from the "magnanimous Goldsmith."

Mr. Cooke, who relates the anecdote of the white mice, has coupled with it another illustration of the extreme credulity of his friend. He appeared late and hungry at a club, and, having eaten no dinner, ordered a dish of mutton chops for supper. His companions, to balk his eager appetite, drew their chairs from the table on the appearance of the dish, and gave sundry symptoms of disgust. Goldsmith asked anxiously if anything was the matter with the chops; but they evaded the question, and it was only with much pressing that they were brought to tell him that the smell was offensive. He rang the bell, covered the waiter, who quickly caught up the jest, with abuse, and, for a punishment, insisted, at the suggestion of the company, that the man should eat the horrible viands himself. A fresh supper was prepared for Oliver, who, soon regretting the vengeance he had taken, ordered "a dram for the poor waiter, who might otherwise get sick from so nauseating a meal." What wild tales of things beyond his immediate cognizance would not a man believe who smelt the dish beneath his nose by the assertion of his friends!

He removed his lodgings to Wine Office Court, and there, on the 31st of May, 1761, received for the first time to supper, the great Samuel Johnson. Percy, who brought about the meeting, called for the sage, and found him in a trim unlike what he had ever witnessed before, his clothes new and his wig nicely powdered. Marveling why the negligent Johnson should dress himself with such courtly

BENNET LANGTON.

care to visit an indigent author in his humble apartment, Percy ventured to inquire the cause, and received for reply, "Why, sir, I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example." An addiction to foppery had been the former as it was the subsequent weakness of Oliver. In Ireland he got the reputation of attempting to dazzle his bishop by a pair of scarlet breeches; in Edinburgh, as we learn from a tailor's bill which Mr. Forster has recovered, he wore "rich sky-blue satin," "fine sky-blue shalloon,"

and "silver hat-lace." On settling in London, he was met by an old schoolfellow in a tarnished suit of green and gold; when his reputation was established, a waiting-woman at a house where he visited remembered him chiefly by the ludicrous ostentation with which he showed off his cloak and cane; and when he was with a party of celebrities, such as Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, and Murphy, "he strutted about, bragging of his bloom-colored coat," and announcing that his tailor, Mr. Filby, had begged to be recommended when admiring spectators asked who made his clothes. From the retort of Johnson, that Mr. Filby was thinking of

DR. JOHNSON.

the crowd which would be attracted by the strange hue of the cloth, and of the credit he should get for producing a reputable garment out of so absurd a color, it may be presumed that even for those gayer-dressing days it was ridiculously gaudy. It was, therefore, from no indifference to appearances that for a brief interval he resigned himself to a sordid style of dress. His pockets were empty, his credit nothing, and, making a virtue of necessity, he was glad to justify the meanness of his attire by the example of Johnson.

At the end of 1762, Goldsmith, urged, we suppose, by the necessity for fresher air and more active exercise, hired, in addition to his London lodging, country apartments in Islington, from a friend of Newberry, Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming. To secure the landlady her dues, and to protect Goldsmith from the effects of his own prodigality, it was agreed that the bookseller should pay the board and lodging quarterly, and deduct it from the literary earnings of his author. In the meanwhile, besides writing sundry miscellanies, he was busy upon a "History of England" for the young, in a series of letters. His mode of compiling was to spend his morning in reading such a portion of Hume, Rapin, and sometimes Kennett, as would furnish matter for a single chapter. He passed the remainder of his day with his friends, and when he went up to bed wrote off his forenoon preparations with the same facility as a common letter.

Newberry's payments exceeding Goldsmith's earnings, the advances came to an end, and the landlady's bills were left undischarged. She was a woman in whom resolution was unmixed with tenderness, and, notwithstanding that the arrears were of short continuance, she arrested him at the close of 1674 for her rent. When Boswell expressed his wonder that he, who had obtained the title of the "great moralist," should be kind to a man of very bad character, Goldsmith replied, "He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson." It was to this steady friend of the miserable that he had recourse in his present dilemma, and when the messenger returned he brought with him a guinea, and the assurance that the moralist would speedily follow. Johnson found him in a violent passion, the guinea changed, and a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. As they talked of the means of extricating him from his difficulties, Goldsmith produced a novel he had composed in his snatches of leisure, and Johnson, after glancing his eye through its pages, sallied out and sold it for sixty pounds to James Newberry, the nephew of the bookseller with whom we are already familiar. Oliver paid his rent, rated the landlady, and left her lodgings. Johnson thought himself that the novel would meet with but moderate success, and Newberry's opinion of it was not sufficiently high to induce him to print it. A manuscript which was among the most

JOHNSON READING THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

precious ever penned was thrown aside for the present, and half of Goldsmith's immortality lay exposed to the accidents which grow out of negligence.

But the day was now come when he was to emerge from obscurity, and gain that station among the eminent men of his time for which he had pined so long. "The Traveler," which, he had commenced nine years before, when he was abroad, and which he had brooded over at intervals with fond solicitude, was at last ready for the press. In 1758, when he was young in authorship, he told his brother Henry that poetry was easier to produce than prose, which can only be taken as an indication that he was not then the ready writer of prose which he quickly became, for to the last he composed poetry with singular slowness. He used to say that he had been four or five years in gathering the incidents of his "Deserted Village," and two years were spent in the process of versifying what he had gleaned. Nobody would have guessed, when "The Traveler" appeared on the 19th of December, 1764, what months of toil lay hid in that little pamphlet of verse, which seemed as if it had flowed from the author's mind with the same facility that it fell from the reader's tongue. But the labor had not been greater than the reward. In a few weeks it crept into reputation, and was equally admired by the many and the discriminating few. For this delightful production, which he had been nine years in bringing to maturity, and which passed through nine editions during his life, he received of Mr. Newberry twenty guineas.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Northumberland, hearing that the author of "The Traveler" was a native of that country, sent for him, and offered to promote his advancement, to which Goldsmith replied that he had a brother, a clergyman, who stood in need of help. "As for myself," said Oliver to Sir John Hawkins, who was waiting in the outer room, "I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others." He was feeling then the first flush of satisfaction from the increased estimation in which he was held by the trade, and the more liberal offers which came thick upon him; but the power of his name only served in the end to increase his embarrassments. He employed it to raise larger sums and contract more numerous obligations, while the money was quickly spent and the obligations remained. In the compassion which is excited by the distresses of Goldsmith, it must never be forgotten that many of them were the result of his own misconduct; and we fear, if a debtor and creditor account were struck, it would be found at the close that in money dealings he had been guilty of greater injustice to others than had ever been committed against himself.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MESMER AND MESMERISM.

MESMERISM took its name from a German physician by the name of Frederic Anthony Mesmer, born at Mersburg, in Suabia, in 1734. His first notoriety resulted from the publication of certain speculations on the influence of the planets. He maintained that the heavenly bodies diffuse a subtle fluid throughout the universe, which acts on the nervous system of all animated beings.

That certain diseases could be cured by the agency of magnetism, was his next speculation. Soon after he went to Vienna to put his new discoveries in practice. Here he met with a Jesuit, whose name was Hehl, who had performed some pretended cures by means of magnets, and who regarded Mesmer as his rival, charging him with stealing his invention. This led Mesmer to discontinue the use of mineral magnets, claiming that his cures were wrought by the energy peculiar to animal magnetism. This was the origin of this celebrated speculation, whose history, in some of its more prominent features and mutations, we propose to sketch.

The phenomena of Mesmerism have been graduated into six degrees, holding the relation to each other of an ascending series, which we will state in the briefest terms. In the first degree the subject is conscious of a strong feeling like a current from the head to the extremities, attended with increased perspiration and an agreeable sensation over the whole body. Approaching the second degree the pulse becomes stronger and the breathing more easy, with a feeling of heaviness and an inclination to shut the eyes; and when closed the patient is unable to open them. All the other senses seem to be in a state of increased activity, and the subject knows all that is done around him. In the third degree he seems to swoon, trembles, has convulsions, and fits of a sort of catalepsy, preceded by heaviness and yawnings, followed by a deep sigh, when he becomes quite unconscious. In the fourth stage in the series he awakes to a sort of inward consciousness, and becomes a *somnambulist*, being both inwardly awake and outwardly asleep. The region of the stomach becomes the central point of sensation, to some extent supplying the sense of sight, so that the subject, it is said, can tell what time it is by a watch held close to the pit of his stomach. Of all that has occurred, and of his own thoughts while in this state, he has no recollection, or only a faint one, when he recovers. In the fifth degree he reaches the *clairvoyant* state, in which he is not only capable of self-contemplation, so as to point out both his own disease and the appropriate remedy, but those of others with whom he is brought into magnetic communication. The sympathy between him and the operator is now peculiarly strong. From this degree the patient readily slides into the next and last, when, with great clearness, he can often distinguish the secrets of the past, the distant and unknown in the present, and events which lie hid in the future. The body and mind seem closely blended, and the patient feels that nothing can disturb the serenity of his soul. Such, if we can credit the testimony of others, is a glance at the mysteries of animal magnetism.

On what principle to resolve these wonderful phenomena, is the next grand question. The first hypothesis adopted to account for them was that it was all an excitement of the imagination of the subject of this wonderful influence. In evidence that this solution was correct in the stage of progress which Mesmerism reached during the life of its author, let us glance at his proceedings at Paris, where he arrived in 1778.

After he had spent some time in vain endeavors to attract the notice of men of science, he at last succeeded in enlisting one Deslon, a man of some attainments in medical science. His superior knowledge and practice in the healing art gave him decided advantages over Mesmer, and he soon became his successful rival, when Mesmer represented Deslon as an impostor. Subsequently Mesmer resided in England for a time, under an assumed name, and then returned to the place of his birth, in Germany, where, in 1815, he died. But the speculations which derived from him their designation rose to that degree of notoriety in Paris, under the auspices of Deslon, that the French government was induced to appoint a committee to investigate the subject, consisting of four physicians and five members of the Royal Academy, of whom Dr. Franklin, American minister at Paris, was one. To

afford the magnetizer the fullest opportunity to evince his boasted magnetic power, the committee were all operated on, and sat under the operation for two hours and a half, without the least effect, except the fatigue of sitting. They submitted to this trial for three days in succession, without feeling the slightest effect. But they observed that the great majority of those who were brought under the power of the magnetizer were *females*, and, having caused the magnetizing instruments to be removed to Dr. Franklin's house, away from public view, fourteen invalids were magnetized, nine of whom felt nothing, and five were only slightly affected. In every case those affected were poor and ignorant. Subsequently eight men and two women were magnetized without the least effect. A female servant submitted to the same process at Dr. Franklin's house, who said that she felt the sensation of heat in every part when she saw the magnetized finger pointed at her, felt a pain in her head, and during the operation became faint, and swooned. When she had fully recovered they bandaged her eyes, and removed the operator; and when they made her believe she was under the operation, the same effects were produced, though no operation was performed. But, after a quarter of an hour, when a sign was given to the magnetizer to operate, she felt nothing.

Deslon pretended that if a tree was magnetized, every person approaching it would be thrown into convulsions, or fall down in a swoon, provided, standing at a distance, he should direct his eyes and point his cane toward it. As a test he came and magnetized a tree, while the patient was retained in the house out of sight. He was then brought out with a bandage over his eyes, and led successively to four trees, which were not magnetized, and told to embrace each one for two minutes, while Deslon stood at a distance pointing at the tree he had magnetized. At the first tree, twenty-seven feet from the magnetized one, the patient sweat profusely, coughed, and expectorated, saying he felt a pain in his head. At the second, thirty feet off, he was giddy and felt his head ache as before. At the third, supposing he was approaching the magnetized tree, his giddiness and headache were increased, though still twenty-eight feet from it. When brought to the fourth tree not magnetized, the young man fell down in a state of perfect insensibility, though still twenty-four feet from the magnetized tree; his limbs became rigid; he was then carried away, when Deslon came to his assistance and recovered him. A similar experiment was also made on two women at the house of Dr. Franklin. They were separated, three of the committee remaining in a chamber with one, and two of them with the other in an adjoining room. The first had her eyes bandaged, and was made to believe that Deslon came in and commenced magnetizing her. In three minutes she began to shiver, felt a pain successively in her hands, arms, and a pricking in her hands. She then became stiff, struck her hands together, got up, and stamped, though nothing had been done to her. The woman in the adjoining room was requested to take her seat by the door, which was closed, with her sight at liberty, and was then made to believe that Deslon would magnetize the door on the opposite side. Scarcely had she been seated a minute before she began to shiver, her breathing became hurried, she stretched her arms behind her, writhing them strangely; a general tremor came over her, her teeth chattered, and she bit her hands so as to leave the print of her teeth. In consideration of these results, the committee reported that "the effects were purely imaginary, and though they have wrought some cures, they are not without danger, for the convulsions sometimes spread among the feeble of body and mind, and especially among women."

The wonderful power of the imagination over the human system, is further illustrated by the celebrated *metallic tractors*. It was pretended that by their joint operation they had great power over the electric fluid; that by moving their points gently over the surface of an inflamed part the heat was extracted, the swelling would subside, and the patient would be relieved.

This pretended discovery was made by a Mr. Perkins, of New-England, about twenty years after Mesmer fell into disregard. Thousands and tens of thousands were ready to certify to the happy influence of the *tractors*. Indeed, Yankee speculations have seldom been more successful; for Mr. Perkins went to En-

gland, and obtained the royal letters patent, securing to him the pecuniary advantages of his valuable discovery; and he is said to have returned home with ten thousand pounds sterling, which he had received for the use of his "tractors." But this soothing charm was soon after broken by Drs. Haygarth and Falkner, of Bath, England, who made sundry experiments with *wooden* tractors, attended with the same astonishing results as when made with metallic; and further to show the marvelous power of the imagination in such cases, the wooden tractors were so painted as to have the exact resemblance to metallic tractors. This was the end of this most empty, though most successful, delusion.

Another example of the almost omnipotent influence of the imagination, is seen in the supposed cure of the king's evil by the touch of the king's hand. The good people of England cherished the belief for nearly seven hundred years, that the simple touch of the royal hand was an infallible cure of this malady, hence called "The King's Evil." This method was first exercised by Edward III., in 1041, and continued in practice till the death of Charles II., in 1685. As late as 1807, a farmer in Devonshire, England, who was the *ninth* son of the *ninth* son, officiated for the cure of the king's evil by the touch, and in many cases with equal success; and, in this country, it is well known that peculiar medical efficacy is in the power of the *seventh* son of a *seventh* son, in the opinion of the sufficiently credulous.

That the imagination may exert as potent an agency to *kill* as to *heal*, is clear from the testimony of missionaries among the natives of islands in both the Pacific and Indian Oceans. In New-Zealand there is a class of men called "*Areekee*," a sort of priests, who profess to have intercourse with departed spirits, by which means they are able to kill any person against whom they chance to cherish antipathy. Numbers are said to fall a prey to their credulity as to the malignant power of these wicked impostors; for, imagining that they are the objects of those secret, malign agencies, some are said actually to pine away, despair, and die. Mr. Stewart, our own countryman, who went on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, some thirty-five years since, witnessed several instances of languishment and death from pure credence in the fatal potency of those necromancers. This fatal effect was wrought through the imagination alone, the victim dying simply through fear.

In a poor-house in Harlem, in Holland, a girl, under the influence of fear, fell into a convulsive disease, which returned in regular paroxysms. A by-stander, seeing her, was seized with a similar fit, which also returned at regular intervals. It spread until all the children, boys and girls, were affected in the same manner. No sooner was one taken than the whole company was seized with paroxysms. The skill of the attendant physician was exhausted in vain. Application was then made to Dr. Boerhaave. He soon discovered that the disease was communicated from one to another simply by *sight*, through the imagination alone, and that it must be reached through the minds of the sufferers rather than through their bodies. Having caused several furnaces to be placed in the chamber, containing live coals, and irons bent in a peculiar manner placed in the fire, he asserted that all remedies would be useless, and that the only cure would be to burn the arm to the bone with the red-hot iron. The result was triumphant; there were no more spasms; the disease at once disappeared; it was caused and cured through the imagination.

In Chelmsford, Massachusetts, not many years since, a man had six children, one of whom was afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance. The others amused themselves with imitating his gestures till they were affected in a similar manner. The family were greatly afflicted. But the father conceived the idea of an experiment to cure the disease. He brought in a block of wood and an ax, and solemnly threatened to take off the head of the first child which should make any more of those gestures, except the one originally affected. The spell was effectually broken, and the family relieved from this source of affliction. But examples illustrative of the power of the imagination need not be multiplied.

As there is a tendency to progress in almost everything, so has it been with Mesmerism; and, as phrenology is traceable to an original attempt to improve upon Lavater's system of Physiognomy,

so, in like manner, the efforts at research and improvement in Mesmerism have resulted in a sort of electrico-psychology. It has been found possible, with certain antecedents and circumstances, to bring the body and mind of one person under the perfect control of another for the time being. Divested of all fraud and false pretense, the various phenomena which are actually produced constitute what we understand by what may be termed Mesmeric psychology. From this point we must view Mesmerism under names and combinations so new and various that the family resemblance between the parent and the numerous offspring is not always apparent. It is enough that a vital relation subsists between them.

That there was a philosophy in Mesmerism, in its original form, we have already seen; and that there is a philosophy in it in all its subsequent phases, names, and combinations, excepting, of course, whatever is really counterfeit and fraudulent, we as fully believe. The latest and best exposition of the whole matter in its present aspect, which has come to our knowledge, is furnished by one who claims to have devoted much time to the study and practice of its principles. His theory, true or false, is based upon a foundation which he believes is sufficiently broad, deep, and strong to sustain the entire fabric of the so-called Spiritualism. And we will here say, that though we do not endorse his views in all respects, still, in a practical light, they seem to meet the case quite well. He fancies that the whole procedure, aside from practical fraud designed to impose upon the weak and credulous, may be accounted for, invisible spirits apart, on principles really philosophical. He maintains that every part of the human system, mental and physical, is in a sense double; that the brain conforms to this invariable rule. The front part, called the *cerebrum*, is the seat, and consequent organ, of the *voluntary* mental powers. The other part, called the *cerebellum*, is the seat of the *involuntary* mental powers. On this hypothesis, it is the office of the back brain to be the organ of all our passive mental susceptibilities, to receive impressions through the five senses, which are involuntary, since, when there is contact between the object and the given sense, the organ always gives notice of the presence of the former. In a sense the mind is also double, because the involuntary mental powers or susceptibilities in the back brain receive all the sensations resulting from contact with outward objects, and is the residence of all our intuitions and instincts. But it does not reason, will, or compare, as does the voluntary department of mind in the front brain. Still, it intuitively knows, and, so to speak, involuntarily reasons. Hence, when the subject is in a Mesmeric, cataleptic, or electro-psychologic state, it grasps the scepter and wields it over the whole mental realm, compelling will and reason to bow to its imperial mandate; and though each brain may in some sense manifest its intelligence separate from and independent of the other, still there is a close sympathy and an undisturbed harmony between them. Thus, practically, all impressions received through the senses first enter the involuntary department of mind, whence they become subjects of thought, volitions, and judgments to the voluntary mental powers. To make the distinction still more clear between the voluntary and involuntary mental powers; by the voluntary are meant those by which we will and act, by which we move our limbs, tongue, and bodies. But over the motions of the heart, lungs, and organs of digestion, all those functions on which life depend, by direct volition we have no control. All these movements depend, it is maintained, on the *involuntary* powers of the mind acting through the *nerves*. In proof that these two forces belong to the *mind*, separate the soul from the body, and all motion, both voluntary and involuntary, instantly ceases.

On the hypothesis under consideration the faculty called *instinct* demands special attention. It is a spontaneous tendency in man and animals, which prompts to do whatever is needful for the preservation of life and the species. It is an intuition, and has power to move the voluntary mental powers to will and to act. Take the infant, for example, of only a few hours old. It seems to say that food exists, and that it needs it to live, shaping its mouth most philosophically to draw its natural beverage from its maternal fountain. The young bird opens its mouth for food as soon as it can raise its head, and before its eyes are open. Instinct sometimes seems almost invested with

actual prescience. For it has been remarked that if swallows make their holes in the river banks higher than usual, we may be sure of a high freshet. They have been known, it is said, to desert a barn which they previously occupied before it was struck with lightning. The duckling will start for the water almost with the shell on its back, to the great alarm of the foster-mother which had performed the task of incubation, whose instinct leads her to regard the water as her grave.

. And the mind, of which instinct constitutes one faculty, it is held, is never entirely at rest. Its voluntary powers only can suspend their exercise; it can cease to think, will, and reason; it does suspend all these functions in sleep. But its involuntary powers continue in motion because they have no power to cease. And yet there is an indissoluble connection between the two departments of mental powers, and a strong tendency to sympathize with each other, and blend in one common state and mode of action, through the influence of *habit* as well as *imagination*. Sometimes they act singly and sometimes in conjunction. To exemplify this, take the boy who has the perfect command of his vocal organs, and let him imitate his stuttering playmate, toward whom he feels a strong sympathy, and he is soon confirmed in the same evil practice. The involuntary powers gain the complete ascendency over the voluntary. But without a vivid imagination this dominion is ordinarily gained by length of time and slow degrees; in combination with such an imagination this ascendency may be both sudden and complete. An example illustrative occurred in a nunnery in France, in which, from some strong impulse, one of the nuns began to *mew* like a cat. The contagion spread immediately throughout the institution. Nothing could arrest the infatuation till the pope issued his bull, threatening all who should persist in this feline imitation with the severest penance. This turned the imagination into another channel, and thus broke the spell.

Another example of the power of sudden impressions is furnished in the *biting mania*, which is said to have spread some years since, from convent to convent, through a large part of Germany and Holland, and even as far as Rome itself. One nun fell to biting her companions, then another did the same, and the frenzy spread like the plague among the nuns over the countries just named.

The following, containing a singular combination of the grave and the ludicrous, illustrates how suddenly and how far persons may be carried away, when they yield themselves up to fanaticism. Taking the words of the Saviour—"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven"—in a literal sense, an individual, it is said, commenced playing marbles in the broad aisle of the church. Others involuntarily joined him. An old man undertook to expostulate, saying he thought it was carrying matters rather too far. On hearing this, an old lady who was kneeling by the marble-players, sprang to her feet, seized her umbrella, and taking a side-saddle seat on it, rode down the aisle in full childlike glee. Seeing this, the old man could not resist the impulse, but striding his cane like a boy, rode down the aisle after her, exclaiming, in a sing-song tone, "O, my dear brethren and sisters, I feel the full childlike spirit carrying me to heaven on a wooden hoss."

A similar contagious fanaticism, called the *jerks*, spread about fifty years since over large portions of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. It showed itself in a spasmodic action of the muscles, under which the subject could not stand on his feet, but falling on the ground, would sometimes roll over and over, twitching and tossing in the most violent manner. Those who have witnessed examples say they have seen ladies in these strange clonic spasms twitch the hair-combs from their heads. It seized the wicked as well as pious; and often those who regarded it with the greatest abhorrence; but seldom those of a cold and phlegmatic temperament.

Let us proceed next to examine the connection between all this and those phenomena denominated Spiritualism; assuming the reality of the phenomena exhibited by "circles"—counterfeit and fraud apart—and that the cause, though latent, is philosophical. The reader must form his own opinion as to the feasibility of the view herein submitted. It may be true as a whole, and yet not veritable in all its parts.

"The entire passivity of the voluntary powers of the mind and of the voluntary nerves," it is said, "is the cause of unduly

charging the involuntary powers with too great an electro-nervous force; and the result is, those singular manifestations which are so confidently attributed to the agency of spirits." "Being thus charged, the voluntary powers, doubtless, have some agency in producing the sounds [or raps] by a concentrated expectation; thus aiding the involuntary powers to produce an equilibrium, there being a sympathetic connection between the two forces."

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And this mesmeric state, it is claimed, may be self-induced. "All that is necessary is that the person seat himself, entirely passive, in a room where he will not be disturbed, and fix his attention for an hour upon some object he may hold in his hand, not turning his eyes from it, but keep a constant and steady gaze. Let this course be persevered in daily till the state is induced. When one has acquired the facility of putting himself into the mesmeric state, allowing he has the due electro-nervous impressibility, he is adapted to become a medium." "The condition of a good medium can be attained through the entire passivity or resignation of all the voluntary powers of mind and body; but by those persons *only* who are naturally in the electro-psychological state, or who involuntarily or by mental abstraction pass instantly into, and out of, the mesmeric state, or who readily fall into a cataleptic condition. Hence mediums are more or less perfect in proportion to the excellence of their involuntary nervous development, and its susceptibility to a psychological or mesmeric impression. Some persons are naturally in the electro-psychological state, were born in it, live in it, and will die in it. All such become mediums of the first class, and by practice become perfect; for practice, after all, has much to do with this matter, as it tends to establish a habitude of action upon the nervous system, as it does upon everything else in mortal life to which it can be applied."

On the contrary, we are told that there are persons who are susceptible of only imperfect nervous impressibility. And there may be some on whom no visible psychological impression can be made, and yet by long practice, unwearied patience, and perseverance, they may become writing mediums, and such as move tables and other furniture by contact.

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Another mode is by charging the table from a living battery of many human hands, and then attracting or repelling it without contact, or raising it as high as their heads by a concentration of their minds upon the object, and the slightest touch from the entire circle. This is by far the most mysterious, and yet the noblest and most interesting mode, and cannot but strike the mind with astonishment and delight. Though far more difficult than the rising of a balloon, because the table is more solid, it is equally simple. The millions of pores in the table are filled with electro-magnetism, which is inconceivably lighter than the gas which inflates the balloon. And possessing the power of attraction and repulsion, the table will follow the hands whence it is charged, and with the slightest united effort from the fingers of the surrounding circle, it can be raised as high as their heads, but no higher, without the aid of any spirits but their own.

There are persons who profess to be magnetized by some spirit, and then firmly believe such spirit makes use of their organs, conversing with any in the circle to whom they imagine such spirit directs his or her hand. In such case the person will often successfully imitate the voice and manner which distinguished the absent person when alive. But who does not know that persons can mesmerize themselves by a mental abstraction, or by falling into the mesmeric state under any strong impression? And who does not know that you can make a person in the mesmeric state believe that he is some other person, when he will instinctively endeavor to speak and act like that person, whether he is alive or dead? All such questions, instead of being unanswerable or even difficult, scarcely involve the alphabet of mesmeric or psychological phenomena.

It is contended that the medium does not rap, tip tables, nor move furniture, but that these are done by invisible spirits. This is not only palpably inconsistent, but a blank contradiction to what is uniformly admitted as to all other supposed spirit manifestations. For example, it is claimed that the spirit uses the medium's organs to speak, his hands to write. Why, then, does not the said spirit electro-magnetically use the medium's fingers, toes, joints, or whole body, to rap and tip tables? This must follow, to be consistent with other assumed acts of spirits. All the phenomena, or none, must be through their agency. Deny that the medium makes the raps, moves tables, &c., in what sense is he a medium? If his head does the writing, and his voice and organs the speaking, why do not his hands and feet, electro-magnetically or otherwise, as obviously do the rapping and table-moving? This admitted, and it cannot be denied, where are the spirit manifestations? Should it be said the medium does not do these, but spirits; in what sense then is he a medium in tipping, moving furniture, or rapping, more than any other person in the room? In a word, are mediums able to induce spirits to move a table without first charging it electro-magnetically by contact with their own hands? Let these professed mediums enter a room, and not touch the table, and then cause it to be tipped, raised, or moved, and the demonstration is complete. But this cannot be done. Spiritualism cannot abide such a test. But if, on the contrary, the furniture is tipped or moved through the intervention of the medium's own hands, where is the proof that it is done by the agency of spirits? The fact is, were half the sagacity employed to ascertain the true philosophical explanation of this mesmeric, magnetic, cataleptic, electro-nervous table-tipping, alphabet-spelling, and medium-writing phenomena, which has been put in requisition to justify its claims to being the result of spiritual agency, the honest but real delusion of many, and the fraudulent pretenses of others, would long since have been relieved or detected, and this master humbug of the age completely exploded.

How do these pseudo-devout circles, sitting in ludicrous, mock-grave, silent expectation, with their hands so placidly laid on the table round which you see them most demurely seated, waiting for the token of presence, not of the Holy Spirit, but some one of the countless myriads of the disembodied called back to order—how does all this senseless, not to say profane mummery, compare with those well-authenticated instances of prophetic inspiration contained in the Sacred Record? Look at the *ends* contemplated in those veritable revelations. Was it not to declare the Divine will, or to promote in some way the best good of man? It was never done to serve individual, interested, or sordid purposes—to gratify trifling, selfish, silly curiosity. What a burlesque upon patriarchs, prophets, apostles, to conceive them engaged themselves, or employing mediums, by raps and moving furniture, to spell out their sublime messages from heaven! They are chargeable with no such folly. No such antecedents or accompaniments mar their well-attested communications, their disclosures from Omniscience, as tilting tables, tossing and breaking furniture, and shattering windows! These betoken the presence of such spirits as our modern necromancers profess to evoke. And what could be more characteristic?

It is but justice, however, to the acknowledged integrity and respectability of some who endorse the mesmeric speculation in question, and give it their fullest confidence, to concede their perfect honesty and candor. Over them credulity has gained the complete ascendency. It is equaled only by their incredulity as to any

exposition of those marvelous phenomena exhibited by mediums, on anything like philosophical principles. Their jaundiced eye invests every object in that connection with a morbid hue. In many cases they have passed from obstinate doubt to blind credulity and persistent and passive acquiescence. Nor should this revulsion be counted strange. For human nature is so constituted that the greater the opposition, skepticism, and vigilance which a talented man shall cherish to anything which challenges his faith and his confidence, by so much the greater will be his credulity under a total reaction. Like the pendulum, he oscillates to the opposite extreme. He has changed his relative position to the contemplated object; but retains the blinding obstinacy and credulous passiveness, strangely blended as they really are, which previously marked his character. In verification, it would be easy to recount a long list of names which once stood in honorable association with the laity, clergy, scholars, judges, and senators. But space forbids, and they will readily suggest themselves to the intelligent reader without being recounted.

We will only add in conclusion, that spiritualism, as it is called, like mesmerism, of which it is a legitimate offspring, is fast becoming a matter of history. Like other delusions which multiplied their votaries and their victims, it has numbers of both, and will also have its day. It is destined, like them, to pass away as the greatest marvel of its kind of the nineteenth century; leaving coming generations to look with astonishment at the almost unparalleled gullibility of the present most enlightened age, which rendered it competent to the task of swallowing down a delusion, or of endorsing a fraud, as the case may have been, which would have been a match for the dark ages. But in the end it will prove harmless to sound Christianity, when the perfect contrast between the false and the true shall have been duly considered. There is good reason to believe it will conduce alike to a firmer faith in the solid and true, in religion and sound philosophy, and lead to a more careful and rigid scrutiny into the wonderful susceptibilities of the human mind, and that inscrutable connection which it holds with its present material tenement, and, through this, with the material universe.

LITTLE CHARLIE—A LAMENT.

O sunshine, making golden spots
  Upon the carpet at my feet—
The shadows of the coming flowers!
The phantoms of forget-me-nots
  And roses red and sweet:
How can you seem so full of joy,
  And we so sad and sore?
Angel of Death! again thy wings
  Are folded at our door!

We can but yearn through length of days
For something lost, we fancied ours;
We'll miss thee, darling, when the Spring
  Has touch'd the world in flowers!
For thou wast like that dainty month
Which strews the violets at its feet:
Thy life was slips of golden sun
And silver tear-drops buried sweet!
For thou wast light, and thou wast shade,
And thine were sweet, capricious ways!
Now lost in purple languors, now
No bird in ripe red summer days
  Was half as wild as thou!
O little Presence! everywhere
We find some touching trace of thee—
A pencil mark upon the wall
That "naughty hands" made thoughtlessly;
And broken toys around the house—
Where he has left them they have lain,
Waiting for little busy hands
That will not come again,
Will never come again!

Within the shrouded room below
He lies a-cold—and yet we know
  It is not Charlie there!
It is not Charlie cold and white,
It is the robe that in his flight
  He gently cast aside!
Our darling hath not died!
O rare pale lips! O clouded eyes!
  O violet eyes grown dim!
Ah well! this little lock of hair
  Is all of him!
Is all of him that we can keep
For loving kisses, and the thought
Of him and Death may teach us more
Than all our life has taught.

God, walking over starry spheres,
  Did clasp his tiny hand,
And led him, through a flood of tears,
  Into the Mystic Land!
Angel of Death! we question not;
Who asks of Heaven, "Why does it rain?"
Angel! we bless thee, for the kiss
Hath hush'd the lips of Pain!
No "Wherefore," or "To what good end?"
Shall out of doubt and anguish creep
  Into our thought. We bow our heads:
He giveth his Beloved sleep!

True devotion consists in having our hearts always devoted to God, as the sole fountain of all happiness; and who is ready to hear and help his otherwise helpless, miserable creatures. — *Bishop Wilson.*

A FAMILY ON THE WING.

THIS is the age of complainings. Nobody suffers in silence; nobody breaks his or her heart in secrecy and solitude: they all take "the public" into their confidence; the convenient public, which, like murder,

> "Hath no tongue, but speaks
> With most miraculous organ;"

of course it is neither the confider's fault nor yet the confidant's, if the winds sometimes whisper that King Midas has asses' ears.

Mine is no such confession. I have no gossip to retail of my neighbors: I am a very quiet gentleman of forty or so, who prefer confining my interests and observations to my own household, my own immediate family. Ay, there lies my inevitable grief, there lurks my secret wrong; I am the unhappy elder brother of a family involved in love affairs.

The fact has dimly dawned upon me, widening by degrees, ever since I took upon myself the charge of my five sisters, aged from about — but Martha might object to my particularizing. Good little Patty! what a merry creature she was when she went nutting and fishing with me. And what ugly dresses she has taken to wearing, poor dear! And why can't she speak as gently when scolding the servants, as I remember our sweet-voiced pretty mother used always to do? And why, in spite of their position, will she persist in calling Mr. Green, with a kind of frigid solemnity, "Mr. Green?" But he does not seem to mind it; probably he never was called anything else. He is a very worthy person, nevertheless, and I have a great respect for him. When my sister Martha—Miss Heathcote, as she has been from her cradle—by letter announced to me that she intended to relinquish that title for the far less euphonious one of Mrs. Green, I was, to say the least of it, surprised. I had thought, for various reasons, (of no moment now,) that my eldest sister was not likely to marry—I rather hoped she would not. We might have been so comfortable, poor Patty and I. However, I had no business to interfere with either her happiness or her destiny; so when, the first Sunday after my arrival at home, a cozy carriage drove up the avenue, and a bald, rather stout little man got out, to be soberly introduced to me as "Mr. Green," I submitted to the force of circumstances, and to the duties of a brother-in-law.

He has dined with us every Sunday since. He and I are capital friends. Regularly, when the ladies retire, he informs me how stocks have been selling during the past week, and which is the safest railway to buy shares in for the week following. A most worthy person, I repeat; will make a kind husband, and I suppose Martha likes him; but—however, poor girl, she is old enough to judge for herself, and it is no business of mine. Some time before long, I shall give her away—quietly, without any show; I shall see her walk down the church aisle with old Mr. Green; he in his best white waistcoat, and she in her sober gray poplin, that she insists on being married in—not the clear soft muslin and long lace veil I quite well remember seeing Patty working at and blushing over, we won't say how many years ago. Well, women are better married, they say, but I think I would rather have had Martha an old maid.

My second sister, Angeline, was fifteen when I left home; and the very loveliest creature I ever beheld. Everybody knew it, everybody acknowledged it. She could not walk down the street without people turning to look after her; she could not enter a room without creating a general whisper: "Who is she?" The same thing continued as she grew up to womanhood. All the world was at her feet; everybody said she would make a splendid marriage; and I do believe Angeline herself had the fullest confidence in that probability. She refused lovers by the dozen: every letter I got told me of some new slaughter of Miss Angeline's. I would have pitied the poor fellows, only she was such a dazzling beauty, and no man falls out of love so safely as a man who falls in love with a beauty. I never heard that anybody died, either by consumption, cord, or pistol, through the cruelty of my sister Angeline.

But, like most cruel damsels, she paid the penalty of her hard-heartedness; when I came home I found Angeline Heathcote Angeline Heathcote still. Beautiful yet, beautiful exceedingly; a walking picture, a visible poem: it was a real pleasure to me to have such a beautiful creature about

the house. Though people did say, with a mysterious shake of the head, that, handsome as she was, if I had only seen my sister two or three years ago! And Angeline herself became tenacious on the subject of new gowns, and did not like it to be generally known whether she or Charlotte was the elder. Good, plain, merry Charlotte, who never thought about either her looks or her age!

Yet Charlotte was the first who brought me into trouble; that trouble which I am now called upon to bemoan. I had not been at home three months, when there came a young gentleman—a very lively and pleasant young gentleman too—who sang duets with the younger girls, and made himself quite at home in my family circle. I myself did not much meddle with him, thought him a good-natured lad, and no more; until one fine morning he astonished me by requesting five minutes' conversation with me in my study. (Alas! such misfortunes come not singly; my study has never been safe from similar applications and conversations since.)

I was very kind to the young man; when he blushed, I looked another way; when he trembled, I asked him to take a chair. I listened to his stammering explanations with the utmost patience and sympathy; I even tried to help him out with them, till he came to the last clause.

Now, I do say that a man who asks you for your purse, your horse, your friendship, after only four weeks' acquaintance, has considerable courage; but a man who, after that brief period since his introduction, comes and asks you for your *sister*—why, one's first impulse is to kick him down stairs.

Happily, I controlled myself. I called to mind that Mr. Cuthbert was a very honest young fellow, and that if he did choose to risk his whole future upon the result of a month's laughing and singing, certainly it was his affair, not mine. My business solely related to Charlotte. I was just dispatching it in the quickest and friendliest manner, by advising the young fellow to go back to college and not make a fool of himself in vain, when he informed me that my consent only was required, since he and Charlotte had been a plighted couple for the space of three whole days!

I have always held certain crotchets on the paramount rights of lovers, and the wrong of interfering with any apparently sincere vows; so I sent for Lotty; talked with her: found she was just as foolish as he. That because he was the best laugher, the sweetest tenor singer, and had the handsomest moustache she knew, our lively Charlotte was quite contented to dance through life with Mr. Cuthbert, and decidedly proud of having his diamond ring on her third finger, and being considered "engaged"—as, indeed, they were likely to remain, if their minds changed not, for the next ten years. So, what could I do? Nothing but deal with the young simpletons, if such they were, according to their folly. If true, their love would have time to prove itself such; if false, they would best find out that fact by its not being thwarted. I kissed away Lotty's tears, silly child! and next Sunday I had the honor of carving for future brother-in-law number Two.

It never rains but it pours. Whether Angeline was roused at once to indignation and condescension by Charlotte's engagement, which she was the loudest in inveighing against; or whether, as was afterward reported to me, she was influenced by a certain statistical newspaper paragraph, maliciously read aloud by Mr. Cuthbert for general edification, that women's chances of matrimony were proved by the late census to diminish fourfold between the ages of thirty and thirty-five; but most assuredly Angeline's demeanor changed. She stooped to be agreeable as well as beautiful. To more than one suitor whom she had of old swept haughtily by, did she now graciously incline; and the result was, partly owing to the gayeties of this autumn's general election, that the beauty of the county held a general election on her own private account.

Alas for me! In one week I had no less than four hopeful candidates requesting "the honor of an interview" in my study.

Angeline's decision was rather dilatory; they were all such excellent matches; and, poor girl, with her beauty for her chief gift, and with all the tinsel adoration it brought her, she had never been used to think of marriage as anything more than a mere worldly arrangement. She was ready to choose a husband as she would a wedding-gown; dispassionately, carefully, as the best out of a large selection of articles, each rich and good in its own way,

and warranted to wear. She had plenty of common sense, and an acute judgment; as for her heart—

"You see, Nigel," she said to me, when weighing the respective claims and merits of Mr. Archer and Mr. Rowland Griffith Jones—"you see, I never was sentimentally inclined. I want to be married. I think I should be better married than single. Of course, my husband must be a good man; also, he should be a wealthy man; because—well—because I rather like show and splendor: it suits me." And she glanced into the mirror at something which, certainly, if any woman has any excuse for the vanities of life, might have pleaded Angeline's.

"But," I argued, half sorrowfully, as when you see an ignorant child throwing gold away, and choosing sham jewels for their pitiful glittering, "you surely would think it necessary to love your husband?"

"O yes; and I like Mr. Rowland extremely—perhaps even better than Mr. Archer—though *he* has been fond of me so long, poor fellow! But he will get over it—all men do."

So, though the balance hung for a whole week doubtful—Heaven forgive the girl! but true love was not in her nature, and how can people see further than their lights go? I was soon pretty certain that fate would decide the marriage question in favor of Jones. As Lotty said, Angeline would look magnificent in the family diamonds as Mrs. Griffith Jones. The Welsh cause triumphed; Mr. Archer quitted the field. He had been an old acquaintance; but—what was that to $50,000 a year?

After Angeline's affair was settled, there came a lull in the family epidemic—possibly because the head of the family grew savage as a bear, and for a full month his spirit hugged itself into fierce misanthropy, or rather misogyny, contemning the whole female sex, especially such as contemplated, or were contemplated in, the *un*holy estate of matrimony.

No wonder! I could not find peace in my own house; I had not my own sisters' society; not a single family fireside evening could I get from week's end to week's end; not a room could I enter without breaking in on some tête-à-tête; not a corner could I creep into without stumbling upon a pair of lovers. For a little while these fond couples kept on their good behavior toward me—preserved a degree of reserve toward each other, out of respect to the head of the house, the elder brother; but gradually it deteriorated—ceased.

My situation became intolerable. I fled the fireside; I took refuge in my study. Woe betide the next lover who should assail me there! Surely that fatality would not again arrive for some time. When the elder ones were once married away, surely I, and Constantia, and little Lizzie, might live a few years in fraternal peace, unmolested by the troubles of matrimony.

It occurred to me that in the interval of the weddings I would send for an old friend, a bachelor like myself; an honest, manly fellow, who worked hard from term to term, and got barely one brief a year. Yes, Will Launceston would keep me company; and we would spend our days in the woods, and our evenings in my study, safe out of the way of lovers, weddings, and womankind.

I had just written to him, when my sister Martha came in with a very serious face, and told me she wished for a little conversation with me.

Ominous beginning! But she was not a young man, and could not well attack me concerning any more of my sisters. At least so I congratulated myself—alas, too soon!

My sister settled herself by the fire with a serious countenance.

"My dear Nigel."

"My dear Martha."

"I wish to consult you on a matter which has recently come to my knowledge, and has given me much pain, and some anxiety as to the future."

"Indeed!" and I am afraid my tone was less sympathizing than eager, since from her troubled, nervous manner, I thought—I hoped, the matter in question indicated the secession of Mr. Green. "Go on. Is it about"—I corrected myself hypocritically—"about the girls?"

She assented.

"Whew!" a disappointed whistle, faint and low. "Still, go on. I'll listen to anything except another proposal."

Martha shook her head. "Alas! I fear it will never come to that! Brother, have you noticed?—but men never do—still, I myself have observed a great change in Constantia lately."

Now, Constantia always was different

from the other girls; liked solitude and books, talked little, and had a trick of reverie. In short, was what young people call "interesting," and old people "romantic"—the sort of creature who, did she grow up a remarkable woman, would have her youthful peculiarities carefully and respectfully noted, with "I always said there was a great deal in that girl;" but who, did she turn out nothing particular, would be laughed at, and probably would laugh at herself, for having been "very sentimental when she was young." Nevertheless, having at one time of my life shared that imputation, I was tender over the little follies of Constantia.

"I think the girl reads too much, and sits with her eyes too wide open, Martha; is rather unsocial, likewise. She wanted to get out of the way of the weddings, and positively refused to be Angeline's bridemaid."

"Ah!" sighed Martha, "that's it. Poor foolish child, to think of falling in love—"

I almost jumped off my chair. "I'll not hear a word of it—I declare I will not! I'll keep the young man off my premises with man-traps and spring-guns. Don't tell me of another 'engagement.'"

"No chance of that;" and Martha shook her head more drearily than ever. "Poor child, I fear it is an unfortunate attachment!"

I brightened up—so much so, that my sister looked, nay, gently hinted, her conviction that I was a "brute." She expected I would have been as sorry as she was!

"No, Martha; I am rather glad. Glad, after my experience of these 'fortunate' love-affairs, to find that one of my sisters has had the womanly courage, unselfishness, and simplicity to conceive an 'unfortunate' attachment."

Perhaps this speech hurt Martha, and yet it need not. She and I both knew and respected one another's youth; and if we differed in opinion concerning our middle age, why—I was as likely to be wrong as she.

She did not at first reply; and then, without comment, she explained to me her uneasiness about Constantia. The girl had long played confidante to Mr. Archer in the matter of Angeline, and, as often happens, the confidante had unwittingly taken too great interest in one of her principals, until she found herself envying the lot of the other. When Mr. Archer's dismissal finally broke off all his intercourse with our family, there was one of my sisters who missed him wearily, cruelly; and that was—not Angeline.

I was touched. Now, no doubt Constantia had been very foolish; no doubt she had nourished and encouraged this fancy, as romantic girls do, in moonlight walks and solitary dreams; hugging her pain, and deluding herself that it was bliss. Little doubt, likewise, that the feeling would wear itself out, or fade slowly away in life's stern truths; but at present it was a most sincere passion, sad and sore. Foolish and romantic as it might be, in itself and in its girlish demonstrations, I could not smile at it. It was a real thing, and as such to be respected.

Martha and I held counsel together, and acted on the result. We took Constantia under our especial charge; we gave her books to read, visits to pay, work to do; keeping her as much as possible with one or other of us, and out of the way of the childish flirtation of Cuthbert and Charlotte, or the formal philandering of Mr. Rowland and the future Mrs. Griffith Jones. And if sometimes, as Lizzie told me—my little Lizzie, who laughed at love and lovers with the lightness of sixteen—Constantia grew impatient with Lotty's careless trifling, and curled her lip scornfully when Angeline paraded the splendors of her *trousseau*, we tried to lead the girl's mind out of herself, and out of dreamland altogether, as much as possible.

"But suppose," Lizzie sagely argued; "suppose, when Angeline is married, Mr. Archer should come back: he always liked Constantia extremely. Who knows but—"

I shook my head, and desired the little castle-builder to hold her tongue.

She was our sole sharer of the secret; and I must say, though she laughed at her now and then, Lizzie was extremely loving and patient with Constantia. After a time, we left the two girls wholly to one another, more especially as my time was now taken up with my friend Launceston.

O the comfort, the relief, of the society of a man!—a real, true man—who had some sterling aim and object in life; some steady work to do; some earnest interest

in the advance of the world, the duties and pursuits of his brother men; who was neither handsome, witty, nor accomplished; who rarely shone in ladies' society; in fact, rather eschewed it than otherwise.

I was fond of Launceston: I wished my family to like him too; but they were all too busy about their own affairs. Evening after evening, I could not get a single one of my sisters to make tea for us, or give us a little music afterward, except the pale, dull-looking Constantia, or my bonny rose of June, little Lizzie. At last, we four settled into a small daily company, and went out together, read together, talked together continually. I kept these two younger ones as much as possible in our unromantic, practical society, that not only my mind, but Launceston's, in its thorough cheerfulness and healthiness of tone, might unconsciously have a good influence upon Constantia.

The girl's spirit slowly began to heal. She set aside her dreaming, and took with all the energy of her nature to active work — women's work — charity-school teaching, village-visiting, and the like. She put a little too much "romance" into all she did still; but there was life in it, truth, sincerity.

"Miss Constantia will make an admirable lady-of-all-work," said Launceston in his quaint way, watching her with his kindly and observant eyes. "The world wants such. She will find enough to do."

And so she did: enough to steal her too from my side, almost as much as the three *fiancées*. The circle in my study dwindled gradually down to Lizzie, Launceston, and me.

We were excellent company still, we three. I had rarely so much of my pet sister's society: I had never found it so pleasant. True, she was shyer than usual, probably from being with us two older and wiser men; but she listened to our wisdom so sweetly; she bore with our dry, long-worded learning so patiently, that my study never seemed itself unless I had the little girl seated at my feet, or sewing quietly in the window-corner. And then she was completely a "little girl;" had no forward ways; no love-notions, or, ten times worse, marriage-notions, crossing her innocent brain. I felt sure I could take her into my closest heart, form her mind and principles at my will, and one day make a noble woman of her, after the pattern of ——. But I never mention *that* sacred name.

I loved Lizzie—loved her to the core of my heart. Sometimes with fatherly, more than even brotherly pride, I used to talk to Launceston of the child's sweetnesses, but he always gave me short answers. It was his way. His laconism in most things was really astonishing for a man under thirty.

One day, when Angeline's grand wedding was safely over, and the house had sunk into a pathetic quietness that reminded one of the evening after a funeral, at least so I thought, Launceston and I fell into a discussion, which stirred him into more demonstrativeness than usual. The subject was men, women, and marriages.

"I am convinced," he said, "that I shall never marry."

It was not my first hearing of this laudable determination; so I let it pass, merely asking his reasons.

"Because my whole conscience, principles, and feelings go against the system of matrimony, as practiced in the world, especially the world of womankind. All the courting and proposing, the presents and the love-letters, the dinners to relatives and congratulations of friends, the marriage guests and marriage settlements, the white lace, white satin, and white favors. Heigh-ho, Heathcote, what fools men are!"

I was just about to suggest the possibility of one, say two, wise men among our sex, when in stole a white fairy—my pretty Lizzie, in her bridemaid's dress. Her presence changed the current of the conversation; until, from some remark she made about a message Angeline had left as to the proper way of inserting her marriage in the papers to-morrow, our talk imperceptibly fell back into the old channel.

"I, like you, Launceston, though I love the institution, hate the whole nonsense by which it is attended. It begins when miss, at school, learns that it is the apex of feminine honor to be a bride—the lowest deep of feminine humiliation to die an old maid. It goes on when she, a young lady at home, counts her numerous 'offers;' taking pride in what ought to be either a regret or a humiliation. It ends when, time slipping by, she drops into the usual belief that nobody ever marries her first love; so takes the best match she can

find, and makes marriage, which is merely the visible sign and crowning of love, the pitiful dishonored substitute for it. I declare solemnly, I have seen many a wife whom I held to be little better than—no wife at all."

I had forgotten my little sister's presence; but she did not seem to hear me; nor Launceston either, for that matter. His earnestness had softened down; he sat, very thoughtful, over against the window where Lizzie had taken her sewing—what a pretty picture she made!

"I should not like thee to go the way of the world, my little girl; and yet I should be satisfied to give thee away some day, quietly, in a white muslin gown and a straw bonnet, to some honest man that loved thee, and was loved so well, that Lizzie would never dream of marryiug any other, and would have been quite content, if need be, to live an old maid for his sake to the end of her day. That's what I call love—eh, my girl?"

Lizzie drooped her head, blushing deeply, of course; girls always do.

Launceston said, in a tone so low that I really started: "Then you do believe in true love, after all?"

"God forbid I should not; perhaps the more earnestly because of its numberless follies, disguises, and counterfeits. Nay" —and now when, after this gay marriage-morning, the evening was sinking gray and dull, my mind inclined pensively, even tenderly to the sister who had gone, the other two sisters who were shortly going away from my hearth forever—"nay, as since in the falsest creeds there lurks, I believe, a modicum of absolute truth, I would fain hope that in the poorest travesty or masquerade of love, one might find a fragment of the sterling commodity. Still, my Lizzie, dear, when all our brides are gone, let us hope that for a long time we shall have no more engagements."

"You object to engagements?" said Lizzie, speaking timidly and downfaced—as I like to see a young girl speak on this subject.

"Why, how should you like it yourself, my little maid? To be loved, wooed, and wedded, in public, for the benefit of an amused circle of friends, neighbors, and connections.

"Perhaps you are right," said Launceston vehemently. "No man ought to place the girl he loves in such a position. Whatever it costs him, he ought to leave her free—altogether free—and offer her nothing until he can offer her his hand."

"Bless my soul, Launceston, what are you in such excitement about! Has anybody been offering himself to *your* sister? Because—you mistook me. Ask her, or Lizzie, or any good woman, if they would feel flattered by a gentleman's acting in the way you propose? As if his hand, with the ring in it, were everything to them, and himself and his love nothing at all!"

Launceston laughed uneasily. "Well, but what did you mean? A—a friend of mine would like to know your opinion on this matter."

"My opinion is simply—an opinion. Every man is the best judge of his own affairs, especially love affairs. As the Eastern proverb says: 'Let not the lions decide for the tigers.' But I think, did *I* love a woman," (and it pleased me to know I was but speaking out *her* mind who, years ago, lived and died, in her fond simplicity wiser than any of these,) "did I love a woman, I would like to tell her so, just to herself; no more. I would like to give her my love to rest on, to receive the help and consolation of hers. I would like her to feel that through all chances and changes she and I were *one;* one, neither for foolish child's play nor headlong passion, but for mutual strength and support, holding ourselves responsible both to Heaven and to each other for our life and our love; one, indissolubly—one in this world, and, we pray, one in the world everlasting."

Was I dreaming? Did I actually see my friend Launceston take, unforbidden, my youngest sister's hand, and hold it, firmly, tenderly, fast? Did I hear, with my own natural ears, Lizzie's soft little sob, not of grief certainly, as she slipped out of the room, as swift and silent as a moonbeam? Eh! what! Good heavens! Was there ever any creature so blind as a middle-aged elder brother!

Well, as I told Launceston, it was all my own fault; and I must bear it stoically. Perhaps, on the whole, things might have been worse, for he is a noble fellow, and no wonder the child loves him. They cannot be married just yet; meanwhile Lizzie and I keep the matter between ourselves. They are very happy—God bless them!—and so am I.

THE WORLD OF INSECTS.

AND why should not insects have a world of their own, just as well as you and I? Is the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast a bit more unreal than Almack's or the Carlton? Don't grasshoppers feast? don't they and their family connections, the locusts, gormandize, and devour, and swallow up everything? Don't butterflies flutter, and flirt, and perform the polka and the varsovienne in the air, and display their fine clothes with gratified vanity? Did no young dragon-fly, with brilliant prospects, ever get married to the horseleech's daughter, and repent of the alliance after it was too late? If philosophic fiction has created a Micromegas, that is to say a Mr. Little-big, romantic natural history may surely record the saying and doings of the Megamicroses, or the Messieurs Biglittles. Vast souls often dwell in undersized bodies. Neither Napoleon nor the Duke of Wellington could have earned sixpence a day by following the profession of giants at fairs; nor would they have been cordially received by the amateurs of calves in silks, liveries, powdered heads, and six feet two. Is not the succession in an Oriental empire, and in a bee-hive, regulated on exactly similar principles? The reigning sovereign keeps the nearest heirs to the throne imprisoned in palaces; now and then murdering the most promising rivals.

To know the world of insects perfectly, one must lead the life of an insect; one must be an insect one's self. And therein lies the great impediment to our knowledge. The feelings and thoughts of animals not far removed constitutionally from ourselves, we can guess at intuitively. A novelist of genius, who has closely observed human nature, is able to assume mentally the characteristics of the leading varieties of mankind. A Thackeray, a Balzac, a Molière, a Shakspeare, can be for a time, murderers, misers, heartless worldlings, weak hypochondriacs, ambitious prelates, heart-broken parents, delicate-minded women. Every phase of life is theirs to learn, to put on, and to wear, as were they to the manor born. In like manner, an observant naturalist watches the habits and affections of his favorites, till he can become one of themselves, whenever need be. Audubon could have acted the vulture, the humming-bird, the passenger-pigeon, or the Canada goose, to the life, when once he had been fitted with the feather costume. Jules Gérard could change himself into a perfect camel, hyena, or lion, by an act of his will. Were Yarrel clad in a herring's scales, he would never commit the mistake of migrating annually from the Arctic circle to the British coasts, as prated of by Pennant; nor would he, disguised as a goatsucker, ever dream of sucking goats. Is not the person defective in intelligence and sympathy who cannot thoroughly enter into the feelings of a dog or an elephant? The world of such creatures lies within the limits of the world of men, though our world extends considerably beyond the boundaries of theirs.

But the world of insects lies not on our terrestrial map. Perhaps it may have a closer relationship with life as it goes in the planets Venus and Mercury, which, from their nearer approach to the sun, may abound with a gigantic insect population. We are cut off from all communion with insects; we cannot look into their eyes, nor catch the expression of their faces. Their very senses are merely conjectural to us; we know not exactly whether they have ears to hear, a palate to taste, or a voice to speak. For a noise mechanically produced is not a voice. The rattling of a stork's bill is not a vocal sound, any more than the alarum of a rattle-snake's tail; neither is the chirping of the male crickets, which is produced by the rubbing together of their wing-cases, as has been proved by rubbing them together artificially. The death's-head sphynx causes consternation among the superstitious by the peculiar squeaking sound which it has the power of making; but it is not a cry emitted from the chest through the throat and mouth. If, therefore, in an existence of metempsychosis, it were possible for the transmigrated soul to remember its own successive biographies, it would be well worth while passing a few hundred years as an insect of varying species and order, before returning to the human form to write a history of past adventures. That would be the true way to learn the secret intrigues of the world of insects. To complete the natural historical education gained by such an erratic existence—to make the grand tour, in short—one ought to pass a term

of apprenticeship in the shape of a plant. A newly-arrived traveler from the vegetable kingdom, come home to the realms of flesh and blood, would explain what pleasure a leaf or flower can have in catching flies; why the sensitive plant shrinks from the most friendly caress; how the night-scented stock knows that the sun is below the horizon, while the atmosphere still remains light and warm; whether pain or pleasure be the cause which keeps the moving plant in a perpetual fidget; and whether camellia blooms like to be cut, and go to balls in pretty girls' hair. One would willingly risk all the personal tortures to be apprehended from entomologists, market gardeners, and lady's maids, to be able to solve these mysteries.

What is an insect? Their interpreter, Mr. J. W. Douglas, secretary to the Entomological Society of London, answers:

"The popular notion includes under that term spiders, crabs, and lobsters, which have some resemblance to insects; but they may be separated at once by the fact that they have more than six legs. The flea, however, is so anomalous in its structure, that its proper place in the scale of insects is disputed, some authors contending that it belongs to one order, and some to another. A true insect has six legs, four wings, an external skeleton, and undergoes certain metamorphoses. In the class Diptera, the perfect insect has two fully-developed wings; but has also two merely rudimentary ones, which are distinguished by the names of halteres, or poisers. The breeze-fly, and all two-winged flies, are examples. In Coleoptera, the perfect insect has two fully-developed wings, and two wing-cases which cover the wings. The sexton-beetle and all other beetles are examples. So that the complement of four wings is still in existence, although one pair may be leathery and of little use in flight, as with crickets and grasshoppers, or even very minute and scarcely apparent. All insects proceed from eggs laid by the female parent, except in some cases where the eggs are hatched within the body of the mother; and in a few others, as the aphides, where the ordinary method is supplied for a certain number of generations by a process which has had various interpretations, but which is quite anomalous. For the various phases of metamorphosis among insects, which is the grand law of insect life, you must make an intimate acquaintance with the creatures themselves.

One of the greatest misfortunes in this world is to lie under a wrongful imputation. Many are the victims whose success has thus been paralyzed by calumny, misunderstanding, or even by accidental mal-a-propos. Give a dog a bad name, and hang him. The same thing happens in the world of moths. The human public reasons thus: Some moths eat clothes, therefore all moths are to be exterminated. The minor proposition is made to contain the major. I have seen people assassinate the gamma-moth, (so called because its wings bear the mark of a Greek letter γ,) and the great goat-moth, whose caterpillar lives in decayed willow-trees, in revenge for an imagined attack on a Sunday coat. "O! what a big moth!" shout the anti-lepidopterous rioters. "Down with him! Kill him! No moth! No moth! If little moths make holes in my pantaloons, this one is capable of eating them up at a meal." Whereas, he may be as innocent of devouring cloth as a codfish is of swallowing iced champagne. He may even be a dress-producer, a veritable working silk-worm moth, who has already done his duty in his time, for what his furious persecutors know. Moreover, it is not in the shape of moths, but of caterpillars, that clothes-moths commit their ravages. An actual offender, (Tinea pellionella,) a very Jew of moths, to be found throughout all the stages of his existence among "old clo'," is a brown-complexioned fellow, once a caterpillar with a moveable case, who nourished himself then in some dark closet, where he made a living out of unused garments, and a house which he carried about with him. Unlike many a Christian, he provides well for his children, by depositing his eggs in the land of plenty, and thus taking forethought for their maintenance and bringing-up. Another guilty culprit is Tinea biselliella, a sleek, yellow-plush gentleman, who sidles away as you look at him. He spends his time, from youth to maturity, if not under the ermine, yet in as near an approach to it as circumstances permit. He has a dear liking for furs of all sorts; and when he comes out at last in his robes of state, no one would believe how much dirty work had been necessary to procure him all this finery.

After drawing the line between innocent and malefactor moths, let us add a word of extenuation in favor of cockroaches. As people keep cats to clear their houses of mice; as hedgehogs are converted into domestic pets, that they may munch up the black beetles that swarm by night; so, sometimes it may be expedient to keep cockroaches, that they may indulge their instinct of exterminating a still greater nuisance than themselves, namely, bugs.

Webster's Voyage of the Chanticleer informs us that cockroaches are plentiful at Saint Helena. Previous to the ship's arrival there, the crew had suffered great inconvenience from bugs; but the cockroaches no sooner made their appearance, than the bugs entirely disappeared. The cockroach preys upon them, leaving no sign or vestige where they have been; and is, so far, a most valuable and praiseworthy insect.

Although we may fancy butterflies and sphinx-moths to be the gayest creatures in existence, it is nevertheless true, that the private lives of certain lepidoptera are troubled by secret sorrows which a casual looker-on would hardly suspect. One of their insidious enemies is a plant! Herbivorous animals are well known, and are supposed to fall in conveniently with the natural order of things; a less obvious idea is, that there exist, in revenge, carnivorous vegetables. The larva of a hawk-moth, Hepialus virescens, is preyed on by the caterpillar-fungus, Sphæria Robertsii. The caterpillar buries itself in the earth to undergo transformation into the perfect insect; while it is lying dormant there, the fungus inserts a root into the nape of its neck, feeds and flourishes on the animal matter, and, without destroying the form of the victim, at last converts it into a mummy. A similar slaughter of larvæ is performed in Van Diemen's Land by a representative fungus, the Sphæria Gunnii; and another, Sphæria Sinensis, carries on the same work in China; while the S. entomorhiza tries it even in these parts, so far removed from cannibalism. Living wasps have been taken in the West Indies with a fungus growing from their bodies. Still, animal-feeders are not common among plants, unless we include those orchidaceous flowers which exasperating cultivators assert to live entirely on *hair*. Talking of hair, the skin disease by which our locks are shorn, is believed to be of fungous origin. In unfavorable seasons, silkworm caterpillars are destroyed by myriads from the ravages of a minute cryptogamic plant, or mold-fungus, which takes a fancy to grow on their outer integument.

Is everything that crawls a VERMIN, deserving only to be crushed underfoot? Mr. Douglas's report of insect doings would lead us to respite many humble victims, and at least amuse ourselves for a while with their drolleries, before carrying the sentence of death into execution. The larvæ of the pretty little Exapate gelatella are internal feeders, living principally in the decayed branches of white-thorn, and, in a great many instances, under the bark of the living stem. The apple-moth, a beautiful little creature, whose wings are studded with silvery-shining specks, as though they were inlaid with precious gems, is hatched from an egg laid, in the middle of June, in the crown of an infant apple. As soon as the egg hatches, the young grub gnaws a tiny hole, and soon buries itself in the substance of the future fruit. He takes care to make himself a ventilator and dust-hole, and then progresses to the center of the apple, where he feeds at his ease. When within a few days of being full-fed, he, for the first time, enters the core through a round hole gnawed in the hard, horny substance, which always separates the pips from the pulp of the fruit, and the destroyer now finds himself in that spacious chamber which codlings in particular always have in their center. From this time he eats only the pips, never again tasting the more common pulp, which hitherto had satisfied his unsophisticated palate; now, nothing less than the highly-flavored aromatic kernels will suit his tooth, and on these, for a few days, he feasts in luxury, till it is time for him to eat his way out again. The larvæ of many moths and butterflies, when tired of their present existence, hang themselves; but the act is anything but suicidal. They step out of their coffins as neat as new pins, smartly dressed in a fresh suit of clothes. What do you think of eggs that grow, and of eggs that have eyes? It would certainly be convenient if we could introduce a race of poultry whose oval produce should possess the former qualification of increasing in size as they lay in the egg-basket, though inexperienced housekeepers might feel a little trepidation at the angry glances shot by eggs threatened with a higher temperature than that required for hatching. In the insect world, such facts do occur. The abominable though glossy and gauzy-winged fly, which is the development of the odious gooseberry-grub, lays very soft and half-transparent white eggs. After the first day, these horrid eggs begin to grow, and before the end of a week, they have grown to three times their original

size. The head of the egg always lies toward the tip of the gooseberry-leaf, for the convenience of looking out for squalls, and is remarkable for having two black eyes, placed very far apart, and quite on the sides; indeed, so far asunder are these eyes, that, like the hind-buttons on the coat of a certain illustrious coachman, it is very difficult to bring both into the same field of view.

The humming-bird sphinx does not sit down to take its meals, but feeds, as the lark sings, on the wing, which most people would fancy to be very uncomfortable as well as difficult. But insect eccentricities are endless. Aphides think fit, during the whole of summer, to increase, like tiger-lilies, by buds; just as Sir Thomas Browne wished that mankind could be increased, like willow-trees, by cuttings. A late intelligent orang-outang was fond of taking a lady's shawl, politely and with permission, from her back, and of strutting up and down with it displayed on his own hairy shoulders; in like manner, the larva of the Coleophora gryphipeanella moth borrows the loan of a coat from a rose-leaf. Not content with eating the parenchyma, or fleshy substance between the upper and under skins of the leaf, it makes a covering for its body from the upper skin only, using as much as it wants for its wrapper, which it folds round itself in the most becoming style, leaving one end open, through which it protrudes the head and segments bearing the legs; thus attired, it walks about, always carrying its clothing with it, which, as the tenant grows, is increased from time to time by additions of more leaf. Comical things are these moving cones; like tipsy men, they seem always to be in danger of toppling over. But this mishap rarely occurs; and if by accident the caterpillar do lose its hold, it does not fall, but swings down gently by a silken thread kept in readiness for such accidents. One of the beautiful metallic Adelæ, or long-horned moths, Nemotois cupriacellus, is a sort of Amazon, having sent the gentlemen of their community so completely to Coventry, that the male insect is unknown to collectors; none but females have ever been captured. Our only hope of getting at the masculine gender lies in the astuteness of Mr. Doubleday. That gentleman, a very Ulysses in his dealings with things that fly by night, discovered the attractive powers of sallow blossoms, and about the same time found out that a mixture of sugar and beer, mixed to a consistence somewhat thinner than treacle, is a most attractive bait to all the Nocturnæ. The revolution wrought in our collections, and our knowledge of species since its use, is wonderful. Species that used to be so rare, that it seemed hopeless to think of possessing them, and others not then known at all, have become so plentiful by the use of sugar in different localities, that they are a drug in the hands of collectors and dealers. The mixture is taken to the woods, and put upon the trunks of the trees, in patches or strips, just at dusk. Before it is dark, some moths arrive, and a succession of comers continues all night through, until the first dawn of day warns the revelers to depart. The collector goes, soon after dark, with a bull's-eye lantern, a ring-net, and a lot of large pill-boxes. He turns his light full on the wetted place, at the same time placing his net underneath it, in order to catch any moth that may fall. Some species are very fond of this trick; others sit very unconcerned; and others, again, fly off at the very first glance of the bull's-eye. Once in the net, a moth is easily transferred to a pill-box, where it will remain quiet until the next morning. There are some sorts, however, that will not put up with solitary confinement so easily, and fret themselves, that is, their plumage. It is of no avail to use sugar in the vicinity of attractive flowers, such as those of sallow, lime, or ivy. Wasps and bats also come, but not to the collector's assistance. The former are attracted by the sweets, the latter by the moths; and you may see them go in before you, and pick off a beauty that you would not have lost for half a dozen sugar-loaves. Armed with sugar as a spell, the collector becomes a sorcerer, and summons to his presence at his will the moths which, like spirits, lie all around, invisible to mortal ken.

We hear a deal of talk about good men and women; pray what is a good insect? Because, sometimes one of the Geometrinæ will come to your lure, and occasionally a good beetle. Not rarely, a good insect may be seen sunning himself on the banks or fences. The Camberwell Beauty and the Purple Emperor are both, it seems, good butterflies. The Captain Bold of Halifax has a rival in the bolder butterfly, Thecla quercûs. In July you may see

the females walking about on the leaves of the oak-trees, sunning themselves, while the males are fluttering in attendance, or are pertinaciously holding a tournament in honor of their high-born dames. In these pugnacious encounters they maul each other severely, and you can hardly capture a male whose wings are free from scratches and tears. It is a pity that some sort of entomological police cannot compel such quarrelsome butterflies to keep the peace. The Tineinæ, not so named because they are tiny, have also their characteristic peculiarities. When basking on palings, Argyresthia sits with her head downward, as in a posture of reverence; Gracilaria and Ornix, on the contrary, hold up their heads, bold and pert; Elachista looks as if it tried to squeeze itself into the wood, and Nepticula hugs a corner or crevice, and then, as if not satisfied with its station, hurries off to seek another, with a self-important swagger truly ridiculous in such a little creature. Owing to the variety of economy among the larvæ of these tiny moths, there can be no general rules laid down for finding them; some are on the leaves, some roll up the leaves, others mine in their substance; some are in the flowers, others in the seeds; some are in the stems, others are in the roots; some wander about naked as when they were born; others make garments neat and tidy, or rough and grotesque. There is only one rule to be observed—Search a plant all over, and at different times of the year. You may not find the species of which you were in quest; but, then, you may discover another whose economy is unknown; or, as already more than once has happened, one not hitherto even seen in the perfect state. Thus, if you collect the dry flower-heads of wild marjoram in spring, and put them in a box in-doors, you will soon see what appear to be some of the dry calyces of the flowers, separated from the mass and walking about. Each of these contains a living larva of Gelechia subocellea, which has made itself in the previous autumn a portable dwelling out of two or three of the flowers, in which it will remain until the following July, when the perfect moth will emerge. In their habitat among the dry florets these cases can scarcely be distinguished from them.

In addition to the obvious and unavoidable difficulties which entomologists have to encounter, they have to bear up against the martyrdom of contempt which the vulgar-minded public inflicts upon them. They are ignominiously nicknamed bug-hunters, and are regarded as a species of lunatic at large. But astronomers and chemists have been equally despised. Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Priestley, and even Davy, have been pitied in their time, especially in the early part of their career, as foolish enthusiasts, whose proper place would be the mad-house, if they were not harmless. To this day, Newton, though looked up to as a philosopher by all, is looked down upon as a madman by many. What was the good, the crowd inquired, of star-gazing and pulling the elements to pieces? But great good, and profit, and safety, and lofty wisdom have been derived from studying the structure of the heavens, that is, of the universe; and from investigating the essential nature of the crude materials which compose our globe. It is not during its infancy that a science displays its wealth and lavishes its benefits. Entomology may have results in store that we wot not of.

But how are you to fathom the mysteries of insect economy, if you do not pursue and familiarize yourself with insects? Notwithstanding which, it is quite true, that society throws a wet blanket over entomology in all its branches. Take your water-net, and go to a pond or stream in quest of water-beetles, and the passers-by, if they notice you at all, will invariably think you are fishing; or, if they see what you are taking, will ask you if your captures are for baits. If you say Yes, they will think yours a profitable employment; if you say No, you may add as much more in exculpation as you like, you will only pass for a fool. So much for the popular appreciation of natural history; and for your encouragement.

Few men do more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do the least; and there cannot be a greater error than to believe a man whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be, therefore, incapable of doing hurt. There is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the meekest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in wickedness.—*Clarendon.*

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

HAGAR was, by birth, an Egyptian. By some of the ancient Rabbis, she was supposed to be of royal blood; and that supposition they incorporate into history, and make her a daughter of one of the Pharaohs.

Many interpreters of the Mosaic Record, more especially among the Jews, to the confusion of all chronology, confound her with *Keturah*, of whom, although in our Bibles it be out of its proper place, a distinct account is given by the sacred writer.

From the manner in which she is introduced and spoken of, the opinion of Chrysostom is most probable. It is, that she was one of those maid-servants given to Abraham by Pharaoh, on a memorable occasion in his history, to which reference is made in a previous chapter. She is spoken of as Sarah's maid-servant, as a bond-woman; and though, probably, not what we should deem a slave, divested of all personal rights, yet a domestic in the tent of the father of the faithful.

Her name, which means literally a stranger, or the timid one, was doubtless given her, as was customary, on her removal from her own country; and indicated, as was customary in that early age, a peculiar trait in her character. They called her Hagar—the timid one.

In the family of Abraham, it could not be otherwise than that his servants were instructed in the true religion. The idolatrous Egyptian is made acquainted with the true God; and her subsequent conduct shows that she not only knew, but served Him. This fact is strikingly evinced when she fled from the face of her mistress, Sarah, who dealt hardly with her—treated her with unkindness and cruelty, and for whose conduct on the occasion, and through the whole affair, it is hard to find an excuse. The angel of the Lord, it is said, accosted the flying maid-servant; arrested her in her career; directed her to return; and promised her a son, whose name, also, it is worthy of remark, the angel said should be Ishmael: being the first man born into the world, so far as we know, whose name was given him before his birth. "Thou shalt call his name Ishmael," said the angel; that is, literally, God shall hear; "because," he continues, "the Lord hath heard thy affliction:" an intimation, I think, that in this affair, whatever degree of blame rests upon Abraham for his want of patience, and upon Sarah for her rashness and petulance, Hagar was the least blameworthy of the three.

After hearing the angel's prediction relative to her son, it is said, she called, or rather called upon, or invoked the name of the Lord; recognizing fully his superintending care and ever-watchful providence, in the striking language, equally applicable to all persons and to all times, "Thou, God, seest me!" The fountain, or well of water, by the side of which the angel met her, she called Beer-lahai-roi; that is, the well of Him that liveth and seeth me, or the everlasting and omnipresent God; indicating thereby, at once her acquaintance with him, and her trust in his providence and protection.

In obedience to this celestial messenger's direction, Hagar returned; and in the year from the creation 2094, her son Ishmael was born, his father Abraham being in his eighty-sixth year.

Thirteen years after this, the rite of circumcision was instituted; and God renewed his promise to Abraham of another son; "and thou shalt call his name," said he, "Isaac: and I will establish my covenant with him for an everlasting covenant, and with his seed after him." And Abraham said unto God, "O that Ishmael might live before thee!" a prayer indicating submissiveness to the will of Heaven, and paternal anxiety for the welfare of his first-born. God heard his prayer; and, although he re-affirmed his declaration relative to Isaac, through whom the families of the earth were to be blessed, yet gave he many promises relative to Ishmael; to which, and their remarkable fulfillment, we shall turn our attention presently.

Pursuing the history, we are told, that, on a certain occasion, Sarah saw the son of Hagar mocking; which St. Paul, in his epistle to the Galatians, evidently referring to this event, calls persecuting. Isaac was now about three years old, and Ishmael had reached his seventeenth year. The mocking, or persecuting, was probably acts of petty annoyance and tyranny in which the elder indulged toward his younger brother. And Sarah said, "Cast out this bond-woman and her son, for the son of this bond-woman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac."

Harsh language and unfeeling! exceedingly natural, however; and, the circumstances of the case considered, nothing more than might have been expected, and such as has had its counterpart in many a family since, where are children of different mothers by the same father. Like many other little incidents in the Bible, its insertion serves to show the truthfulness of the sacred writer. To Sarah, the Jews have ever looked up with feelings of reverence and respect. For the insertion of anything placing her character in an unfavorable light, and especially for doing so in the sacred chronicles, no other reason can be given than a sacred regard for truth. It had been an easy matter to have omitted the account entirely; and that blind partiality which too frequently guides the pen of the uninspired biographer, would have so varnished the whole story, as to have presented her character unimpeached and spotless.

Cast out this bond-woman and her son; that is, disinherit them; send them off; and the request was very grievous to Abraham, as the sacred writer says, because of his son. His paternal heart seems always to have yearned toward Ishmael; and, but for the interposition of Heaven, Sarah's unfeeling request would doubtless have been disregarded. But God said unto Abraham, "Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad, and because of thy bond-woman; in all that Sarah has said, hearken unto her voice." This direction from heaven, while it does not in the least palliate the conduct of Sarah, is a perfect justification of Abraham. Indeed, he could not have acted otherwise, without flat disobedience. Accordingly, supplied with food and with a sufficiency of water to last until their arrival at the next well, as was the custom in those days, the mother and the son started off on their melancholy pilgrimage. After journeying, probably, a day or two, they appear to have lost their way; and I know not where is to be found a more affecting picture of distress than is here presented.

Forlorn, desolate, and broken-hearted; banished, driven away; with her son, fatherless—herself, not a widow; in the dreary wilderness of Beersheba, their provisions exhausted, their water all gone, the Egyptian mother, just like a mother, thinking more of the sufferings of her boy than of her own, abandons herself to despair. Her beautiful Ishmael—O, how beautiful in her eyes, never half so lovely as now—faint and dying, she places carefully on the green sward, beneath the shade of a friendly shrub. With maternal anxiety, for a while she watches over him; he dozes fitfully; and anon, his lips moving in his slumber, give utterance to that endearing word—Mother! 'Tis music in her ear. But list, he speaks again. Mother, I faint—I thirst—I die. Mother, water! This is indeed agony. It rends the soul to stand by the bedside of a dear child, when death is rifling the roses from his cheek and planting his own cold lilies there; when every drug has lost its efficacy, and the man of scientific skill hath softly said, He cannot live. But there is consolation, if not comfort, in the thought, that everything has been done that could be done; that the little sufferer's every want has been anticipated by the ready hand, the ever-watchful eye. The artificial breeze has fanned his fevered face. Soft and grateful to his aching head, that pillow, smoothed by a hand still softer, and more grateful. His skillfully compounded medicines have been ever ready at the appointed hour; and always, close at hand, the cooling draught—the pleasant beverage. But in thy cup of bitterness, Hagar, thou desolate one, and broken-hearted, there is not one of these alleviating drops of comfort. In the lone wilderness, under the burning sky, without a friend near her, without, so far as we know, a solitary friend on earth, she hears her boy cry for that most common of all earth's blessings—water! and she has none to give him. I doubt not, so strong is a mother's affection for her first-born, I doubt not, had it been in her power, she had given him her own life's blood. But now his eye is dim. His cry becomes faint. It subsides into a moan. The mother can bear to look upon his agony no longer; and she went—I quote the simple and touching language of Moses—she went, and sat her down over against him, a good way off, as it were a bow-shot; for she said, "Let me not see the death—meaning the death-struggle, the dying agony—of the child;" and she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice and wept.

But God's all-seeing eye was on her; and whispering in the wretched mother's ear an angel's voice: "Hagar, fear not, for

God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is." The angel then repeated the promise made to Abraham: I will make him—the faint and dying Ishmael—I will make him a great nation. And God opened her eyes; and she saw a well of water, and she went and filled the bottle and gave the lad drink.

Thus, by the direct interposition of Heaven, was Ishmael restored to life; and journeying onward with his mother, they reached the wilderness of Paran, in Arabia. The lad grew, and became an archer, procuring, with his bow, a sufficiency of food for himself and his parent. How long they lived thus together, and when, or where, the mother died, we know not. She lived to see him arrive at man's estate, and to witness his marriage with an Egyptian, a woman of her own country. He himself survived his father Abraham; was present at the patriarch's funeral; and died in the year before Christ 1773, aged one hundred and thirty-seven years.

Let us look now at some of the predictions relative to this son of the bond-woman. And first, before his birth, and repeatedly afterward, in the days of his childhood, God had designated him as the father of a numerous people; so numerous, that, in his own language, it shall not be numbered for multitude. I will make him a great nation. I will multiply him exceedingly.

Has the prophecy been fulfilled? Ay, to the very letter. In the latter part of this same Book of Genesis, which narrates the history of his birth and banishment, we read of Ishmaelites, rejoicing to bear the name of the expatriated wanderer, and even then so numerous as to carry on an extensive traffic with Egypt. They were Ishmaelites who, some two hundred years after, on a trading excursion, rescued the young Joseph from death, bought him of his own brothers for twenty pieces of silver, and sold him again to Potiphar, the Egyptian. They were Ishmaelites from whom Gideon, when he had slain Zeba and Zalmunna, received as a prey, golden ear-rings, to the weight of a thousand and seven hundred shekels of gold. Another extensive branch of the same family, of whom we read frequently in the Bible, were called, from Hagar, Hagarenes.

From Ishmael's son, Nebajoth, descended the Nabatheans; and the Itureans from his son Jetur. Down to the present day, God's word, uttered in the twilight of earth's history, is receiving its fulfillment. The Scenites, the Saracens, the Arabs, amid the darkness of idolatry and superstition, still revert to God Almighty's promise, and look back upon the exiled Ishmael as their great progenitor.

It was foretold, moreover, that he should be the father of twelve princes; or rather, as we should say, of twelve sons, each of whom was to be, as in the case of Israel's descendants, the head of a separate tribe. And it was so. Moses has placed the name of each upon imperishable record. Strangely, if not uncouthly, to many readers of the Bible, from want of familiarity, sound the names of these twelve princes, of whom the unerring voice of prophecy had spoken. There was *Nebajoth*, his first born; and *Kedar*, of whose villages Isaiah speaks; *Dumah*, of whose oracle the same prophet spoke relative to the coming of the morning, after a long night; and *Adbeel*, and *Mibsam*, *Mishma*; *Tema*, of whose troops or caravans, Job speaks in the day of his calamity; *Massa*, *Hadar*, *Naphish*, *Kedemah*, and *Jetur*, to whom I have already referred as the father of the Itureans.

Profane historians advert to the same fact; and thus, unconsciously, attest the fulfillment of God's predictions. Strabo refers to the rulers of the twelve Arab tribes, calling them *phylarchs*; and Melo, quoted by Bishop Newton, speaks of the "twelve descendants of Ishmael, who divided the region of Arabia between them; whence," he continues, "even to our day, the Arabians have twelve kings of the same name as the first." The country properly belonging to Ishmael's descendants, according to Adam Clarke, stretches from Aleppo to the Arabian Sea, and from Egypt to the Persian Gulf, a tract of land not less than eighteen hundred miles in length, by nine hundred in breadth. It has been divided by geographers into three grand divisions, called, from the peculiarities of soil and climate, the rocky, the desert, and the happy. The first consists, for the most part, of naked rocks and flinty plains, with a few fertile spots in the neighborhood of Mount Sinai; the second is little else than a vast wilderness, an almost boundless level of burning sand; while the third, *Arabia Felix*, is mountain-

ous, well watered, and abundantly productive.

Still stranger were the predictions relative to Ishmael the outcast. In the twelfth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Genesis, it is written: "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him, and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren." Confining this language to Ishmael himself, gives us a very inadequate idea of its meaning, or of the unerring prescience of the God by whom it was uttered. It refers, beyond a doubt, to the entire race of his descendants, in their collective capacity. It is true, the son of the bond-woman was a wild man; he dwelt in the wilderness; he became an archer; and depended upon his bow for a livelihood. But what is the voice of all history, the concurrent testimony of travelers and geographers, relative to his descendants, down to the present hour? Is it not that they are *wild men?* We scarcely talk of the Arab without the prefix—wandering. The mind reverts, instantaneously, to their untamed habits, to the burning sands of their deserts, to the sons of Ishmael, and their living ships, as their camels have been happily called; and language admits no more accurate description than was given by the Almighty before their first ancestor began to be—they are wild men.

So, too, their hands are against every man, and every man's hand is against them. They seek no alliance, offensive or defensive, with neighboring nations. They spurn the proffered friendship of every other race, and live in a state of continual war with the world around them. They justify, says Sale, in his preliminary discourse to the Koran, they justify their robberies and cruelties by alleging the hard usage of their father Ishmael, who, being turned out of doors by Abraham, had the plains and the desert given him by God for his patrimony, with permission to take whatever he could find there.

Of course, they being the common enemies of all men, the hand of every man has been against them; but they dwell, as they have continued to dwell for nearly four thousand years, in the midst of their brethren. Kingdoms have risen and fallen. Empires have waxed and waned. One people has been amalgamated with another; but Ishmael, with every man's hand against him, still retains his integrity as a distinct race. The pages of history are full of the records of unsuccessful efforts to nullify the predictions whispered in the ear of the banished mother.

The proud Sesostris, with his Egyptian hosts, like a swarm of locusts, swept down upon them, with eager hopes of an easy victory. In the western provinces, success, to some extent, crowned his efforts; but the Ishmaelites were unconquered. In succession, the Assyrians and the Persians attempted their subjection, with the same result. Under the victorious arms of the great Alexander, the Persian empire fell; and Asia bowed her neck to the tyrant. The neighboring princes sent humble embassies to sue for favor; but the Arabs disdained to acknowledge him. The blood-snuffing eagles of the Romans followed. Lucullus gained some victories; but Arabia never bore the name of a Roman province. Rome claimed to be the mistress of the world; but Pompey, ever victorious elsewhere, found his match in the wild men of the desert.

At a later day, the troops of Augustus penetrated far into the country; but a strange distemper made terrible havoc with his army, and but a small remnant survived to carry home the news of their disasters. Trajan followed. For a little while he was successful; but when he besieged the city of the Hagarenes, says the historian, his soldiers were repelled by lightnings, thunderings, hail, whirlwinds, and other prodigies. About eighty years after, the Emperor Severus undertook their subjection; but was baffled and defeated, and returned home, vexed and dispirited. And so onward in their history to the present day. At one time they were masters of the most considerable parts of the earth; and though their empire be now, as of old, reduced to the limits of their native country, they still dwell in the midst of their brethren; and the Turks, though masters of the adjacent countries, are content to pay *them* tribute.

They dwell in the midst of their brethren! How different in this respect the children of Ishmael from the descendants of his brother, the favorite Isaac: a nation scattered and peeled, outcasts and wanderers, in Egypt, in Asia Minor, in almost every part of Europe, in the United States, in South America, in the West Indies, nay, almost everywhere, retaining

their own peculiarities, glorying in the same ancestor—the father of the faithful, but despised, reckoned as intruders, their very name a proverb of reproach—Jews, where are they not? But the Ishmaelite dwells in his own country. He cultivates the fertile plains of Yemen. He glories in his sterile rocks, and thinks of his banished ancestor, when he reaches, in his wanderings, some lovely oasis in his own limitless desert.

Now all this may be accounted for, if any one so pleases, by referring to the habits of the people, their singular mode of life, and the peculiarity of the country in which they dwell. You may leave out of the account any remarkable interposition in favor of this people, on the part of the great Supreme, and explain, to your own satisfaction, the ill success of each succeeding invader. The heathen historian, Dion, does not scruple to attribute the defeat of the Roman army to supernatural causes; but I am quite willing to listen to an explanation that shall be what the world calls perfectly natural; and, when it is given, I recur to the prophecy which foretold these things, to the voice of the angel—to the voice of God, when as yet Ishmael was unborn, and again repeated, when panting, and, as his mother thought, dying in the wilderness: "I will make him a great nation. His hand shall be against every man. Every man's hand shall be against him. He shall dwell in the midst of his brethren." Whose prediction is this? To whom do we listen when we hear this language away back in the darkness of antiquity? The skeptic and the unbeliever may account, as they please, for the wonderful history of the descendants of the Egyptian bond-woman's exiled boy; it yet remains for them to tell us who could have foretold that history, save He only who sees the end from the beginning? The conclusion is irresistible. Moses wrote this narrative under the inspiration of the Most High; and it is a fair inference, that if God directed his pen in one part of the Pentateuch, he directed it in the whole; seeing that it is palpably absurd to suppose the Holy One would permit falsehood, or fiction, to be mingled with his own truth.

Thus much for those who philosophize and speculate; who find difficulties in the sacred Record, and are ready to throw it all away, because, forsooth, it will not always succumb to their philosophy, or quadrate with their theories. Truly, it would be strange if it did; seeing that every generation finds something to laugh at in the philosophical teachings of its predecessors; and our children's children, in all probability, will find flaws and absurdities in what now passes current for the teachings of man's most wonderful wisdom. The word of our God abideth forever; and he is a fool, and no philosopher, who prefers the taper light of man's wisdom to the broad sunshine of His truth; dark at times, it may be, but it is dark with excessive brightness.

And mark how beautifully here, as elsewhere, in all the works of God, in nature, in providence, and in grace, things the most sublime are blended with things the most simple. The towering pillar of prophetic prediction, destined to endure forever, is erected in the midst of lovely wild flowers, which the child may gaze upon, and gather, and fold upon his bosom; while the philosophic eye is looking to its summit, and spying fancied roughness and inequalities upon its surface. There are tears shed by successive generations, perennial tears, for the hapless lad, sent forth from the tent of his father; and the soul is made better as it sympathizes with the mother in her deep distress. A true-hearted mother! She loved her boy, though all the world might hate him. She loved him all the more because his father frowned upon him. She loved him none the less because an angel's voice had said, "Every man's hand shall be against him." Her hand was *for* him; her hand with her heart in it. She never dreamed—what mother ever did?—that her affection could be misplaced. How could it be? Beautifully sings the poet:

Talk not of wasted affection; affection never
was wasted.
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters
returning
Back to their springs, like the rains, shall fill
them full of refreshment.
That which the fountain sends forth, returns
again to the fountain.

And what son is he, though in after life he may have to grapple with a rough world, who does not, in Hagar's touching story, recall the days of his own boyhood; his hours of suffering, soothed by a mother's gentle voice, and the magic of her sympathetic tear? Though her form be far away; though her eye be quenched in

death; he feels it still fixed upon him, kindling anew every virtuous purpose, every good resolution; as, binding to his heart this leaf from the tree of life, this little wild flower, he exclaims, with a full soul, I bless thee, O my God, I bless thee for a mother's love.

THE FUR-HUNTERS OF THE FAR WEST.

THE history of the various companies that have been formed at different times for promoting the fur-trade in the west and northwestern regions of America, is a history of adventure and peril, and introduces us to scenes of wild and savage life which are eminently interesting, from the contrast they present to our prevailing civilization. Sitting at home in our comfortable arm-chairs, by cozy firesides, or in leafy summer-arbors, surrounded by all the conveniences of an advanced condition of society, it is pleasant to read of the hardships and successes of those enterprising persons who have pushed their way into the wilderness for purposes of traffic or discovery. Everything, in fact, that has been done by man in the face of difficulties, recommends itself to human consideration, and is calculated to attract both the curiosity and the sympathy of other men. We presume, therefore, that this slight notice of a recently published work on the undertakings and achievements of the fur-hunters in the Oregon Territory, and some of the parts adjacent, will be generally acceptable to our readers.* The author, Mr. Alexander Ross, having spent the last forty-four years of his life in the Indian territories of North America, has had the amplest opportunities for observing whatever is noteworthy and peculiar in the state and circumstances of those countries; and the mass of information he has collected, and here presents to our attention, is such as has been hitherto almost wholly unattainable.

With the commercial relations of the several companies we shall not here concern ourselves; extractable incidents and adventures, illustrative of Indian life and of the fur-hunter's pursuits, being more likely to be welcome to our readers, as they are also more than sufficiently abundant to occupy our limited space. Though to some it might appear that the life of the fur-hunter, entailing a residence of years among savages in remote and dreary wilds, must of necessity be one of great unpleasantness, we are yet assured, that of the persons who have been engaged in it, few or none are known who did not afterward look back with fond remembrance and regret on the scenes through which they passed —"preferring the difficulties and dangers of their former precarious but independent habits to all the boasted luxuries of polished society." If full of peril, it is also full of action, and constantly diversified by incidents that are calculated to stir the blood and entertain the imagination. A man in such circumstances is familiarized with events and things which are continually sharpening his wits, and adding something to his previous experience. He becomes ready at any day to go out into the woods on long journeys of discovery, depending for subsistence by the way on what he may chance to shoot; and thinks "no more of crossing the desert from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the most wild and unfrequented parts, than any other man in ordinary life would of crossing a country parish." Being always liable to danger, he is always as well as possible prepared for it, and escapes out of the most intricate of perplexities by means which often seem miraculous.

The preparations made beforehand for these expeditions are, as our readers are aware, usually inconsiderable; "because," says Mr. Ross, "the ordinary routine of every day's duty is as full of adventure and hardship as it could be on a voyage of discovery, even were it to the north pole." The party is accustomed to set off with such means as are available at the time; and though these may differ somewhat, according to circumstances, the rank of the leader, or the extent of the undertaking, they are always simple. The country to be traversed on this occasion was a wild tract, lying between one of the company's stations in the Oregon and the Rocky Mountains; the date of departure, the 14th of August; and the journey was intended to be performed on foot. Mr. Ross was accompanied by two of his best and most experienced hands, together with two Indians, himself making the fifth person. Each man was provided with half

* "The Fur-hunters of the Far West; a Narrative of Adventures in the Oregon and Rocky Mountains. By Alexander Ross."

a dozen pair of Indian shoes, a blanket to sleep in, ammunition, a small axe, a knife, a fire-steel, and an awl, together with some needles, thread, and tobacco to smoke; all of which he had to carry on his back, and his gun on his shoulder. This constituted the whole of the traveling baggage, with the exception of a pint pot and a cooking-kettle. The equipment is the same in all such cases, be the journey for a week, a month, or a year. The party depended all the time on their guns for subsistence; and on the skins of the animals they might kill, for a further supply of clothes and shoes.

The country through which they passed in the early part of the journey was covered with heavy timber, with here and there small open plains; but having clear bottom, it afforded tolerably good traveling. After some days, the timber became less abundant, and they proceeded for some distance over clear open ground. On the sixth day after starting, they came upon a small lake, on the margin of which they encamped for the night. Here they found two Indian families, subsisting on fish, roots,. and berries, and seeming "in their wretched condition to live very comfortably and happily." One of the men belonging to these families, professing to have a perfect knowledge of the country through which the travelers had to pass, volunteered to accompany them as guide; for which service Mr. Ross promised to reward him with a blanket and some ammunition when they returned.

They had hitherto traveled by the aid of the compass, but, having confidence in the knowledge of their guide, they now abandoned the instrument, and followed him without hesitation. Instead of leading them, as they expected, in an easterly direction, the Indian bent his course northward for about sixty miles; when they reached a small stream, called Grisly Bear River, which they ascended for six days, "until it became so narrow they could jump over it." While following this stream, they passed several beaver lodges. In many places great trees had been cut down, and the course of the water stopped and formed into small lakes and ponds. In one place they "counted forty-two trees cut down at the height of about eighteen inches from the root, within the compass of half an acre." It did not, however, prove a very prolific beaver country. A little further on, the face of the country materially changed, being in general too rocky, hard, and flinty for the operations of those animals. Elks and deer were seen in great numbers, all extremely tame—a sure indication that they had seldom been disquieted.

In one of the thickets, as they passed along, the guide took them a little out of their way to show them what is called a bear's haunt or wintering-den, where that animal, according to Indian tradition, remains in a dark and secluded retreat, for months together, without food or nourishment. Mr. Ross says:

"There was nothing remarkable in the place. The entrance to the lair or den was through a long and winding thicket of dense brushwood; and the bear's hiding-place was not in a hole under ground, but on the surface, deeply imbedded among the fallen leaves. Over the den, the snow is often many feet thick, and the bear's hiding-place is discovered only by an air-hole resembling a small funnel, sometimes not two inches in diameter, through which the breath issues; but so concealed from view, that none but the keen eye of the savage can find it out."

The bear is said to lie so concealed in a torpid state from December to March. They never lie in families, but always singly; and when they move out in the spring, they are very sleek and fat. But no sooner do they quit their winter-quarters, and begin to roam about, than they get poor and haggard. They are reported never to winter twice in the same place. In their snug retreats, they are often discovered and killed by the Indians without making any resistance.

Since they were joined by their guide, our explorers had traveled about one hundred and fifty-five miles. Their road now lay a good deal among rugged cliffs, in descending which, one of the men cut his foot very badly, thereby detaining the party for nearly a whole day. The unfortunate man was so disabled, that they had almost made up their minds to leave him behind until their return; "but," says Mr. Ross, "as this step would have deprived us of another man to take care of him, we decided to keep together; so we dragged him on along with us, and he soon recovered." After many days of rough journeying, they reached at length what the guide called the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and, remarks the author:

"The ascent all along had been apparently so gradual, and the country so very rugged, with a broken and uneven surface, that we could

observe no very perceptible difference in the height of the land until we came close under the brow of the dividing ridge; but there the difference was certainly striking. The guide had led us to a considerable eminence some distance out of our way, from which, in looking back, we beheld the country we had passed over; and certainly a more wild and rugged land the mind of man could not imagine. In looking before us—that is, toward the mountains—the view was completely barred: an almost perpendicular front met the eye like a wall, and we stood and gazed at what might be called one of the wonders of the world. One circumstance struck us very forcibly, and that was the increased size of the timber. Along the base of the mountains, the timber, which had been stunted and puny, now became gigantic in size, the pines and cedars in particular; one of the latter measured forty-five feet four inches in girth, four feet from the ground. Descending, we encamped at the edge of a little stream called Canoe River, celebrated among Northwesters for the quality of its birch-bark. Everything here wore the appearance and stillness of the midnight hour: the scene was gloomy, and scarcely the chirping of a solitary bird was to be heard; our own voices alone disturbed the universal silence. In all this extent of desert through which we had passed, not a human being was to be seen, nor the traces of any."

They now began to retrace their steps, finding the country nowise available for fur-hunting purposes. The distance traversed by the route they followed did not exceed four hundred and twenty miles; and could they have traveled in a direct line, it would scarcely have been more than half as much. We need not concern ourselves about their homeward journey, as nothing of interest occurred on the way.

The foregoing description represents what may be styled one side of the hunter's life—perhaps the quietest and most favorable. We will glance next at a different picture, and see how the white men are sometimes apt to fare when their calling leads them among hostile tribes of Indians. Several years ago, the official dignitaries of the Northwest Company decided on establishing a new fort or station near the confluence of the two great branches of the Columbia, as a more central situation for their operations than any they previously possessed in Oregon. The name of this new position was Fort Nez Percés, and Mr. Ross was appointed to take charge of it. With ninety-five effective men, and a very able associate named M'Kenzie, he encamped one July day on the site pitched upon for the new establishment, and soon found himself engaged in a most difficult undertaking.

The Nez Perces Indians had had no previous communication with our fur-hunters, and could not, apparently, comprehend what object they could have in coming among them. Instead of advancing to meet the strangers on their arrival, they withdrew from their neighborhood, as if with one accord, to their camp; and Mr. Ross tells us that

"Not a friendly hand was stretched out; not the least joy, usual among Indians on such occasions, was testified, to invite or welcome our arrival. These ceremonies, though trifling in themselves, are a very good indication of the reception likely to be met with; and, in the present case, their total absence could only be considered very unfavorable."

They kept apart, sitting sulkily on mounds at a distance, wrapped in their robes of dignity, observing a studied indifference. Even the children maintained an attitude of reserve; and little copper-colored bantlings were heard to say: "What do the white people want here? Are they going to kill more of our relations?" alluding to some former tragical occurrences there, in which, however, the fur-hunters were not concerned. Others, again, would remark: "We must not go near them, because they will kill us." While all this was going on, the hunters kept a sharp look-out. The principal chief of the camp, instead of going to them, walked round and round the crowd, urging the Indians to the observance of a non-intercourse, until, at least, the whites had made them presents. Hints were gradually given that "property" would purchase a footing.

The spot was totally barren for materials for building. These had to be collected elsewhere, and conducted by water from the distance of one hundred miles. To ordinary minds, nothing seemed more wild or impracticable than the scheme of raising a fort in such a situation. The authorities, however, had formed their plans: it was decided that the country must be secured, the natives awed and reconciled, buildings raised, furs collected, and new territories added to the company's possessions. Objections were not to be entertained; no obstacles were to be seen. The position was to be occupied. "So," says Mr. Ross, "on the dreaded spot we took up our stand, to run every hazard, and brave every danger."

The country was not without attractions, having a pleasant, temperate atmosphere,

and outlooks of a picturesque variety. As quickly as timber could be got together, the party set to work in a quiet, determined fashion, having selected for the site of the fort a level spot "upon the east bank of the Columbia, forming something like an island in the flood, and by means of a tributary stream, a peninsula at low-water." The work proceeded slowly; for the natives flocked about in very suspicious numbers, often coming through curiosity to see what was going on, yet not at all times showing themselves too well disposed. The situation of the adventurers was the more irksome, as they depended for food on the success of trade, and on their standing well with the Indians. It was necessary to devise means to divert the attention and amuse the curiosity of these people. As they were composed of different tribes, the seeds of dissension were artfully sown among them, to hold the balance equal, and to prevent anything like a general uniting against the settlers. Each tribe was led to imagine that it possessed preëminence of consideration among the whites; "and though," adds Mr. Ross, "they were as independent of us as we were the reverse of them, still they were taught to fancy that they could not do without us."

Nevertheless, the Indians remained decidedly unfriendly, and their movements became alarming. They insisted on the strangers paying for the timber they were collecting; they prohibited them from hunting and from fishing; they affixed an exorbitant price of their own to every article of trade, and insulted any of the hands they met alone. At length, as it seemed doubtful how affairs might terminate, all work was suspended. The whites stood on their guard; and an entire system of non-intercourse took place of necessity "for five long summer days." All the time they were on very short allowance: one night all hands went supperless to bed. The natives, meanwhile, were mustering fast, plotting and planning. It seemed time to prepare for the chances of a contest. The hunters, therefore, having collected their numbers, consisting of twenty-five Canadians, thirty-two Owhyhees, and thirty-eight Iroquois, hastily constructed a temporary inclosure, and assumed a position of independence and defense.

The natives were offered such terms as were given in other parts of the country. They might have the choice of cultivating a peaceable understanding with the whites, and thus profit by a friendly intercourse; or, neglecting this, they might expect vengeance for their obstinacy, and be ever after deprived of the benefits resulting from a trade established among them. Meantime, while the Indians were deliberating among themselves, the hunters were making every preparation for action.

Arguments likely to be enforced at the gun's muzzle were not to be withstood; and the chiefs were induced to advance, to bring matters to an accommodation. They insisted, as a preliminary step, that the strangers should bestow a liberal present on the whole multitude of their followers, to reconcile them to the measure. All the property the whites had with them would have scarcely been a mite to each: the demand, therefore, was peremptorily refused. As the whites showed themselves firm and determined, the demands of the natives grew less and less; and at last they agreed to every condition proposed to them, and the whites were left to their discretion. A trade with the Indians was now opened, and went on briskly. The hunters went to their work as formerly, and for a time they enjoyed the comforts of tranquillity.

The principal reason for the establishment of this post was the extension of the trade; consequently it was intended to be used as the base and outlook of new discoveries. It was accordingly indispensable to have an understanding with the chief tribes who at all seasons infested the most practicable passes in those parts of the country it was desired to penetrate, which was at present disturbed by the horrors of war. With a view to effect this object, the chiefs and wise men of the different tribes were called together. On meeting, an endless round of ceremony took place among them, and a good deal of discussion; yet nothing could be finally settled, on account of the absence of one of the principal chiefs at the war, in the very quarter the whites had their eye upon. It was not till after ten days' waiting that this notable chief arrived. The name he bore was Tum-a-tap-um. But this august personage, instead of joining the assembled conclave to forward the business under deliberation, was too much taken up with his own concerns to trouble himself about anything else. Moreover, all the great

men sitting in council immediately deserted their diplomatic functions to join the returned champion with his trophies of war, leaving the whites mere spectators awaiting their convenience.

For three days they had to wait until the Indians had exhausted their songs of triumph, without obtaining one single interview with the chief on whom they had placed so much confidence. This war-party was reported to consist of four hundred and eighty men. They had a very imposing appearance on their arrival. Their hideous yells, mangled prisoners, and bloody scalps, together with their barbarous gestures, presented a sight truly savage. On the third day, the war celebrations being over, Tum-a-tap-um, mounted on horseback, rode backward and forward round the little camp of white men several times, without expressing either approbation or disapproval of their measures. Then dismounting, and drawing near with his men around him, he and they smoked some hundreds of pipes of tobacco. The ceremony of smoking being over, Mr. Ross and his friends had a long conversation with him on the subject of a general peace with all the tribes with whom he had been recently at war; but he was so elated with his own exploits, and the success of his late expedition, that he seemed not so warmly interested in the cause of the whites as he was understood to have formerly professed himself. He was very plausible, and full of professions of friendship; but it was soon observed that he was of an uncommonly selfish disposition. He was always insisting on the white men lavishing their goods on his numerous train of followers; and the more he received, the more his assurance increased, till his demands grew absolutely boundless.

The principal natives, however, began to assemble together in groups; counseling and discussion went on day and night; but as all savages delight in war, it was no easy matter to get them seriously to consider the question of peace. Nevertheless, it was so managed that they were all induced to meet again on the subject. Then spoke Tum-a-tap-um to the point. "If," said he, "we make peace, how shall I employ my young men? They delight in nothing but war; and, besides, our enemies, the Snakes, never observe a peace." Then turning round, "Look," said he again, pointing to his slaves, scalps, and arms, "am I to throw all these trophies away? Shall Tum-a-tap-um forget the glory of his forefathers, and become a woman?" Then another great war-chief got up, and inquired: "Will the whites, in opening a trade with our enemies, promise not to give them guns or balls?" Others spoke to the same effect. The white men tried to wave these remarks by expatiating on the blessings of peace and the comforts of trade; but several more meetings took place before the desired object could be effected, and how it was at length completed, we give in the words of Mr. Ross:

"At length a messenger came with notice that the chiefs were all of one mind, and would present themselves in a short time. All our people were placed under arms—nominally to honor their reception, but really to guard ourselves. By and by, the solemn train of chiefs, warriors, and other great personages was seen to move from the camp in procession, painted, dressed in their state and war garments, and armed. They entered our inclosure to the number of fifty-six, where a place had been appropriately fitted up for the occasion. The most profound silence pervaded the whole, until the pipe of peace had six times performed the circle of the assembly. The scene was in the highest degree interesting. The matter was canvassed anew: nothing appeared to be overlooked or neglected. The opinion of each was delivered briefly, with judgment, and with candor, and to the same end. Satisfied with the answers and statements we had given at sunset, peace between themselves and the Snakes was decreed on the spot, and a unanimous consent given for us to pass and repass unmolested. Then they threw down their war-garments into the midst of the circle, as if to say: 'We have no further need of these garments.' This maneuver had a double meaning; it was a broad hint for a new suit, as well as a peace-offering! The pipe of peace finally ratified the treaty. Then all shaking hands, according to the manner of the whites, parted friends, both parties apparently pleased with the result."

It was a condition of the treaty that the whites should use their influence to bring the Snake Indians to agree to the peace; without that, indeed, it would have been useless to themselves. Mr. Ross says:

"The only real object we had in view, or the only result that could in reality be expected by the peace, was, that we might be enabled to go in and come out of the Snake country in safety, sheltered under the influence of its name. Nothing beyond this was ever contemplated on our part. All our maneuvers were governed by the policy of gain. Peace, in reality, was beyond our power."

He considers a solid and permanent peace between two warlike savage nations as a thing totally impracticable. "They must either be civilized," he says, "or one of them extirpated; then there may be peace, but not till then."

However, the sort of peace which was thus concluded served the present purposes of the fur-hunters, as it gave them the opportunity of undertaking an expedition into the Snake territories, and of opening a trade in furs and other articles with those people. A tolerably good understanding having been brought about among the Snakes, the trade with them, particularly in its earlier stages, was very profitable. We may quote from Mr. Ross a little on this subject:

"The peace was no sooner concluded than a brisk trade in furs commenced. In their traffic, the most indifferent spectator could not but stare to see the Indians, chiefly War-are-ree-kas and Ban-at-tees, (varieties of Snakes,) bringing large garments of four or five beaver-skins each, such as they use during winter for warmth, and selling them for a knife or an awl, and other articles of a fur-kind in proportion. It was so with the Columbian Indians in our first years; but they soon learned the mystery of trade and their own interest; so will the Snakes, for they are not deficient in acuteness. Horses were purchased for an ax each; and country provisions, such as dried buffalo, were cheap. Our people might have loaded a seventy-four gun-ship with provisions, bought with buttons and rings. It was truly characteristic of Indian trading to see these people dispose of articles of real value so cheaply, while other articles of comparatively no value at all, at least in the estimation of the whites, were esteemed highly by them. When any of our people, through mere curiosity, wished to purchase an Indian head-dress, composed of feathers, or a necklace of bears' claws, or a little red earth or ocher out of any of their mystical medicine-bags, the price was enormous; but a beaver-skin, worth six or seven dollars, might have been purchased for a brass finger-ring, scarcely worth a farthing. Beaver, or any kind of fur, was of little or no value among these Indians, they never having any traders for such articles among them. Nor could they conceive what our people wanted with their old garments. 'Have not the whites,' asked a chief one day, smiling, 'much better garments than ours?' Such garments, however, were not numerous, and were only used by the poorer sort. The Shirry-dikas were all clothed in buffalo-robes and dressed deer-skin; but no sooner had one and all of them seen European articles, than they promised to turn beaver-hunters: this disposition was of course encouraged by our people. Axes, knives, ammunition, beads, buttons, and rings, were the articles most in demand. Clothing was of no value: a knife sold for as much as a blanket, and an ounce of vermilion was of more value than a yard of fine cloth. With the exception of guns, which they might have got from other Indians, they had scarcely an article among them to show that they had ever mixed with civilized man; although it is well known they had of late years occasionally seen the whites."

Mr. Ross adds, in another place, that from these simple people a fine salmon could be bought for a needle, ten salmon for a shoemaker's awl, and for a knife, as many as fifty. He observes that, at this rate, had his party been able to encourage the trade, they could speedily have enriched themselves.

Mr. Ross's description of life at a trading-station, where the Indians are numerous, and untamed by previous intercourse with the whites, such as goes on near a large settlement, does not give us a very favorable notion of the delights of command in such a situation. Of the Nez Percés tribes he says:

"I never experienced more anxiety and vexation than among these people. Not an hour of the day passed, but some insolent fellow, and frequently fifty at a time, interrupted us, and made us feel our unavoidable dependence on their caprice. 'Give me a gun,' said one; 'I want ammunition,' said another; a third wanted a knife, a flint, or something else. Give to one, you must give to all. Refuse them, they immediately got angry, told us to leave their lands, and threatened to prevent our people from going about their duties.... A fellow raps at the gate, calling out, 'I want to trade;" when you attend his call, he laughs in your face, and has nothing to sell. In short, they talk of nothing but war, think of nothing but scalp-dancing, horse-racing, and gambling; and when tired of these, idleness is their delight. On every little hill they are to be seen all day in groups, with a paper looking-glass in one hand and a paint-brush in the other. Half their time is spent at the toilet, or in saunter ing about our establishment."

The restrictions of space here compel us to conclude our notice of Mr. Ross's entertaining narrative. The range of incident and adventure it contains is far too large to be fully exhibited in one paper; but we may refer to the subject again. Much that belongs to the fur-hunter's pursuits has been necessarily passed over. A mode of life, with totally original conditions, is here depicted and presented to us, which is extremely well worth glancing at; not only on account of the curiosity it may excite, but also for the novelty of fact and variety of anecdote it supplies for consideration, and for the pleasant genuineness of manner which pervades and brightens the narration.

MY DREAM.

I HAVE a story to tell which my readers may believe if they like, or bring a battery of scientific explanation to bear upon, if they choose. I can offer no impartial opinion on the subject, being the party interested. I only undertake to tell the story as it happened to me.

I was born in a large, old-fashioned house of black and white, the upper story of which overhung the lower, and the door of which stood back in a deep porch. The joists and floors were of fine oak, and all the tables, benches, presses; indeed, all the furniture was of oak: some of it rude and clumsy, but the greater part beautifully carved.

My first notions of Bible history were taken from my mother's bedstead, which was entirely of oak, and carved all over with figures of angels, Adam and Eve, the serpent, and the Virgin and Child.

The house stood at some distance from the road; a gate on the road-side led up a paved way with a row of sheds filled with carts, plows, and farming implements, on one hand, and a large cattle pond on the other, into a spacious farmyard built round with stables, barns, and outbuildings. A gate on the side of the yard opened into a large garden which fronted the house. This garden had several broad gravel walks, and two alleys covered with turf, and hedged with yew-trees cut into all manner of quaint devices. Beyond the garden was an orchard containing, among other trees, some old mulberry-trees, which my sister and myself were taught to regard with great reverence.

Beyond this orchard lay plowed fields and meadows, all belonging to my father. No other dwelling was in sight, except a few cottages belonging to the farm servants.

My father and mother were cousins, and I was the only son. I had one sister, two years younger than myself—a gentle, pretty child, with long golden locks. She was called Edith. At the grammar-school where I was educated, there were about a dozen besides myself; and unless the master had been endowed with the common sense to teach us writing and arithmetic, and a few common branches of education, I don't think we should have had more learning than Tom Thumb carried in money from King Arthur's treasury; which, as everybody knows, was a silver threepence. My companions were the sons of small farmers, and came at intervals when they were not wanted at home.

My sister Edith never went to school at all; she stayed at home with my mother, and was taught to be notable So we grew up, and did not find our lives dull, although my sister seldom left the house, except to go to church. When I myself was sixteen, I had never been twelve miles from our market town. In those days people did not go traveling and rambling about, as they do now.

I might have been about fifteen, when one day my father brought home from market a book of voyages and travels, as a present for me. I had done some farm work in a way that pleased him. It was the first new book out of a shop I had ever witnessed; and I read it aloud at night, while my father smoked in the chimney corner and my mother and sister were busy knitting and spinning.

That book made a great impression upon me, and set my mind thinking of foreign parts, and might have something to do with what I am about to relate; mind, I do not assert that it had! I am cautious how I assert anything but what I know for a fact.

The night on which I finished reading that book, was the thirty-first of January; the date is remembered by others as well as myself.

That night I went to bed as usual, and dreamed a long consecutive dream, such as I never dreamed before or since. I dreamed that my uncle sent for me to go a long voyage, on some business of his; and then I found myself standing on a quay, where there seemed hundreds of ships, and all their thin upright masts standing like a forest of poplar-trees in winter. I knew they were ships, though I had never seen one. I heard somebody say "this is Liverpool." I do not recollect anything about my uncle, nor the business I was going about. I had to go across several vessels, into one that lay outside the dock; sailors were going about in all directions, and there was a great deal of confusion. A large gilded figure-head of a woman was at one end of the vessel, and "Phœbe Sutliffe" was written under it; I thought it was the likeness of Phœbe Sutliffe. I had never seen the sea

nor a ship before, but I did not feel at all surprised at anything. I looked out on the green waves that were rippling against the side of the vessel; and as far out as I could see, there was nothing but water. I thought it all looked quite right and natural, and the sun was shining quite bright upon some little boats with white sails. As the ship began to move, a voice called, loud and clear, for us to stop, and a young man with a portmanteau of a curious shape came scrambling up the side of our vessel out of a little boat; he came up close to where I was standing. He was a very handsome young man with a mustache, and he wore a foreign cap.

We began to talk, but I could never in the least recollect what we said. Suddenly, a great storm arose, and everything was dark as pitch. I heard the wind howl fearfully; but did not feel any tossing of the waves, as might have been expected. At last, there came a dreadful crash; another vessel had struck against us, and we were borne down under the keel of it. I found myself in the water. The young man was close beside me; he pushed a hen-coop to me, and we floated, quite pleasantly and easily, toward some rocks, which lay around a beautiful green island, where the sun was shining. The rocks, when we came among them, were like the ruins of a hundred old castles.

"These are the Rocks of Scarlet in the Isle of Man," said my companion; "I live here, and yonder is my father's house."

When we had clambered up the rocks, and had reached the greensward, I thought I was unable to move a step further. A white house, with green outside shutters, and surrounded by a low wall, stood close at hand; but I could not stir, and lay down on the ground fainting, though I knew all that was going on. My companion shouted, and some men came up; he sent them to the white house. In another minute, I saw a young woman clothed in white, with long black curls, standing beside us. With her was an old man. "How did you come here?" said the old man. "We were struck by another vessel, and swam to shore; but this youth is dying. Give him a cordial." The young lady stooped over me, raised my head, and was extending her hand for a drinking horn, when the cliff we were upon began to quake, and fell with a dreadful crash into the sea beneath.

The crash awoke me. I sprang up in bed, without in the least knowing where I was. The noise I had heard in my dream still continued. My father burst into my room, saying, "Come away, boy! Save yourself! The house is falling!" I was completely bewildered. I did not know where I was, nor whether it was a continuation of my dream; but my father dragged me out of bed, and we all took refuge in the kitchen.

A terrible storm was raging; every blast seemed as if it would blow the house down. A stack of chimneys fell with a terrible crash, and the kitchen window was at the same moment blown in. My mother and the maid servants knelt down to prayers in a corner, while my father and myself strove to fasten up a strong oak shutter. At length, toward morning, the violence of the gale abated, and we were able to go out to see what damage had been done. "God help all the poor souls who have been at sea this night!" said my mother, pitifully.

I started. I was one of those for whom my mother was praying. Had *I* not been to sea? And had *I* not been wrecked? And was it not all as real as the scene now before me? I was frightened, for I did not know but that I might be under witchcraft, of which I had been told much, and which in that part of the country we all believed in. However I said nothing, but followed my father out of doors.

A scene of great damage and desolation there presented itself; the roof had been blown from the barn; the ground was covered with bricks, and tiles, and branches of trees; all the lead-work from the roof had been torn off, and hung down, twisted like icicles. The garden was laid waste; and, in the orchard, two of our beloved mulberry-trees were uprooted, as well as a fine old elm and several fruit-trees.

The wind was still too high to make it safe for us to be abroad; tiles and stones, and branches of trees, were still, from time to time, falling about. The damage done by that storm was fearful, and was recollected through the county for many a year afterward.

For weeks we were all too busy, repairing the effects of the storm, for any one to bestow much attention upon me; but at last my father began to complain that I was good for nothing, and that I went about my work as if I were dazed. My mother

agreed that I had never been the same lad since that awful night, and questioned me whether anything had hurt my head.

The fact was, that the whole tenor of my life was broken, and I could not take it up again; I could not forget my strange dream. But I never dreamed again, and at last I began to lose my rest.

Every day it haunted me more vividly, till at length the change in me grew so alarming, that a doctor was called in. He shook his head when he saw me, and said that I must be sent away from home, have plenty of change, and be kept amused, or I should go mad.

While my father and mother were shocked and perplexed by what the doctor had said, and wondering whether going to market with my father, and a visit for a day to the neighboring town, would not be the sort of thing he had recommended, a letter came. Now a letter was a very great event in our house; I do not think my father had ever received more than three in his life. He would not have received this letter in question, for the next fortnight, if one of the farm servants had not been sent to the town for some horse medicine, and the post-office chanced to be next door.

The letter, written in a clear, stiff hand, proved to be from my uncle at Liverpool; it stated that he was getting old, and, having no children, wished to see me; that he and my father had seen less of each other than relations ought. He wanted some one to go and look after his estate in Antigua, and if my father would spare me to him for a short time, he would make it worth my while. A bank note was inclosed to pay the expenses of my journey, and to buy some present for my mother and sister.

There were difficulties raised, and objections made; but I heard the magic word "Liverpool," which was the first stage in my dream, and I insisted, resolutely and impassionately, on going. Of course I prevailed. I had never been from home before, but I felt sure I should find my way. I was impatient till I set off; my father saw me to the mail, and I reached Liverpool without accident, and with the vague idea that I had seen all I now saw of it before.

My uncle was a little, dry, spare old man, dressed in a snuff-colored suit, with gray silk stockings and silver buckles. He received me kindly, and took me about to see the lions, as he called them. But the docks were the only sights I cared for.

My uncle had a notion—rather a curious one—that having been brought up on my father's land all my life, I must of necessity understand how an estate ought to be managed, and this is why he informed me, one day, that he intended to send me on the voyage to Antigua.

I obtained my father's consent, and my uncle gave me instructions as to what I was to do when I got there. I had been accustomed to look after our men at home, and I knew how my father managed them, so that what my uncle wanted did not come very strange to me.

One morning at breakfast, my uncle read a letter which seemed to please him; he rubbed his hands and said,

"Well, lad, after breakfast we must go down and take your berth. I did think of sending you in the Lively Anne, but it seems the Phœbe Sutliffe will sail first."

I put my hand to my forehead; I did not know which was the dream or which was the reality.

That day week saw me on board the Phœbe Sutliffe, and clearing out of the harbor. On just such a day, and amid just such a scene, as I had beheld in my dream.

But one thing befell me which I had not taken into account, and which I had not dreamed—I became dreadfully seasick; a startling novelty which for the time effectually banished everything but a sense of present misery.

When I recovered a little, I went on deck. My attention was, that instant, drawn to a portmanteau which I well remembered. A handsome young man in a foraging cap was leaning against the side of the vessel, watching a flock of sea-gulls; I knew him again directly. We were standing near each other, and he addressed me, as I expected he would. I was curious to know what our conversation would be, as I did not, and never could, recollect what we had said when we met in our former state of existence—I mean in my dream. It was ordinary young men's conversation; we began with shooting seagulls, and went off upon shooting and field sports in general. He told me he was in the army, and had been a great deal abroad—in Ceylon, Canada, Gibraltar—and was now on his way to join his regiment in

Antigua. I was delighted to hear it, and waited with placid curiosity to see how much more of my dream would come true.

Toward afternoon, a thick fog came on: increasing in density until we could not see across the ship. He proposed that we should go below. "No," said I, "don't go below! You forget how soon the vessel will come upon us that is to bear us down." A pang of mortal fear came into my heart as I realized the terrible moment that lay before us.

"What are you talking of?" said he, in a tone of great surprise. "Perhaps the vessel may not come," said I, "but we had better remain on deck."

The words were scarcely spoken, when our vessel struck. I recollect hearing a horrible grating, grinding sound, as if all the planks were being crushed in, like pasteboard; it lasted for a second only. I did not regain my senses until a sharp sense of pain aroused me. I had been dashed upon a low, sharp-pointed ledge of rocks; beyond those rocks I saw meadows and houses, lying in a bright clear moonlight. It was a momentary consciousness only that I had. I remember no more until I found myself in a bed hung round with white curtains. I tried to raise my arm, and fainted with pain. I lay, I know not how long after this, in a troubled stupor, vaguely sensible of people moving about, but unable to move or even to open my eyes.

At last, I once more recovered my consciousness, and did not again lose it. I was told by an old woman who was sitting by my bedside, that I had been flung by the sea upon the rocks of Scarlet, in the Isle of Man. That I had been taken up for dead, and brought into her cottage, and that the doctor had said I was not to be allowed to speak on any account. She gave me a few spoonfuls of something, whether of food or medicine I could not tell, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, my eyes rested on my companion on board ship. Beside him stood the lady I had seen in my dream!

"Am I alive, or am I dreaming again, as I did once before?" I asked.

"You are alive, and will live, I hope, for a long time; you are not dreaming; this is my sister, Agatha, who has had her hands full with nursing both of us, though I escaped better than you did. When you are able to stir, we will remove you to my father's house, but in the meanwhile you must keep quiet."

"But tell me, I implore you! was not the white house where your father lives, swallowed up in the sea when the cliff fell?"

"Not at all! It stands where it always did; and now, not another word."

I was shortly afterward removed to my friend's house, which was on a hill about a quarter of a mile from the rocks, and was the same house I had seen in my dream.

My friend's father was Colonel Panton; he was on half-pay, and lived there with his daughter. His son and myself were the only survivors from the terrible catastrophe of the Phœbe Sutliffe.

I, of course, lost no time in communicating with my friends; but I remained at the White House until my health was established.

I went to Antigua, remained there two years, at the expiration of which time I returned home, when Agatha became my wife.

Although my life has been of such unlooked-for prosperity, I would counsel no one to desire to have their future shadowed to them in a dream. Dreams without end have no meaning in them, and never come to anything; yet still, this dream of mine fell out exactly as I have told it.

SUNDAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EICHENDORF.

The night had scarcely flown,
And but a lark on high
Sang through the silent sky;
Whom greeteth he so soon?

Trees o'er the housetop bend,
And peer far o'er the plain,
And seem as if they fain
Would greet a coming friend.

Like little children gay,
The flowers stood around,
With dewy pearl-drops crown'd,
In garb of festal day.

"Why are ye deck'd so gay,
Ye little brides? thought I.
One raised to me its eye,
"Hush, 'tis the sabbath day.

"Bells greet the waking sphere,
God's voice anon will hail
The silent wood and dale."
I knelt 'twixt joy and fear.

HENRY ROGERS, THE ESSAYIST.

THE *Edinburgh Review* has been the door through which not a few great men have entered to take their places in the temple of fame. It was the center around which gathered that bright galaxy of literary and philosophical authors, for which the early part of the present century was famous; and as the century ran on, it kept attracting to itself, with a magnetic influence, the talent of the time. There were Mackintosh and Hamilton in the department of metaphysics and ethical philosophy; Allan and Macaulay, and Stephen, in the domain of history; Jeffrey himself, in the congenial province of æsthetic criticism; and the wit of Sydney Smith, enlivening and qualifying all. These and other writers lent a charm of no ordinary power to this far-famed periodical, and wielded through it an influence, which it is difficult now to estimate, over the politics and literature of the day. Unjust often was the criticism, but it was always powerful. Interesting as it would be to trace the influence of the *Edinburgh* upon the age, it is no less so to mark the influence of the age upon it. In its early volumes it was decidedly hostile to Christianity. Its originators and first conductors scarcely ever mentioned it but with a sneer, or in a spirit of flippant levity. There was, indeed, one minister of the Gospel, so called, among them; but had it not been for the Rev. before his name, we will venture to say, that no one who listened to the conversation, or perused the writings of Sydney Smith, would ever have conjectured that he was a clergyman. Nor were the other members of that literary junta, in a religious point of view, any improvement upon Smith. The one blank in the life of Jeffrey was religion; this is made to appear even in his biography by Cockburn, for the subject is as carefully avoided by his biographer, as we suppose it was by himself. With such an editor, and such contributors, therefore, it is not wonderful that religion was attacked, for attacked it was in Smith's article on Methodism, which was a thrust at all religion under cover of a party name.* Soon, however, it became evident that they had gone too far, and then a class of writers appear whose Christianity is entirely negative, and whose principle it was, not to say anything that would advance it, while they carefully refrained from saying anything against it. But soon again the spirit of the age forced Jeffrey to look for one who would give no uncertain sound in favor of Christianity; and then we see the sturdy pen of Chalmers wielded—with a power which only he possessed—in behalf of Christian truth. We know, too, that Jeffrey solicited the good offices of Chalmers, with John Foster, in order to secure him as one of his staff; but, for some cause or other, Foster never redeemed the promise which, we believe, he made to become a contributor. Others, however, were obtained, who turned the tide completely; so that now, so far from being in antagonism to Christianity, the *Edinburgh* numbers among its chief contributors, at least one of the ablest defenders of the faith which this age has seen, and that is Henry Rogers. It is a significant sign of the times that such a change should have manifested itself in such a quarter. It proves incontrovertibly that it is only in union with Christianity that any literary work can secure for itself permanent existence and success.

How Rogers became connected with the *Edinburgh Review* we know not, nor are we very intimately acquainted with the particulars of his life, but from his writings we can tell the man. We see him there to be a man of extensive acquirements, of vigorous mind, and of an earnest heart; we see him there equally at home in the departments of abstract and positive science, history, philosophy, political economy, and theology; but it is to the last of these he has given, as was most meet, his most ardent attention; on it he has bestowed his strongest affection, and to it he has rendered his most willing homage. And his theological erudition is not a cold and lifeless thing. It consists not merely in a knowledge of creeds

* We observe that Rogers, in a note to his article on "Smith's Lectures on Moral Philosophy," affirms that, if he is rightly informed, Smith, in his closing years, regretted that his satire had struck so indiscriminately both piety and folly. We hope it is true. We should wish to believe that in the two articles on "Methodism" and "Missions" there were many things which, dying, he wished to blot. O, how much better had they never been written! His memoirs by his daughter, recently published, however, contain no evidence of this assertion of Rogers.

and confessions, of controversies and councils, of Church doctrines and Church laws.

He is not merely a theologian, but a Christian, and his theological system is, by cordial belief, so inwrought into the framework of his soul, that it gives a color to all his writings. He has entered the temple of theology not as a spectator merely, nor as an architect, to view and criticise the proportions of the stately building; but he is there as a worshiper. His Christianity is not what logicians would call a "separable accident;" it is a part of himself, and wherever he appears it accompanies him. As Carlyle says of Cromwell, we may say of him, "He believes in God, not on Sundays alone, but on all days—in all places, and in all cases." Hence, everything he does is done in a Christian manner, with an evident desire to bring about the Gospel optimism of which the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will toward men."

In perusing his writings, the conviction is ever and anon forced upon his readers that they have to do with one who is not writing merely for display, or for pecuniary profit, but whose all-absorbing motive is to advance the cause of truth, morality, and religion in the land. It is this peculiarity, this intensely Christian earnestness which distinguishes him from the great majority of essayists who are his cotemporaries.

How different, in this respect, are his essays from those of Macaulay, for example! Beautiful, and bright, and fascinating as the articles of the latter are, yet his greatest flatterers cannot call them earnest, nor can they allege that his splendid talents have been directed to a much higher aim than that which the mere novelist sets before him, viz., the entertainment of his readers and the display of his own abilities. Nay, we question if, from a perusal of his essays, we could even guess whether Macaulay is a Christian or not. In his criticism of Milton, indeed, we have a splendid panegyric on the Puritans, but, as a late critic has well remarked, he has in subsequent works so qualified it, as almost to force us to believe that the paragraph which contains it is one of those, of which, in his preface, he says, that his matured judgment does not approve.

Again: in reading his pages, how often do we find ourselves exclaiming, "What a beautiful style!" but how seldom are we struck with the force of the reasoning or the justness of the criticism, and how much more seldom are we impressed with the idea that he has in view the improvement of any class of the community. Read as we may, we cannot forget the writer in the subject. We see him ever moving before us in the stately step of his studied style, nay, even his very negligences, like the slovenly tie of a consummate dandy, are as labored as the rest. Nor does he ever, even by accident, kindle into earnestness; you never behold him striving might and main for the removal of some abuse. He is never, except on very rare occasions, found in the forefront of the hottest battle, contending for some great and important principle but he uses his sword, as the fencer does, to show his own dexterity, and catch the applause of the spectators.

It is different with Rogers. In perusing him, we scarcely think of the author, so much are we engrossed in his subject. We are never allowed to forget the great aim he sets before him, and so impressed are we with his arguments that we think not at the time of the language in which they are expressed. And this does not arise from any want of excellence in the style itself; nay, rather this very feature of it is its greatest excellence. His style is a perfect medium for the transmission of his thought, and hence we may peruse it without at the time perceiving its beauty; just as from the very transparence of the glass we cease to think of its existence, for the light is transmitted as it comes from the sun; it is only when some artist comes to paint it that we are reminded of its presence, and then only because the rays are colored by the medium through which they pass.

Beauty of style, no doubt, Mr. Rogers has, and that in an eminent degree. Indeed, there are some passages in his writings, especially in the "Defense of the Eclipse," which will not suffer by a comparison with any English author; but then the very beauties are so much in keeping with his subject, and so apparently suggested by it, that they never obtrude upon your notice. They are such as you expect to find in an earnest man when treating of the subject on which he is writing,

and in their very naturalness you are apt to overlook them. He does not bring out his historical lore for ostentatious display; he does not heap up figures to show us the play of a peculiarly fine fancy, nor does he permit his keen wit to flash out merely to let itself be seen. They have all something to do; they all, apparently, rise out of the subject of which he treats, and they all converge toward the object which he has in view.

Nor must the earnestness of Rogers be confounded with that of Carlyle. Carlyle's is the earnestness of an angry man; Rogers's is that of one who loves his fellow-men, and loves his God. Carlyle is like the old prophet muttering in solitude, "I do well to be angry, even unto death." Rogers is like the old philosopher who deemed nothing that affected humanity foreign to himself. Or, if we may be allowed to take a comparison from the lower animals, Carlyle is like a dog that has lost its master, running hither and thither, snarling and showing his teeth at every one he meets; while in the works of Rogers we have the "deep-mouthed honest bark" of the watch-dog baying out a hearty welcome to his master's friends, but scaring away all those who would break through to steal the valued treasures of his master's house. Carlyle is as earnest as any man can be whose creed is a mere negation; the earnestness of Rogers has been kindled at the altar of Christianity; "he believes, and therefore speaks." Carlyle sets himself to the overthrow of every *sham*, but he gives us nothing in its place; Rogers is not content merely with the exposure of an abuse; he is ever ready with the remedy. This peculiarity of these two authors is observed not merely in their respective treatment of strictly theological matters; it comes out as prominently in their political writings. Let any one compare, or rather we should say, contrast the "Latter-day Pamphlets," with Rogers's articles on "Revolution and Reform," on the "Treatment of Criminals," and on the "Prevention of Crime," in the admirable volumes of his selected essays, and he cannot fail to be struck with the difference we have mentioned. In these (shall we call them?) effusions of undigested spleen, Carlyle sets himself to the destruction of existing institutions with a relish as evident as that with which, in his "French Revolution," he describes the overthrow of the Bastile; but when he suggests anything in their stead, it is so utterly Utopian as to commend itself to no one but himself.

In Rogers, on the other hand, while evils are acknowledged and deplored, the people are told the wholesome truth, that "the chief remedies must come from God, and from themselves," and that "much as a wise government may do, and it ought to do the very uttermost that it can, there is no government, whether conservative, reforming, or radical, which can do the hundredth part of what the people can and must do for themselves;" and, again, "our chief hopes of the redemption of our country, of the restoration of a permanent prosperity, are founded on the increase of intelligence, education, morality, religion, and in our judgment nothing else will extricate us." These are wholesome truths, but they are such as we shall search in vain for in the pages of the pamphlets, called, somewhat unaccountably, the "Latter Day." Rogers has no sympathy with those who are constantly dwelling on the evils of the country mainly to excite sedition and discontent with existing institutions; he rather admits the evils, and teaches the people how they may themselves alleviate them. He wishes to stir up to individual reformation as the true source of social and national reform. And this reformation of his readers, at least in his theological and political articles, is never altogether absent from his thoughts. If he is entertaining, it is that he may instruct the more effectually; if, as in the "Eclipse," he assume the garb of fiction, it is not that he may interest his readers merely, but that he may thereby entice them to follow him through many passages of masterly and continuous discussion, and at length emerge with him from the apparent labyrinth, out into the broad and level table-land of truth.

Another feature in the Essays of Mr. Rogers is the honesty with which they are characterized. He never shrinks from expressing his convictions; he exposes error wherever he finds it, but he does so always in a candid spirit. His maxim is to speak of things as they are; he will not bate one jot or tittle of what he conceives to be the truth; nor, on the other hand, will he make an unjust representation of the opinions of those whom he is opposing. He will "nothing extenuate, nor set down

aught in malice." His articles on the "Oxford School," and his "Eclipse of Faith," especially, are models of controversial discussion. He takes no unfair advantage of an opponent, nay, he is anxious to do him full and honest justice; and repeatedly, both in the "Essays" and in the "Defense," are notes to be found appended, clearing up some misrepresentation, or retracting some expression which might be supposed unfair. But when he dees find error, he makes an unscrupulous exposure of it. He is severe, cuttingly severe, in many cases, but he is so only after he has succeeded in showing that his severity is justifiable. Here, as everywhere else, the influence of his religious principle is found operating, and he enters upon the exciting arena of the "Eclipse" with these words as his motto: "I am sure I shall do more harm than good if I suffer impatience and irascibility to prevail." But this same honesty is apparent in his critical and philosophical essays as well as in the theological. He is everywhere anxious to deal even-handed justice, and to show his author as he is. We have no nice hair-splitting casuistry, no blind impartiality. Success does not operate with him to hide most serious faults, nor does the want of it prevent him from discovering great merit. Throughout his works we have an utter absence of personality; not even in the "Defense" does he suffer himself to follow the example which Mr. Newman set, and he never mistakes a bad name for a good argument. This has given additional weight to his reasoning, and proves to his readers that he is an honest searcher after truth, unbiased either by personal antipathy or partiality. Nay, so jealous is he of the influence of either of these feelings, that he himself says in his "Defense," in reference to Mr. Newman:

"I had nothing in the world but his *opinions* in view, and I should not have commented upon them at all, had he not been a perfect stranger to me. Had he been either a friend, or an enemy, nay, had he been at all known to me, then, as in all cases in which I have been impelled by conscience or induced by importunity to enter into controversy, (which, whatever Mr. Newman may think, I thoroughly hate,) I should have refrained from noticing his writings at all; since I should have distrusted my own impartiality."

It were well that every controversialist, and especially every religious one, had acted on such principles as these. Too frequently, alas! their professed aim has been forgotten in the eagerness with which they have heaped abuse upon each other, and controversy has been either the consequence or the cause of personal animosity. Mr. Rogers, however, deals with the *writings* of his opponents; he goes no further than they will warrant him, but up to this point he offers no quarter. He sets himself to discover what his adversaries precisely mean, (no easy task, indeed, in reference to many of them,) and, that once determined, then comes the tug of war; and the spectators of the contest cannot but exclaim to the unfortunate victim,

"Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own,
No maiden's arm is round thee thrown."

Let him but discover inconsistency, or fallacy, or error, and no false delicacy keeps him from deriding and condemning it. In all this, however, he carries his readers with him, none the less because he confines himself to the published statements of the authors whom he controverts.

But another feature of Mr. Rogers, as a writer, is the wit which everywhere enlivens his pages. He has evidently a keen sense of the ludicrous, and is a lover of a hearty laugh. One can almost fancy he sees a twinkle in his eye and a smile upon his lips, while he retails a few of the quaint witticisms of old Fuller, or the quiet "asides" of Andrew Marvel. He has sharpened his own wit by intercourse with their works, and from his intimate acquaintance with the letters of Pascal, especially with the eleventh of that immortal series, he has learned to use ridicule to good purpose in the cause of truth. He seems to know almost by intuition, that part of an opponent's argument which lies open to ridicule, and by the same apparent instinct he knows how to bring his humor to bear upon it. Occasionally, indeed, especially in the "Defense," his wit is not of the finest texture, but its force in some measure compensates for its coarseness, and surely a little license may well be pardoned there, when we consider the provocation received, the opportunity afforded, and, above all, the necessarily hasty character of the work itself. The keenness of his satire in some places is not inferior to that of Sydney Smith, while it is used with far more discrimination, and therefore with far more effect. Unlike many who have been famous for their wit, Rogers keeps his under wholesome restraint, for here,

as everywhere else, the influence of his religion is apparent. It is said, indeed, by many, that "a man will rather lose his friend than his joke;" but our author has fully proved that his love of wit is entirely subservient to his love of truth. No man can read his admirably essay on "Pulpit Eloquence" without observing the tact which he has displayed in ridiculing the faults of a class of modern preachers, without involving in it that truth of which, with all its faults, the pulpit is still the ornament and guard. Of his best-known work, the "Eclipse of Faith," we are among those who reckon it to be by far the ablest contribution to the department of Christian "Apologetics" which the present century has seen. It would be somewhat too late if we should now attempt an elaborate criticism upon it; but any attempt to give a proper view of the mental character of Rogers, without taking this work into consideration, would be a perfect mockery. We shall, therefore, offer no apology for making a few remarks upon it. The only work which it at all suggests by similarity, is the "Provincial Letters." What Rogers says of Plato, we may say of himself. "Like Pascal, he can be by turns profound, sublime, pathetic, sarcastic, playful." We have in the "Eclipse" specimens of all these, much in the style of the great Frenchman. Indeed, with the exception of the "Provincial Letters," there is no work which, composed mainly of subtile, close, and masterly discussion, so charms the greedy reader on, and makes him feel almost sorry when he comes to the conclusion. Beyond all question, had Johnson lived in this age, he would have added the "Eclipse" to that small list of works, which, when he had perused, he wished had been longer. And this all-absorbing interest is owing not to the garb of fiction in which it has been arrayed, so much as to the fine, bracing, conversational style in which the discussions are conducted, to the sparkling wit which is playing on every page, and lighting it up as fireworks do the night, and, above all, to the intrinsic importance of the subjects themselves. Not a little of its power, too, is owing to the dramatic manner in which the materials are dispersed, to the working of a strong imagination, and to the frequent introduction of the Socratic dialogue. But, apart from all other considerations, the *argument* of the book is its great merit. It is wrought in fire, and scorches those who will not be convinced. There is not in the whole range of modern apologies for Christianity, a better answer to Hume's famous essay than that which is given in this book. Even the clear, calm, and acute Wardlaw must yield to Rogers in his treatment of this skeptic. Nor is there to be found anywhere so complete a demolition of the Spiritualism of Newman, or the mythic theory of Strauss. The "Papal Aggression Proved a Myth" is worthy of a place beside the "Historic Doubts" of Whately; but the "Blank Bible" stands alone, unapproached by any author. How grand the conception of this chapter! What a vein of sarcasm runs through it, and yet how beautiful and rapid the transition from the lively to the severe, so that the echo of your laugh has scarcely died away, when you find your eyes suffused with tears of irrepressible emotion.

The "Defense of the Eclipse" is worthy of its author, and although less elaborate than his greater work, its liveliness and wit are greater than in any of his former writings, while in some few passages he rises into a style of eloquence and grandeur unsurpassed, if we should not rather say unequaled, by any author of the present day.

But we must conclude. The name of Henry Rogers will go down to posterity associated with those who, from Justyn Martyr downward, have been the defenders of the Christian religion; and the time is coming, we doubt not, when, as in the case of the first opponents of Christianity, the opinions of his adversaries will be read only in the pages that refute then. Nobly has he stood in the breach in the present age, and taught the opponents of our faith that Christianity is still the creed of others than the foolish or the simple. Long may he be spared to labor as he has done in the cause of humanity and of God.

THESE latter ages of the world have declined into a softness above the effeminacy of Asian princes, and have contracted customs which those innocent and healthful days of our ancestors knew not, whose piety was natural, whose charity was operative, whose policy was just and valiant, and whose economy was sincere and proportionable to the disposition and requisites of nature.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE LAST NEW HYMN BOOK.

A COLLECTION of hymns prepared for any Christian denomination, and used by them, is not a fair subject for rigid criticism. Every sect has, and has a right to have, its own peculiarities in doctrine, in usages, and in its favorite psalmody. But this is not a sectarian Hymn Book. It is professedly catholic, in the largest sense of the word. It has been heralded to the world as such. It is designed "for the use of Christian congregations." Copies for examination have been sent gratuitously, and orders solicited, with a large discount where copies are purchased to supply congregations. It invites scrutiny, and challenges criticism.

It was ushered into public notice by more than the usual amount of clap-trap advertisement and puffs. It has been lauded in periodicals, weekly and quarterly. Who has not heard of it? It is called "Plymouth Collection;" but the special propriety of the title is occult. There is a Plymouth in Old England, a town of some little consequence, and there are two or three places bearing that name in New-England; with neither of them has the last new Hymn Book any connection. However, the name is of little consequence. Let us look at the hymns. And the first thing that strikes us is the extent of the collection, and the great variety of sources from which the poetry has been selected. There are thirteen hundred and seventy-four separate hymns, besides half a hundred or more doxologies.

Not only has the compiler carefully searched all the collections of Psalms and Hymns within his reach, but he has gleaned fugitive pieces which have appeared in religious journals, and added some which have never before appeared in print.

Being a book "for the use of Christian congregations," some of the hymns, as might be expected, are very severe on the subject of Christian union. Hymn 1015, for instance, with its clarion peal, calls for the immediate destruction of all fences by which Churches are kept apart:

> "Churches and sects! strike down
> *Each mean partition wall!*
> Let love each harsher feeling drown;
> Christians are brothers all."

This sounds bold. But no sect will make any objections to the battering down of *mean* partition walls. *Their* walls are not of that character. Nor can anybody seriously question the propriety of *drowning* each harsher feeling *in love*, if that be the meaning of the poet. But it is at least questionable whether he did not intend to represent love as the drowner, who is expected to immerse *harsher feelings* in—what? In love, of course; and very ardent love seems to permeate a great part of the Plymouth poetry. It is full of those fond epithets which good taste has, in many Hymn Books, banished, especially from direct addresses to the world's Redeemer. Here we have, on almost every page, "Dear Saviour," "Dear Jesus," "Come, dearest Lord," "Lord most dear," "My dearest Lord," "O dearest Lamb," and a great many more of similar character. But far worse than these fond expressions are the irreverent, we had almost said impious familiarities, occasionally taken with Him in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. Hymn 423 begins, "Son of the Carpenter!"

But let us turn our attention to that special vocation of the Hymn Book maker, the alteration of a poet's language to suit his own purposes. On this point there is in theory a diversity of sentiment. Some contend that any alteration of what may be called public property, for the use of the Church, is perfectly justifiable; while others insist upon it that hymns ought to be given precisely, *totidem verbis*, as written by the poet. We say there is this difference *in theory*. In practice, so far as we are aware, all Hymn Book makers follow the first-named course. Nor is Mr. Beecher an exception, although he tells us that he has, "as far as possible, avoided all changes, except those necessary to restore mutilated hymns to their original state." We believe he has adhered to this canon, so far as several of the hymns of Watts are concerned, and in some cases to their manifest injury; but other writers, and Wesley more especially, of whom he says, "Some of his effusions have never been surpassed," he mangles unmercifully. Hymn 53 is that favorite lyric, beginning,

> "Light of life, seraphic fire."

In the second stanza, Wesley cries with almost startling boldness:

> "Son of God! appear! appear!"

Mr. Beecher tames it down to

> "Father! in thy grace appear;"

which does not, so far as we can see, mean anything.

By what authority, or for what purpose, poetic or otherwise, was this beautiful line of Addison's,

"Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,"

altered to

"The wearied sun from day to day?"

Hymn 69 is a well-known lyric of Charles Wesley's. Mr. Beecher razees it, and puts it through an emasculating process. Here is the last stanza, as found in the Methodist Hymn Book:

"O for a trumpet voice
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all:
For all, my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died."

The brethren who sing from the "Plymouth Collection" are not allowed to use this strong language. Mr. Beecher tames down the last two lines, spoiling the poetry and the grammar, but saving the Calvinism. Instead of,

"*For all*, my Lord was crucified;
For all, FOR ALL, my Saviour died,"

Beecher has it,

"Inspire with praise each human tongue,
And wake a universal song."

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Charles Wesley's magnificent hymn, beginning,

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,"

is copied by Mr. Beecher with variations that are no improvements. For instance, in stanza fourth the poet has,

"Be this my one great business here—
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to ensure,"

which is the very counterpart of the apostle's exhortation, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling;" but the Plymouth brethren seem disposed rather to ignore that portion of apostolic teaching, and so they sing:

"Be this my one great business here,
With holy diligence and fear,
To *make my calling sure!*"

So, again, Wesley's hymn,

"Lamb of God, whose dying love,"

is, by the omission of syllables and the alteration of a few words, metamorphosed from one meter to another.

That beautiful and well-known hymn, from the same author, beginning,

"How happy every child of grace!"

is thus mended in the last stanza:

"O would he *all* of heaven bestow,
Then like our Lord we'll rise;
Our bodies fully ransom'd, go
To take the glorious prize.

On him with rapture *then I'll* gaze,
Who bought the *bliss* for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity."

The reader who is curious to trace the variations, may compare these lines with Hymn 926 of the standard Methodist Collection.

So, again, in that grand lyric,

"Jesus, the name high over all,"

the poet gives us this glorious stanza:

"O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace,"

which, in the volume before us, is thus Beecherized:

"O that a dying world might know
The glory of His name;
My voice shall His salvation show,
And cry—Behold the Lamb!"

We are not at a loss to guess at the object of many of the preceding alterations. There are others, for which we can give no other reason than the mere whim of the compiler. Take, for instance, this verse of Wesley's, found in Hymn 360 of the Methodist Collection:

"My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay."

Mr. Beecher has it, in his Hymn 931:

"My *Father* bids me come,
O, why do I delay?
He calls *the wandering spirit* home,
And yet from him I stay."

In the same hymn Wesley says:

"Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the vail away.

* * * * * * *

"In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love."

Here are Mr. Beecher's "restorations:"

"Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying *powers* display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
Take every vail away.

* * * * * * *

"In me *the hindrance lies;*
The fatal bar remove,
And let me see, in sweet surprise,
Thy full redeeming love."

Eastburn's Hymn, 194, is most vilely marred in one of its best stanzas. The poet has it:

"O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day!"

Mr. Beecher, to the utter ruin of the rhythm, and, as it seems to us, in mere wantonness, alters the last word of the third line, and reads,

"Thine be the hymn that rolls its *lay.*"

Unwarrantable liberty is taken with Montgomery's Hymn, 783. He writes, in verse first:

"Thousands, O Lord of Hosts, this day
Around thine altar meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet."

Mr. Beecher, not apprehending the meaning of *meeting around God's altar*, mars it thus:

"Thousands, O Lord of Hosts, *to-day*
Within thy temple meet."

The stanza in the same hymn,

"I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrender'd heart,"

was too poetical for our compiler. The idea of a house of prayer in the heart he could not tolerate. So he botches, thus:

"I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
O give me here a house of prayer;
Here Sabbath joys impart."

We are not about to discuss the right of him who prepares a Hymn Book to make what alterations he pleases. We merely advert to these specimens, and we might give a great many more, to show the difference between theory and practice, and to illustrate the truth of Mr. Beecher's introductory statement: "We have as far as possible avoided all changes except those necessary to restore mutilated hymns to their original state."

Of the poetic strains of that great master of the lyre, Dr. Watts, we are told that his "psalms and hymns have been carefully compared with the original, and *for the most part restored.*" We were sorry to see this statement, knowing, as we did, that a great many of the doctor's verses have been wonderfully improved since they came from his pen. So Mr. Beecher found out, and he has, in many instances, given us Watts, not as the poet left his verses, but as they have been mended by succeeding hymnologists. We can only account for our author's statement by supposing that his preface was written before he commenced making his poetic collection. For instance, in our author's Hymn, 100, Watts has

"*Gabriel, and all th'* immortal choir,
That fill the realms above," &c.

Mr. Beecher very properly gives the hymn as altered,

"*Praise ye the Lord,* immortal choir," &c.

Our compiler's Hymn, 235, is vastly different from what it is in the *Horæ Lyricæ*, as published by Dr. Watts. Let the reader compare the original stanzas with Wesley's alterations as found in the Methodist collection, Hymn 148, and he will not wonder why Mr. Beecher broke his own canon:

"He dies, the heavenly lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings; deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

"Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God," &c.

Mr. Beecher could not stand this, and so, like a wise man, he follows Wesley's version.

In the last line of the first verse of Hymn 272, instead of

"His bowels melt with love,"

as Watts wrote it, Mr. Beecher has

"His bosom glows with love,"

which may be an improvement, but certainly is the very reverse of a "restoration."

In Hymn 962, Dr. Watts has the nervous Saxon line,

"He shall be damned that won't believe."

Why did not Mr. Beecher thus print it, instead of giving the alteration as found in the Methodist Hymn Book,

"And he condemned who won't believe?"

At the close of Hymn 1040, Dr. Watts says:

"The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:"

and so the verse reads in all the collections we have examined. Mr. Beecher, who *carefully restores original readings*, alters it, perhaps, because he doubted the truth of the sentiment as given by Watts, and turns it into a prayer, thus:

"O God! make bare thine arm
Through all the earth abroad."

So, too, we can see no plausible pretext for altering the last line of this stanza in Hymn 45:

"One day amid the place
Where *my dear God*, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin."

Thus Watts. Beecher says:

"One day amid the place
Where *God, my God* hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin."

Mr. Beecher's Hymn, 48[illegible],

"Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,"

has undergone a terrible mangling, and we incline to the opinion that it has been improved by the process.

In Hymn 132, Watts wrote:

"Nations, attend before his throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

John Wesley altered it to read:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,"

and Mr. Beecher, like a sensible man, perpetuates Wesley's alteration.

Then, again, out of mere waywardness, our compiler rejects emendations which commend themselves to the judgment of every sensible man. Thus he gives us,

"I'll praise my Maker *with* my breath,"

instead of,

"I'll praise my Maker *while I've* breath."

And in the same hymn we have,

"The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,"

which is a very common-place statement of a fact that no reasonable man will question, preferred by Mr. Beecher to the truly poetic line,

"The Lord *pours eyesight* on the blind."

So in Watts's beautiful resurrection hymn the substitution of *ever* for *often* is a most manifest improvement:

"God, my Redeemer lives,
And *often* (*ever*) from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise."

But Mr. Beecher prefers *often*, implying that there may be occasions when the eye of the Lord is not in every place. Often it is, but not always.

Watts is so great a favorite with our compiler that he gives us one of his hymns in two places. Hymn 69 begins:

"The Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high,
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight."

Hymn 179 is the same thing done into long meter, thus:

"Jehovah reigns, His throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight."

Watts having been thus duplicated, it was no more than fair that Wesley should be honored in the same way, especially as the Plymouth collection sails under no sectarian flag, and in this way the number of hymns in the book would be increased. Accordingly, after giving us a part of that well-known hymn,

"Come on, my partners in distress,"

as No. 870, we pass on to No. 1182, and here we have the same hymn again. No. 870 ends with the stanza beginning,

"Who suffer with our Master here,"

and No. 1182 begins

"*We* suffer with our Master here,"

the rest of the stanza being precisely the same in both places. It is a little curious, and not creditable to the acuteness of the compiler, that the former is left without the name of the author. It stands there

as anonymous, one of those whose authorship could not be ascertained; but when it appears the second time it is credited properly to C. Wesley.

Mr. Beecher gives us from Watts, poetry that all other hymn compilers were willing to let pass into oblivion. A stanza like this, in Hymn 139, is unworthy of the most wretched verse-monger who was ever permitted to disfigure a Hymn Book.

"He speaks, and lo! all nature shakes;
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds *with hideous cracks*,
And *shoots his fiery arrows through*."

What a figure! Shooting arrows through hideous cracks!

Here is a stanza, too, which might as well have been left in the mass of the Doctor's forgotten twaddle:

"Had I a glance at thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, *as though I saw them not*,
As a *dim candle dies at noon*."

"At the time of the deluge," said an eloquent divine, "it thundered and lightened, and it lightened and it thundered, like—like—like—anything." There was some sense in that simile. It left room for the hearers' imagination. But the vanishing like—like—a dim candle! Of course everybody knows how that vanishes at noon. Well, just like that, under certain circumstances, kingdoms and men, women, too, perhaps, would vanish soon!

Here is another little gem from Watts that our compiler has dragged to light. It must be exceedingly full of comfort to some exceedingly mean sheep that we wot of. Speaking of Jesus, he says:

"His *honor* is *engaged* to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

To hymn 103, beginning,

"Almighty Maker, God,"

a verse, omitted by former hymn compilers, is added in this collection. It was certainly unnecessary for the completion of the hymn, and adds nothing to the Doctor's reputation as a Christian poet:

"And yet the songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honors of thy name
To build their own applause."

That is, the songs steal honors, with which to build, not the poet's, but their own applause.

We do not know that there is in the volume anything decidedly heterodox, with proper explanations, but there are certainly a few stanzas hard to be understood. Take this from Hymn 66:

"Man drew from man his birth;
But God his noble frame
Built of the *ruddy* earth,
Fill'd with celestial flame."

In the first line, is the poet speaking of man in the abstract—of Adam? And if not, of whom is he speaking in the lines following? But we have a far more imposing "man" in Hymn 83:

"Mankind shall be one brotherhood,
One human soul shall fill the earth."

A large soul that, surely.

It requires some little hermeneutical skill to make the following stanza exactly quadrate with Scripture and common sense. It is from Hymn 145:

"That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or *creed*,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love."

Hymn 254 is an address to the Virgin Mary. Mr. Beecher commences by asking her several questions, thus:

"Why is thy face so lit with smiles,
Mother of Jesus! why?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky?"

Mary does not respond, but the poet goes on, and we give the entire hymn as we find it:

"2. His rising form on Olivet
A *summer's* shadow cast!
The branches of the hoary trees
Droop'd as the shadow pass'd.

"3. And as he rose with all his train
Of righteous souls around,
His blessing fell into thine heart
Like dew into the ground.

"4. Down stoop'd a silver cloud from heaven,
The Eternal spirit's car,
And on the lessening vision went
Like some receding star.

5. The silver cloud hath sailed away,
The skies are *blue and free*;
The road that vision took is now
Sunshine and vacancy."

Was ever such trash put into the lips of a Protestant congregation?

There is another hymn (285) of very

similar pretensions. It is not, however, an address to the Virgin Mary, but, if we understand it, a request of a husband to his wife, or *vice versa*. We copy the first stanza:

"O sing unto my soul, *my love*,
That *all-entrancing* lay,
Such as the seraphim above
Are singing *far away*."

O dear! Agnes, my love, give us a tune on the piano; an *all-entrancing* tune, my sweet!

Hymn 735 commences in, to say the least, a very strange style for the lips of a public congregation in the house of God on his holy day. Listen, and fancy Mr. Beecher inviting his people to sing:

"The *turf* shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine;
My *censer's breath* the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my *only* prayers."

By "the turf" he does not mean, as our English brethren would understand him, the race course. Of course not. If he must have a censer, but we can see no indispensable necessity for it, if he *must* have it, we know no good reason why his wish should not be gratified, and mountain airs be supplied from the Catskill or the Alleghanies as *breath* for the censer aforesaid. "Silent thoughts" his *only* prayer? Nothing else at any time? We are more doubtful on this point than we are about the censer. Let the divines settle it.

Nor are we quite confident that the orthodoxy of Hymn 595 will stand the test. The poetry, at any rate, is below par:

"Dear Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word *benign*
Could once at Cana's wedding feast
Change water into wine,
Come visit us! and when *dull work*
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine."

What, all of it? Perhaps, however, the poet is to be understood only in a Pickwickian sense; otherwise, at least during the dog days, we beg to be excused from uniting in the prayer.

There are in this collection not a few specimens of very flat rhyme, as, for example, Hymn 19:

"While now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'Tis sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done."

"'Tis sweet," is it? But if the setting sun is not sinking, or has already sunk, or if we cannot then think on all our duties *done*, how then? Hymn 26 proposes a poser:

"What vain disturbing thoughts infest
My bosom, *as their den;*
O, that they knew the day of rest!
Would they disturb me *then?*

We think not. But it is hardly a supposable case. In Hymn 41 we are told:

"And now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day He rose who bore our sins"—

Can the reader guess what the last line of this stanza will be? Try. It must be something to rhyme with Lord's. Do you give it up? Here it is then:

"*For so his word records.*"

In Hymn 56 the writer himself was a little bothered to make out the necessary number of rhymes. Each stanza ends with "the Sabbath draweth on." In verse 4 he is compelled, for the rhyme's sake, to perpetrate this ludicrous line:

"See the *brightening signal yon*,
'Tis that Sabbath drawing on."

We have seen, in our day, a great deal of ridiculous rhyme. In the box of rejected poems from moon-struck boys and little girls at boarding-schools, we never met with anything so utterly trashy as this stanza found in Hymn 155:

"And like a den most dark he made
His hid and secret place;
With waters black and airy clouds
Encompassed he was."

Mr. A. C. Coxe, one of our own countrymen, writes costively, but is always successful in making his lines rhyme, whether there is any reason in them or not. This is one of his stanzas from Hymn 230:

"How beauteous were the *marks* divine,
That in thy meekness *used* to shine;
That *lit* thy lovely pathway, *trod*
In wondrous love, O Son of God."

That participle *trod* is a great favorite with rhymesters. It comes in so pat to help them when in trouble. Mr. Coxe continues his address to the Saviour:

"O who like thee—*so calm, so bright*,
So pure, *so made to live in light?*
O who like thee *did ever go*
So patient through a world of woe?"

O who like thee so humbly bore,
The scorn, the scoff of men, before?

Before? Truly, no one; nor behind either, for that matter. The epithets in the first line appear to have been plagiarized from Hymn 30, where they are applied to Sunday:

"Blest day of God! *most calm, most bright.*"

But these epithets are great favorites. We have them again in Hymn 317 with the addition of another, which might not be sung with any approximation to the truth yesterday when the thermometer in the pulpit stood at ninety-eight and three quarters:

"*Sweet* day! So *cool*, so calm, so bright."

Take another specimen of Mr. Coxe's ability in building rhyme:

"Hark! the onset! Will ye *fold your*
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy *soldier;*
Worlds are charging to the shock."

Hymn 438 is quite ingeniously constructed. Take the closing stanza:

"Yet a few days to me, *perhaps*,
And time shall no more be—
But boundless love can know no *lapse*."

Lapse? What does lapse mean? Do not ask foolish questions. Lapse rhymes with perhaps, doesn't it?

Sometimes Mr. Beecher's poets tumble into a bog, and their attempts to get out are really excruciating. Thus the writer of Hymn 294 in the third line of this stanza:

"Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought."

There he is in the bog. Where shall he find a rhyme for ought? Bought, fought, caught, either of those will do; or, with a little violence, snort, quart, report. Yes, but they won't gee. Now see with what desperation the poor fellow jerks himself out of the mud:

"Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought;
But when we see his face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then we shall sing his grace—

(Now for it,)

Sing without fault."

Hymn 466 is in the style military:

"But now I am a soldier,
My captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And *bid me not give o'er*."

Interesting *orders* these, if we only knew what they were; or, are they all included in the command,

"Don't give o'er?"

which would have been don't give over, but the rhyme was more imperative than the captain.

There are occasional specimens of what our Dagger correspondent calls the style highfalutin, as in Hymn 36:

"How sweet, how calm, this summer's morn!
How pure the air *that breathes*,
And soft the sound upon it borne,
And *light its vapor wreaths*."

If the rhyme would have allowed, we should have had, perhaps,

"How pure the air *we* breathe!"

Its light vapor wreaths are soft, pure, and sweet. Mawkish, too, are they not?

But the author of Hymn 83 is still more sentimental, lackadaisical, in fact:

"The stormy winds are hushed to rest,
And hang *self-poised upon their wings;*
And nursed on mother nature's breast,
Sweet flowers lie like *sleeping things*."

Self-poised, hey? And sleeping things; "Creeping things" we read of in the Bible; but sleeping things, what are they? Sweet flowers *lie*, like them.

Hymn 1136 appears to be intended for singing at the death of a little child. The rhymes are well enough, but what strange fatuity gave it a place in a collection of hymns to be sung in Christian congregations? We copy the whole of it:

"1. What though the *stream* be *dead*,
Its banks *all still* and dry!
It murmureth o'er a lovelier bed
In *air-groves* of the sky.

"2. What though our *bird of light*
Lie mute with *plumage dim;*
In heaven I see her glancing bright,
I hear her angel hymn.

"3. True that our *bounteous doe*
Hath left her still retreat,
But purer now, in *heavenly snow*,
She lies at Jesus' feet."

Lying in snow, is she? Poor thing, cold. But we may not stop to moralize. Here is the last stanza:

O star, untimely set!
Why should we weep for thee?
So bright and *dewy coronet*
Is rising o'er the sea."

Dewy coronet rising over the sea! But why over the sea? Perhaps she was a sailor's daughter, and the image is nautical.

But now you shall have a touch of the exquisite. Listen; we read from Hymn 801:

"Bright were the *mornings first impearl'd*
On earth, and sea, and air;
The birth-days of a rising world,
For Power divine was there!"

Where? The mornings which were first impearled were bright. Those which have been *impearled* since, of course are not so bright. Why not? Why, because *those* mornings were the first days of the world. They, that is, the world's birth-days, came all at once; and not as yours does, annually.

But we must not stop to point out specific beauties. Most of our readers have sufficient acuteness of intellectual vision to find them for themselves, at least where they are so thickly scattered as in the verses last quoted.

Pass we then to Hymn 98, which, if we mistake not, will require some patient study from those who wish to understand it. Thus it begins:

"I sing of God, the mighty source
Of all things, *the stupendous force*
On which all things depend;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes
All *period*, power, and enterprise
Commence, and reign, and end."

Isn't that grand? We might give you more of it, but it is unnecessary, nor would it be kind in us to leave you in the stanza where the poet invites us to

"The *multitudinous abyss*,
Where nature joys in secret bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill."

Multitudinous is a great word; so is *abyss*. The union of the two conveys a very multitudinarian idea. But that multitudinous abyss is a *secret* place where "nature joys." It reminds one of Tillietudleum, where young men and lasses "joy" themselves, not in secret, indeed, but in couples.

But here we have something still more magnificent. It is the closing stanza of Hymn 86, and is an address to the Supreme Being:

"I find thee in the noon of night,
And read thy name in every star
That drinks in splendor from the light
That flows from mercy's beaming car;
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem
Composes—not Thy diadem."

You must read that again if you desire to extract all its sweetness. "The noon of night," of course, means midnight, and the "wee short hours ayont the twal," as Burns has it. But only think of every star with the same letters on it, and each at the same time *drinking* from a beaming car. The last two lines are equally inimitable and unintelligible. So is the commencement of Hymn 488, at least to us. Can any body find meaning in the lines:

"*God named Love, whose fount thou art*,
Thy crownless Church before thee stands,
With too much hating in her heart,
And too much *striving* in her *hands*."

It may be our own fault, certainly it is our misfortune, that we are unable, and we have tried faithfully, to fathom the meaning of this, the introductory stanza of Hymn 910:

"Alas! the utter emptiness!
What life has it to give?
O shall it God's own fire affect?
Soul, wilt thou slightly live?"

To what does *it* in the second and third lines refer? Perhaps the reader thinks if he had the next stanza it might help him to understand the first. Here it is:

"Thyself amid the silence clear,
The world far off and dim,
Thy vision free, the Bright one near,
Thyself alone with him."

Now please to read these verses again. Do it carefully. Does any semblance of sense begin to appear? The rest of the hymn is in the same foggy strain.

Parodies on well-known hymns are always offensive to good taste, almost sacrilegious is one on Heber's Missionary hymn, commencing,

On Thibet's snow-capped mountains,
On Afric's burning sand,
Where roll the fiery fountains
Along Hawai's strand.

But our space is exhausted, and we must take our leave of the Plymouth collection. If we have not gained from its pages much information, we must admit that it has afforded us what is scarcely less desirable in this warm weather—a good deal of amusement.

THE CITY OF SALADIN.

GRAND CAIRO is the great depot of Oriental merchandise. Hither, by the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean, by the Nile, and over vast seas of floating sand, are brought the productions of Oriental Asia, of India, of Europe, and of Africa. It is the rendezvous of merchants who deal in gold-dust, perfumes, ostrich-feathers, vestments of many-tinted radiance, and the tissues of "woven air" made to envelop Eastern beauty. In Grand Cairo meet the caravans of Damascus and of Suez, laden with the rich fabrics of Bombay and Calcutta, and those of Sennar and Darfour, importing camel loads of ivory and troops of pouting Nubians, or jetty Abyssinians of statuesque features, to be sold for slaves. In the bazaars of Grand Cairo you may see opals, diamonds of Viaspour and Golconda, pearls of Ophir, talmas, and tarbouches heavy with golden ornaments, and all the rich tissues embroidered by the henna-tipped fingers of the East. Here you can purchase gold and ivory wrought slippers, worth ten thousand dollars, or an humble article adapted to the most plebeian foot. Here you can buy a pipe, that greatest luxury of the East, worth, with the amber mouth-piece and the rings of precious stones, fifteen thousand dollars.

In the place where curious weapons are exposed for sale the traveler has before him the whole picturesque arsenal of ancient Islam; saddles and trappings worthy of the swift coursers of the Hoftar; pieces of armor with jeweled incrustations that may have served Saladin, or Haroun Al Raschid, with blades of Khorassan, Albanian pistols, and fierce yataghans in endless profusion, and of almost incalculable value.

Never before did I feel like calling silver trash, and look with contempt upon the purchasing power of gold ducats.

The treasures of the bazaars belong to wealthy Mussulmans, who sit all day like tailors, looking gravely upon their merchandise, and careless, apparently, of the chances of trade. Wishing to purchase a couple of chibouques, I reined my donkey up at one of the stalls where pipes were sold, and directed Ibrahim to inquire the price. The well-turbaned Mussulman twitched the muscles of his eyes, expelled the smoke from his nostrils, and answered,

"Two hundred piasters, O Howadji."

"I will give you fifty."

The man of ample trowsers throws back his head, and raises his eyes as if calling Heaven to witness the injustice done him by naming so low a figure.

"I will give you fifty piasters."

Three minutes of silence; my donkey, seized by a sudden caprice, thrusts his nose near the head of the Arab, and brays in a most spasmodic and excruciating manner. Everybody laughs.

"God is great!" exclaims the merchant. "Take the pipes, O Howadji, for one hundred and seventy-five piasters."

"Impossible, O Effendi! Ibrahim, let us go."

We ride but a few steps when the Arab calls us back. He invites us to dismount, and be seated *à la Turk*. The servant brings lighted chibouques and cups of coffee from the adjacent shop. Discursive conversation in monosyllables occupies a few minutes. This has its use in a country where there are no newspapers.

"How much will the Howadji give?"

"Seventy-five piasters, and count the money in gold."

The merchant nods, which means, "No, Effendi."

"They cost me that sum," and the grave pipe-dealer, who, a short time before, consumed his smoke in Pythagorean silence, now expatiates eloquently upon the value and perfection of the two chibouques.

"Here are eighty piasters for them."

"In the name of Mohammed, take them for one hundred and twenty"—after three minutes of silence.

"I cannot."

"The American *Howadji* has much gold; by my two eyes, they are cheap at one hundred!"

"Here are ninety."

The Mussulman lays hold of his jetty beard. "*Kismet!* (God hath willed it;) the pipes are thine, O Effendi!" and a bargain, involving the outlay of $4 50, and half an hour of parleying, is closed with the dignity of potentates trafficking in provinces and kingdoms.

As we wound our way through the narrow and crowded streets, I saw every-

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EGYPTIAN MUSICIANS.

where the most extravagant manifestations of joy. The people ran with gladness, shouted, and embraced each other. Bands of music enlivened the scene. I knew not what to make of all this until Ibrahim learned that a regiment of soldiers had just been disbanded by order of the viceroy. So happy are the Egyptians to escape military service! It brought to my mind a scene of another kind I had witnessed in Cairo a few evenings before. Several families were following, with the most pitiable exhibitions of grief, three young Arabs who had been seized upon as conscripts. Mutilation and even death are preferable to soldier-life in the service of Said Pacha.

The Old Tooloon is the most ancient mosque in Grand Cairo. A Cuffic inscription over the Saracenic gateway tells us that it was built A. D. 879. Its pointed arches, the colonnades surrounding its court with one hundred marble pillars, and the quaint architecture of this old moslem temple, render it as interesting to the traveler as, from pious associations, it is sacred to the faithful. Before the French expedition to Egypt neither Christians nor Jews were permitted to ride by the Tooloon, or, in fact, any other mosque in Cairo, on horseback. "If it be from respect for your places of worship," protested Napoleon to the Ulemas, "that you forbid Christians and Jews to ride before your mosques, why do you not observe the same rule yourselves? Is it reasonable to demand testimonies of veneration from strangers that you yourselves do not give?" The argument was unanswerable.

A few years older than the Tooloon are the ruins of El Amer, in Old Cairo. Two hundred and fifty marble columns disposed around a large court sustain the long galleries of pointed arches. The fountain has been broken by ruthless hands, and the mosaic pavement removed. No Mussulman temple in Egypt is so venerated as the El Amer. In times of disaster, when the plague ravages the city, or the Nile does not rise high enough to fertilize the land, the viceroy and all the high dignitaries of Egypt repair with the faithful to this hallowed spot to invoke the compassion of God. Christians and Jews follow to the same place; and it is a memorable sight to behold men so different in origin and faith, prostrating themselves with the same devout purpose under those arches crumbling with the weight

of a dozen centuries, and invoking together Christ and the saints, Jehovah and Mohammed.

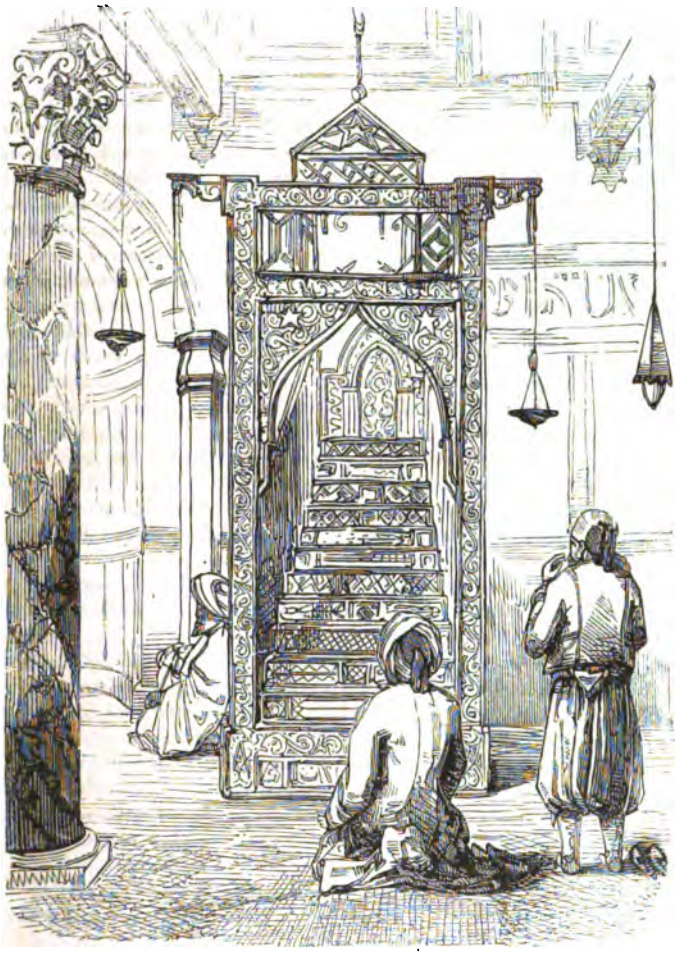
Leaving the old Tooloon, we visited El Azar, remarkable for its antiquity, and especially for the schools connected with it. El Azar is the University of the Orient. Syrians, Nubians, Persians, Indians, and wisdom-seekers from the uttermost parts of the East assemble here to study and live at the expense of the mosque. With other branches the Ulemas of El Azar teach the philosophy of Aristotle, Persian poetry, Arabic literature, and the interpretation of the history of the caliphs. In Mussulman lands the lawyers, or those whose business it is to interpret the Koran, have obtained a complete ascendency over the priestly orders, who are devoted solely to religion.

The principal persons connected with each mosque are the *Nazir*, director and warden of the revenues; *Imaum*, who recites the *Namaz*, or five daily prayers, six

AN EGYPTIAN PREACHER.

days in the week, for about one cent per day; *Sheik*, who preaches on Friday, the Mussulman Sabbath; *Kiatib*, leader in the public prayers on Friday; *Muezzins*, to call the people to devotion; *Coyzyns*, servants of the mosque.

The mosque El Hassan, built in the place Roumeyleh, is esteemed the finest monument of Saracenic architecture in Egypt. The caliph, they say, in whose reign it was erected, ordered the hands of the artist to be cut off in order that El Hassan might forever remain unrivaled. Leaving this mosque, we began the ascent to the citadel of Cairo by one of the two passage-ways cut in the rock. This old Moresque fortification, built by Saladin upon one of the heights of the Mokattam, overlooks the whole city. It was partially destroyed by the explosion of a powder magazine in 1824, but has since been repaired. Near by is the palace of Mohammed Ali, also occupied by Ibrahim Pacha, and Abas, the late viceroy. We were conducted through the audience chamber, the divan, and the royal baths. The



PULPIT IN THE MOSQUE OF EL AZAR.

supply of water for the citadel is obtained from Saladin's well, one of the most remarkable constructions of the kind in the world, being no less than three hundred and eighty feet in depth.

A spiral passage-way cut in the rock winds around the well half way to the bottom, and an ox is every day driven down to that point to turn the water-wheel, while another at the top raises the water through the remaining distance.

But most worthy of being visited, on the height of the citadel, is the mosque of Mohammed Ali. Though begun more than thirty years ago, it is not yet entirely completed. Its architecture is a combination of the Saracenic, Greek, and Roman. The walls of Egyptian marble are lined with Oriental alabaster, and the columns and fountains are of the same rich material.

Never before did I so well appreciate the real nature and essence of beauty as when standing beneath that aerial pavilion of stone, reposing gracefully on its four massive pillars. Its builders were masters of living marble; for the treasures of the quarry become beautiful only when they lose somewhat of their material nature, and assume lighter and more spiritual forms. I cannot describe the gigantic proportions of everything upon which the eye rests, nor trace the infinitude of galleries, columns, and architectural wonders of this great Moslem cathedral. Calvin and Luther would have retrenched

nothing from a Mussulman temple, destitute as it is of painting, and statuary, and the geometrical ornamentation of lines, broken, crossed, and commingled. Here dwell none of the mystic shadows and reveries peculiar to the old cathedrals of Europe. A tranquil river of pure and serene light pours down through the five domes into the body of the temple, and then floats away, like an unobstructed sea, among the columns of porphyry and marble that support the naves. Here are neither pews, nor altars, nor statues, nor tableaux, nor simulacea, nor saintly relics. The iconoclastic genius of Islam forbids all those embodiments of the theatrical, the idolatrous, and the sensual, which, in Greek and Catholic Churches, materialize the idea of God. A few mats upon the marble pavement, a few rude candelabras and ostrich eggs suspended from the ceiling, a few precepts of Mohammed inscribed upon the walls and columns, and a low tribune for the viceroy—these are the decorations of the mosque. All ecstasy and the enthusiasm of excitement are proscribed. The thoughts of the worshiper are distracted and menaced by no theatrical exhibition of the mysteries of the faith; they are restrained by no formal liturgy. The majestic dome above us alone suggests the still more majestic arch of heaven beyond which dwells the invisible God.

Islamism, teaching the unity and omnipresence of Allah, basing its dogma alone upon moral culture and the goodness of God, and confining its worship to simple prayer, has torn away from between the Creator and the creature the vail suspended there by the old mythologies and the cunning priests of the Greek and Roman religions, in order to conceal behind it "their jealous, terrible, and incomprehensible divinities."

But far above all emblems, and material forms, and mysteries, reigns Allah in his sublime unity. "Christianity," remarks an eloquent French writer, meaning the Christianity of the Catholics and Greeks, "more charitable to our weakness, has storied the way from earth to heaven with legions of saints and angels, reaching down their hands to those who would mount, in order to bear them to the radiant Virgin, daughter of man, and mother of God, indefatigable in her intercessions and blessings. Perhaps this image of hope and consolation placed between justice that ought to chastise and the guilty one who repents, or can repent, is, besides poesy, the vitality of the Roman legend. Behold how devotion to Mary dethrones insensibly in Catholic souls the sincere Jehovah of the Bible, and even the good, but just martyr of Golgotha! It is not we who shall blame this quasi-deification of the misericordia, but through all these derivations of the human imagination what becomes of the idea of the true God?"

The Moslem has a genuine affection for his mosque. It is to him what the temple was to the Greek, what the basilica was to the Roman. He loves to make his ablutions at the cool fountains in its court, loves to repose for hours under its shady colonnades, and beneath its ample dome yield himself up to the quietude of devotion inspired by Islam. To many of them are attached hospitals, schools, baths, and kitchens for the poor. The wayfaring and the indigent sleep under their arcades without fear of molestation—the guests of Allah. The children of the poor, and often of the rich, repair to them for their entire education. With the surroundings of time and moresque splendor the great mosques of Cairo, and especially the imperial mosques of Stamboul, possess enormous revenues. To the latter belongs more than a third of the real estate in Turkey, and to them fall the possessions of persons dying without succession. The estates of orphaned children are consigned to their keeping until the heirs attain their majority. At the birth of a sultana, in the seraglio, it is customary to set aside gold, and jewels, and costly bridal robes of finest texture, to be presented to the imperial princess on the day of her marriage. But should death claim her as a bride, and cut off her rosy dreams of youth, the imperial presents thus prepared are regarded as fit only for sacred use, and are given to the mosques. In this manner enormous amounts of wealth are withdrawn from general circulation and converted into sterile treasure. During the reign of Abdul Medjid alone, the Solymanyeh is said to have absorbed thirty million francs. In one of the lower rooms of each mosque may usually be seen a great number of chests and packages. When a Mussulman is about to start on a pilgrimage, or does not deem his valuables safe in his own house, he places them under the protection of Heaven; for he who would steal from a mosque would add sacrilege

to theft, a crime unknown among the faithful. The spider weaves her web undisturbed over gold and jewels half concealed from sight, and guarded only by the sacred character of the place. Thus the idea of religion is the prominent idea of the Mussulman mind. Thus, also, Moslem life, once centering around the sandjack and the saber, now centers around the konak and the mosque.

El Azar, the Mohammodyeh, and the old Tooloon, differ widely from the humble house of worship in Medina, upon which the Prophet labored with his own hands. Its walls were of earth and brick, and the roof was framed of the branches, and thatched with the leaves of the palm-trees, by whose trunks it was supported. The mosque of Mohammed became his monument and his tomb. In like manner the great mosques of Cairo perpetuate the name of their founders and serve as their mausolea.

Mohammedanism has accomplished much good in the Orient. Among the one hundred and ten million Moslems who receive the Koran, it has abolished idolatry. It has taught that man can worship God without an infallible Church and sin-forgiving priest: it has done away with caste and established a certain degree of equality. But the despotic systems of the East are as unchangeable in character as the bases of the Himalaya, and to the despotism of the Koran must be attributed the present condition of the Ottoman Empire. The idea of religion is so strongly impressed on the Ottoman mind that, without a change of faith, there can be no essential change in the modes of thought and things pertaining to the outward life. The original purpose of Mohammed was to convert a few of the neighboring tribes from idolatry to the belief in one God. The idea of universal or even of extensive dominion was purely an afterthought with the camel-driver of Mecca, or rather with his successors. This is evident from the precepts of the Koran, and the "acts and sayings" of the Prophet.

During the lunar month of Ramazan, the Turkish Lent, a rigid fast is enjoined upon the faithful. No one is allowed to eat, drink, smoke, enjoy the fragrance of a rose, or gratify any appetite whatever from sunrise to the time when, as Mussulmans say, "a white thread can no longer be distinguished from one that is black." Trying as this abstinence is, under the burning sun of Southern Asia, it would be still more unendurable in regions where the days are from a week to six months in length. The ablutions, also, which are so intimately connected with the worship of Islam, can be practiced only in a warm climate like that of Arabia. The absolute necessity of pilgrimage, as expressed in the declaration of the Prophet, "He that does not visit Mecca once in his life is an infidel," could have had reference only to persons living at least within a few hundred miles of the holy city. Another proof is the occurrence of the month of pilgrimage in winter as well as in summer—the Moslems computing time by lunar months.

Yet the Mohammedanism of to-day is far from being what it was even a quarter of a century ago. Infidelity has succeeded to fanaticism. The faithful admit that converts may be made by conviction as well as by the sword. An elastic interpretation of the Koran, inspired by the unyielding force of events, declares that the apostate to Christianity may live, although his presence is not to be endured. Already a venerable American missionary has taken up his residence in Stamboul. Already *giaour effendis*, no longer called "Christian dogs," are admitted within the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem; and, reader, ere ten years shall have passed away, the Christian traveler shall visit Mecca and Medina without disguise. Already the Protestant Bible is sold in more than a hundred places in the Turkish Empire. The call of the muezzin to prayer is often unheeded. Instead of the ablutions, a little water is sprinkled upon the hands and the shoes. A few words are hastily mumbled over for prayers. The Moslem drinks wine, eats the flesh of animals slain without the *Bismilla*, ("In the name of God,") and piously ignores the difference between mutton and pork.

The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. The latter, the remnant of another, and a hated race, though geographically near, were in reality as remote from the proud denizens of the Holy City as the swarthy tribes of Nubia. But when a certain man went down to Jericho and fell among the thieves, in the all-pervading spirit of Christian love, the Good Samaritan became his brother. It is this spirit which a little band of American missionaries is inculcating in the Orient. Though

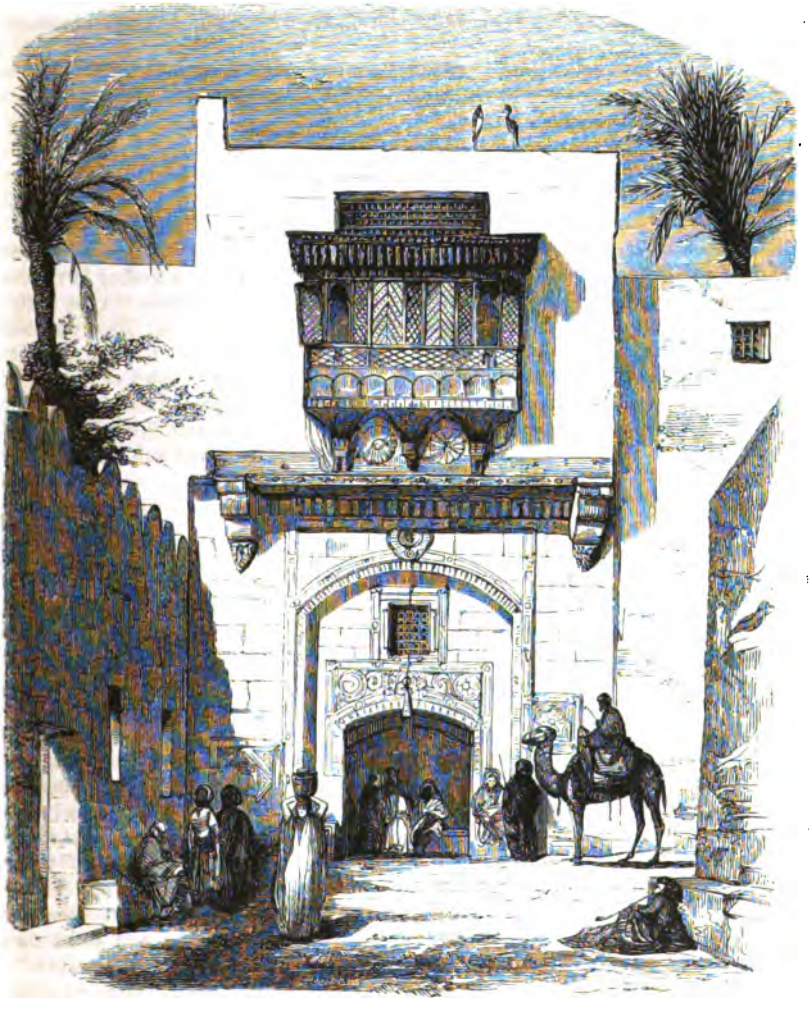
INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI.

these teachings seem hushed by political convulsions and the thunders of angry nations, they are slowly breaking down the antipathy of races.

We leave the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, and go out upon the lofty terrace to enjoy one of the finest views in all Egypt. Except the Acropolis, raised high above the plain of Attica, as if better to exhibit the crowning glory of the Parthenon, there is not a nobler pedestal for a noble monument than that upon which we now stand. The declining sun has touched the sandy ocean, stretching away beyond the distant pyramids—the pillars of the West, which seem to sustain upon their Atlantean shoulders the vault of heaven. Slowly the mists of evening invade the eastern horizon, and as the eye sweeps the heavens it traverses confluent seas of torquoise, opal, amber, purple, and gold. At our feet lies *El Kair*, the queen of Oriental cities. Behold its domes, its gardens, its canals, its flat-roofed palaces, just gilded with bars of sunshine! Are they not worthy of Saladin and the "Arabian Nights?" There is the silvery Nile with its moving panorama of boats, and broad margins of green, skirted on either side by the sad, interminable landscapes of the desert. To the right are Heliopolis, the camp of the Mecca pilgrims, and, on the skirt of the desert, outside the old Saracenic wall, the vast cemetery, among whose moresque tombs and monuments the giddy Caireens terminate the pilgrimage of life. To the left, and traversed by the Nile, is the plain upon which once stood the cities

of Babylon, Troia, Acanthus, and Memphis, existing only in mounds of rubbish and on the imperishable pages of history. Mark the contrasts! Here into one narrow landscape are crowded the past and the present, death and life, barbarism and civilization, deserts and gardens—a double empire of good and of evil.

On the spot where we are standing occurred the most memorable event in the history of modern Egypt. The Mameluke beys had left no means untried to curb the rising ambition of Mohammed Ali. For a long time the rulers and tyrants of Egypt, many of their families still possessed immense wealth and influence. The opposing factions watched each other, as tigers lie in wait to spring upon their prey. They hoped to destroy the wary pacha during the absence of his best troops; but were met at every point. At Suez it was whispered in secret that he was to be waylaid on his return to Cairo. That evening Mohammed Ali mounted a fleet dromedary, and long before sunrise was in the citadel of Cairo. It was a question of life and death; and that party was destined to succeed which should best dissimulate its cunning and its cruelty. The 1st of March, 1811, was set aside for the day of extermination. It was proclaimed that Mohammed Ali was to invest his son with the command of the



HOUSE OF AN EGYPTIAN PACHA.

expedition against the Wahabites. The Mamelukes were invited to be present. They came, mounted and armed as usual, hoping even to avail themselves of the occasion to overwhelm their enemy. The chiefs were ushered into the audience chamber to pay their respects to the pacha. Coffee was served, which throughout the East is the sign of hospitality. They mutually strove to surpass each other in politeness and the expression of friendly wishes. The command was given to remount, but before the head of the column had wound far down the narrow passage the gate of El Azar suddenly closed. At a given signal the rocks and buildings swarmed with Albanians. Volley after volley was poured down upon the defenseless Mamelukes, who, until the moment of attack, seem to have had no thought of treachery. In haste they rushed to the gate of the Janizaries, but that was also closed. In confusion they dismounted, and with drawn swords attempted to reach their enemies; but all in vain. The vengeance of Mohammed Ali was complete. When the order was given to fire he was unable to control his emotions. He trembled with excitement, well knowing that a failure would result in instant destruction to himself and family. Nor did he regain his composure until the bleeding heads of the chief Mamelukes were brought into the palace. Those who had not been shot down were stripped naked, led before the pacha, and thence to execution. One man, and but one, escaped the fury of the Albanians. Enim Bey and his companion reined their chargers over the precipice. It was more than fifty feet in height, and, most remarkable to relate, neither the horsemen nor their hardy animals were injured! They fled with the speed of the wind through the city gate, hotly pursued by the Albanians. Enim Bey distanced them all, and buried himself in the gorges of the Mokattam. He afterward traversed El Arich, gained the desert, and ultimately became governor of Jerusalem. Less fortunate was his companion. His horse fell upon one of the stony ridges, and could not rise again. The Mameluke would not desert the faithful creature, although by so doing he might easily have gained the recess of the mountains. Seating himself by the side of his wounded horse, he was slain by the Albanians when they came up, without the least resistance. For two days the dwellings of the Mamelukes in Cairo were given up to pillage. On the third day Mohammed Ali went forth to restore order. Cairo resembled a conquered city. Four hundred and seventy Mamelukes perished in the *coup de main* of Mohammed Ali, and it was estimated that in all nearly one thousand fell in Grand Cairo. The movement found an echo throughout Egypt. The people everywhere rose against their old rulers and oppressors. As a caste the Mamelukes were exterminated, but not a few of those who escaped afterward found favor with the indomitable Mohammed Ali.

And now, as evening advances, the muezzin ascends one of the tapering minarets of Mohammed Ali. Putting his hands to his mouth he chants three times, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Come, ye faithful, to prayer: come to prayer." Reader, five times from sunrise to sunrise, during nine hundred years, without the omission of a single day, that chant, so soft and musical, has floated over the City of Victory. Omar, Saladin, and Al Raschid have slept the long sleep of centuries, the empire of the Saracens has disappeared, Islamism, with its ancient glories trailing in the dust, has fallen upon evil times, but the faith of Mohammed still exists. How perishable is humanity compared with systems and creeds! The old temples of the Caliphs have fallen to ruins, the worshipers therein, and they whose thin lips called them to prayer, have moldered into dust, and caravans of weary pilgrims, thirsting for the heavenly waters of Paradise,

> "Have folded their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently pass'd away."

Even now, in the manner, but without the fervor of earlier times, a few devout Mussulmans bow upon the marble pavements of the mosques, and in pious orisons stretch their hands toward the stars. Sweeter than the chime of vesper bells floats away the chant of the muezzin on the still evening air. The turbaned sentinel of El Azar takes up the sound; Tooloon and El Hassan roll it forward; the distant Kooloon and far-off El Ghoree echo back the melody, and a soft chorus of air-voices from the four hundred mosques of Grand Cairo swells and sinks away, "Come, ye faithful: come to prayer."

From the Citadel Ibrahim conducted me to one of the Turkish baths in the

vicinity of El Azar. There are said to be more than one hundred of these establishments in Grand Cairo, some of which are built of marble, but in general their external appearance is far from imposing. The door is curiously ornamented with arabesques, and we enter upon a mósaic pavement. The principal rooms are circular, and dimly lighted by means of small convex pieces of glass inserted in the domes above. The *tellaks*, or servants of the bath, were muscular Arabs, dressed like athletes. From long confinement in a heated atmosphere their tawny skins had grown yellow and dry like parchment. One of them assisted me to undress in the small antechamber, twisted an enormous turban round my head, and thrust my feet into wooden clogs, four inches high, in order to protect the tender soles of my feet from the blistering heat of the marble pavement. These preparations completed, I hobbled after him into a room arched over head and heated from below. Its atmosphere was surcharged with a fiery and penetrating vapor, which blinded my eyes, and took away my breath. I wished to escape from the heated furnace, but in vain. In a moment, however, a copious flow of perspiration burst from the pores of my cutaneous integument, and I soon felt comparatively cool, though breathing steam.

They informed me that there was another room still warmer, usually preferred by Mussulmans, and especially by females, who, the reader may be aware, can both give and endure more calorific rays than males. Through the vapory atmosphere I could see the dim outlines of several human beings nearly naked, and apparently engaged in extracting the life from as many prostrate victims. Could it be that I was in the strange and silent kingdom of the gnomes? Alas for the sea of pleasures which I had anticipated! Mustapha, into whose leathery hands I resigned myself with the meekness of an infant, extended my body upon a marble slab, and began a succession of deluges, alternately torrid and frigid. Then, with rose-perfumed soap, and the soft fibers of the palm, he manipulated upon me with such dexterity that in a few moments I found myself enveloped in a white and fragrant cloud of tepid, saponified vapor, which, however, disappeared like magic on his immersing me in cold water.

Under these cloudy metamorphoses, dellugings, soapings, and plungings, my soul and body were greatly in danger of being separated from each other. I merely remember looking up into the india-rubber face of my torturing demon, and imploring for mercy. That calendar of inflictions was at last exhausted. Wound round with curious pieces of cloth, I was conducted from the infernal region to a large airy room, and told to extend myself upon a divan. A lighted chibouque, and a glass of delicious sherbet, in a very short time brought back a realizing sense of my identity. Then began a course of frictions, kneadings, and other heroic operations, which must be felt in order to be appreciated. I was sprinkled with rose-water, and handled like a loaf of dough preparatory to baking. Again were soul and body in danger of parting company. My palms and soles, made so sensitive by the bath, were rasped with pumice stones, and the parchment-skinned demon of a *tellak*, as if to disable me for life, insisted upon cracking every joint in my body, beginning with the fingers and ending with the toes. My sufferings terminated.

I lay extended I know not how long upon the divan, sipping cups of fragrant Mocha between puffs of the jeweled chibouque, and experiencing all the delicious sensations to which a Turkish bath can alone give rise.

The cutaneous blissfulness produced by the Oriental barber, the dreamy elysium of *kahve*, the placid intoxication of the *kief*, and even the seventh heaven of Hasheesh, can hardly be compared with that ethereal sensation of limpidity, that marvelous flexibility and oiliness of being, which I experienced before dressing, and for some time after. Cost for bath, coffee, and latakieh, with backsheesh to the *Tellaks* and *Chiboukjis*, three piasters, or fifteen cents.

On certain afternoons of the week the baths are open only to females. Large parties of Caireen ladies usually repair to the same bath with their servants to spend several hours in its enervating pleasures; and, as one passes by these somber buildings, he often hears the ringing laugh of merry girls, or the song of female improvisatores hired for the occasion, and can imagine what hoydenish romping, dalliance with water, and playfulness there must be within.

The National Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MONUMENT TO JOHN WESLEY. — A proposition has been started to erect a monument to this devoted minister of Christ at his birthplace, Epworth, in Lincolnshire, England. It is to be paid for by a national penny subscription; and collectors are now engaged and at work in every part of Great Britain. In the circular issued by the committee to whom this subject is intrusted they express their confidence that they will be zealously seconded by all those who value learning, piety, and zeal, more especially by that very numerous class who have so largely profited by the labors of that great and good man who did so much for the eternal happiness of mankind, and whose memory will be cherished by all future ages. A copy of the design agreed upon for this monument embellishes the August number of the *Good News*, a periodical issued by our Tract Society. Arrangements will be made to receive subscriptions toward the monument from persons in the United States who may be disposed to contribute.

LAMARTINE.—Perhaps no man of the present century has concentrated in himself more claims to distinction than Alphonse De Lamartine. He is a poet, an orator, a historian, and a statesman, a man of exemplary industry, of enlarged benevolence, and of unsullied integrity. He held, for a season, the highest place of authority in France. His power was that of an absolute dictator. His aim was to make France a republic. Failing in that, he retired from office, a poor man, but rich in the possession of a reputation for integrity, an untarnished good name. We shall give a sketch of his eventful career, accompanied by an admirable portrait, in the next number of THE NATIONAL. Our object now is to call attention to the fact that, in the evil days on which this great man has fallen, he is under the necessity of devoting his talents to literary labor. He sends his appeal across the Atlantic. "Great reverses of fortune," he says, "have come upon me since 1848, and above all in these latest times. I make head against them by labor. In behalf of this literary labor I have recourse to your countrymen. Give me aid and introduce me among them. Success is for me an affair of life or death." The literary labor to which he refers is a work entitled *The Familiar Course of Literature*, to embrace all ages and countries. It is to be published in monthly numbers in the French and in the English language, simultaneously at Paris and at New-York. It will make two volumes a year of five hundred pages each, the annual subscription for which will be six dollars. Subscriptions may be forwarded to 346 Broadway, to Mr. J. B. Desplace, who, in Lamartine's own language, "visits America out of pure affection for me, and solely for the purpose of forwarding my interests." We hope a large list of subscribers in this country will attest the sincerity of American sympathy with virtue and genius in misfortune.

WHAT IS MAN? — Every one is acquainted with the story of the vegetarian Brahmin, whose religious faith forbade him to destroy animal life in food, but who, on being shown by means of the microscope that in every drop of water and in every grain of rice he necessarily consumed hundreds of living creatures, could only reply to the complacent entomologist by dashing to pieces the wonderful instrument, and exclaiming in triumph, "Where is your theory now?" Despite, however, of this victory of superstition over science, the microscope has established the fact that *life* is emphatically the law of nature, life in exhaustless profusion, life in immense variety. That almost miraculous instrument discovers a world in each forest leaf; it shows us that in every step we take, in every cup of water we drink, nay, in every breath we draw, we unavoidably destroy countless thousands of lives; it proves that the globe is a great warehouse packed to overflowing with living organisms, and with scarce an inch of spare room. Indeed, the microscope seems to say that wherever there is matter there is life, life in endless, exhaustless, we had almost said reckless, profusion. And hardly has our reason recovered from the effects of these astounding disclosures, when it is again overwhelmed by the endless *variety* of genera and species with which organic nature abounds. When Natural History completes her catalogue of living organisms, and confesses in despair that her rude skill cannot classify the finer distinctions of being, that her grasp cannot compass the great circle of life, then Geology comes forward to add to our bewilderment, and opening the thickly-packed laminæ of the stony volume, discloses to our view numberless fossil forms of being which have long become extinct, and of which the very types exist no more. It was once asked with reference to the voluminous works of Origen, "Which of us has *read* what he has *written*?" With far more truth may we ask respecting the prodigious variety in the productions of the great Father of life, Which of us can *count* what He has *created*? And when, to crown this profusion, and at the head of all this variety of life, we behold a sentient, moral, and immortal species, for whose sake, directly or indirectly, all were created; when we see this vast chain of organic gradation completed by a being who has been made but "a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor," and to which all the rest have been subjected, that he in his turn may employ all for the glory of God; then we feel that through all this law of life there runs a splendid meaning; that this dense population and these countless orders of being have not been created in vain; and we can join with intelligent admiration in the doxology of the inspired Psalmist, "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

"HOMEWARD BOUND."—The assistant editor of the *Christian Mirror*, Portland, alluding in an article to the return of Dr. Cummings, the editor, used the above significant expression. He little understood how full of meaning were the words "Homeward Bound!" Dr. Cummings was journeying home, and that home was in-

deed near, but it was the home of the blessed. A brief, affecting telegram came from the children after reaching on the shore of their native land, "Father is not with us, for God hath taken him." He died at sea, and his spirit went up to its God. None can find his grave, for no memorial marks his sepulcher.

"God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well."

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NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF JESUS CHRIST.—There has been recently published in Paris a tract entitled *Napoleon*, from which are taken the following meditations upon the character of Jesus Christ, which it is said fell from the lips of the great captain during the weary hours of his exile at St. Helena:

"The founders of other religions never conceived of this love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. Hence it is that they have struck upon a rock. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, *to make himself beloved*, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is the reign of charity. All who sincerely believe in him taste this wonderful, supernatural, exalted love. The more I think of this, I admire it the more. And it convinces me absolutely of the divinity of Christ.

"I have inspired multitudes with such affection for me that they would die for me. God forbid that I should compare the soldier's enthusiasm with Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause. But, after all, my presence was necessary, the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me, then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do, indeed, possess the secret of this magical power which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to any one; none of my generals ever learned it from me; nor have I the secret of perpetuating my name and love for me in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physical means.

"Now that I am at St. Helena, now that I am alone, chained to this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? Where are any to share my misfortune, any to think of me? Who bestirs himself for me in Europe? Who remains faithful to me? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three of you, who are immortalized by this fidelity, ye share, ye alleviate my exile. Such is the fate of great men. So it was with Cæsar and Alexander, and I too am forgotten; and the name of a conqueror and an emperor is a college theme; our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sits in judgment upon us, awarding us censure or praise. Such is soon to be the fate of the great Napoleon. What a wide abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extended over all the earth! Is this death? Is it not life rather? The death of Christ is the death of a God."

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SECTARIAN EXCLUSIVENESS.—The Rev. Dr. Wayland has published a series of papers on "The Baptist Churches, their Principles and Practice." The articles are, of course, ably written; but, if we understand the doctor, he takes very high ground with reference to his own denomination, intimating, as it seems to us, that they only are the disciples of Christ, and that they should treat all other professing Christians as they would heathens, or avowed infidels. Is this what he means in the following paragraph?

"Suppose that as many persons as you now number had been converted from heathenism, and were living in Rangoon, Bassein, or Toungoo, and that they adopted your principles. They would say, 'There are but few of us among hundreds of thousands of idolators. What can we do to reform a nation? We will therefore never meet to worship God; we will not care to have it known that we are the disciples of Christ.' What should we think of such converts? What would they be worth to the cause of Christ? Their light, hidden under a bushel, would soon expire. Yielding no seed, they would soon perish, and the heathen world would be none the better for their existence. Now, I ask, *in what respect do the disciples of Christ on one side of the globe differ from those on the other?* What would be *treachery to the cause of Christ in Burmah* is *treachery in the United States*. We cannot answer it to the Master if we hide our light under a bushel."

The Methodists are thought to be sufficiently sectarian, and the Episcopalians have been charged with an undue feeling of exclusiveness, but no one, even of their enemies, has attributed to either of those denominations such a spirit as that which is here boldly avowed. Of course it is the sentiment of but one man, and not, we trust, of the entire denomination.

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FREEDOM FOR THE CHILDREN.—A short time since THE NATIONAL asked for "*Room* for the Children," and, as if not to be outdone by our Yankee philanthropy, the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* comes out for "*Freedom* for the Children," thus:

"A child of three years of age, with a book in its infant hands, is a fearful sight! It is too often the death warrant, which the condemned stupidity looks at—fatal, yet beyond its comprehension. What should a child three years old be taught? Strong meats for weak digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes told them. I would say to every parent, especially every mother, sing to your children, tell them pleasant stories; and if in the country, be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; earth is very much akin to us all, and in children's out of door play soils them not inwardly.

"There is in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures; by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substance, and beget a kindness for our poor relations, the brutes. Let children have a free, open-air sport, and fear not though they make acquaintances with the pigs, the cows, and the chickens; they may form worse friendships with the wiser looking ones; encourage a familiarity with all who love to court them; dumb animals love children, and children love them. There is a language among them which the world's language obliterates in the elders. It is of more importance that you should make your children loving than that you should make them wise, that is, book-wise. Above all things, make them loving; then will they be gentle and obedient; and then, also, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at your knees will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you go."

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CROMWELL.—The pen-portraits that have been made of Oliver Cromwell do not resemble each other. In some the dark shades predominate. In others a halo of light is thrown around the protector's head, and he is almost angelic. The following is from a late number of the *Edinburgh Review:*

"Cromwell was no hypocrite or actor of plays; had no vanity or pride in the prodigious intellect he possessed; was no theorist in politics or government; was no victim of ambition; was no seeker after sovereignty or temporal power. He was a man whose every thought was with the Eternal—a man of great, robust, massive mind, and of an honest, stout, English heart, subject to melancholy for the most part, because of the deep yearnings of his soul for the sense of Divine forgiveness, but inflexible and resolute always, because in all things governed by the supreme law. In him was seen a man whom no fear but of the Divine anger could distract; whom no honor in man's bestowal could secure or betray; who knew the duty of the hour to be imperative, and who sought only to do the work, whatever it might be, whereunto he believed God to have called him. He was one of those rare souls which could lay upon itself the lowliest and the highest functions alive, and find itself, in them all,

self-contained and sufficient—the dutiful, gentle son, the quiet country gentleman, the sportive, tender husband, the fond father, the active soldier, the daring political leader, the powerful sovereign—under each aspect still steady and unmoved to the transient outward appearances of the world, and wrestling and pressing forward to the sublime hopes of another, and passing through every instant of its term of life as through a Marston Moor, a Worcester, a Dunbar. Such a man could not have consented to take part in public affairs under any compulsion less strong than that of conscience. His business in them was to serve the Lord, and to bring his country under subjection to God's laws."

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Church Choirs. — Old Ambrose Searle thus speaks of an evil more common, perhaps, at the present day than when it called forth his animadversions. I cannot but shake my head, he says, "when the congregation is called upon to sing to the praise and glory of God, and immediately half a dozen merry men (or women) in a high place shall take up the matter, and most loudly chant it away to the praise and glory of themselves. The tune, perhaps, shall be too difficult for the greater part of the congregation, who have no leisure for crotchets and quavers; and the most delightful of all public worship shall be wrested from them, and the praises of God taken out of their mouths. It is no matter whence this custom arose; in itself it is neither holy, decent, nor useful, and therefore ought to be banished entirely from the churches of God."

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Illustrations. — The witty, but profound, Andrew Fuller, comparing a sermon to a building, truthfully observed, that if *arguments* may be termed the pillars of an edifice, *illustrations* are the windows which let in the light. In a Bible class recently a discussion arose between some of the members in reference to the *first* Christian exercises of the converted soul. One contended that it was penitence, or *sorrow;* another that it was *fear;* another *love;* another *hope;* another *faith*, for how could one fear or repent without belief? Elder G——, overhearing the discussion, relieved the minds of the disputants with this remark: "Can you tell which spoke of the wheel moves first? You may be looking at one spoke, and think that moves first; but they all start together. Thus, when the Spirit of God moves upon the human heart, all the graces begin to affect the penitent soul, though the individual may be more conscious of one than another."

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Sacred Bulls.—An English missionary, the Rev. Mr. Goggerly, relates the following contest between himself and one of the sacred bulls of the Brahmin superstition:

On one occasion, I went to a large place on a market day; I had got a large number of tracts with me and Bibles for distribution, and I sat down in the market-place to converse with the people upon the grace and truth of salvation; but before I went into the bazaar—this means market-place and no more—I heard a terrible noise of women, as I thought, quarrelling. They were calling somebody all manner of names but that of a gentleman, and when I came into the place I saw what was the matter. They were not abusing a man, but a great fat bull, which was eating up the rice, and sweetmeats, and vegetables, and other wares that those women had brought in from the country to sell. The bull in his rounds had found them out, and was poking his nose into this basket and that basket, and there were the women doubling their fists and cursing at his nose, but not one dared to touch him. He knew very well that hard words would never break bones, and he went on and enjoyed himself to the great injury of the people. The women, when they saw my white face—for a white face is very uncommon in the interior villages—put their hands together, and called, "Have mercy, have mercy!"

I saw what was the matter. They were looking at the bull eating up their goods.

"Drive him away," said I.

"We dare not," they said.

"Why not?"

"Because he is a god."

"He's no more a god than I am," I said, and I took up a stick and gave him a good thump, so that he soon ran away. They said, "Drive him away from us," and as that was an appeal to my humanity, and as I saw the women distressed, I gave the gentleman two or three good pokes in his ribs, and he soon hurried away. The women went down and thanked me, and I was about to give them a solemn address on the folly of calling such a thing as that God, when I found that I had got into a terrible mess. It is very easy to get into a difficulty, but very hard to get out of it. There were hundreds of thousands of men there; and a number of men, who were watching me, as soon as they saw me strike the bull, came down and looked like thunder, and they spoke almost like thunder, too, "What are you doing?" Oho! I thought I was in for it now, and I said, "I was only driving away that great thief of a bull." "You struck it, did you not?" I said I did. "Do you know that you struck God?" "What nonsense," said I, "to call that brute God!" "Stay," said they, "here comes a Brahmin."

Now, the Brahmins are some of them very learned, and some of them not; but all of them are very proud. This man had great influence among the people, and they said, "Here comes the Brahmin, answer him." He came down, surrounded by some hundred of people, and he contrived to look as black as he possibly could, as he thought he would annihilate me with his black looks.

"What have you been doing?" I said, "My lord, I was wanting to drive away a great thief of a bull." "Did you strike it?" "I did." "Do you know that you struck a god?" I tried now to make myself two or three inches taller than I was, and to look as black as possible, and I said, "Answer me. Are you a Brahmin?" To call his Brahminical character in question was dreadful, and he said, "Certainly," and showed me the emblem of his office. "Are you a Brahmin, and call that creature God?" "Yes, I am." "Have you read your own Shasters?" "Certainly I have," he said. "Well, will you be good enough, for the benefit of these people, who do not know the Shasters, to quote one passage about God's honesty?" "I will not," he said. "For the fact is," said I, "you cannot; but if you cannot, I can; and if you won't, I will." I then quoted out of one of their Shasters, "God is honest—God is just—God is true." "Is that true?" I said. "It is," he said. "Tell me, Brahmin, was it honest for the great bull to go to these poor women, and take their rice, and sweetmeats, and fruits, and vegetables without paying for them?" The idea of the bull paying for anything never occurred to him. He had not a word to say. I said, "Now what are you going to do? You are the priest of the bull, and you are going to pay the women for what the bull has stolen." "I am sure I will not." "Can you say, then, that that is honest?" and he slunk away among the crowd, and I lost sight of him. I had then a large congregation of people, and I preached to them about the true, honest, just, and righteous God.

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Baron von Hoxthausen has written a new book, which he has entitled "Russian Empire, its People, Institutions, and Resources," and which, now that peace is established, is likely to become one of the most popular works of the day. To some few restless spirits, both in this country and in Europe, who would wish to establish themselves and become gentlemen in that country in preference to joining General Walker and his army, a more useful reference than this work, which contains full information on serfdom and the relations between landlord and tenant, they cannot have. Other institutions and features of the country are occasionally touched upon, but serfs and their masters are always reverted to. As some high-spirited

fellows, with a little capital, and a reasonable share of energy, might wish to invest what they have of both in Russian lands, we extract for their benefit the speech of a landlord to his peasants, that they may know how to address their new subjects:

"You people, listen attentively to what I am going to say to you, and impress it upon your minds, and never forget it, for I will not repeat it a second time. I am thirty-eight years, seven months, nine days, and eleven hours old: whoever among you all is only an hour older, to him and his reasonable representations I will always listen; but whoever is only a minute younger, and ventures to open his lips to interrupt me, or to oppose me in anything whatever, all trace of him will vanish from my village in four and twenty hours. I am your master, and my master is the emperor. The emperor can issue his commands to me, and I must obey him; but he issues no commands to you. I am the emperor upon my estate; I am your God in this world, and I have to answer for you to the God above; but do not bend before me, but look me in the face, for I am a man like you. A horse must first be combed ten times with the iron currycomb before he can be rubbed with the soft brush; I shall have to currycomb you lustily, and who knows whether I shall ever come to the brush? God purifies the air with thunder and lightning; in my village I will purify with thunder and fire whenever I think necessary."

From our earliest days we rested under the impression that Russian prospects were marred by the dark background of Siberia, its terrible climate, and its still more terrible blood-stained, knout-inflicting officials; but we find we have been dreaming all our life, for if we are to believe the baron—and who would imagine a Russian noble would be guilty of writing a falsehood?—Siberia is a perfect paradise. We could almost envy a country with such a Botany Bay for its unfortunate classes:

"The convicts sent out as colonists are mostly transported to the districts of Southern Siberia, which are described by all who have seen them as truly paradisiacal. The country is romantically beautiful, the soil incredibly fertile, the climate very healthy; the cold indeed is severe in winter, but with a perpetually clear sky, and nowhere are there so many vigorous old people. The peasants, descended from the early convicts, are all well off, some of them very rich; they require only industry, good behavior, and exertion for a few years, to acquire a substantial position. Their whole outward condition is from the first favorable; as soon as they arrive in Siberia their past life not only lies like a dream behind them, but is legally and politically completely at an end; their crime is forgotten; no one dares to remind them of it, or to term them convicts; both in the public official reports and in conversation they are only called 'the unfortunate.' They are perfectly free people, serfdom being forbidden by the law. The self-government of the Communes prevails there in the most extended form; and nowhere are the people less tormented by avaricious and dishonest officials."

With the buoyancy of spirits which must prevail under these circumstances, it can hardly be necessary or prudent to indulge in further stimulants; still, we are told, "nowhere is more champagne drunk." Any settler upon Russian territory must, however, have a clear understanding in his title deeds, or, perhaps, after pronouncing the lively address quoted above, he may suddenly find himself in danger of having the same pronounced for him. The baron says:

"A ukase was some time ago issued, declaring all persons to be serfs of the landowners on whose soil they were settled. This has given rise to much embarrassment; many persons who were perfectly free, and had entered into contracts with the landowners and settled on their land, were suddenly declared serfs. In one instance a poor noble, who had acquired a few dessetinas of land, and settled upon it, having some hundred free settlers as his neighbors, declared that all the land belonged to him, and that, consequently, these people were his serfs; they were unable to prove their right to the soil *justo titulo*, and, as no other proprietor appeared, they were declared to be serfs of this poor nobleman."

The tone of the baron's work is throughout very favorable to Russia; all the severities of the government are softened down, and the vices of the people, even their notorious drunkenness and ignorance, are carefully palliated.

UNION.—The April number of *The Church of England Review* speaks of a possible reunion of the Wesleyans with the English Established Church, and says:

"Of all the movements which have been made of late years for invigorating our Church's life and strengthening our national Christianity, none promises to be so glorious in itself, and so mighty in its issues. It was a sad day in our history when Wesley felt bound to leave us; it has been painful to see growing up by our side, and gathering strength year by year, a body of Christian men who are separated from us not by differences of creed, but by fearful chasms of prejudice, and contempt, and unbrotherly uncharitableness. We have long prayed that we might be one, not in spirit, but in name; we have long given the right hand of fellowship to men whose faith and mission are so closely analogous to our own; but the time seems to be ripening for a still closer union, the hour seems to be rapidly drawing near when the Church of England shall go forth into the battle-field with a new wing to her army, with new weapons against sin, with the tenfold strength of union and the tenfold blessings of the Spirit."

The writer does not shut his eyes to the difficulties in the way of this reunion. They are not to be got over easily, especially that arising from the question of ordination, and those which spring from what the editor calls "the complicated machinery of Wesleyanism," the conference, the chapel trusts, and the periodical removal of ministers. He says:

"The Wesleyans will have to give up much, but they will also gain much; we also shall have to resign many of our proud thoughts of superiority; we shall have to be content to reckon as brethren those whom so many look down upon with scorn. But how glorious will be our gain; for we shall then be able to reach the vast multitudes of Christians whom an ancient spirit of supercilliousness, and a great difference in name, now keeps out of our reach; we shall have among our ministers a host of zealous and able men, far better qualified than the majority of our present clergy to act upon the hearts of the masses of the working population; what we lose in dignity we shall gain in power; what we lose in strict discipline we shall gain in greater fervor. It had long ago been well for the Church if she had had more elasticity in some points. What are our differences with Dissenters compared with the differences between Evangelicals and High-tractarians, between the disciples of Jowett and the disciples of Simeon? The Church embraces the one, why cannot she embrace the other? But let us not have a hollow union; let us have no gossamer web to bridge the chasm; let us strive to be one, not in name only, but in deed; let us be one, not for our mutual profit, but for the sake of our common Christianity; not because of the benefits which each will receive, but because of the blessings which union will confer on the world.

"We must not, however, be blind to the real greatness of the practical obstacles in the way, especially to the alienation of many Wesleyans from us in spirit. We cannot, perhaps, at first deal with them as a body; we must strive patiently, year by year, in our several circles, to beat down the barrier which severs us; and to show by faith and charity, by holiness and zeal, by sympathy and forbearance, that our real differences flow rather from individuals than from the system; and that with one faith, one Lord, one baptism, one work in life, one hope in death, there should be but little to prevent us from being one in communion and one in effort."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SALARY AND WAGES.—Here are two advertisements copied from the *London Times*. The first is

"To CLERGYMEN.—Wanted, as tutor to two young gentlemen in a nobleman's family, a B. A., of sound, orthodox Church principles; he will be required to teach the classics and mathematics. To be absent during the customary vacations. Salary, sixty guineas per annum. Age between thirty and thirty-five years."

The other is

"To TAILORS.—A clever young man is wanted at a West End establishment as cutter, and to occasionally wait on the customers. Wages, four guineas per week. A liberal supply of clothes will be allowed, as he will be required to be always well dressed."

Quite a difference between the value put upon the services of a sound and orthodox clergyman and a clever young cutter. The *salary* of the former is sixty guineas a year; the *wages* of the latter more than two hundred, besides a liberal supply of clothes!

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AUTHORSHIP OF A HYMN.—A correspondent inquires, in the *Ladies' Repository*, for the authorship of the hymn beginning,

"O 'tis delight without alloy."

The verses, as stated in the Methodist Hymn Book, were written by Dr. Watts. They may be found in his *Horæ Lyricæ*, but the first line has been altered. In the original it reads,

"'Tis pure delight without alloy."

The hymn is attributed, in an early number of the *Arminian Magazine*, to Mrs. Rowe, but erroneously.

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GOD'S PRAISES.—There lives near the shores of Ceylon, a large and most gorgeous shell-fish. And when the light of the moon rests dreaming on the bosom of the ocean, and gentle breezes, laden with fragrance, come cooling and calming from distant homes, it opens its bright-colored lips, and pours forth its mild, melancholy music that the breakers on shore are heard no longer, and the heart of man is moved. It was surely not said in vain, nor was it a mere figure of speech, when the Psalmist exclaimed, "All thy works praise thee, O Lord." For all creation unites in the vast hymn of praise that daily rises to his throne on high. The morning stars ever sing in the heavens; the mountains echo back the voice of thunders; the earthquake replies to the roar of the tempest; and even the tiny insect, in its mazy dance, adds a feeble note that is heard by Him.

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INTOXICATION OF THE EAR.—During the hallucinations produced by taking the Indian hemp, the intensity of the sense of sound is most striking. The celebrated Theodore Gaultier related to Dr. Moreau, in poetic language—which it is hopeless to attempt to translate, so as to give an idea of the style of this highly imaginative author—the sensations produced. He says that his 'sense of hearing was prodigiously developed. I actually heard the noise of colors: green, red, blue, yellow sounds, reached me in waves perfectly distinct; a glass overthrown, the creaking of a footstool, a word pronounced low, vibrated and shook me like peals of thunder; my own voice appeared to me so loud, that I dared not speak, for fear of shattering the walls around me, or of making me burst like an explosive shell: more than five hundred clocks sang out the hour with a harmonious, silvery sound; every sonorous object sounded like the note of an harmonica or the Æolian harp; I swam or floated in an ocean of sound.' Such is the exaggerated language which has been employed by an individual whose taste and enjoyment of music have rendered his criticism on that art so much sought after.

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GERMAN HEALTH.—The Germans are seldom affected with consumption. The reason of this is said to be that their lungs acquire strength by exercise in vocal music, which constitutes an essential part of their education. To this is also to be added much muscular exercise and frequency in the open air. It is a sort of religious duty with the German to spend a portion of his time in the gymnasium. The volume and strength of his lungs are attributable quite as much to his muscular as to his vocal exercise. Whoever has large and strong lungs need never fear consumption, whether he be German or not. There is much, however, to be learned from the Germans in a physical point of view. They are a social, unselfish, jolly race, and yet are substantial and thoughtful.

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MISPRINTS.—Even printing has its romance; and the history of misprints—which has been already handled in magazine articles—would fill an interesting and curious volume. One of the most extraordinary typographical blunders we ever remember to have heard of, occurred in the first issue of the "Men of the Time," lately published by Mr. Bogue. Under the name of the Bishop of Oxford, the following singular statement appeared: "A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A skeptic as it regards religious revelation, he is, nevertheless, an out-and-out believer in spirit movements." The explanation of the enigma is, that a couple of lines had strayed out of the biography of Robert Owen into that of the bishop; thus causing one of the most curious misprints in the whole history of printing. We need scarcely add that, upon the discovery of the error, Mr. Bogue took measures to have it rectified.

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THE DUTY OF A MOTHER.—By the quiet fireside of home, the true mother in the midst of her children is sowing as in vases of earth, the seeds of plants that shall some time give to Heaven the fragrance of their blossoms, and whose fruit shall be to us a rosary of angelic deeds, the noblest offering that she can make through the ever-ascending and expanding souls of her children to her Maker. Every word that she utters, goes from heart to heart with a power of which she little dreams. Philosophers tell us, in their speculations, that we cannot lift a finger without moving distant spheres. Solemn is the thought that every word that falls from a mother's lips, every expression of her countenance, may leave an indelible impression upon the young souls about her, and form the underlaying strain of that education which peoples heaven with celestial

beings, and gives to the white brow of the angel, next to the grace of God, its crown of glory.

In connection with the above, we copy the following from a writer in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, who thus feelingly speaks of "The Mother:"

"It has been truly said that the first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor in his heart's difficulty is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation in the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave; but she has left behind her influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office."

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Extraordinary Fascination. — An English paper relates the following unaccountable occurrence, which took place a short time since:

"One of the most singular instances in connection with material things, exists in the case of a young man who, not very long ago, visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a large hammer, and watched with great interest its perfectly regular strokes. At first it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thin, black sheets: but the supply becoming exhausted, at last it only descended on the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motion; then he followed its strokes with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved to the same tune; and, finally, he deliberately placed his hand upon the anvil, and in a second it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was that he felt an impulse to do it; that he knew he should be disabled; that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of manner; but that he still felt the power within, above sense and reason—a morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good right hand."

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New Mode of Advertising.—A few years ago some enterprising genius—a Yankee, of course—hit upon a cheap and excellent device to puff his wares. He had his advertisements printed on neat little paper fans, which were given away, used, and, of course, read at a great rate. Of late the "dodge" has been revived in Paris, and so much were the gay French taken with the humor and originality of the plan, that they even purchased them with avidity. They are generally carried round in the theaters, exhibition rooms, concerts, and the like, where, of course, fans are most needed. Next to advertising in a paper, this is, beyond question, one of the best means of bringing one's self before the public.

Another curious and notable device for impressing on the minds of the public the names and quality of certain goods which has of late become popular in Paris, deserves mention: Advertisements are printed or painted on the bottom of soup plates, which are presented to eating-houses, the proprietors of which are very glad to be so cheaply kept in crockery. "*Buy your coats of Stitch & Co.!*" gradually becomes visible as the *potage* disappears under the spoon of the guest, and "Try Snigglefritz's celebrated brandy!" is inscribed on the side of the water-pitcher. Perhaps the next device will be to present hats to those gifted with sufficient cheek to wear them—hats bearing on their front and rear the address of unrivaled teas and sugars or inestimable coffees.

Dies Iræ.—This well-known lyric, written by Thomas de Celano, is perhaps the most perfect in existence, combining, says the Church of England Quarterly, a perfect meter with perfect theology and perfect power. It is perfect in its meter, because of the grand majesty of its scansion, so eminently fitted for its subject, and especially because of the ternary rhyme, which falls, as it has been said, like the blow of a mighty hammer upon the heart, clinching each word irresistibly. It is perfect in its theology; for the aspect under which it represents the Judgment Day is one very prominent in Holy Scriptures. It is true that we are encouraged to think of it as the commencement of our eternal rest with Christ, and that beneath the shadow of His Cross we have no need for excessive alarm; but yet the invariable tenor of the passages in which the New Testament speaks of it, is one of solemn warning, as though we had to work out our own salvation with *fear* and *trembling*, for "if the righteous *scarcely* be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" Moreover, we know not what language but that of this hymn could be fitting for a penitent, in the thought of coming retribution. Lastly, it is perfect, so far as a hymn can be so, in its powerful meaning: it sounds as the knell of the vanities of earth, and shines like a lurid beacon-light at an unknown distance in an unknown sea; it carries our souls forward on its rumbling thunders to that last dreadful night of Time when the vials of God's wrath shall be poured fully out, when the great white throne shall be set for judgment, and the ark of God's Church be borne over the surge of the deluge of flame to its heavenly haven.

Of this wonderful hymn there have been many English versions. Two or three of them may be found in previous numbers of The National. Here we copy, from the periodical above named, part of another translation, which gives, we think, a better idea of the force and rythm of the original than any we have previously met with:

"Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See once more the Cross returning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

"O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

"Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

"Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking;
To its Judge an answer making!

"Lo, the Book, exactly worded!
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

"What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding?
When the just are mercy needing.

"Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reck'ning day's conclusion.

"Guilty, now I pour my moaning;
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!

"Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!"

ANALYSIS OF THE BIBLE.—A writer in one of our exchanges thus soundly analyzes the Bible:

"It is a book of laws, to show the right and wrong. It is a book of wisdom, that makes the foolish wise. It is a book of truth, that detects all human errors. It is a book of life, that shows how to avoid everlasting death. It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published. It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurrences. It is a complete code of laws. It is a perfect body of divinity. It is an unequaled narrative. It is a book of biography. It is a book of travels. It is a book of voyages. It is the best covenant ever made; the best deed ever written. It is the best will ever executed; the best testament ever signed. It is the young man's best companion. It is the schoolboy's best instructor. It is the learned man's masterpiece. It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and every man's directory. It promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing. But that which crowns all is the Author. He is without partiality, and without hypocrisy, 'With whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'"

SMALL CHANGE.

EVERYBODY CAN LEARN TO SING—So we have heard a thousand times; but, according to Bishop Delancy, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the assertion is not true. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Theological Seminary in this city, the bishop related his own musical experience: When he was a young man at Yale College, he heard a sermon preached there which declared it to be the duty of *every* man to learn how to sing. He accordingly went to a singing master, who, after some lessons, gave him up, telling him, "Sir, you have no *ear*!" Fearing, however, that it might be incompetence on the part of the teacher, he went to another, who tried him patiently for some time, but at length told him, one day, "My dear sir, I do not wish to hurt your feelings; but really I do not think it is worth your while to go on, you have *no voice*." Still remembering the fervent exhortations of the sermon, and determined to try once more, he went to a third, who concluded *his* exertions at length with the testy, but perfectly correct declaration, "Sir, you have *neither voice nor ear*, and never can learn music if you should live to the age of Methuselah!"

We know at least one other clergyman who was never able to sing, and who has never tried since he was overheard by a little child while practicing alone in his study. The little fellow, it seems, had a musical ear, and was struck by the strange jumble of crotchets, and quavers, and meters, long, short, and peculiar, which emanated from the lips of the practicing divine. At the tea-table that night he said to his ma, "I know now where the new tunes come from." "Where do they come from?" asked his mother. "Why," he replied, his eye beaming with intelligence, "the minister has been making all kinds of new tunes all day!"

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THE PIG AND THE MOCKING-BIRD.—Mr. Gasse, in the history of the birds of Jamaica, gives an amusing account of the mocking-bird. The hogs are, it seems, the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evening; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange-tree for a lucky windfall. The mocking-bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins pecking away at the hog with all its might. Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it. The poor bird, in an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again, but increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give it up.

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LUMINOUS ADVERTISEMENT.—The following is copied verbatim from an old English paper. The confusion of sentences is delightful—a maze of words, in which we are pulled up every now and then, and have to start afresh:

"A Boy that is inticed from his Mother, and lately gone from her along with one that goes by the Name of Dorothy Brichitt; that he robb'd his Mother of several things, that went away in a white riding Hood, and a striped Camlet Gown; and a young Child with her about 8 years old. The Boy that she has enticed from his Mother is about 14 years of Age, named Thomas Matthews. Whoever can give any Intelligence of them, so that they may be apprehended according to Law, shall have half a Guinea Reward and reasonable Charges, and send to Mr. George Baxter's, at the 'Bell,' in Church Lane, in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; to be taken in a Month's time, or else no Reward."

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POTATOES *vs.* PRINCIPLES.—Sydney Smith once said, at an aristocratic party, that "a man, to know how bad he is, must become poor; to know how bad other people are, he must become rich. Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles."

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ORATORICAL FLOURISHES.—Figures of speech are dangerous matters for orators to meddle with, and should be handled with care and skill, unless an ambitious speaker is willing to risk making himself ridiculous. A clergyman not long since reproved his congregation from the pulpit, and gravely assured them that "the *hand* of Providence would not *wink* at their transgressions!"

A descendant of one of the Revolutionary sires, in the national Legislature, astonished his brother legislators by saying: "My father and my grandfather both saw the *darkness* of midnight *glittering* in the *blaze* of their dwellings."

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DOES THE SUN STAND STILL?—Soon after the Copernican system of Astronomy began to be generally understood, an old farmer went to his parson with the following inquiry: "Dr. T., do you believe in the new story they tell about the earth moving around the sun?" "Yes, certainly." "Do you think it is according to the Scriptures? If it is true, how could Joshua command the sun to stand still?" "Umph!" quoth the doctor, scratching his head, "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still did he?" "Yes." "Well, it stood still, did it not?" "Yes." "Very well, did you ever hear that he set it agoing again?"

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ABSENCE OF MIND.—The editor of one of our exchange papers vouches for the truth of the following: A certain reverend gentleman, one Sunday morning, was so absorbed that he walked into the wrong vestry and into the desk of a brother of a different doctrinal faith, and actually opened the meeting, and had proceeded

some ways with the services before he discovered his error. Meantime, brother No. 2 coming in found his desk occupied, and in a puzzled mood quietly took his seat with the congregation, determined to await further developments. Fancy the feelings of brother No. 1 when brother No. 2 arose and said that he had come in with the expectation of presiding over the meeting as usual, but was happy to see his desk so well occupied, and that he arose simply to endorse the remarks which his brother had just made. The congregation of brother No. 1, after waiting a sufficient length of time, concluded that from some cause they were in the predicament of the "sheep without a shepherd," and had an interesting meeting on their own hook.

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THE USE OF LARGE WORDS.—Big words pass for sense with some people, and sometimes may be very successfully employed when nothing else will answer. As when a man, in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots on the sun, and thought the world must be coming to an end. "O, don't be afraid," said the good minister, "it's nothing but a phantasmagoria." "Is that all?" said the frightened man, and went away quite relieved.

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MOURNER.—"What shall I do, Caroline? I'm worried almost to death. I shan't be able to go into colors this season, for doctor says husband can't possibly live long." *Caroline* (a maiden of uncertain age)—"Just like those men; there's no depending on them."

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HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND FRENCH.—There are some very excellent anecdotes told of the Orientals now in Paris; and the following one is related of a distinguished Arab chief:

"One day," says the narrator, "he visited the National Library of this city. He was there introduced to a Professor of Arabic, who commenced talking to him the Arabic of the French Institute, which very much resembled in perfection—the French of the American boarding schools. After listening some minutes with a great deal of sang froid, the Emir ordered his interpreter to say to the learned professor that he did not understand French."

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CLERICAL JOKE.—A friend in a neighboring city sends us the following: A Dutch Reformed clergyman and a High Church Episcopalian minister were conversing together one day in the streets of Brooklyn, when a Baptist preacher, famous for jests, approached them; he laid his hand familiarly on the shoulder of the Dutch reformer, remarking, Here is the Gospel; and then placing the other on the shoulder of the Episcopalian, he observed, And here the Law. The Episcopalian pointed at the Baptist and responded, And there is the Apocrypha between the two. The Baptist coolly walking on, observed, Domine, I owe you one.

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LISPING.—The following extraordinary incident in the experience of a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is said to be a positive fact, and we give it in his own words, as related by him:

"A couple brought their little child to me one day to be baptized, and upon my inquiring the name chosen, to my astonishment I heard sounds which resembled very much one of the titles bestowed upon the arch enemy of mankind. Supposing that my ears deceived me, I inquired again, when the same word, to my horror, was more distinctly repeated. 'Lucifer!' said I to myself, 'impossible. I cannot baptize a child by such a name.' I bent over once more, and a third time asked the question. The answer was still the same, and repeated louder and with an emphasis, as if the parent were determined to have that name or none. By this time my situation had become embarrassing, for there was I, in the presence of the whole waiting congregation, standing up with the baby in my arms, which, to add to my consternation, set up a squall as if to convince me he was entitled to the name. I could stand the scene no longer; so, hastily dipping my finger in the font, and resolving he should have a good name, as opposite as possible to the diabolical one so strangely selected, I baptized the infant George Washington. I thought the parents looked queer at the time, but the rite was performed, the baby had got an excellent name, and I was relieved. But conceive, if you can, my confusion, when, after service, the father and mother came into the vestry, and the latter bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'O, thir, what have you done? Ith a girl, ith a girl, and you've called her George Wathington! My poor little Luthy, my dear little Luthy!' Alas, the mother *lisped*, and when I asked for the name, she meaning to be very polite, and to say, 'Lucy, sir,' in reply to my question, had said, 'Luthy, thir,' which I mistook for Lucifer. What was to be done? I consoled the afflicted parents as well as I was able, and promised to enter the name in the parish registry and town records as Lucy, which I did; but for all that, the girl's genuine, orthodox name is George Washington."

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WELL POSTED UP.—A recent number of the *Kilkenny Sentinel* (Irish) "does" the following, in its foreign news from America. It says:

"National Presidential Conventions were held at Princeburg, Philadelphia. Only two names, George Saw and Millard Philsmare, have as yet been announced."

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LATIN QUOTATIONS.—Very like the mistake of the amorous youth who informed his lady-love that *Deo Volanti*, he would see her on the following evening, was that of the secretary of a reverend body of divines who recorded at the close of his journal—Adjourned *Sine Deo*. There was, after all, no great mistake made by either of these scribes, if the former alluded to the pagan Cupid; and if the latter referred to the fact, that the assembly dispersed without the benediction.

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DOING IT TOO EASY.—Winchell, the humorist, tells a story of a dog, who undertook to jump across a well in two jumps. There are a great many people just like that dog—folks who think they can jump across a well in two jumps. They that undertake it, usually "bring up" down in the water.

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AN IDEA FOR THE BLOOMERS.—The Circassian women, noted the world over for beauty, adopt a mode of dress which denotes their position in society. If a fair lass should chance to attract the admiring glances of a gallant knight in search of a wife, he can always tell by the color of her trowsers, whether the wearer be maid, wife, or widow; virgin white being worn by the young girls, red by her who has assumed the duties of a matron, and blue by the hapless dame who mourns the death of her lord.

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WHISKERS.—A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that the wearing of whiskers was unprofessional. "Right!" responded his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too *bare-faced*."

Recent Publications.

Of a volume noticed by us favorably while going through the press we have the following from the pen of a gentleman who has himself written upon the same great subject, and who is, therefore, well qualified to give a reliable opinion. It is *The Central Idea of Christianity*, by Jesse T. Peck, D. D. This, says our correspondent, is a new work of three hundred and eighty-nine pages, from the press of *H. V. Degen, Boston*. The enterprising publisher has performed his part excellently, presenting the work in a most inviting dress. The author is well known, and whatever of defects a censorious criticism might detect in his work, we are persuaded, on the whole, that it will not only add to his literary reputation, but that it is destined to do great and enduring good. The subject treated is Christian holiness. The author, while strictly Wesleyan, has happily succeeded in divesting his book of a controversial spirit. In a plain, straightforward method he pursues his subject, suffusing every page with a genial and ardent piety, which cannot fail to commend him even to those who may on many points of theory differ from him. To those Christians who desire to read what will entertain them, and, we believe, profit them also, we most heartily commend this excellent work. The contents are, 1. The Central Idea Ascertained. 2. The Central Idea Defined. 3. The Central Idea Neglected. 4. The Central Idea in its Claims. 5. The Central Idea in its Councils. 6. The Central Idea in its Appeals. There may be a question as to the propriety of the title of the work—we think there is—but the vein of thought and argument throughout is clear and well sustained. The entire holiness of man, if not the central idea of the Bible, is shown to be the great aim and end of the whole scheme of salvation. The councils embodied in the fifth chapter are timely and prudent; and the appeals contained in the sixth and closing section, are such as ought to move the hearts of good men to higher efforts after that holiness without which no man can see God. Without endorsing every word and sentence, or becoming responsible for every sentiment and argument contained in the book, we repeat it is worthy of a place in any library or on any center-table in the land.

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One of the best books of the season, the most faultless in style, and full of food for thought, has reached us, from the press of *Swormstedt & Poe*, Cincinnati. It is entitled *Educational Essays*. By E. Thomson, D.D., LL.D. They are accompanied by a page and a half of preface from the pen of Rev. D. W. Clark, D.D., by whom the volume is "edited." The essays are upon a variety of topics, indicating great versatility on the part of the accomplished author. They contain many striking passages which we had marked for quotation, but for which we have no room at present. We refer our readers to the volume itself. It has our most hearty commendation.

We are indebted to the author, and should have made the acknowledgment some months ago, for a copy of *The Christian Virtues personified and exhibited as a divine Family. An Illustrated Allegory*. By Rev. D. D. Buck. The writer evinces ingenuity in the construction of his Allegory, the perusal of which cannot fail to contribute to the amusement and instruction of "the intelligent and pure minded," to whom the volume is "affectionately and respectfully dedicated." It is a well-printed duodecimo of two hundred and ninety pages, from the press of *Miller, Orton, & Mulligan*.

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The Messrs. *Harper* have republished in a neat 18mo volume of 350 pages, *The Tongue of Fire; or, the True Power of Christianity*. By William Arthur, A.M. The allusion is to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost; and the subject-matter of the treatise is the fulfillment of Christ's promise to send the Comforter, the effects immediately following that wonderful event, and the benefits thence resulting. These points are discussed with much warmth of feeling and in chaste and glowing language. The practical lessons drawn from the subject are eloquently pointed out in the concluding chapter. They are comprised under the three heads, a lesson on the *Source* of power, one on the way *to obtain* power, and one, by far the most important, on the scale on which our expectations of success should be framed. In the course of his remarks on public preaching, Mr. Arthur adverts to a very common fallacy:

"It is often assumed that speaking is a natural exercise, and therefore needs no instruction. The word 'speaking' covers a fallacy. Conversation in a moderate tone, and at short intervals, is a natural exercise of the voice; public speaking, in an elevated tone, and for an hour together, is an artificial one. Except in very rare cases of persons singularly favored by nature, this artificial exercise is never performed with the ease of the natural one; and how often it impairs, and even destroys health, is too notorious to need any mention. Such writers as Mr. Cull and Dr. Rush, show that under proper training public speaking may become as easy and as healthy for persons of sound organs as singing is; and to the neglect of this we owe the loss, in their prime, of many of the best and ablest preachers that ever lived."

Our author's remarks on the subject of reading discourses and memoriter preaching are worthy of consideration:

"While, however, we contend that it is the duty of all who take any part in teaching, to labor to the uttermost for every qualification helpful to their work, two things are to be forever and guardedly shut out. The one is, aiming at giving intellectual pleasure, instead of producing religious impression; the other, being careful about words in the pulpit, so as to interfere with dependence upon God for utterance. In the study, attention to style ought to be with a view, not to beauty, but to power. In the pulpit, all thought of style is thought wasted, and even worse. The gift of prophesying in its very ideal excludes relying for utterance upon a manuscript or upon memory. It is the delivery of truth by the help of God. The feeling of every man standing up in the Lord's name ought to be, 'I am not here to acquit myself well, nor to deliver a good discourse; but after having made my best efforts to study and to digest the truth, I am here to say just what God may enable me to say, to be enlarged

or to be straitened, according as he may be pleased to give me utterance or not.'

"With this feeling of the preacher all appearances ought to correspond. It ought to be manifest that, while he has done what in him lies to be thoroughly furnished, he is *trusting* for utterance to help from above, and not *insuring* it by natural means—either a manuscript or memory. We put these two together, because we do not see that any distinction really exists between them. The plea that the manuscript is more honest than *memoriter* preaching has some force, but certainly not much; for he that reads from his memory is, to the feeling and instinct of his hearers, as much reading as he who reads from his manuscript. In neither case are the thoughts and feelings gushing straight from the mind, and clothing themselves as they come. The mind is taking up words from paper or from memory, and doing its best to animate them with feeling. Even intellectually, the operation is essentially different from speaking, and the difference is felt by all. For literary purposes, for intellectual gratification, both have a decided advantage over speaking; but for the purposes of pleading, entreating, winning, and creating a sense of fellowship, for impelling and arousing, for doing good—speaking is the natural, this is the Creator's instrument.

"We never say, nor think of saying that God will not bless sermons read, either from the manuscript or from the memory; for we are sure that both these modes are resorted to by holy and earnest servants of His, who seek His blessing, and obtain it to the saving of many souls. All we say of reading, either from the manuscript or the memory, is, that it is not Scriptural preaching. It is not ministering after the mode of Pentecostal Christianity; it is a departure from Scriptural precedent, an adoption of a lower order of public ministration, and a solemn declaration that security of utterance gained by natural supports, is preferred over a liability to be humiliated by trusting to the help of the Lord. It has its clear advantages, and its clear losses. It secures a gain of elegance, at the cost of ease—of finish, at the cost of freedom—of precision, at that of power—and of literary pleasure, at that of religious impressiveness."

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The Convert's Counselor respecting his Church relations; or, Popular Objections to Methodism considered and answered; with Reasons why Methodist Converts should join a Methodist Church. An Antidote to certain recent publications assailing the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Daniel Wise. (*Boston: J. P. Magee.*) The title of this volume (18mo, pp. 254) fully expresses the author's object in preparing it, and that object is carried out in a neat and forcible manner. Few writers are equal to Mr. Wise in handling controverted points; and in those sections of the country where Methodist doctrines and usages have been unjustifiably assailed, this little book will prove an admirable antidote.

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Every Biblical student owes a debt of gratitude to John Kitto, who has done more to illustrate the Bible than any man of his age. His works upon this and kindred subjects are a library of themselves. In 1835 he published the "Pictorial Bible," with original notes, in four quarto volumes; also the notes separately in five volumes octavo. In 1840 appeared his "Pictorial History of Palestine and the Holy Land," including a complete history of the Jews, in two volumes octavo. This was followed by three quarto volumes entitled "Gallery of Scripture Engravings, Historical and Landscape, with Descriptions, historical, geographical, and critical." Soon afterward he published "The Pictorial Sunday Book," with above thirteen hundred engravings, and in 1845 the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," in two volumes octavo, of nearly a thousand pages each. Then, successively, not to mention his lesser works, he gave to the world his "Journal of Sacred Literature," the first series in seven, and the second series in four volumes; "Daily Bible Illustrations," in four volumes; "Scripture Lands," with a Biblical Atlas of twenty-four maps; "Sunday Readings for Christian Families;" and another series of "Daily Bible Illustrations," in four volumes. Most of these works have been republished by Carter & Brothers, of this city, who have also just reprinted the "Memoirs" of this remarkable man, *compiled chiefly from his Letters and Journals*, by J. E. Ryland, A.M., *with a critical estimate of Dr. Kitto's Life and Writings*, by Professor Eadie, in two volumes 12mo. He died on the 25th of November, 1854. We intend in a future number to give a sketch of his eventful life.

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The Gospel Ministry; its Characteristics and Qualifications. By Rev. Alfred Brunson, A.M. A neatly printed pamphlet of seventy pages, in which the writer gives his views on the subject of Theological Seminaries. He is not in favor of them by any means, and goes a little out of his way to ridicule those who are. Of a well-known minister whom he supposes to have put forth erroneous views on that subject, our author says, intending to be severely sarcastic: "Possibly it was a misfortune to the Church and the world that ——— was not living at the time our Lord was on earth, to advise him better in selecting his ministers!" Mr. Brunson tells us why he opposed the election of Dr. Fisk to the Episcopacy. "I was then, and still am opposed," he says, "to electing men to superintend and oversee the great itinerant machinery, who, themselves, have had but little or no experience in it." The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church did not agree with him, and Dr. Fisk was elected. By the way, it is a little remarkable that of the men elected to the Episcopacy during the last quarter of a century, the General Conference has invariably selected those who have had experience in other directions, rather than in what Mr. Brunson calls "the rough and tumble work of the itinerancy." Thus in 1832 they elected J. Emory, the Book Agent. In 1836 they elected B. Waugh, the Book Agent, W. Fisk, the President of a College, and T. A. Morris, an Editor. In 1844 they elected L. L. Hamline, an Editor, and E. S. Janes, one of the Secretaries of the American Bible Society. In 1852 they elected Levi Scott, the Assistant Book Agent, M. Simpson, an Editor, O. C. Baker, a Professor in a Theological School, and E. R. Ames, who was, we believe, at the time, in the regular work, but who had become extensively known by his official station as Missionary Secretary for the West.

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The Life and Travels of Herodotus in the Fifth Century before Christ: an imaginary biography founded on fact. By J. Talboys Wheeler. *In two volumes 12mo, pp. 445, 466.* We have seldom met with a work blending so much instruction and amusement. The imaginary biography, including the travels of the hero, is as full of interest as a romance, while the manners, literature, arts, and social condition of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and other ancient nations, are delineated with wonderful accuracy. The sacred and the profane

history of the world are summoned, and the times of Pericles and Shakespeare are brought vividly before the reader. Reprinted from the English edition by Harper & Brothers.

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Mason & Brothers publish a great volume of nearly seven hundred pages, entitled *The Sunnyside Poetry of the English Language*. From Chaucer to Scott, with notes explanatory and biographical. By J. Parton. Such a mass of fun was never before bound up in one volume. It includes Satires, Parodies, Epigrams, Burlesques, and, in fact, all the best comic poetry in the language, gleaned from the writings of Chaucer, Swift, Lamb, Southey, Hoodes, Byron, Praed, and others too numerous to mention. The compiler has carefully omitted all those words, and they are more numerous in the English language than in any other, which are marred by coarseness of parsimony and obscenity of wit. There is a time to laugh, and this collection may be safely commended to those who have a disposition to indulge in such a mood. "An unexpected feature of the book," says the compiler, in his preface, "is that there is a volume in it by a female hand. The aspirations of the fair have given occasion to scarcer of comic verse; yet with diligent search no numerous poems by women have been found which are of sufficient merit to give them claim to a place in a collection like this."

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Helen Lincoln, a Tale, by Carrie Carven, is an interesting story, more in it than, and far superior to the ordinary novels with which the press is flooding the country. It is inscribed by the fair author "To my brother, who is not, for God took him, and to my sister, whose sunny smile lighten life's pathway." *Harper & Brothers.*

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We are more and more gratified at the issue (by *Lindsay and Blakiston*, of Philadelphia) of *Dr. Bomberger's* "Condensed Translation of *Herzog's Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopedia*, of which we have received Part II., coming down to "Arminius." The original, now in course of publication in Germany, will be the most comprehensive and scholarly reference-book of the kind undertaken, even in that learned and thorough-going country, and the translation by the American editor and his co-laborers appears to preserve, and in some respects to improve the valuable character of the German edition. Fortunately for the public, it is issued in convenient parts, at 50 cents each, as it is prepared, so that subscribers may begin to use it at once. It is a mine of theological and ecclesiastical history and literature, and when completed will be the best alphabetical manual of these topics that is extant. It includes explanations of all conventional terms.

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Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in Indianapolis, Indiana. Published by order of the Conference. This volume contains the doings of this large body of Methodist ministers at their last quadrennial session in Indianapolis, together with all the reports adopted during the session. It was printed under the direction of Dr. Harris, the Secretary of the Conference—by the way, one of the best Secretaries we ever saw—and will be of special interest to the ministry and membership of the Church.

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The Church Review, for July, has articles on High Church and Low Church, Prescott's Philip the Second, the Clergy and the World, Free Seats or Pews, &c. We have already adverted to the fact, that while the Methodists, whose Discipline, until lately, tolerated only free seats, are now almost everywhere building houses of worship with pews to sell or rent, the Episcopalians are in many directions making efforts to build churches with seats free to all who choose to enter. The writer of the article referred to discusses the question with ability, and gives the main arguments on both sides of the question. The article on High Church and Low Church is rather severe upon Puseyistic notions and Tractarianism. The Church is made ridiculous, we are told, by the excessive importance given to things in themselves trifling and insignificant:

"It looks as though we were not very much in earnest as to the great objects for which the Church exists, when questions of posture, and vestments, and furniture, and ornaments are made prominent. It does not look as though we appreciated the momentous nature of the battle we are to wage, when the tie of a sword-knot is cared for more than the temper of the blade. It is an awful thing to see parishes divided, churches emptied, the peace of families disturbed, and confidence in the ministry shaken, because of the pertinacity with which one party will insist upon the introduction of some *obsolete ceremony*, some *trifling innovation*, which, though in itself harmless enough, and perhaps an actual improvement in point *of taste* or *propriety*, has connected with it such *associations* as to make it an offense to a large portion of the congregation. . . . One section can pray to edification only before a stone altar, with embroidered cloths; . . . one can read and preach with proper unction only from a bronze eagle or a simple music-stand; . . . one is not happy, unless he can have his sedilia, and credence-table, and litany desk, and gilded crosses, and double choir and antiphonal singing, and a general marching and countermarching through the service. . . . The prominence given to matters of this sort does not help the reputation of the Church, nor does it conduce to our own intellectual or moral elevation. When the mind deals habitually with small things it gradually contracts itself to the narrow dimensions of the subjects with which it has to do."

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The Methodist Quarterly Review for July contains a second paper on the character and writings of *Archdeacon Hare*; an illustrated article on the *Chinese Language* spoken at Fuh Chau, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. White, a returned missionary; a critique on *Dante*, of whom the writer tells us "The French seem fast repairing their long neglect;" and a paper of equal profundity on *Alchemy and the Alchemists*. The more practical and readable articles are, one from the pen of the Rev. W. Hamilton on *Early Methodism in Maryland*, neatly written, instructive, and evincing a truly Catholic spirit; an acute, critical examination of the *figures* in *the Biblical Chronology of Dr. Akers*, by Professor Strong; and an appreciative sketch of *Sydney Smith*, to whom, as a wit and a clergyman, the writer does ample justice. It comes somewhat late, indeed, but we regard this as the best among the very numerous articles called forth, on both sides of the Atlantic, by the memoir of this remarkable man. Of Sydney's wit the writer says:

"It was a tropical luxuriance, in which soil and sunshine did their utmost in the way of growth and flowering. The pages of the memoir are full of his

peculiar sayings, and we suspect that the daughter has collected only a small proportion. Jean Paul says, that the current of thought, in some men, cannot run steadily on, but it is ever leaping up in jets. Sydney Smith's wit was perfectly spontaneous. There was no effort to invent resemblances, or to force a thought into a grotesque shape. Others have been famous for wit, but Sydney Smith had it as an intellectual power, and it assumed a more dignified rank in him than in any one whose name is associated with it. Not often does it stand by itself, a freak of the mind apart from its usual exhibitions; nor does it save itself for great occasions, as if it were a state wardrobe for magnificent display. A portion of the texture of his intellect, it was a natural outgrowth of active, energetic, versatile thought, and it blends harmoniously and effectively with his discussions and descriptions. Proof of this is found in the fact that, while he uttered many strikingly humorous remarks in a sort of detached manner, yet his best things are closely intertwined with weighty reasoning and earnest appeal. It was the flavor of his mind, not a sauce that the epicureanism of Gore House can furnish to a dish, but the genuine juice of the fruit. No one was less of an adept in the arbitrary collocation of words and images. Wit manufacture was not to his taste; he was too serious and direct for that laborious amusement. Play with his thoughts, and play with exuberant sportiveness, he would; but the thoughts themselves always maintained their inherent force, and the dalliance was only a pleasant accompaniment to their progress. It was not the wit of South, that needed controversy to give it edge, or some mark, like Jeremy Taylor, to make it keen and probing; it was not the wit of Fuller, bubbling up through every open crevice, and quivering, like a gentle gas-flame, that has been ignited by contact with the air; nor was it the quaint wit of Charles Lamb, leading off his intellect into hidden by-paths, and holding a strange monologue over the most eccentric, antiquated, obsolete specimens of humanity that his search could exhume. Free from the savage vices of Swift's, and too healthy and ruddy to need the champagne that convivialized Theodore Hook's into the revelry of the dinner-table, the wit of Sydney Smith may well serve as a practical comment on the remark of the great theologian, Isaac Barrow: 'Allowable pleasantry may be expedient to put the world out of conceit that all sober and good men are a sort of lumpish or sour people; that they can utter nothing but flat and droway stuff;" and, to his praise it may be said, that so dangerous a weapon has rarely been used with more discretion and delicacy."

Of his Christian character the reviewer says:

"Tried by an evangelical standard, Sydney Smith certainly does not satisfy us. If not worldly-minded, he was too much in an atmosphere of worldliness. There was nothing wrong in his intimacy at Holland House, nor is he to be blamed for enjoying a good dinner whenever it came in his way. His wit and humor were God's gifts, and he generally used them in an amiable and unobjectionable manner. Exhilarating as his spirits were, they never transcended the bounds of refined and cultivated taste. The effervescence was not the froth of poisonous liquor, but the white foam of a stream that irrigated and refreshed the landscape through which it flowed. Table-pleasures were valued more for the mind than the body, and his wonderful powers of conversation were not wasted on trifles. All his friends represent him as most charming in his serious moods, and even fashionable women, who courted his acquaintance for the zest of his lighter talk, bear testimony to the edifying and ennobling qualities of the man. And yet it is sad to think that one so richly endowed; one so frank, cordial, truthful, exemplary; one of so much purpose, ability, and rectitude, should have fallen short of the measure of a thoroughly devout Christian, and missed the mark of an humble, godly, useful minister of Christ."

The Christian Review is always a welcome visitor. It is conducted with ability; and, although faithful to the interests of the denomination by which it is mainly sustained, (the Baptist,) it is generally free from sectarian bitterness. The number for July has a review of the Life of Jesus by Strauss; an article on Macaulay's History of England; one on the Life of Goethe, and several others. From an essay entitled "Elements of Greatness in the Pulpit Orator," we make an extract, very pertinent, as we deem, in these days of milk-and-waterish fastidiousness among men set for the defense of the Gospel:

"A bold and earnest delivery constitutes no insignificant part of a preacher's power. Everywhere, in every serious business, boldness and energy of action not only have a strong bearing on the point of success, but are of themselves exceedingly agreeable, stirring up and exhilarating the spirits alike of performers and of spectators. For entertaining and displaying this life, this vigor, there is in public speaking the most ample scope. At the bar, in the Senate chamber, and even before the grave tribunal, scarcely any limits are prescribed to the vehemence of the orator. He is allowed to imagine that the case he is conducting absorbs all human interests throughout all time. And, if this sublime conception, like the electric element, fill him, soul and body, with contagious fire, so that over all the breathless throng it spreads in one continuous sheet, still the stigma of hair-brained enthusiasm is not suffered to light on him. Such a man is a 'magnus Apollo.'

"If, now, such is the warmth allowed by all men to secular oratory, must the pulpit orator be placed under limitations? Must no scenes attendant on man's dying hour, no images of the grand and terrible, standing out in relief on the judgment-day, no wailings from below, no hallelujahs from above, be allowed to inflame his spirit? Must no lightning flash from his eye? Must nothing thrill from his tongue? Must no muscle of his frame be in unusual play? Must the preacher alone of all public speakers be self-possessed and cool? Such, indeed, is the decision of some who affect to be more purely intellectual than the mass of their race, and who, to support this affectation, will decry and avoid a ministry characterized by a direct and impassioned eloquence."

The Quarterly Review of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for July, has a very good likeness of Bishop Paine, and contains a variety of articles, several of them of more than ordinary merit. The entire number is exceedingly creditable to the gifted editor, the Rev. Dr. Doggett, and to the publishers, Messrs. Stevenson and Evans. From a spicy article on Surnames, we quote:

"A very distinguished authority in the world of letters has said, 'What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet." But there can be little doubt, that the great bard was inwardly chuckling at his own sophism when he wrote these words, and imagining how a rose would smell if called by some of those mal-odorous names, which he could much easier think than we could write in such a performance as this. Indeed, we have not the smallest doubt, that Shakspeare could have invented a name for a rose that would have kept it in bad odor as long as the name clung to it; and that would have been as long as it existed. No one knew better than Shakspeare that there was a great deal in a name; and no one would have been farther from calling a hero Sir Andrew Aguecheek, or a dignified jurist Dogberry or Shallow. Names are things; as many men have found to their cost, when, like their unfortunate brethren of the canine family, of whom the proverb speaks, they have had a bad name fastened on them. But names have not only a significance in the present, but also a relation to the past, that makes them to be histories, as well as biographies, in epitome; histories that are sometimes like the Egyptian hieroglyphics, wrapped in mystery and enigma." * * * *

"As they now exist, they give rise to curious combinations and juxtapositions. Thus, an old bachelor of eighty, named Benjamin Bird, married Mrs. Julia Chaff, aged thirty, proving, contrary to the proverb, that it was possible to catch an old bird with chaff. A Mr. *Good* was married to a Miss *Evil*, illustrating the union of good and evil often found in this world, and showing how good may be produced from evil. A Mr. *Brass* was joined to a Miss *Mould*; while two Messrs. *Lamb*, of London, married two Misses *Wolfe*, of Ewell; a fact which we wonder some of our inter-

preters of prophecy have not cited as a proof of the approach of the millennium. A physician had the ominous name of Dr. *Slaughter*, and another that of Dr. *Toothaker*, and Dr. *Churchyard* and *Coffin*; and a mercantile firm the suggestive one of *Ketchum & Cheatham*; which, giving rise to ill-natured remarks, they resolved to obviate them by inserting the initials of their Christian names, which were Isaiah and Uriah; but, to their consternation, they found that the sign then read, I. Ketchum & U. Cheatham. Mr. Gagger was a lawyer, in Albany, in 1852, and Mr. Sly, another in Frederic, Md., and a dancing master in Philadelphia was unhappily named Mr. *Whale*, by no means as happy a cognomen as another, Mr. *Lightfoot*. A young lady had the industrial appellation of *Damaris Three Needles*; while another had the unfortunate one, in this heiress-hunting age, of *Grace Fouracres*; and another, whom the record mischievously hints, was a lady of uncertain and rather mature age, was named *Wait Still Gulliver*. In other cases they are more appropriate. Thus, Drs. *Physic* and *Hartshorn* were eminent physicians, and Messrs. *Law* and *Lex*, lawyers in Philadelphia; *Henry Moist*, a waterman; Rev. Mr. *Yocum* solemnizes most of the marriages at Appleton, Wisconsin; Mr. *Thunder* and Mr. *Loud* are organists in a Northern city; Mr. *Owings*, an insolvent debtor; Mr. *Boring*, a Methodist preacher, whose sermons were likely to be very penetrating, and Mr. *Slicer*, one who is well known to be pretty keen in the use of the weapons of his spiritual warfare. Southey's Doctor exclaims, what a name is *Lamb* for a soldier, *Joy* for an undertaker, *Rich* for a pauper, *Big* for a lean or little person, *Small* for one who is broad in the rear and abdominous in the van, *Short* for a fellow six feet high without his shoes, *Long* for him whose high heels will hardly elevate him to the height of five, *Sweet* for one with a vinegar face or fiery complexion, and *Merryweather* for any one in November or February."

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The English Reviews, the *London Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, the *North British*, and the *Westminster*, continue to be reprinted with undeviating punctuality by *Leonard Scott & Co.*, of this city. We prefer them in the American dress to the original English copies, and they are furnished at the exceedingly low price of three dollars each per annum. The whole four, including also *Blackwood's Magazine*, a *fac simile* of the Edinburgh edition, may be had for ten dollars a year. That sum cannot be laid out to better purpose by those who wish to keep abreast of the classic literature of the age.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS.—In this department the press has been more than usually prolific. We must afford room briefly to notice those upon our table.

(1.) *Food for Lambs*, a little volume admirably adapted for the use of those who occupy that noble field in the Sunday school, the infant class. It is also well adapted for parents who desire to lead their little ones in the right way. It was prepared by *Mrs. L. A. Holdich*, to whose graceful pen Sunday schools are under obligations for several interesting volumes.

(2.) *Consecutive Questions on the Gospel of John*, of which no other commendation is needed than to say that it is edited by the Rev. *Dr. Kidder*.

(3.) *Sketches of My School-Mates*. By H. P. W. Interesting details of the work of grace in the hearts of several young disciples, related in a simple style, and making a volume well adapted to Sunday-school libraries.

(4.) *Fields and Woodlands*, another pleasing narrative by the author of that well known favorite in the Sabbath school, "Little Ella."

(5.) *Memorials of Margaret Elizabeth*. Margaret Elizabeth was an interesting girl, of more than ordinary talents, and of decided piety. She passed from earth to heaven at the early age of nineteen; and here we have a touchingly written sketch of her life, with selections from her writings in prose and in verse.

(6.) *The Delmont Family* is a series of familiar conversations between Aunt Maria and her little friends on a variety of important subjects, such as Contentment, Patience, Kindness, Obedience, Truth, Industry. The several subjects are illustrated with interesting facts and anecdotes.

(7.) *The Life of Robert R. Roberts*, from the pen of the Rev. B. St. James Fry, is an admirably-condensed sketch of the labors of this venerable servant of God. It is mainly founded upon the biography written by Dr. Elliott, but contains some new matter, and is well calculated to interest juvenile readers.

The preceding are from the press of *Carlton & Porter*. From the *Baptist Publication Society* we have

(8.) *Blossoms of Piety, culled from the Recollections of a Sabbath-School Teacher*, being brief memoirs of three Sunday-school scholars, girls who loved Christ, and who were translated at an early age up into the paradise above.

Literary Record.

The Empire of Brazil.—The Bible Record, the organ of the American Bible Society, has recently published a series of very interesting letters from the pen of the Rev. J. C. Fletcher, who, as the society's agent, has been engaged in a tour of Bible distribution along the Brazilian coast. Mr. Fletcher has been pursuing the course and following the tract of a missionary of our own Church, the Rev. D. P. Kidder, who, nearly twenty years ago, personally distributed the word of God in all the principal cities of Brazil, from San Paulo, three hundred miles south of Rio de Janeiro, to Para, two thousand three hundred miles north. It is heart cheering to perceive from Mr. Fletcher's correspondence how many of the former things remain, and the obvious proofs that the word of the Lord, however widely dispersed abroad, does not return unto him void. As Dr. Kidder's mission resulted in a book on Brazil, the only one, in fact, up to this time, which gives a comprehensive view of the country, so Mr. Fletcher's return is to be followed by the issue of another, in which, for the sake of making it complete, both the gentlemen referred to will be interested in a species of joint authorship. Their united observations in the country cover nearly twenty years, a period of great interest

and extraordinary development in the only empire of the American continent, and we can venture to promise the reading public that "Brazil and the Brazilians," as the new book is to be called, will be found worthy of general attention, and, in fact, indispensable to all well-selected libraries.

The Law Library of New-York.—There is probably no Law Library in the country which has upon its shelves so rich and valuable a collection of rare works on legal topics. The catalogue comprises a very full collection of Reports of cases in the American, English, Scotch, and Irish Courts; sets of American and English Statute Law; the publications of the English Record Commission; and, in addition to the less rare and curious volumes which are set forth in all the glory of fresh sheepskin, there is a set nearly complete, of English Reports from the year 1216 (reign of Henry III.) down to the present time. The *State Papers* of England and America are a feature of this Institution of peculiar value. Among the documents pertaining to American History are the charters of the American colonies, Congressional Papers from 1791 down to the present time, and New-York State Papers since 1691. The English and Irish Records, in which this Library is peculiarly full and rich, contain complete accounts of the foundation of British and American Law. The early laws of the Anglo-Saxons, those of England under William the Conqueror, the laws ascribed to Henry I., and the "Monumenta Ecclesiastica," from the seventh century to the tenth century, are among the documents which will be found to possess interest and attraction; not for the lawyer only, but for the antiquarian as well.

Paris papers report the death and funeral of Augustin Thierry, one of the most distinguished writers of our time, and particularly popular in England as the historian of the Conquest. For more than twenty years Thierry had suffered from paralysis and partial blindness, the effect of over-work; but his intellect remained clear to the last hour. His remains were attended to the grave by nearly all that is left in Paris of the body of his cotemporaries and compeers.

Poems.—Under the title of "Sebastopol," a volume of poems, of considerable merit, with the Crimean war for the subject, has appeared in Breslau, by Gottshall. A humorous poem, called "Frottila," hitherto quite unknown, has been published at Florence; it is asserted to be by Petrarch. A new edition of Dante's minor poems has been published in Florence.

From a most interesting work, "Glimpses of Life in Persia," by Lady Shiel, just issued from the London press, we take the following thrilling scene, which is strictly Oriental from beginning to end. It refers to what followed after the suppression of a Bâbee conspiracy, in which an attempt was made on the life of the Shah when out hunting:

"About thirty persons were put to death, and, as is customary in that sect, or, perhaps, in all new sects, they met their doom without shrinking. Suleiman Khan, the chief of the conspirators, and two others suffered torture previously to execution. The last two were either cut to pieces, or shot or blown from mortars. Holes were pierced in various parts of Suleiman Khan's body, into which lighted candles were placed, and allowed to burn down to the flesh, and, while still alive, he was divided into two parts with a hatchet. During these horrible tortures he is said to have preserved his fortitude to the last, and to have danced to the place of execution in defiance of his tormentors, and of the agony caused by the burning candles. Among the conspirators was a moolla of some reputation. After the attack on the Shah had failed, he had persisted in urging on the accomplishment of the plot. He told the disciples that the work must not be left incomplete, and that he was resolved to bare his arm, and, sword in hand, to attack the Shah on his entrance into Tehran; that if they saw him lying as if dead, they were not to believe it; they were to fight, and he would rise, and be among them. Strange was the device adopted by the Prime Minister to elude the danger personal to himself of slaying so many fanatical Bâbees. Their vengeance was to be apprehended, as about this time many persons were unaccountably murdered in Tehran, who, it was supposed, had been too explicit in the expression of their feelings against Bâbeeism. His excellency resolved to divide the execution of the victims among the different departments of the state; the only person he exempted was himself. First came the Shah, who was entitled to khissâs, or legal retaliation, for his wound. To save the dignity of the crown, the steward of the household, as the Shah's representative, fired the first shot at the conspirator selected as his victim, and his deputies, the ferashes, completed the work. The Prime Minister's son headed the Home Office, and slew another Babee. Then came the Foreign Office. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a pious, silly man, who spent his time in conning over the traditions of Mohammed, with averted face made the first sword-cut, and then the Under Secretary of State and clerks of the Foreign Office hewed their victim into pieces. The priesthood, the merchants, the artillery, the infantry, had each their allotted Bâbee. Even the Shah's admirable French physician, the late lamented Dr. Cloquet, was invited to show his loyalty by following the example of the rest of the court. He excused himself, and pleasantly said he killed too many men professionally to permit him to increase their number by any voluntary homicide on his part. The Sedr was reminded that these barbarous and unheard-of proceedings were not only revolting in themselves, but would produce the utmost horror and disgust in Europe. Upon this he became very much excited, and asked angrily, 'Do you wish the vengeance of all the Bâbees to be concentrated upon me alone?'"

Of the "Histoire de France," by M. Henri Martin, the seventh volume has been published. It comprises the time from the end of the reign of Louis the Eleventh up to the first years of the reign of Francis the First, and distinguishes itself by an excellent *exposé* of the history of arts and sciences in France and Italy during the Renaissance period.

Another Biography of Heine.—Herr Alfred Meissner, the German lyrist, is about to write an extensive biography of the late Heinrich Heine. Herr Julius Campe, Heine's publisher, has furnished the biographer with a great part of the materials of his work.

Mr. Rogers's library, which took six days to sell, has realized, after all, no very great sum; and by far the larger proportion of even this is due rather to volumes of engravings and etchings, and to those works which are decorously disguised in the catalogues under the title of *facetiæ*, than to the value of the works properly so called. To indicate the extent to which the class above referred to existed in the collection, we may mention that *two* copies of the "Hypneromachia" of Poliphilus were put up for sale: one copy (an *editio primaria*) realized £13, and the other, £7.

A fourth edition of M. de Montalembert's "Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre" has been published at Paris.

Arts and Sciences.

Washington's Statue.—This beautiful work of art, which was inaugurated on the 4th of July, was commenced on the 22d of February, 1852, and the model was completed in the autumn of 1855. The casting was made at the Chickopee Foundery, near Springfield, Massachusetts, in June of the present year. The bronze is of a very beautiful quality, although some persons will find it lighter than they expected, but time and the weather will darken it. The metal is composed of copper—eighty-eight parts; tin, nine parts; zinc, two parts; lead, one part. The statue stands at the junction of Broadway and Fourth Avenue, near Union Square, facing southward—the best position for it in the city. Its cost is thirty thousand dollars, which, for the encouragement of art, and the honor of the city, could not have been more judiciously expended.

Herr Knoll, the sculptor, has just finished a most interesting work of art, called the "Tannhäuser" shield; it illustrates the story of the "Sängerkrieg," or musical contest of the Minnesingers in the castle of the Wartburg, with the addition of several episodes out of the old German mythology. These bas reliefs are wonderfully beautiful, full of deep poetic feeling, and remarkable for the skillfulness of the execution, combining in the figures modern strength with the gracefulness and Adonis-like beauty of the ancient sculptors. The divisions in this series are formed by allegorical figures, in niches, of Germany, history, fairy lore, and legend, the latter holding the rod which the Pope had given Tannhäuser, with green shoots sprouting from it, the merciless Pope having said, that when that dry stick produced green leaves Tannhäuser should be pardoned, and not till then; the two inner circles are occupied with strange wild illustrations of German mythology, very interesting, but requiring too much time to examine here in detail.

Mr. H. Carpenter, of Brooklyn, has recently invented a form of iron cross-tie for railroad tracks, which will prove almost indestructible by time, and, by allowing grass to grow over the whole surface of a railroad, will rid the passengers of the dust. The ties are to rest on a foundation of stone, and to be cast with a hollow upright cylinder at each end, to receive a plunger, or loosely fitting piston, on the top of which piston is cast a chair to carry the rail. The plunger does not rest directly upon the bottom of the cylinder, but is sustained upon a thickness of an inch or more of India rubber, previously introduced, so that, although the iron tie and cylinders may be supposed to be perfectly firm, the support to the rails is quite elastic, considerably more so than with the ordinary wooden ties.

A late English patent is for making steam boilers revolve so as to bring a new surface constantly in contact with the fire, and thus make them last longer. There are two hollow trunnions, through one of which the feed water is received, and through the other the steam is taken for the engine. The whole apparatus is thus made to resemble some of the new-fashioned wash boilers, in which the clothes are stirred by revolving the whole, or like the coffee-roasters, in which peas are reduced to well-burned "prime old Java" by continually turning over a moderate fire.

Of the rapidity with which some portions of the machinery employed in the manufacture of cotton operate, we may form an idea from the fact that the very finest thread which is used in making lace is passed through the strong flame of a lamp, which burns off the fibers without burning the thread itself. The velocity with which the thread moves is so great that it cannot be perceived there is any motion at all, the line of thread, passing off a wheel through the flame, looking as if it were perfectly at rest.

The Steamer Adriatic.—The shafts for the new steamer were made at Reading, Pa. They are monstrous masses of iron, their weight in the rough having been eighty tons, and when finished sixty-six. These shafts are said to be the heaviest work of the kind, by ten tons, ever known to be made in the United States or any other country. We understand that the company, warned by the fate of the Pacific, are about to fit her out as a complete floating lighthouse, emitting a light which not only cannot be mistaken by other vessels at whatever distance, but which will illuminate the ship's track several miles ahead, and render an approaching vessel, an iceberg, or any other obstruction almost as visible as at noonday.

An American mechanic has invented a process for *engraving by sunlight*. On a plate of copper covered with petroleum, a photographic proof on paper of the object to be engraved is placed; this proof is a positive, and will necessarily make a negative on the metal by the action of the light. After an exposure of a quarter of an hour to the sun, the image is reproduced on the resinous coating, but is made visible by washing the plate with a solvent which removes the parts not impressed by the light, and brings out a negative picture made by the resinous tracings of the bitumen. The designs are very delicate, and the tracings receive solidity by an exposure during two days to the action of a diffuse light. When thus hardened, the plate of metal is plunged into a bath of sulphate of copper, and is then connected with the pole of a battery; if with the negative pole, a layer of copper in relief is deposited on the parts of the metal not protected by the resinous coating; but if with the positive pole, the metal is grooved out in the same parts, and thus an etched engraving is obtained.

In Nuremberg, a new discovery of fresco paintings has just been made; they date probably from the year 1520, and are of the school of *Albert Dürer*. They were found on the exterior side of the council chamber by Herr Eberlein, a painter, who has offered his services to restore them; but they are terribly injured by time and exposure, and in some places nothing is left of them but the outline.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1856.

DR. SEGUIN.

SKETCHES OF HUMANE INSTITUTIONS.

UNDER this general head we propose furnishing to the readers of THE NATIONAL, from time to time, sketches of the origin, early history, progress, and present condition of the Institutions for the instruction of Idiots, Deaf Mutes, the Blind, and Juvenile Offenders, and Asylums for the Insane, the Orphan, and Indigent, with perhaps a paper on Hospitals. Having materials at command to make these sketches accurate, reliable, and interesting, and illustrating them liberally, we have no doubt but that they will prove a valuable addition to the Magazine. We commence the series with

I.—IDIOTS AND IMBECILES.

IT is one of the strongest evidences of the Divine origin of Christianity, though one which has very generally escaped the attention of theological writers, that it has accomplished so much for the relief of human suffering. The religions of pagan-

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ism often *caused*, but never *allayed* mental, moral, or physical maladies. Under their sway, the helpless infant was made "to pass through the fire unto Moloch;" the faithful slave was slaughtered on the grave of the master he had loved; the wife, under the penalty of a pariah's fate, was compelled to immolate herself on the funeral pyre of her husband; the parent, on the approach of old age, was borne to the brink of some sacred stream, there to die in solitude and want; the dreaded vengeance of some potent divinity was averted by the sacrifice of a hecatomb of human victims; but nowhere were edifices erected for the preservation of human life, or for the relief of the injuries, the deformities, or the maladies, physical or mental, to which man was subject.

And when the intellect was enwrapped in a vail so dense, that its God-given light could not penetrate it; when the awkward, staggering step, the vacant countenance, the dull, mindless eye, and the silly laugh, proclaimed the man an idiot, these infirmities were regarded as rendering him a fit object for mirth and scorn; and haughty kings and proud nobles kept about their persons some of these poor wretches, to afford amusement to them and their attendants.

Christianity, in the person of its Divine Founder, recognized the obligation to alleviate human suffering. The larger portion of his arduous labors, during his three years' ministry, were performed for the relief of the physical or mental maladies of his own nation; and how forcibly does he add precept to his glorious example, when he represents the supreme Judge as saying to the righteous, in tones of approval, "I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

And when, after three centuries of persecution and suffering, Christianity assumed the imperial purple, and commanded where she had hitherto obeyed, the reforms which were instituted were generally those which looked to the relief of the more marked and patent phases of physical or mental distress; hospitals were reared, and sympathy and love took the place of selfishness and cruelty; the gladiatorial shows were prohibited, and the bloodthirsty tastes of a semi-barbarous people no longer gratified at the cost of human life; the slave was liberated from his bondage, the prisoner visited and solaced in his confinement, and humanity, disburdened from sorrow, laid its grateful tribute of praise at the feet of the Nazarene.

But the evils to be overcome were too many, and the gloom and apathy of the dark ages came too soon, for the removal of anything beyond the most prominent and glaring of the ills of society; and it was not until the Reformation had roused the nations from their slumbers, and taught them the value of the *individual* man, that charities having in view the restoration of reason to the insane, or the culture and training of the blind, the deaf-mute, or the idiot, were deemed possible. Indeed, though hospitals for the *restraint* of the insane had existed for several centuries, it is but little more than seventy years since the first effort was made to dispense with chains, stocks, and other apparatus more fit for the torture-room of the Inquisition, than for a hospital for the treatment of mental or bodily ailments.

But little more than a century has elapsed since the first effort was made to instruct the deaf and dumb; and less than eighty years, since the day dawned for the blind, and the light of intelligence illumined the darkness of their understanding.

A still shorter period has passed since the mind of the philanthropist conceived the possibility of raising the poor idiot from his degradation.

In the development of this, as in many other works of benevolence, Europe and America have each taken part; the conception was European, the first action American; and again, while the American instruction was incidental, the European was systematic and purposed. But we anticipate.

It is generally admitted, that the first suggestions in regard to the training and improvement of idiots were made by the celebrated French surgeon and philosopher, Itard. While yet in the prime of life, and with a reputation of the highest character, he became interested in a wild boy who had been found, in 1801, in the forests of Aveyron. Hoping to find in the instruction of this boy, hitherto entirely untaught, the means of demonstrating the sensational theory of his master, (for he was a disciple of Condillac,) he took him to his own house, and for six years sought to develop his intellectual faculties by

means of sensations. The experiment failed completely, for this reason, if for no other, that the boy was an idiot, and of low grade.

This failure, however, had revealed to M. Itard the possibility of instructing and elevating the idiot. His reputation was such, that but a mere fragment of his time was at his command, but he did what he could; and when, in the last years of his life, idiots were brought to him, he confided them, with his views in relation to their instruction, to a young friend, a physician, in whose character he had discerned the requisite qualifications for such a work. Time has fully justified his choice; that young physician, Dr. Edward Seguin, devoted to this neglected class the energies of a mind at once philosophical and practical; and while his monograph on Idiocy will ever be remarkable for its clear analysis, its thorough mastery and complete exhaustion of the subject, his success as a teacher of idiots is not less praiseworthy. He opened a school for idiots in Paris, in 1838, was subsequently appointed Director of the idiot school at the Bicêtre, (one of the great lunatic hospitals at Paris,) where he remained for three years, and then established a private institution for idiots, in which he continued till his school was broken up by the Revolution of 1848, when he emigrated to this country, in which, in public and private, he has labored most zealously and efficiently for the promotion of this noble cause.

Dr. Seguin deserves to be recognized as a benefactor to his race; not as the first teacher of idiots, for M. Itard, and Messrs. Ferrus, Falret, Voisin, and Vallee, of his own country, and the teachers of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford, Connecticut, (who instructed idiotic pupils as early as 1818, and who, prior to 1838, had had nearly thirty under their care,) had preceded him; but as the first who, fully comprehending what was necessary for the successful training of an idiot, has put his views into practice.

His theory is, substantially, that idiocy is a prolonged infancy, in which, the infantile grace and intelligence having vanished, nothing but the feebleness of muscular development, and the infantile mental weakness, remains. He proposes to follow nature in his processes; to invigorate the muscles by bathing and compulsory exercise, to strengthen and develop the will, the imagination, the senses, and the imitative powers; and at each step, to impress upon the mind the influence of moral principle.

In this, as in almost every other enterprise for the benefit and improvement of any portion of the human family, God seems to have put into the hearts of men at a distance from each other, and with no knowledge of each other's views or purposes, similar impulses.

Among the low-lying valleys, so numerous in the Alps and the other mountainous districts of Europe, there are some, hemmed in by cliffs so precipitous that the light of the sun visits them but for an hour or two at high noon; and very often the mountains so effectually cut off the currents of air that the atmosphere is hot, close, impure, and loaded with miasm. Neither vegetable nor animal life can attain perfection here; the miserable inhabitants live in the most abject wretchedness, many of them affected with goitre, (an enlargement of the glands of the throat, which gives them a dewlapped appearance,) and habitually addicted to the grossest intoxication, on the cheap and vile brandies of the country. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that a large proportion (in some instances from one-third to one-fifth) of the children born in these dismal valleys are imbecile, or, as they are called in Switzerland, Cretins, (a corruption of the French "Chrétien," *Christian*,) from the idea that they are incapable of sin.

Of all the forms of idiocy cretinism is, perhaps, the most painful and disgusting; the throat almost uniformly distended with the hideous goitre; the face bloated, swollen, and devoid of any intellectual expression; the limbs powerless; the body cold, tumid, and livid; the tongue enlarged, and depending from the mouth; all constitute a picture too loathsome for any to gaze upon whose heart is not firmly fixed in the determination to do good even to the most wretched and abject.

In 1839 Dr. Louis Guggenbuhl, a young physician of Zurich, in one of his visits to the mountains, saw one of these poor, helpless cretins laid before a crucifix, and evidently trying to make the signs of worship. Convinced that the idea of worship existed in the mind of the poor child, and that where such an idea had found root,

DR. GUGGENBUHL.

there must be a mind capable of improvement and development, he commenced an inquiry into the condition of the cretins of that canton. Three years of investigation and experiment were sufficient to establish in his mind the possibility of their education, which every previous writer on the subject of cretinism had denied. The first step, in his view, was to remove them to a purer and more healthful air; and, accordingly, with little means, but a large faith, he commenced his establishment, in 1842, by the purchase of the site on the Abendberg, above Interlachen, which he still occupies. It was a farm of Kasthofer's, the celebrated agriculturist, but relinquished readily by him for the noble purpose for which Dr. Guggenbuhl desired it. The site is one of great beauty, elevated at a height of four thousand feet above the sea level, yet protected from the bleak winds of the higher Alps by mountain ranges above it. Here, for fourteen years, (except a short interval when incessant labor had so far prostrated his health as to render absence and recreation indispensable,) he has toiled on, struggling much of the time with pecuniary difficulties, as well as those incident to his work, yet with an unwavering faith and an unfaltering courage which could have no other result than success. Nobly, indeed, has he succeeded. These poor cretins, under his patient teaching and his kind and loving care, have lost their hideous appearance; and with bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and their intellects so far aroused as to be able to read, to understand, to think for themselves, they present to the visitor a pleasing rather than a painful spectacle.

Dr. Guggenbuhl's labors were commenced without the knowledge of any of the movements in France or elsewhere; and though his treatment is quite similar to that of Dr. Seguin, he is entitled to the merit of originality in it.

His school attracted, at an early period of its existence, the attention of Dr. Twining, an eminent English physician, traveling on the continent, and through his efforts it received liberal and substantial aid from many friends in England. Its reputation has spread over the whole of Europe, and it has become, in some sense, the parent of many similar institutions in the mountainous districts of central Europe.

Institutions of a similar character have been founded in Wurtemburg, Saxony, Bavaria, Prussia, and Piedmont, and most of them receive aid from their respective governments. One of the largest of these is situated in the Vale of Aosta, and is

under the care of the same order of monks who, in the Middle Ages, devoted themselves to the care of the leper.

Schools for the education of idiots, not cretins, have also been established in several of the cities of Europe. Of these, perhaps the most celebrated is that under the care of Messrs. Saegert and Sachs at Berlin. This was organized in 1842, and has been very successful. M. Saegert possesses a high order of talent, and a special adaptation for the development of the unfortunate class to whom he has devoted his life and energies. A school for idiots was established at Leipsic, in 1846, by Dr. Kern, and in 1855 a building was erected for it at Gohlis, a small village adjacent to that city.

The first effort for the instruction of the idiot in England was made in 1846, by some benevolent ladies at Bath, whose interest had been excited in the subject by the published narrative of Dr. Twining, relative to the school on the Abendberg, and the letters of Dr. Conolly, who had visited Dr. Seguin's institution in Paris.

INSTITUTION FOR CRETINS ON THE ABENDBERG.

The following year similar schools were established at Brighton and at Lancaster. As these were on a small scale, and could not receive a tithe of those offered for instruction, Dr. Conolly, (whose noble labors for the improvement of the condition of the insane have given him a world-wide reputation,) Rev. Dr. Andrew Reed, (whose visit to this country, many years ago, is still remembered with pleasure,) and several other philanthropic gentlemen, determined upon making an effort for the establishment of an institution on a large scale. Their efforts were successful; a large number of the aristocracy became interested in the enterprise, and they have erected on their spacious grounds at Earlswood, Surrey, a magnificent edifice, capable of accommodating over four hundred pupils. They have given it the name of "The Royal Institution for Idiots." The building cost somewhat more than $200,000, and was opened for pupils in July, 1855.

These philanthropists, however, had not delayed their efforts for the idiot till the completion of their beautiful edifice. In 1847 they rented Park House, Highgate,

ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, EARLSWOOD, SURREY.

formerly a nobleman's residence, and becoming straitened for room for the numerous applicants, they accepted, in 1848, the generous offer of that noble philanthropist, Sir S. Morton Peto, to devote to their use Essex Hall, Colchester, formerly a railway hotel. This, too, was soon filled, and other buildings were procured. Upon the opening of the Royal Institution at Earlswood, Essex Hall was constituted an Independent Asylum for the Midland Counties.

In Scotland the proverbial caution of the people led them for a time to look with distrust on any schemes for instructing their "daft" population; but these prejudices have been overcome, and an institution has been established at Edinburgh, by Drs. Smith and Coldstream, called "The Home and School for Invalid and Imbecile Children." There is also a small establishment at Baldoran, near Dundee, founded in 1852, by Sir John and Lady Ogilvy.

In this country, as we have already stated, idiots were taught prior to any recorded cases of their instruction in Europe, but public attention had not been called to their condition, nor efforts made to establish institutions for their special training, until 1846.

The movement was nearly simultaneous in New-York and Massachusetts, though originating, it would seem from the evidence adduced, in the former state. Dr. F. F. Backus, of Rochester, a member of the New-York Senate, in 1846, had become interested in the subject of idiocy, and had procured the foreign treatises and reports then extant, and on the 15th of January, 1846, read in the Senate a report which he had drawn up, urging the necessity and expedience of an institution for the instruction of idiotic and imbecile children, and a few weeks later reported a bill for the organization of such an institution.

On the 22d of January, 1846, the late Judge Byington, then a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, moved in that body the appointment of a commission on the subject of idiocy. The resolution passed, and Judge Byington, Dr. S. G. Howe, and Gilman Kimball, Esq., were forthwith appointed commissioners.

To this work, Dr. Howe, already widely known for his philanthropic labors in behalf of the blind, devoted his best energies, and, in the winter of 1848, presented to the Legislature an elaborate report, which resulted in the establishment, in October of the same year, of an experimental school at South Boston, and, after three years of successful trial, in the organization of the "Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Youth," of which Dr. Howe has the oversight.

Meantime Dr. H. B. Wilbur, of Barre, Mass., whose attention had been attracted to the subject, had established in his own town a private institution for idiots and imbeciles, in July, 1848.

This was the first school for idiots organized in this country, and, until recently, the only private one.

It passed from Dr. Wilbur's hands in 1851, and has since that time been under the care of Dr. George Brown, whose skill, tact, and devotion to his work, have been crowned with the very highest success. In beauty of location this school is unrivaled. Nature and art have vied with each other in surrounding it with scenery which shall call out the æsthetic sense, and develop the love of the beautiful. There are now about forty pupils connected with the school.

The Massachusetts school, under Dr. Howe's care, has hitherto occupied hired buildings at South Boston, but is now erecting a commodious edifice not far from the site it has hitherto occupied. The number of pupils is about fifty.

In New-York, owing to a variety of causes, no school was established until 1851, at which time an experimental institution was organized at Albany, and

PARK HOUSE, HIGHGATE—ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS.

Dr. Wilbur, of the Barre school, became its superintendent. The experiment having proved successful, and the state having erected a noble edifice for the school at Syracuse, the pupils were removed thither, on the completion of the new building, in August, 1855.

The "Asylum for Idiots" at Syracuse, of which we have given our readers a sketch, is by far the finest edifice for idiot instruction in this country. Its cost was about $80,000, and every arrangement which experience or architectural skill could devise for the comfort of all its inmates, has been adopted. Nor is the quality or success of the instruction less admirable than the plan of the edifice. In ability and tact confessedly at the head of superintendents of Idiot Asylums in this country, and seconded in his efforts by an enthusiastic and able corps of teachers, Dr. Wilbur has no cause to shun comparison with any institution for idiots in the world. The asylum is intended to accommodate one hundred and fifty pupils, and is nearly full.

There is also a school at Germantown, Pennsylvania, sustained in part by state

appropriations, and having about twenty pupils. It has recently made several changes in its corps of teachers, and is now under the care of Dr. Parrish.

Mr. James B. Richards, son of the eminent missionary, and formerly connected with the Pennsylvania school, and at an earlier period with that at South Boston, has recently opened a private institution for idiots in New-York city. His large experience in teaching the imbecile, and the favorable auspices under which he commences his new enterprise, encourage the hope that he will be eminently successful.

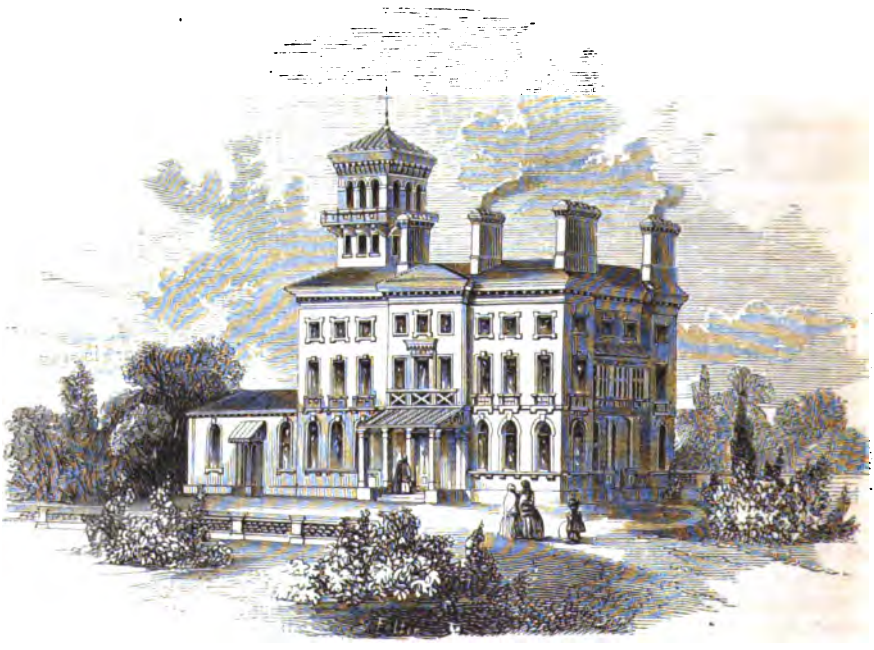
During the past year the Legislatures of Connecticut and Kentucky have had the subject under consideration. In the former state a commission was appointed in 1855, and their report, made in May, 1856, urging strongly the organization of an institution, a bill granting an appropriation passed the House by a large majority, but was lost in the Senate by the casting vote of the lieutenant-governor.

Such is a brief sketch of the asylums thus far established in Europe and this country, for the relief of this truly helpless and unfortunate portion of the human family. They are as yet few in number and in their infancy; but as each year demonstrates their necessity, we may hope that they will be greatly increased till these poor innocents shall all be instructed, and saved from the doom of a life of utter vacuity.

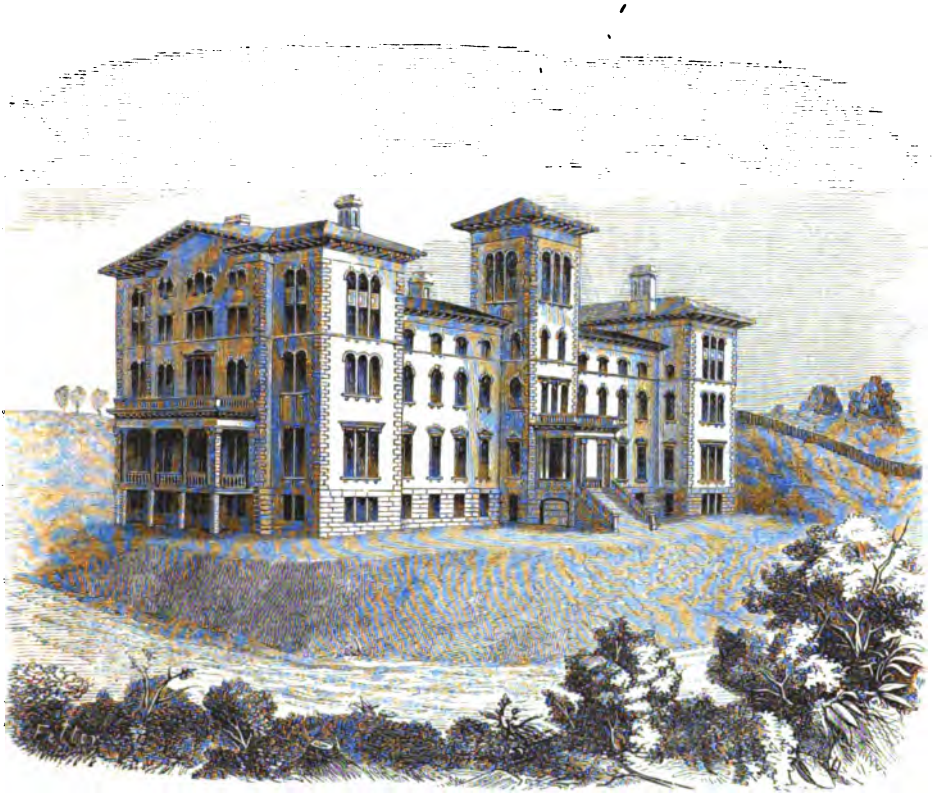
It has, at least, been demonstrated that the greater portion of those who are now vicious, mischievous, and loathsome, as well as those whose idiocy has assumed a more helpless character, can be taught to read, to write, to understand the studies usually taught in our public schools, and, above all, to comprehend, with an earnest faith, though, perhaps, with a somewhat beclouded intellect, the great principles of God's mercy and man's salvation.

It has been demonstrated, too, that most of them can acquire such knowledge of mechanical employments, as to qualify them to sustain themselves, wholly, or in part, instead of being a burden to their friends or the towns in which they reside.

Thus much an experience of only eighteen years in their instruction has proved; and with the ingenuity, the tact, and the patient devotion of some of our best educators enlisted for their further improvement, the future is certainly full



ESSEX HALL, COLCHESTER—ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS.



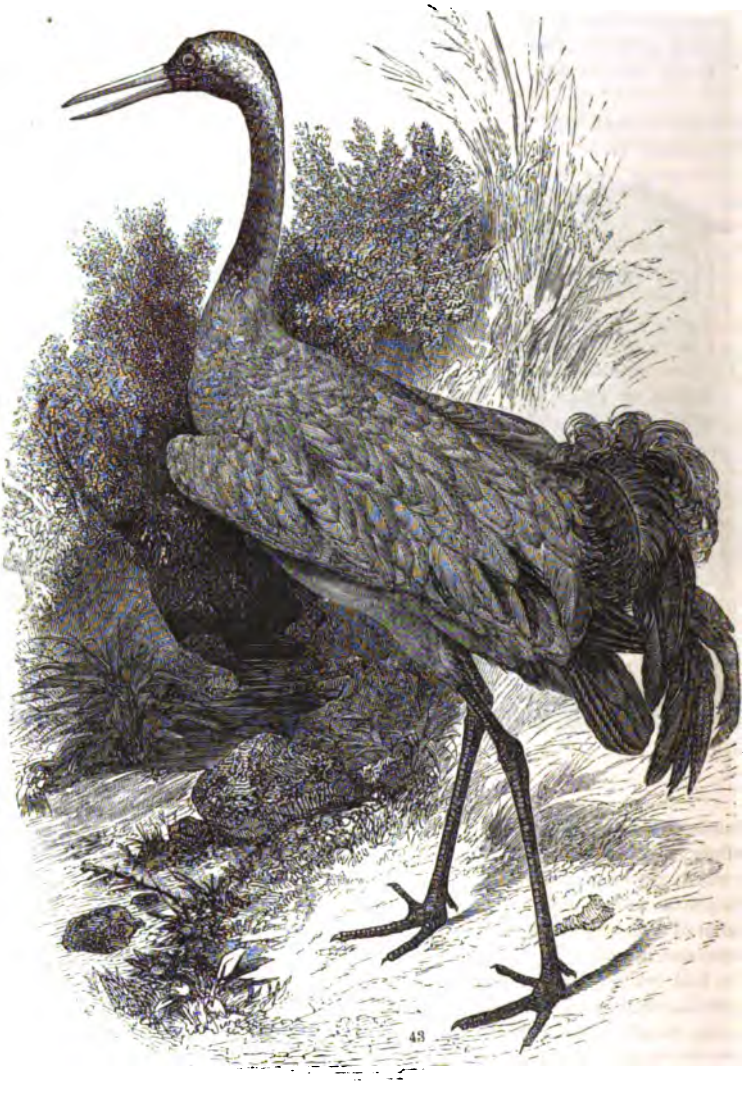
ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, SYRACUSE.

of promise; and though man cannot create or educe intellectual endowments where none exist, yet he may, and doubtless will, develop these vailed intellects to the highest point of which their imperfect physical organization is capable.

We hail with delight the promise of that glorious future when the denizens of our earth, freed from the thralldom of sin, and perfected alike in their physical, intellectual, and moral nature, shall no more be pained by the sight of the blind, the mute, the insane, or the idiot; when the type of humanity shall be a form more perfect and glorious than that of the inmates of Eden in their pristine beauty; a form in which the highest intelligence and godlike purity shall be united with the utmost physical perfection; and to this type all the dwellers on our planet shall conform.

But while we wait in hope of that glorious consummation, there is abundant work for us; these helpless sufferers, these vicious and senseless idiots, must be cared for; none of them, whom we can rescue, must be lost; none permitted to sink into the groveling and listless habits of the fatuous, whose intellect can be roused. Our reward may not be here, though often it will be, but it will be on high.

Think, O Christian philanthropist! what joy it will give thee, if, on the morn of the resurrection, thou shalt see that poor, helpless, grinning idiot, to whose feeble mind thou didst communicate the first idea of a God and a Saviour, whom thou didst lead to put his trust, with childlike faith, in that Saviour, rising from the tomb, no longer deformed or awkward, no more gazing about him with gaping mouth and lack-luster eye, but glorified with his Saviour's beauty, and, with countenance radiant with holy joy, going forth with messages of mercy to the world which once treated him with scorn. Is not thy patient toil well repaid? Will not heaven's joy be sweeter to thee for this earthly sacrifice?



BIRDS; OR, RECREATIONS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE WADING BIRDS.

THE GRALLATORES, or *Waders*, are a very extensive family, comprehending the various varieties of the Crane, the Stork, the Heron, the Ibis, Plovers, Snipes, Bustards, Curlews, and many others. By their structure and general conformation they are admirably adapted to the local situation appointed for them, and the nature of their food. The woods, the hills, and the verdant plains, are not their portion, neither is the sea, nor the larger rivers and lakes, on the surface of which, far away from the shore, so many revel in a congenial element; but theirs are the swamp, and the morass, and the low and oozy lands which border the sea, and its petty

creeks and inlets. Here they find their food, which consists of the smaller fishes, reptiles, snails, insects, and water-plants. Their legs are accordingly of great length, the thighs often bare of feathers for a considerable distance, and the toes either long and spreading, or partially webbed; many, if necessity requires, can swim, and some few swim and dive with great dexterity.

In proportion to the length of their legs is that of the neck, or at least generally so; and where the neck does not bear a due relative proportion, its length is usually made up by that of the beak; but in many, as the stork and the heron, we find both the neck and the beak equally elongated. In the structure of the beak the wading birds offer much variety, according to the particular nature of the food to be obtained. In many it is long, powerful, and pointed; in others, broad and rounded; and again, in others, soft and pulpy at the tip, and supplied with nerves, so as to perform the office of a feeler when inserted into the oozy mud in search of minute insects or seeds. Thus the heron, the spoonbill, the oyster-catcher, and the woodcock, afford examples by way of contrast, in each of which we find this organ so modified as to be consonant to the nature and habits of its possessor.

At the head of the family we place *the common Crane*, of which we give a drawing, (No. 43.) It is a large bird, measuring five or six feet in length. Its plumage ash-colored, intermingled with black and white. It is very abundant in the north of Europe, in Sweden, in Lapland, and in some parts of Russia.

Kolben states that these birds are often observed in large flocks on the marshes about the Cape of Good Hope. He never saw a flock of them on the ground, that had not some birds placed, apparently as sentinels, to keep a look-out while the others were feeding. These sentinels stand on one leg, and at intervals stretch out their necks, as if to observe that all is safe. On any notice of danger, the whole flock are instantly on the wing. It requires, however, some credulity to admit Kolben's assertion, that in the nighttime each of the watching cranes, which rest on their left legs, hold in the right claw a stone of considerable weight; in order that, if overcome by sleep, the falling of the stone may awaken them!

The migratory voyages of the crane are, however, remarkable for the order and arrangement of the flocks in their aërial flights. They arrange themselves in the form of a triangle, the better to cleave the air. When the wind threatens and breaks their ranks, they collect their forces into a circle. Their migratory voyages are chiefly performed in the night; but their loud screams indicate their course. It is said that during these nocturnal expeditions, the leader frequently calls, in order to rally his forces and point out the track; while the cry is repeated by them, each one answering, thus showing that it follows and keeps its rank. Milton thus speaks of the migration of the crane:

Part loosely wing the region; part, more wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons; and set forth
Their airy caravan; high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight: so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered
plumes."

In many respects resembling the crane, and nearly allied in its habits, is *the Stork*, of which there are several species. Our engraving (No. 44) is the *White Stork*, of which frequent mention is made in the Sacred Scriptures, and a variety of passages may be gathered from the writings of the ancients, which show that they regarded the stork as eminent for requiting its parents. Its name in the Hebrew language signifies mercy or piety; and its English name is taken, if not directly, yet secondarily through the Saxon, from the Greek word *storgé*, which is often used in our language for natural affection, as says Beaumont:

"The Stork's an emblem of true piety;
Because, when age has seized and made his dam
Unfit for flight, the grateful young one takes
His mother on his back, provides her food,
Repaying thus her tender care of him,
Ere he was fit to fly."

Burcherrode, a Dane, relates what he has seen, and that, it has been remarked, "without the ornaments or the exaggeration of poetry and fable." He says:

"Storks build in the prefecture of Eyderstede, in the southern part of Jutland; and men may be taught by looking upon them. In a retired part of Eyderstede, some leagues from Toningen, toward the German Sea, there are clusters of trees. Among these they build; and if any creature comes near them in the nesting season, which lasts nearly three months, they go out in a body to attack it. The peasants never hurt them, and they are in no fear of them."

"The two parents guard and feed each brood, one always remaining on it, while the other goes for food. They keep the young ones much longer in the nest than any other bird, and after they have led them out of it by day, they bring them back at night; preserving it as their natural and proper home.

"When they first take out their young, they practice them to fly; and they lead them to the marshes, and to the hedge sides, pointing them out the frogs, and serpents, and lizards, which are their proper food; and they seek out toads, which they never eat, and take great pains to make the young distinguish them. In the end of autumn, not being able to bear the winter of Denmark, they gather in a great body about the sea-coasts, as we see swallows do, and go off together; the old ones leading the young ones in the center, and a second body of the old behind. They return in spring, and betake themselves in families to their several nests. The people of Tonningen and the neighboring coasts gather together to see them come; for they are superstitious, and form certain presages from the manner of their flight. At this time it is not uncommon to see several of the old birds, who are tired and feeble with the long flight, supported at times on the backs of the young; and the peasants speak of it as a certainty, that many of these are, when they return to their home, carefully laid in their old nests, and cherished by the young ones which they reared with so much care the spring before."

Of the migratory habits of the Stork, Thomson beautifully sings:

"Where the Rhine loses its majestic force
In Belgian plains—won from the raging deep
By diligence amazing, and the strong,
Unconquering hand of Liberty—
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day
Consulting deep and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figured flight ascends, and, rising high
The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds."

No. 45 is a very remarkable *African Water Fowl*, designated by naturalists as a variety of the *Balæniceps*. For what little is known of its habits we are indebted to Mr. Gould, who tells us that

"The end of the beak and the form of the feet resemble those of the Dodo. The beak is formed like a spoon, and is very large; it is yellow in the male, and red-brown in the female. The crest is convex, and terminates in a hook at the extremity; it is of a light brown color, which gradually changes to yellow as it approaches the bill. The nostrils are long. The middle of the lower jaw is membraneous. The skin surrounding the eye is of a yellow color, and quite free from hair. The eyes are of a clear grayish brown. The feet are very long, and covered with fine scales, which distinguish this bird from other water-fowl, whose feet are generally covered with large and coarse scales. The general color of the bird is gray, lighter upon the back and feet than at other parts of the body. The feathers at the back of the head are long and of a peculiar form. It inhabits the marshy districts of Africa, and chiefly subsists upon the fish and small reptiles which there abound.

The strange figure and remarkable proportions of the *Flamingo*, of the red variety of which we give an admirable delineation, (figure 46,) at once indicate its position among the Wading Birds. Its neck is slender and of great length. Its body is also slender and tapering, and its feet about two feet long, thus admirably adapting it to wade through shallows and morasses. But as the Flamingo frequents the sea-coast and rivers, it has also

the power of swimming, and its toes are partially webbed. Thus it is enabled boldly to venture beyond its depth without fear of being carried away by the retiring tide.

Its food consists of small fish, shells, and water insects, for the capture of which its beak is singularly constructed; in length it is nearly five inches; the upper mandible is bent downward in the middle, at an acute angle, as if broken, the space from the angle to the point being a broad flat plate, of a somewhat oval figure; the lower mandible, which is larger, is so adjusted as to fit the angle with its edges, its under surface being gently arched downward. The edges of both mandibles are furnished with a row of serrations, or

tooth-like eminences, those of the upper being the larger.

The use of the mandibles is like a strainer, allowing the water to pass through, but retaining any small body, as an insect or a fish. In searching for food among the mud, at the bottom of waters, the upper and not the under mandible is applied to the ground; the flat portion of its surface being well adapted for pressing close down on the soft bed of the marsh or creek. Hence, in that situation, the inferior mandible is placed uppermost, and by its motion works the disturbed and turbid water through the two, as is seen in ducks and other aquatic birds. The tongue is large and fleshy, and the sense of taste is probably acute.

The height of the Flamingo is about four feet. The first year, its livery is of

a grayish clouded white; the second, the white is purer, but the wings are tinted with a beautiful rose-color; in the third year it attains its full plumage. Its color is then extremely brilliant, being of a fine deep scarlet on the back, and roseate on the wings, the quill feathers of the wing being jet black. The hues of the bird

become more intense during succeeding years. A flock of these tall and splendid birds, moving about on the sea beach, with their plumage reflecting the glowing rays of a tropical sun, is a spectacle never to be forgotten.

The mode of incubation of this bird is exceedingly curious. Were its nest constructed like those of birds in general, its long limbs would be always in the way; besides, the Flamingo never sits down, but rests standing on one leg. But the instinct implanted in the bird by the all-wise Creator obviates all these difficulties. The Flamingo raises a nest, if nest it can be called, of mud in the form of a hillock, and slightly concave at the top. Here the female bird lays two large white eggs, and sits to hatch them, her legs hanging down on each side of this singular mound, and the toes just touching the earth at its base.

There is an American variety of the Flamingo which differs from the European chiefly in the duller shades of its plumage.

The *Boat-bill* (No. 47) is about the size of a domestic hen. Its beak resembles a boat reversed, having a strong ridge or keel down the middle of the upper mandible, and the sides spread out and bowed. In the male, the upper part of the neck and breast is dirty white; the back and lower part of the belly rusty-reddish. The legs and feet are brown. From the head depends a long crest of feathers, falling backward. The female has the top of the head black, without the elongated crest; the back and the belly rusty-reddish; the wings gray; the forehead and rest of the plumage white; the bill, legs, and feet are brown. Latham says:

"This species inhabits Cayenne, Guiana, and Brazil, and chiefly frequents such parts as are near the water. In such places it perches on the trees, which hang over the streams, and, like the kingfisher, drops down on the fish that swim beneath."

The food and general habits of this bird place it among the herons, an extensive family, containing many groups, at which we must now glance. They vary from each other in certain details, but all agree in general characteristics. They are strictly carnivorous, living on fish, reptiles, and even the smaller mammalia

which frequent the borders of lakes or marshes. Night is their season of activity. Their sight is acute, and their stroke surprisingly rapid. Their body is light, their wings ample, and their flight lofty.

The *Heron*, in its different varieties, is found in all quarters of the globe. Our engraving (No. 48) is the Scopolaceous variety, (*Ardea helias.*) They are comparatively rare, however, in the colder regions. The *Great White* variety is found in many parts of the United States, breeding extensively in the cedar swamps of New-Jersey, and in some portions of Pennsylvania. Their nests are built in societies on the trees. The eggs are usually four, of a pale-blue color. In the months of July and August, the young make their first appearance in the meadows and marshes, in parties of twenty or thirty together. The large ditches, with which the extensive meadows below Philadelphia are intersected, are, about that season, regularly visited by flocks of these birds; these are frequently shot; but the old birds are too sagacious to be easily approached. Their food consists of frogs, [illegible], small fish, insects, seeds of the [illegible]dock, (a species of *nymphæ*,) and [illegible]ter-snakes.

Of the *common English Herons*, it is said that between them and the rooks deadly feuds sometimes take place, and fierce battles are waged for the possession of the trees upon which they are wont to build their nests. One of them occurred in Westmoreland, originating in the felling of the fine old oaks occupied by the herons, and their consequent attempt upon the grove in the tenure of the rooks. The herons had the best of the fray for two successive seasons, and at length a sort of peace was made between the two combatants, the herons and rooks severally setting up their nest on a particular part of the now only remaining grove, and leaving the other moiety to their former antagonists.

We close our present article with the following singular fact, from the pen of an English farmer:

"A large old willow-tree had fallen down into the pond, and at the extremity, which is partly sunk in the sludge, and continues to vegetate, water-hens breed. The old cock heron swims out to the nest, and takes the young if he can. He has to swim ten or twelve feet, where the water is between two and three feet deep. His motion through the water is slow, but his carriage is stately. I have seen him fell a rat by one blow on the back of the head, when the rat was munching at his dish of fish."

LIFE IN HUNGARY.

"O Magyar, by thy native land,
With faithful heart abide;
Thy cradle first, thy grave at last,
It nursed thee, and shall hide."

FROM the moment I set my foot upon Hungarian soil I have felt more at home than anywhere else in Europe. Every hour serves to convince me of the remarkable similarity of their ideas to our own, not only upon political subjects, but in everything that pertains to national and social life. A man cannot have a better recommendation among them than that of being a member of our Republic. Before the extinction of their liberties by the Austrians and Russians, the citizen who took no part in political affairs was regarded, as among the Athenians, a useless, if not a harmful person. The Hungarian women, like the mothers and daughters of America during the Revolution, are not only politicians in head but patriots at heart.

"We revere your Washington as a demi-god," said one of them to me one day. "You Americans ought to build a monument to his memory that would kiss the very sky. You should then say your prayers at its base, and I would like to repeat mine there for my bleeding country." I replied to the demoiselle that I would be but too happy to accompany her on an expedition of that nature. "No!" said she, blushing; "we Hungarian women have resolved never to leave our country. We wept at her fall, we share her humiliation, and will remain here hopeful, and even confident, that we shall one day enjoy her triumph."

The history of Hungary has been a perpetual martyrdom! The Huns, the Goths, the Avars, and the Magyars, issuing from Asia by the gate of the Ural and the Altaï, took up their stately and dithyrambic march across the plains of Russia, and reached central Europe through the valley of the lower Danube, leaving here and there traces of their passage.

Central Europe is, in fact, a mosaic of nationalities. I have often counted, in the great hall of the University of Vienna, the representatives of twenty-five different nations, speaking as many different languages, and exhibiting almost every type of the human race. A Hungarian poet says that his unfortunate country contains numerous members of every race inhabiting Europe and Asia. There is no region more favorable for ethnographical pursuits. I have found the higher class in Europe, and especially the nobility, to be everywhere much the same in all respects, excepting language and religion. For striking national traits; for traditions and time-honored usages; in fact, for almost everything that can interest the thinking traveler, we must look to the humble classes. This I have done from the first.

Shortly after landing at Liverpool, and while standing in front of St. George's Hall, admiring the allegorical sculpture which adorns the tympanum of its portico, I was beset by half a dozen peripatetic boot-blacks. They urged their claims as if a night's lodging depended on their success, and in a knowing and cunning manner that must have been borrowed from the gowned and powdered barristers who frequent the courts of St. George's Hall. One fellow evidently saw that I was fresh from the New World, and for a penny begged to give my boots "the real Yankee shine;" but he was quickly underbid by a black little urchin, who, with a more artistic air,

"His eye with a fine frenzy rolling,"

wished to put on the "exhibition touch." The plebeians of every country are, after all, the true conservatives, as those who are wealthy and boast of patrician origin have less attachment to things strictly national, and consequently are more apt to imitate foreign usages.

The higher classes in Hungary are exceedingly well informed, but cultivation is confined chiefly to the cities. In my estimation, the Magyars are the noblest people upon whom the sun first shines in his western course. The Austrians usually speak of the Hungarians as a rough and uncultivated people. They affirm that the birth-place of Kossuth was by the side of Attila's grave, and that the ashes of "the scourge of God" were infiltrated into the vital organs of the man who wished to march to dictatorial power through seas of blood.

Men change. He who was the "scourge of God" in one age may become the scourge of tyrants in another. Certain it is that every race must fulfill

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HUNGARY IN MOURNING.

its destiny; that of the Magyars is not yet begun.

In the country there is much ignorance. Hungarian farmers possess but few educational advantages, and it must be confessed that they do not on all occasions exhibit the utmost penetration. The stupid Austrians, the beer-drinking Bœotians of central Europe, "the beaten in a hundred battles," are found telling the following story at the expense of the Magyars.

One of them not long ago went down to Semlin on business. The inn was crowded; he could be accommodated only on condition of sharing a small chamber with a Capuchin monk. To this the Hungarian assented; but as he wished to set out for Belgrade at an early hour, he charged the post to wake him betimes in the morning. The latter did so, but the guest, in dressing, inadvertently slipped on the gown of the Capuchin. Breakfast eaten, bill paid, and half the distance to Belgrade laid behind, he happened to bring his sleeve and nasal organ in close proximity, when the odor of snuff betrayed the gown of the monk, well powdered, as usual, with scented Rappee. Not even the possibility of a mistake on his part occurring to the Magyar, he stopped and soliloquized angrily, "A curse on the stupid host of the Three Lions; he has waked up that filthy Capuchin monk instead of myself."

That the Austrians are even more short-sighted than this I have learned from experience; thanks for once to the ignorance of their police, whose ways are generally inscrutable. From an humble Esculapian, compounding squills and quills, and intermitting scalpel exercise with that of the pen, I find myself all at once surrounded by the areola of official position.

I am *chargé d'affaires* without having asked even the empty honor of carrying government dispatches. My promotion came in this wise. At Vienna I became acquainted with the *chef de police*, and had several interviews with him, passports in general, and Kossuth and Kostza in particular, being the subjects of conversation. He became convinced that my

mission abroad was not to revolutionize Europe, and kindly gave me permission to travel anywhere in the Austrian dominions. But to facilitate the matter, he advised me to procure a new passport at the American legation in Vienna. The document was drawn up in English, excepting the words *chargé d'affaires*.

On my crossing the Hungarian frontier, the police, not being familiar with the Saxon idiom, applied to myself the above august title. Owing to the peculiar institutions of Austria I did not see fit to correct the mistake, and have ever since been traveling as *chargé d'affaires*. My title acts like enchantment. The German axiom, "Everything is possible for an American," has acquired additional force since the Kostza affair.

GOTHIC CHURCH OF ZAMBEK.

Every facility is afforded me, and not the least impediment thrown in my way where traveling is proverbially difficult. The rocks and trees did not move more nimbly to the strains of Orpheus than do these Austrian officials, generally so stiff and unyielding, to further my every wish.

There are two million Protestants in Hungary, but the majority of the Magyars are zealous Catholics. They look up to St. Stephen, not only as the pride of the Hungarian kings, but also as their royal apostle of Christianity. The Hungarian Catholics, however, never sacrificed their independence to Rome. The cathedral in Pesth and the old Gothic church at Zambek are chaste and beautiful structures, with all those antiquities and surroundings that so endear them to the worshipers of shrines and images.

I frequently observe people going almost directly from Catholic churches to the opera or the play. There is, after all, nothing strange in this, for here the cathedral and the theater differ but little from each other. The magnificent Gothic architecture, the gilded shrines, the profusion of pictures and images, the moving of solemn processions, and the dress and genuflections of the priests, are very like the ever-shifting scenes and changing characters that belong to the stage.

It is not a little amusing to examine the votive offerings suspended before Catholic shrines. Here are hung miniature silver legs and arms, typical of human extremities relieved of luxations or fractures by celestial surgery, and models of ugly tumors, in whose heroic treatment a solution of continuity has been effected without the aid of carnal instruments. There may be seen *tableaux* representing diseased spinal columns straightened by the interposition of a saint, and fevers,

devils, and the like, exorcised by a simple sign of the cross.

When Diagoras, the philosopher, visited the Samothracians, and saw the numerous pictures hung up in their temples as votive offerings for preservation from shipwreck, he naively inquired, "Where, then, are the portraits of those who have been drowned?" I have in like manner sometimes asked for the models of the legs and arms *not cured*, but was soon made to understand that I was venturing on forbidden ground in thus questioning the virtue of a specific warranted to cure all maladies when administered even in homeopathic doses.

The Hungarians are passionately fond of music and song. On sunny afternoons the Magyar chivalry of the capital repair to the silvan retreats along the Danube, to engage in conversation with the stately Hungarian dames, or wind with them the labyrinth of the dance. The evening breeze creeps slowly up the river, bearing with it the breath of flowers and the song of birds. A gipsy band mounts the rostrum; these rude musicians, the dusky children of Asia, render the Csárdás, or national airs of the Hungarians, in all their varied expression, now sad and plaintive, then wild and grandiose as the quickly changing scenes of the drama. They are held in great repute as the conservers of the primitive music of the nation. Their intonations, varied and full of passion, quicken the Magyar's pulse, and touch his heart with fire. The war march of Rakoczi, the Marseillaise of Hungary, is at last given with a warmth and originality that evoke a storm of tumultuous excitement. A thousand plaudits ring upon the air, a thousand voices accompany the wild concord of the instruments, and these haughty Magyars yield to the power of song as sturdy oaks yield to the stroke of the tempest.

What a life, thought I, must that have been during the Hungarian insurrection! What scenes must have been presented at those great urban gatherings, whither the people compelled each other to come up and hear the constitutional orators, or in the ancient and tumultuous assemblies of the Magyar chivalry on the plain of Rakos!

I cannot sufficiently admire the force, flexibility, and beauty of the Hungarian language. Soft, rich, energetic, concise, filled with proverbs and strange marriages of thoughts, it is, like all Oriental idioms, euphonic, and essentially poetical. The misfortunes of the nation have saddened its very language. The Magyar is proud of the land conquered by his ancestors. No one can boast of a nobler history; but with his patriarchal simplicity of manners, he loves best to describe the joys of pastoral life and the beauties of nature. When scenes of terror and blood are presented, he kindly draws a vail of tender sympathy over the melancholy picture. With its soft inflections and melodious accentuations, the language of the Magyars is equally fitted to portray the shock of armies, the impetuosity of the mountain torrent, and the finest conceptions of Oriental thought. Sonorous and energetic, without being harsh or barbaric, it adapts itself with the same facility to poetry and the eloquence of the tribune as to the sciences and the arts. It has no *patois*, and is always the same, whether spoken by nobles, peasants, or shepherds; whether it breathes the plaints of an enamored heart, murmurs the sweet accents of the idyl, soars among the heights of philosophy, or echoes, in more than Bacchic fury, the tumult of war. One must hear a Magyar lady speak, to get an idea of the sweetness and the fascination of her language. When, on the contrary, an orator overwhelms his adversaries at the stormy forum, or a chief calls his warriors to the combat, you cannot conceive of anything more forcible or majestic. "A man must pray in Hungarian if he would be heard in heaven," is a maxim of the country.

The Magyar race was cradled on the confines of the Chinese empire. Its language resembles the Finnish, and bears a still closer affinity to the Turkish, showing thereby identity of origin. Strange how kindred peoples, wandering from central Asia, that prolific mother of nations, here warring with each other, and there unmindful of each other's existence, have preserved in their language the proofs of their brotherhood! More enduring than pyramids or coliseums, or the noblest thoughts embalmed in literature, are the spoken words of these old barbaric peuplads.

After their establishment in Europe the Magyars appear to have adopted for a time a Gothic alphabet. On their con-

version to Christianity, however, Roman letters were substituted, just as the Finns adopted the Slavic characters and the Turks the Arabic. Latin seemed to have taken refuge in Hungary, and was for centuries the language of the court and of the educated classes. But the time came for the development of a national language and literature. The Catholic clergy wished to preserve the Latin so as to retain their influence over the people, and the Austrian court sought to alienate the Magyars by imposing upon them the German tongue. All in vain!

After the celebrated Diet of 1825, when the national spirit burst forth with astonishing vigor, Hungarian became once more the language of the government and of the people. When the National Academy was founded for the purpose of developing the resources of the Magyar tongue, Count Zéléki gave it his library, composed of more than eighty thousand volumes, and Count Sczecheny his entire income for one year, amounting to $30,000. The Chamber of Deputies rang with plaudits at these noble gifts, and when the palatine expressed to the patriotic Sczecheny the surprise caused by so great a sacrifice, the count responded, "I am a single man, have but few wants, and a year is soon past!" During the building of the Hungarian theater, a poor journeyman came forward and asked the privilege of contributing fifteen days' labor to the enterprise, as he could not give from his purse. Such was the national enthusiasm which resulted in the insurrection of 1848!

You behold in Hungary, O reader, an apotheosis of Eastern life. On crossing the Austrian frontier I felt myself no longer in Europe: I seemed to touch the soil of Asia. This illusion is strengthened by the Oriental costume and bearing of the people. The Magyar hates the mountains. Preferring pastoral life to the tumult of cities, he has a Bedouin passion for the free air and horizon of the plains upon which he tends his flocks. A child of the Orient, his horse is his inseparable companion. He wears loose, flowing garments, and has an Eastern love of display in dress and equestrian trappings.

The cities of the interior are immense villages, whose very appearance indicates that they belong to a once nomadic people. The low wooden houses, small, whitewashed, and many feet apart, look in the distance like long rows of tents. Their towns were formerly encampments, in which the cottage has taken the place of the pavilion, and the church risen up where once stood the tent of the chief. Thither the peasants repair at nightfall to repose, as their ancestors, in earlier times, rested during their migrations and battles.

Hungary embraces two immense plains, surrounded by boulevards of lofty mountains. Parts of these, rivaling in fertility the prairies of the West, are dotted with villages and ocean-like fields of wavy grain. Here and there also are wide pampas, grown up with luxuriant grass, upon which a solitary horseman is occasionally to be seen. Bordering the Danube are immense marshy tracts, submerged in the spring, and grazed during the months of summer by herds of dun-colored cattle. None but the most hardy venture into this region of gloom, and solitude, and fatal miasmas.

Farther back, especially between the Danube and the Theiss, is a vast plain, forming a veritable desert. It is Africa in Europe. For weary, weary leagues the horizon is unbroken by a tree or a human habitation. Shrubs and tufts of coarse, wiry grass take root wherever moisture can be found for their support. Above is a fervid and brassy sky, below a parched and arid soil. By day the sun hangs over the inhospitable waste like a burning meteor; by night chilly exhalations creep over it from the marsh-lands, poisoning the air, and misguiding the lonely traveler with their flickering *ignes fatui*. The winds that sweep over the *pusztas*, for by that name the Hungarians designate these plains, fill the heated air, and redden the horizon with clouds of shifting sand. The few shepherds and travelers who roam over this inhospitable region are tormented by the illusory appearances of the *mirage*. The latter, unlike the reflections of cities and forest-embosomed lakes, which gladden the eye on the deserts of Africa, have the appearance of seas, now wild and gloomy, then placid and dreamy; or of flowery prairies with shepherd huts and peaceful folds. Stretching from the Danube toward Transylvania are the remains of a wall and canal, which, as was usual with the Romans, marked the boundary of their empire in this direction. Both Hungarians and Austrians used these ancient works for intrenchments in 1849.

THE JAZYGES.

But the unlettered Magyar shepherds, ignorant alike of the Romans and their achievements, connect, by a beautiful legend, the origin of these old Roman defenses with illusions of the mirage.

Csörsz, as the shepherds tell when they assemble in their tents by night, was the gallant son of the king of the Transylvanian Alps, whose treasures of gold and salt were greater than those of all the kings and princes in the world. Csörsz heard of the celestial beauty of Deli Bab, the daughter of the king of the Southern Sea, (Adriatic,) and his heart was inflamed with love for her. He therefore sent heralds from his Alps, down to the borders of the Adriatic, with loads of the most costly gifts of salt and gold, and sued for the hand of the lovely Deli Bab. But the proud King of the Sea despised the kings of the Earth, and said that he would never grant the daughter of the Sea to the son of the Alps, until he came with a fleet down from his mountains to convey his bride by water to his palace, as her feet were too delicate to be exposed to the rough stones of the Earth. But the heralds, convinced of the power of their king, threw the bridal ring and the presents of gold and salt into the sea, which from this time became rich in salt; and having thus sealed the betrothal, returned to their prince. In despair about the desire of the King of the Sea, and ignorant how to comply with his condition, Csörsz called on the devil, and entreated his aid. The devil, without delay, put two buffaloes to his glowing plow, and in a single night dug the canal from Transylvania to the Danube, and from thence down to the sea. Csörsz speedily had a fleet constructed, and joyfully steered down to the Adriatic to take his bride. Her princely father gave up his daughter with deep regret: however, he was bound by his word, as the new diplomacy was not yet invented, and the pledges of monarchs were still considered sacred.

But the beautiful bride was sorry to leave her cool palace of crystal, her innumerable toys of shells and pearls, and even the monsters of the sea, who had served her with unbounded devotion. She promised not to forget their home, and often to visit her father and sisters in summer, when the hot sunbeams might prove too intense for her on the dry earth. Csörsz, with festive songs and merry sounds, conveyed his beloved up the canal. Deli Bab was delighted with the mountains, woods, fields, and meadows, which swiftly passed her: she was highly amused with the objects wholly new to her sight. But when by chance she looked backward, she noticed with terror, that behind the fleet the

waters dried up in the canal, and that thus the return to her father's realm became impossible. She never could feel at home in the gold and salt vaults of the Transylvanian mountains; the heavy masses of the Alps depressed her soul; the wintery snow chilled her thoughts; the burning beams of the summer sun melted her into tears. She never laughed, and always dreamed of her transparent abode in the sea. The love of the princely son of the Alps remained sterile. Deli Bab was childless. She melted away with longing, and was transformed into the Mirage, or Fata Morgana, a dreamy appearance of the sea which vanishes away as soon as you approach, and which in Hungary yet bears the name of the fair Deli Bab. The remains of the canal are still called *Csörsz árka*, the Canal of Csörsz.

The immense plain between the Danube and the Theiss was the ancient home of the Magyars. There settled the companions of Arpad. There still roam shep-

LEHEL AND HIS HORN.

herds and herdsmen differing in no respect from their nomadic ancestors. There, also, Attila held his court. The country still bears the name of Jazygia, from a wandering tribe supposed to have established itself there about the time of the Roman Conquest. The Jazyges, like the modern *Cizcos*, were expert horsemen. They encased themselves as well as their horses in close-fitting armor of small metal plates. The descendants of the Jazyges still bear the name of their forefathers, and exhibit many of their characteristics. They preserve, as a precious relic, the ivory drinking-horn of Lehel, the son of one of the companions of Arpad. Though mortally wounded in the battle of Messeburgh, Lehel, according to the legend, struck down the leader of the Germans with this horn. When a guest is welcomed in their chief town, Jazbureny, or the right of citizenship is conferred, the horn of Lehel is filled with wine, and must be emptied with a single breath.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE was born at Macon, on the Saône, on the 21st of October, 1791. The original name of his family was Prat, Lamartine being a cognomen adopted by Alphonse in compliance with the will of one of his uncles. He came of a good family. His grandfather, who was living at the time of his birth, fought in the wars of Louis XIV and Louis XV, and won the cross of St. Louis at the battle of Fontenoy. Returning to his native province with the rank of captain of cavalry, he married a rich heiress of Franche Comté, who brought him as her dowry fair lands and extensive forests in the environs of St. Claude, and in the mountain gorges of Jura, not far from Geneva. The fruits of this marriage were six children, the youngest of whom was the Chevalier Lamartine, the father of Alphonse. At the age of sixteen the chevalier entered the army, serving in the same regiment as his father before him. Being a younger son, the unfortunate chevalier was not to marry; but was to win the cross of St. Louis, when he could, and go down to the grave childless. According to the ideas of that day, only the eldest son, the heir of the estates, was destined to marry: the rest of the children were expected to vegetate in single blessedness, the girls in convents, the boys in the army or the Church. The chevalier became a captain of cavalry, his sisters the inmates of convents.

By and by the eldest son, that favorite eldest son to whom all the rest were to be sacrificed, became an invalid, and the

physicians dissuaded him from marriage. "We must marry the chevalier," said he to his father. But the old man shook his head. In the meantime the chevalier had won the coveted cross of St. Louis, and better still, the heart of a fairy of sixteen. He met her at a chapter, of which one of his sisters was canoness. The handsome officer and the youthful recluse fell in love with each other, and made the good sister canoness their confidante.

Alicia Des Roys, the future mother of Alphonse, was the daughter of M. Des Roys, Intendant General of the Finances of Monsieur the Duke of Orleans. His wife was under-governess to the children of that prince. They had apartments at the Palais Royal in winter, and at St. Cloud in summer. Lamartine's mother was born at the latter place, and brought up along with Louis Philippe. She saw many remarkable characters when she was a child: among others, D'Alembert, Buffon, Florian, Gibbon, Grimm, and Rousseau. She also remembered seeing the arch-mocker Voltaire, on his last visit to Paris.

Whether grandpapa Lamartine grew tired of shaking his head, or the arguments of the invalid son grew more unanswerable, the historian of the "Memoirs" saith not. It is enough to know that the pair gave their consent, and that Alicia and the chevalier were wedded. It was a dark day for them, as well as for France, for the clouds which soon after burst over that devoted land were already gathering thick and fast. The political heavens were gloomy. The fatal 10th of August, 1792, was approaching. It was known beforehand that the Tuileries would be attacked, and the life of the king threatened. The few friends that were still faithful to the unfortunate monarch rallied around him: among them was the Chevalier Lamartine. He fought with the Constitutional Guard, and the Swiss, in defense of the Tuileries, and was wounded by a grape-shot. After one or two arrests and escapes, he at last reached his wife and child at Macon. The populace came one night and arrested the whole family, grandfather, grandmother, uncles, aunts, and all. Throwing them pell-mell into a cart, they drove them off, hooting and cursing, to the prison at Autun.

By some chance the chevalier was confined at Macon itself, in an old convent, which had been turned into a prison. It was opposite his own house. He was lodged in the garret, the window of which commanded a view of his wife's room. They talked together by signs; at length they wrote letters, which they obtained from each other by the means of arrows. The wife shot her husband a letter with a string attached; he fastened his answer to the end of the string, and it was drawn safely across and pressed to her lips. Finally she threw over a strong cord; and thenceforth until the day of his liberation, the husband passed his nights in the arms of his wife. The death of Robespierre, a year or two later, liberated the Lamartines, and they returned to the old mansion at Macon.

The death of the venerable *pater familias* happened soon after, and his estates were divided. The father of Lamartine might have claimed an equal share with the rest of the children, for the laws of primogeniture were now abolished; but his sense of honor was so high that he positively refused any share of the estate, contenting himself with the small possession of Milly, which had been settled upon him at his marriage. The rental of Milly did not, at that time, exceed three hundred livres, or about sixty dollars; altogether the resources of the chevalier did not supply him with a revenue much above five hundred dollars a year. It was a small sum; but it sufficed the simple-minded gentleman, his lady wife, and their growing family. "A little money," says the proverb, "goes a great ways, when there is love in the house."

Up to his tenth year Alphonse resided with his parents at Milly. Except that he received an excellent moral training from his beautiful and devout mother, he seems to have been left to his natural instincts. He roved at will through the woods and fields, among the shepherds and peasants. His dress was that of a peasant boy. A pair of trowsers of coarse, unbleached linen; a waistcoat of blue cloth, with long flaps; a woolen cap dyed brown; this was his costume. His wardrobe was not supplied with such trifles as shoes and stockings. His food was black bread, mixed with rye, coarse and hard as a stone. He cut it with a little knife that cost a sou! Alphonse can remember all this, and make it charming on paper; but, unfortunately, he cannot practice it in his life.

About a quarter of a league from Milly stands the little village of Bussières, the curate of which kept a school for the children of the neighboring peasants. To this school Alphonse was sent for the purpose of learning Latin. The curate was old and infirm, and perhaps lazy, so he handed the young folks over to his vicar, the Abbé Dumont. The abbé was more of a sportsman than a priest. His walls were decorated with fowling-pieces, sabers, and hunting swords; in the corner stood his hunting boots, armed with silver spurs; and scattered over the desks and tables were stores of powder, and ball, and shot. Certainly if any man was calculated to teach the young idea how to shoot, it was the Abbé Dumont!

The abbé had been unfortunate in his youth: was crossed in love, or something of the sort, and was disgusted with the profession in which he was thrown. Between his hunts, and the infirmities of the old curate, there was not much taught in the little school of Bussières. Wisdom was dealt out there in homeopathic doses. Two or three declensions of Latin words lasted the whole year through. Mamma Lamartine would never have discovered that Alphonse was in danger of becoming a confirmed dunce; but the chevalier, and his brothers, especially the dreadful elder brother of old time, saw it, and made up their minds to send the boy to college. He was sent to a celebrated establishment at Lyons, where he remained a few months, sighing for the happiness and liberty that he had left behind him. He lived in torture, he tells us, haunted by the idea of committing suicide. At last he ran away, with only three francs in his pocket, intending to return home. He was pursued by a gens d'armes, arrested, and shut up in the school, in a kind of dungeon, for two months. Wearied with his firmness, the authorities of this school sent him back to his parents. He was sent next to a college directed by the Jesuits, and situated on the frontiers of Savoy. He remained there a year, and left never to return. His school days were over.

Shortly after leaving the Jesuit college, Alphonse discovered that nature had made him a poet. Like all young poets, he began his career of verse by imitating the idol of the day. The idol of that day, in France, was the mythical Ossian, whom Baour Lormian had just translated into sonorous rhyme. Alphonse was not alone in his liking for the bard of fog and mist. The Emperor Napoleon was equally deficient in taste. In addition to his poetical passion, the incipient poet conceived another for a young lady in the neighborhood. She, too, was Ossian-mad, and wrote verses, and the lovers exchanged their mists and fogs. A night adventure, in which Alphonse dropped from his window, and scoured the fields in the direction of the fair enthusiast's dwelling, dissolved their intimacy. Alphonse was sent to Italy to finish his education, and Lucy, like the lady in Praed's poems, became

"A Mrs. Something Rodgers!"

The limits of his travel were originally circumscribed to Tuscany, but he disregarded the injunctions of his parents, and started off as a truant to Rome. From Rome he passed to Naples, where he met a college friend, who was as romantic and undisciplined as himself.

Hunting about for some new way of distinguishing themselves, the pair concluded to turn amateur fishermen. They were not long in finding a tutor, who, for the sum of two *carlins* a day, gave them their food, and initiated them into the mysteries of his calling. They were caught in a storm one night, being unable to round Cape Misenum, and driven on the rocks of Procida, where their bark was speedily dashed to pieces. For the rest of the adventure; how they escaped from the hungry waves; how they landed safely, and met the fisher's wife, and her daughter, Graziella; how Graziella fell in love with Alphonse, and died of a broken heart; for all this the readers of THE NATIONAL are referred to "*Les Confidences.*" It is beautifully and touchingly told therein; in fact, it is the strong point of the memoir. Lamartine never wrote anything better than the episode of Graziella.

In 1814, his twenty-third year, Lamartine entered the household of the king, Louis the XVIII., forming one of a band which was to march against Bonaparte at Nevers, and to defend Paris along with the National Guard. The king fled to Ghent before they could accomplish anything, and Lamartine sought shelter with his family. The emperor called for a fresh levy of troops, and the young royalist concealed himself in Switzerland. He loitered about the shores of Lake Leman

until the second Restoration enabled him to resume his duties in the Royal Guard. In 1820 he published his "Poetic Meditations." They at once established his fame as a poet; his literary success was the most brilliant of any modern French author. He now entered upon a diplomatic career, and became an *attaché* to the embassy at Florence.

He continued in the service of the monarchy for the next ten years, successively residing at Naples and London, as Secretary of the Embassy, and at Tuscany as *Chargé d'Affaires*. During this time he wrote and published a second series of "Meditations;" married an English lady named Birch; and had his fortune augmented by the legacy of an opulent uncle, probably the terrible eldest son of the Lamartine race! Besides the second "Meditations," he wrote a poem on "The Death of Socrates," and a concluding canto to Byron's "Childe Harold." The wayward bard was not pleased with the compliment, as some of his letters show, and he affected to be angry because Lamartine called him *un chanteur d'enfer*, "a singer of hell." It was not a flattering name.

Lamartine's next work was "Jocelyn," a long poetical romance, the hero of which was a priest, his old friend and teacher, the Abbé Dumont. "Jocelyn" was very popular. Not so the poem which succeeded it, "The Fall of an Angel." It was not liked. Either its want of success mortified Lamartine's vanity and ambition, or he was really tired of poetry. Be this as it may, he now began to intimate that verse was beneath his attention, and that he had come to regard it with a feeling akin to contempt. If the crop is poor, or out of one's reach, it is well to cry sour grapes.

When the Revolution of 1830 broke out Lamartine was at Paris; he had just been named minister plenipotentiary to Greece. Louis Philippe offered to confirm him in his embassy, but he refused, and bade adieu to diplomacy. He remembered one of his early projects, a voyage to the East, and set about it. He chartered a ship, fitted her out at Marseilles, and embarked with his family on that poetical pilgrimage which he afterward described in his "Voyage en Orient," or Travels in the East. He had recently lost his mother and his infant son; before his pilgrimage was over he was fated to lose his daughter Julia also. She died in December, 1832, at Beyrout, in Syria. He caused her body to be embalmed, and sent to Saint Point. While at Jerusalem he learned that he had been elected a deputy for the department of the North. He returned to France. Entering on his duties as a deputy, he embraced the conservative cause, and joined the ranks headed by Guizot; but he soon manifested opinions of a more progressive character. In 1845 he proclaimed his adhesion to the liberal cause. The political career of Lamartine, whatever it may be to a Frenchman, is not interesting enough to us to justisfy any lengthened discussion of it here. It was a long time before he gained any reputation in the Chamber of Deputies; for his oratory was marked by a dreamy and inflated style, utterly inappropriate to a popular assembly, and he was seldom listened to with attention. All attempts to include him in any definite party failed; his ideas were vague, and often impracticable; his principles were unsettled, and his vanity and egotism made him revolt from any measure which would not shed glory on himself. Neither his friends nor his enemies knew where to place him; he was dangerous to both. He could scarcely complain of not being understood, for he did not understand himself. Meantime, however, his oratory had assumed a high character; his speeches were regarded as masterpieces. They failed, indeed, to produce any decisive effect in the Chamber, but they appealed to the imagination of the public, and increased his reputation. Lamartine is essentially an orator. The tendency of his mind is toward display; his simplest efforts are fervid and eloquent. Not content with his political opportunities in the Chamber of Deputies, he established the "Bien Public," a reform journal, which was published at Macon. He also turned his thoughts to history, a field of letters which has since yielded him some of his greenest laurels. His "History of the Girondins" made a great sensation, and probably had some share in preparing the public mind for the Revolution. He also spoke eloquently at the reform banquets, which were held in opposition to the ministry. He figured largely in the Revolution of 1848, as will be remembered by those who are at all

conversant with the state of affairs in France at that stormy period. On the morning of the 24th of February it rested with him to establish a regency under the Duchess of Orleans, with himself as her controlling minister, or to proclaim a republic. He proclaimed the Republic. His first suggestions, and the earliest measures of the Provisional Government, were the abolition of capital punishment for political offenses, and the readoption of the tri-color, which the ominous red flag had for a time supplanted. The excesses of the Red Republicans found no sympathy in Lamartine. He loved liberty too well ever to take liberties with her.

He remained steadfast to the cause of order, and, amid threats and dangers which would have appalled any other man, he finally delivered over the destinies of France to an Assembly, elected by the universal suffrage of his countrymen. That France is not now a republic is not the fault of Lamartine. He did all that man could do to save his country, and failed. Louis Napoleon did all that a traitor could do to ruin it, and unfortunately succeeded.

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success;
> Sempronius did more—he deserved it."

"The empire is peace," according to Monsieur Louis; Sebastopol to the contrary notwithstanding.

After the accession of Louis Napoleon, Lamartine returned to his first love, literature. He wrote in the "Bien Public" the "Conseiller du Peuple," and the "Pays." He resumed his pen as a historian, and produced "The Past, Present, and the Future of the Republic," "The History of the Constituent Assembly," and "The History of the Restoration." In 1849 he published "Raphaël; or, Pages of the Book of Life at Twenty;" in 1851, "The Stone Mason of Saint Point." His later works are "Geneviève; or, the History of a Servant Girl," "Memoirs of Celebrated Characters," and a "History of Turkey," which is not yet finished. "The Memoirs of My Youth" and his various poems have been mentioned already. His last scheme is "A Familiar Course of Literature," of which hereafter.

Taking into consideration the many faults and excellences of Lamartine, both as a man and a writer, it is somewhat difficult to form a fair, unbiased, and at the same time consistent opinion about him. He can be praised highly, and highly censured. He has been feasted with praise for years; censure is new to him. The poisoned chalice, however, is now held up to his lips, and he must drink it deeply. The dregs will be bitter enough. His "Poetic Meditations" turned half the heads in France. Every form of incense that flattery could devise was offered to him. He was idolized by the ladies; they compared him to an angel and a prophet. Even the critics caught the infection, and lavished on his verses the most hyperbolical commendations.

The "Poetic Meditations" are his purest and best poems; they combine the elements of greatness and sweetness. Their charm does not consist so much in their originality as in their fervency and earnestness of feeling, their lofty and hallowed sentiments, and their exquisite grace and purity. Like all Lamartine's poems, they are radiant with piety. Everything in nature throws him into a religious ecstasy. His sensations are so thoroughly sincere, and so true and vivid, that they make a strong impression on his readers. Two of the pieces, "Immortality" and "God," embody the thoughts of Bossuet on those subjects. Among the finest of the elegies are "The Lake," "The Valley," "The Gulf of Baia," and "The Temple."

The second series of "Meditations" is not considered equal to the first. The mind of the poet seems to have undergone a change; he is calmer and more consoled. But his thoughts are less clear and satisfactory. The best poem in the second series is entitled "The Crucifix." The "Meditations" were followed by a third collection, "Poetic and Religious Harmonies." With many fine passages, they are often vague and unintelligible. As a whole, they are unworthy of Lamartine's genius. He retrieved himself in "Jocelyn," which immediately became popular. "Jocelyn" is what Lamartine would call "a humanitary epic." Dealing with two of the profoundest passions of man's nature, love and religion, it depicts their life-long struggle in the heart and brain of an unhappy priest, an ideal reflection of the Abbé Dumont. Regarded as a story merely, "Jocelyn" possesses great merit. Nothing can exceed the force of certain parts, which paint the

awful conflict of love and duty; and no other poem with which I am acquainted is so imbued with the sublimity of Alpine scenery.

Lamartine's poetry has not been translated into English to any extent. There is, I believe, a version of the "Meditations," published by Bohn, of London; but it is difficult to procure. A few pieces may be found scattered in various collections of modern French verse; but not enough to give the English reader an idea of Lamartine's style. The "Farewell Tribute to the Academy of Marseilles" and "Gethsemane, or the Death of Julia," both of which are in his "Travels in the East," are favorable and favorite specimens of his powers.

Lamartine's "Travels in the East" are among the best, if not the best, travels ever written, not only about that country, but any other. He turned to the Holy Land instinctively; his genius sympathized with its melancholy languor and repose. Its religious associations were in accordance with his native piety and the memory of his sainted mother. Whatever his defects may have been, Lamartine's mind was and is essentially a religious mind. His religion is a little sentimental, but it is sincere and firmly rooted. There were travelers in the East before him, just as there were great men before Agamemnon. Among his own countrymen, Lamartine was preceded by Michaud and Chateaubriand, both of whom acquired a reputation by their travels; he is superior to both. Chateaubriand casts a dreamy, poetic light over all that he sees; but he is too devout, and not inquisitive enough. Michaud is more like a practical man of the world, but he is too enamored of the chivalrous past. He is the author of a "History of the Crusades," and a very heavy history it is. Lamartine has the good points of his predecessors, and many that they lack altogether. After the religious element which permeates his "Travels in the East," their strongest feature and chief charm is their wonderful picturesqueness. Everything that Lamartine writes is picturesque; the picturesque is his mark, his "sign manual," as the painters say; but in "The Travels in the East" he fairly outdoes himself. The book is a great gallery of pictures. Lamartine writes for the purpose of conveying vivid impressions of what he has witnessed; to kindle his remembrance of gorgeous forms and colors. He records the tone and tint, the light and shade, of the scenes through which he passes, with a painter's enthusiasm and a painter's skill and power. The blue skies, placid seas, and glowing sunsets of the East, are as lovely in his pages as in the East itself; if possible, they are lovelier, robed and crowned with supernal beauty:

> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

To discuss Lamartine as an historian demands more space than falls within the province of a slight sketch like this. To say that his histories are good or bad is to say but little. They partake of the qualities of his other prose works; are spirited, brilliant, and picturesque; not always comprehensive and just, but as much so as could be expected from a poet and a dreamer. To call Lamartine a dreamer is to censure or praise him according to the standard by which dreamers are judged. Dream and fact—the practical and the poetic—under these names we disguise the adverse elements of our lives. The animal half of our natures urges to action, the spiritual woos and flatters to repose and thought. Lamartine is a man of thought and repose; action is opposed to the laws of his being. There is an old nursery rhyme to this effect:

> "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,
> All play and no work makes him a mere toy."

It is so with action and thought; for either pushed to extremes makes man, not exactly "a dull boy" and "a mere toy," but an imperfect and ill-balanced creature, a jarring note in the great harmony of the universe.

I speak now not so much of Lamartine himself as of the characters of his tales. They are all unreal and morbid, unfit for a world like this, or, in fact, for any other. They are exceptional existences, such as we seldom meet with, disordered and diseased in brain and heart. Their hearts are too susceptible, their brains too impressible; they are weak in will. They mean well, but they are not to be trusted; there is no telling what vagary to expect from them. They are sentimental and love-sick. Love with Lamartine is not a healthy passion, but a

sickly pining of the sense. It is not open and straightforward, but vacillating and secret. It fears the sunlight; it loves darkness. Instead of mingling with the world, like men and women, Lamartine's characters retreat to solitary places like hermits. They are not men and women; they are exaggerated sensibilities.

Raphaël, the hero of Lamartine's romance of that name, is a madman and a fool. Lamartine himself, if he is correctly drawn in his "Memoirs," is a distant relative of the same family. He is the original of his various heroes and heroines; they are embodiments of his own tendencies. Distorted, it may be, but in the main reflections of himself. Like Byron, he paints only himself; he has no knowledge of his fellows. This comes partly from an intense feeling of self, and partly from vanity. Lamartine is too vain ever to know mankind.

Vanity is often the weak point of men of genius. To parody the old couplet on madness,

> "Genius and vanity are so near allied,
> But thin partitions do their bounds divide."

The partitions are, indeed, thin in Lamartine's case; so thin, I think they were broken down long ago. There is but one chamber in his brain or heart, and, like his own chamber in his house at Paris, it is filled with busts of himself! What Alphonse de Lamartine was and is; the joys and sorrows of his youth and manhood; every thought and fantasy of his mind; every throb of his wayward heart; the lightest trait of his personality; these things haunt him day and night; they impel him to write books, and to keep himself before the world.

Few writers of modern times have kept themselves before the world like Lamartine. As far as he himself is concerned, he is determined not to be forgotten by it, at least as long as he lives. For a *post-mortem* reputation he doubtless trusts to his books. He has but one great object in life, and that is to glorify himself. Self is his idol, his god. Byron was troubled with a similar weakness; for that brilliant, but erratic star blazed in the firmament of letters merely to reveal himself. The light of his genius came from the very heart of his personality. The riot and prodigality of his youth; his passionate, but unfortunate attachment; the unhappiness of his marriage; his separation; his recklessness and sensuality at Venice and elsewhere; his daily life, so to speak, was paraded to the world. He took a miserable delight in trumpeting abroad his sufferings and his vices. The spirit of the Spartan was not his. He could bear, indeed, but he could not bear in silence. Silence was death to him. He called on men and angels to witness his wrongs. He stood up in the market-place of life, and bared his bleeding bosom to the crowd. A great man, the greatest of the great, could not and would not have done this. You never find Homer prating of himself, nor Shakspeare, nor Milton. They merge themselves in their creations; the man is nothing; the work is all. By their works ye know them. There are exceptions to the rule; for instance, Dante. No one can doubt Dante's greatness; no one can doubt his diseased personality. In the bitterness of his soul the illustrious exile usurps the prerogative of Divinity, and plunges his enemies into hell!

Bitterness, in some form or other, is the foible of most literary men, especially your third and fourth rate ones. Now and then attacking the "kings of thought," it is pretty sure to infect and carry off their vassals. Failing to impress the world with a sense of their genius, they pretend to think themselves neglected, and howl and whine accordingly. Byron howled in his day, because he was wretched. Lamartine whines in ours, because he is weak.

About ten years ago he began to whine over Milly, his beloved Milly, the estate of his ancestors. It was to be put up at auction for the second time, and he wanted to purchase it. Previously, on the death of his mother, "this domain of the heart rather than of the soil," was to have been sold, and the proceeds divided into five shares, one of which would have fallen to Lamartine. His sisters and their husbands lent him all the money they could; he borrowed in other quarters, and at last bought Milly for himself. Like the man who gave a due-bill for his board, he thanked heaven that it was paid for! But, unfortunately for him, there is such a thing as interest on borrowed capital, and the returning of borrowed capital when mortgages expire. "The hour arrives," says Lamartine, "when it is necessary to succumb or sell." When the hour ar-

rives to him he sends for a man of business, and, after innumerable tears and heartaches, consents to lose a slice of Milly. It will sell for fifty thousand francs. The deed is before him; a stroke of the pen, and he will alienate forever this portion of his ancestral domain. But at that moment his door opens, and he is handed a letter which has just arrived from Paris. Emile de Girardin, the editor and proprietor of *La Presse*, offers him the sum that he requires to purchase Milly again, for his "Confidential Memoirs." He insists with an obliging zeal which assumes the tone and feeling of friendship, and gives Lamartine three years to familiarize himself with the idea! As if he needed three minutes to decide on publishing what he had written for that very purpose. He went through the nonsense of covering his face with his hands, and seeming thoughtful; then he snatched the deed of Milly, and tore it up, and wrote to Girardin a laconic "*I accept.*" So Milly was saved, and so the world obtained "Les Confidences," or "Memoirs of my Youth."

When this fact was made known, as it soon was, in an egotistical preface to the "Memoirs," Lamartine's admirers rejoiced that he had saved Milly, and hoped that his embarrassments were over. There were good reasons for such a hope. He was known to be wealthy from the property that he owned in France; he had a princely estate in the East, the gift of the sultan; moreover, he was all the while writing books that sold largely. "Lamartine," they thought, "will prosper *now*." They little knew the man. With Pactolus flowing in his garden, and Golconda packed away in his cellar, he would still be poor.

But poor is not the word to apply to him; he is more than poor at present, if we may credit his last pathetic appeal to the world; he is deeply involved; he is ruined. Not only has his ten years prosperity been swallowed up, but he is a million of francs in debt! When Oliver Goldsmith died he owed about three thousand pounds. "Was ever poet so trusted before?" asked his old friend Johnson. Three thousand pounds may have been something for a hack of a compiler like Goldsmith, but a million of francs is a mere bagatelle to a great poet like Lamartine!

But what has so involved Lamartine? It is Milly again, his beloved Milly. Its wine crop has failed for the last three or four years; he has taken care of his peasants during that time; hence his enormous debt. To pay this debt he has commenced the publication of a magazine, entitled "A Familiar Course of Literature," and sent one of his friends to this country, armed with letters of introduction to our authors, hoping to enlist them in its behalf, and through them the American people. His appeal will not be in vain. The press have called attention to the "Course of Familiar Literature," and it will soon number thousands of American subscribers. It will doubtless be a charming work.

The following lines will give the reader some idea of Lamartine's poetry. They are from "The Travels in the East."

"I have not heard the nation's cries ascend,
And call responses from the cedars old;
Nor seen high Lebanon's God-sent eagles bend
Their flight on Tyre—emblems of wrath foretold;
My head I have not laid upon the mounds
Whence all of Tadmor but the name is gone,
Nor have my lonely footsteps woke the sounds
That sleep round Memnon's vacant throne.

* * * * * * *

"I have not heard the mournful Jordan pour
Low murmurings from its abysmal caves,
Weeping sublimer tears than those of yore,
With which sad Jeremiah chill'd its waves;
I have not heard the soul within me sing
In that resounding grot, where, 'mid the night,
The bard-king's trembling fingers swept the string,
Led by the hand of fiery light.

I have not traced the prints around that spot
Where, 'neath the olive, Jesus weeping lay,
Nor on the straggling roots the tears have sought,
Which eager angels could not kiss away;
By night I have not in that garden watch'd,
Where, while the sweat of blood was undergone,
The echo of our griefs and sins unmatch'd,
Resounded in one heart alone.

* * * * * * *

For these things I depart—on these bestow
The span of worthless days yet left for me.
What boots it where the winter winds lay low
The barren trunk, the wither'd, shadeless tree?
'Madman!' the crowd exclaims, itself unwise!
All do not find their food on every road—
The pilgrim-poet's food in thinking lies:
His heart lives on the works of God!"

A JURIST'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.

BY ROBERT ATHOW.

"POPULAR superstitions," says a modern author, "began so early, spread so widely, and lasted so long, that fifty volumes would scarcely suffice to detail their history." The remark is too true. Superstition is common to our fallen race. It may be traced to the perversion of that principle of religious reverence and that appreciation of the unseen which prompted Adam, yet unsinning, to walk and talk with God in the shaded avenues of Eden's blissful garden. Fallen and sinful man now truculently and ignorantly worships and communes with forbidden deities. The deterioration thus manifested is not intellectual only or mainly. It is moral also. No educational appliances, no amount of instruction or knowledge, can eradicate superstition, or even materially modify its manifestations. It is impervious to argument. Demonstration is lost upon it. It coëxists with the mightiest mental powers—with intellect equal to the profoundest research and the most elaborate investigation.

Its prominent development is excessive credulity. Upon some point or other, all men, and assuredly all women also, are superstitious and credulous. Alchemy and astrology at one time commanded the devotion and service of wealth and science. Fortune-tellers have always drawn largely upon the credulity and the pockets of foolish maidenhood and ambitious manhood. Ancient matrons have suffered for a witchery they never possessed. Haunted houses have existed from time immemorial, and ghosts have walked the church-yard ever since that last home was prepared for all the living. Even those who profess to despise the superstition that thus betrays itself, are the slaves of it in yet worse forms. They believe in signs and omens far more unworthy of intelligent beings. If a dog howls, especially in the night, because he is hungry or cold, or has wandered into a strange neighborhood, or is brooding over some secret heart-sorrow, from which neither dogs nor men are exempt, some estimable woman's peace of mind is forthwith disturbed by forebodings of a "death in the family." It is remarkable, too, that the family circle is thenceforth marvelously enlarged. A latitude of meaning, in regard to time, is also given to the words "*after* that dog howled." If within a few months from the eventful night in which Hector or Fido howled from disquietude or sympathy, a mother's brother's sister's husband's nephew's grandmother's son's wife's half-niece's second-cousin's youngest child pays the debt of nature in the first hour of its existence, your excellent spouse will prove the tenacity of her memory, and the power of superstition, by the almost exulting exclamation, "There, I told you there would be a death *in the family, after* the dog howled that night!" You may not see the connection between events so remote, both in time and character, but the believer in omens will resolutely maintain, in effect, that the dog foresaw the birth and death of that infant: an instance of canine sagacity far outweighing the animal's lack of consideration in not giving the information to some one a *little nearer of kin* to the infantile deceased. Or, if a cricket chirps unseasonably during some pleasant dream, or a certain little beetle amuses itself, or serenades its mate by beating its horny head against the wainscoting, it is sure to be interpreted into a warning of future evil.

It is upon this deteriorated and perverted principle of our common nature, that the class of impostors who pretend to pierce the darkness of the future, and to solve the mysteries of the unseen world, build their hopes and their successes. Here that most monstrous of all modern impostures, *Spiritualism*, finds its opportunity and its strength. For any truth or merit the thing has in itself, it deserves only denunciation and ridicule. But the whole pretension has wrought, and is still working, such fearful mischief on every hand, and has its dupes, with reason wrecked and faith overthrown, in so many communities and families, that, for humanity's sake, its fallacies should be unceasingly combated, and its wickedness continually exposed. Yet the fraud is not new, that the people should thus have run mad about it. The story of the Cock Lane ghost, with similar impositions, is familiar to the reader. In nearly all these instances the sounds and movements were traced to the roguery or malice of very ordinary mortals, the trick being made comparatively easy by the universal disposition to account everything supernatural that is not immediately comprehensible.

In the few cases in which mortal agency was not directly discovered, the performances were as devoutly believed to be the work of disembodied spirits as are the spirit-rappings, &c., by many persons of our own day. Nor were such believers the ignorant and illiterate alone, but persons of intelligence and high social position. This fact, however, is carefully and disingenuously kept out of sight by the present race of spiritualist pretenders; for otherwise men would be prone to require irrefragable proof that the like effects do not now spring from the like causes. To withdraw the popular attention from the past, the lofty pretense is set up that the present rappings are the ushering in of a new era of truth and progress, and are the initiatory accompaniments of a later revelation from God. Nor do we unjustly charge these spiritual rappists with representing the Most High as employing a stale and exploded trick as a medium of revelation to his immortal, intelligent creatures. This ground is systematically assumed in all their publications, and by Judge Edmonds in his last volume on Spiritualism. On this ground the impostors have taken a denominational organization and name—Spiritualists—and on this ground they iterate their demands for investigation. Respecting their clamor on this point, it is sufficient to say that they remind us of the professor of legerdemain, who having in his possession all the means and appliances for the performance of his tricks, and experience in their use to boot, boldly calls upon the uninitiated among his audience to detect and explain the mode of operation. And yet it is by this bold ruse, the less suspected because of its boldness, that the spiritualists have so largely multiplied their dupes. Were it within the scope of this paper, we could narrate facts which would abundantly justify the assertion that there is nothing spiritual or supernatural about these rappings and their concomitants. Our present purpose, however, is to draw from Judge Edmonds's volume a picture of that future world; of that heaven and immortality to which Spiritualism proposes to conduct its devotees. A grosser burlesque upon man's immortality and a future state, short of the untutored Indian's sensual dreams, was surely never conceived. Never were deathless immortals employed upon such fool's errands as have been the alleged spirits whom mediums have professed to summon from the unseen world. It were humiliating and demeaning enough for *any* spirits to be made thus to communicate with the denizens of earth. But think of those from whose lips, while yet encumbered with the flesh, eloquence distilled as the dew, or gushed in silvery tones of liquid music, now that they are disrobed of their mortality, stammering out nothings by means of indefinite raps upon a table for lack of speech! Think of the giant intellects, and the profound scholars of their day, dancing attendance under a table to earn fifty cents or a dollar for some unknown medium! or advertised, as we have seen them in New-York city, at twenty-five cents a sitting, giving meaningless answers to the most trifling questions with all seeming gravity; and say, intelligent Christian reader, can you for a moment believe that this is not a hideous fraud, a gross, insulting, heartless imposture? Think, too, of your most intimate and valued friends and relatives, whom you have "known and loved, and lost before," permitting "mediums" to make a profitable traffic of their friendly messages to you. It makes one's best, purest, highest nature recoil with horrible loathing. Why cannot your deceased parent, at whose bedside you tenderly watched in her dying hour,

> "And held her cold hand as she pass'd through death,"

or your memory-enshrined child, whose pillow you smoothed with daily vigilance, and whose soft blue eye, radiant with refined intelligence, even yet seems everywhere to meet yours with answering love, as well communicate with you directly as through a third person? Why cannot these and other angel-beings come to you in the solitude of your own chamber, when your heart is worshiping at their shrine, and "busy, meddling memory" is fondly tracing every lineament of their well-remembered countenances, and almost their every word and action, as well as follow an itinerating medium from exhibition room to exhibition room?

But, we repeat, the teachings of these so-called Spiritualists are clearly and openly infidel, while the teachers keep up a pretense of religious belief and reverence for God and the things of God. In this there is further evidence of imposture.

For though it *may be* possible for a mortal man to be sincere in his infidelity, it *cannot be* that he can speak with truth when he affirms, of his own knowledge, that they who have passed that bourn whence no traveler returns, entertain the same belief. A man *may* doubt the truth of the Bible, because he may have neglected to study it, but when he professes to know that in the spirit world its veracity and authenticity are denied, he comes with a "lie in his right hand," be he whomsoever he may. And yet this ground is taken by some of the leading spiritualist writers. They make the disembodied spirits of some of the brightest ornaments of the Christian world — men whose biblical scholarship was only equaled by the firmness of their life-long confidence in the Bible's inspiration—deny its facts, impugn its most prominent doctrines, and entirely discard its claims to Divine inspiration. One makes the spirit of St. Paul say: "The Bible, when first written, was nothing more than a book written through mediums, as I am now writing through my medium," with more to the same effect. Discredit of the Bible is the sum and substance of all spiritual teachings. Nor has Judge Edmonds fallen behind any of his fellow-spiritualists in this respect. We will confine ourselves in this paper to one feature of his volume—the descriptions he gives of the future state, the heavenly world, which descriptions he unequivocally affirms were communicated to him by spirits. He solemnly declares that he had a succession of visions, which the spirits repeatedly assured him were views "of what was absolutely going on in the spirit life, and the particular circumstances were those that occupied the spirits at the time when he saw them." We will give the reader some glimpses of those "*particular* circumstances."

After describing a remarkable tree seen by him in that better land—a sort of cross between the willow and the oak, with a dash of the elm—our author says:

"Under its shade was a log-hut, like those I have seen among the backwoodsmen on our frontiers. The man who built it had chosen that and all its surroundings because it brought back to his recollection his earthly life. ° ° ° An Indian lived with him. ° ° ° I saw, much to my surprise, [possible?] that they had their dogs and guns with them. The old man was sitting on a bench, made of a slab, with the four legs thrust rudely into holes bored at each end."

Pretty well for a picture of that *progress* which is the exultant theme of Judge Edmonds's "Introduction" to his volume, and which he declares to be "a mighty truth, hitherto unknown to man in general, and only guessed at by a few," but that "finds support in all the revelations of spiritual intercourse." So, then, progress consists in cherished reminiscences and associations of an inferior state; in imitation of the rudest contrivances of semi-civilized life, and in the equivocal comfort of an old bench that might be picked up at any time among the rubbish of a dilapidated ship-yard.

The judge further tells us that some of the walks in that spirit-world are "inclosed with a post and rail fence," and covered with sea shells. If the dwellers in that land wear no shoes, they may almost envy the Irish humorist, who, having been ordered to perform a pilgrimage with peas in his shoes, took the precaution to boil the esculents. The judge appears to have been particularly interested in one family there, "consisting of a father, mother, and two daughters." He puts on record the important facts that "the dresses of the women were trimmed with green," and that one of the daughters "wore pink sandals, but no stockings." He noticed, also, "a cottage of a brown color," covered with a vine, bearing transparent blue flowers "as large as a goblet;" omitting, however, to mention the size of the goblet. In the garden he saw a statue of *Penitence*; also one of *Hope*: the latter being chiefly remarkable for the peculiarity of having "its looks *elevated upward*." He saw also two little girls, who were running about "with no clothing on, except a scarf over their shoulders," and the judge adds, innocently enough, "every once in a while they would look to see if I observed them." One wonders how he happened to see the little minxes "every once in a while." At one place a benevolent spirit had tunneled a substantial rock in that better land, to save other spirits a toilsome journey around it.

Three persons approached the judge on horseback. Two of them were ladies, and wore purple riding dresses. (The judge appears to be quite a connoisseur in ladies' spiritual habiliments.) "Their steeds were of the purest Arab blood." (He knows something of spiritual horse-flesh too.) They had two dogs with

them. Careful of all the "particular circumstances," he assures us that "one was a shaggy poodle dog; the other a grayhound, black, with white spots, and fawn-colored breast and legs"—rather a "fancy" canine specimen. "The party lived in the interior," and having heard of Judge Edmonds's arrival, came down to have a look at him. And no marvel, for the worthy jurist seems to have been an object of considerable interest to the denizens of that far-off world. One of the most amusing chapters in his volume contains a revelation made to himself by Emanuel Swedenborg, describing the intense excitement the publication of his first letter on spiritualism created in the spirit-world.

Our author was himself afterward accommodated with the loan of a carriage and four, to take a drive round and see the lions. The horses were of pure Arabian breed. Indeed, none else seem to be tolerated in those spheres. "The carriage was light and *tasty*, with a high seat for the driver, and one seat behind for two persons. It was painted *yellow*." We differ from Judge Edmonds in taste. He saw also some excellent kitchen stuff in the gardens of the upper world, such as "corn, potatoes, beets, and lettuce," (we find no mention of tomatoes, pumpkins, or squashes,) which he gravely assures us "were for use, and not for ornament." There was a saw-mill, also, with four saws a-going. The owner of the mill was a farmer, "who, with his two sons, was hard at work." Horses and cows were grazing in an adjoining field. The judge observed in the rear of the farm-house "a large churn, as large as a barrel, of white wood, with brass hoops, and very clean." The lady of the house, "observing what had attracted his attention, invited him to walk out back and examine for himself." He promptly accepted the invitation. At one end of a very wide piazza he saw "several tin pans hanging up against the wall." Under them was "a table, fastened to the wall by hinges, and capable of being lifted up and let down!" With all solemnity and gravity he adds, "On that table she told me she made her bread."

But he leaves us in deplorable ignorance of where she mixed her buckwheat cakes or concocted her apple dumplings. In passing from the front to the rear of the house the observant judge noticed that "the hall was covered with an old-fashioned rag carpet." The lady seems to have been somewhat piqued at her visitor's minuteness of observation, and volunteered an explanation, to wit: that "they had been farmers on earth, and had purposely provided themselves with the *comforts* to which they had been accustomed." *Progress* again! But how came they to have *rags* in that progressive spirit-world? Progress and rags!

But Judge Edmonds prosecuted his inquiries into still more "particular circumstances" of the spirits' employ "at the time he saw them." He asked the daughter "if she had never married in the spirit-world," she having previously told him they had been there a long time. She laughed and blushed, as what young woman would not at such a question, and replied that she "supposed he would *call* it marriage." There was a young man to whom she was much attached; (O woman, woman, the same loving creature everywhere;) they loved each other's society, and were a good deal together. The young man, she added, was now at work. "When he came in he would kick up his heels and go to dancing, for he would not be at all tired." "Yes," said the mother, "and you will join him." Judge Edmonds adds, that the young girl "seemed full of frolic and fun and joy," which was natural enough, under the circumstances. "She was *so* full of frolic that she could hardly keep still." "She had red cheeks and a round face," and must therefore have been unquestionably a beauty.

Our author next describes a group of dancers, and particularly mentions a young man who had a "light beard, and wore a cap, with a feather in it, jauntily on the side of his head. He had large benevolence, but only a medium intellect. He was ever thinking what he could do for others, and never thinking of himself." Query: Was the latter the evidence of his having "only a medium intellect?" They would be apt to think so in Wall-street.

Among the gardening implements the judge noticed a "three-cornered hoe," which he seems to have considered a great novelty. It excited his wonder. Also "another implement," which had a "handle of wood, about four feet long, with an iron sickle-shaped blade at *one end*." That was no very uncommon agricultural tool; though, carrying out

the idea of progress, it perhaps ought to have had a "sickle-shaped blade" at *both* ends.

Our author further describes one of the houses as having "a floor that seemed to be of stone, sloping and terminating in a *gutter*, which ended in a *sewer* under ground, and thus all *refuse water* was carried off." *Progress!* On his taking leave of the inmates of the house the matron invited him to call again when he came that way, and "she would *give him a glass of buttermilk!*"

And these are the teachings of Spiritualism. Not of its unknown or anonymous writers, but of the most respectable and eminent of those who have become the victims of the imposture. These the visions which a learned jurist had of "the particular circumstances in which the spirits were engaged," and of "things as they actually existed at the time when he saw them." This is the new revelation of the future state which the Almighty Jehovah makes known by these so-called spirit rappings and spiritual communications! This is the "immortality and eternal life" which Spiritualism has "brought to light!" This is the future which its advocates would have us accept instead of the pure beatitudes of the heavenly kingdom: Log-cabins, dilapidated benches, marriage without marriage vows, dancing parties, poodle dogs, kitchen stuff, sawmills, naked children, yellow carriages, rag carpets, gutters, sewers, refuse water, and buttermilk!

To such an end has this delusion led its victims; and to such descriptions of the new Jerusalem, "whose builder and maker is God," has an eminent American jurist devoted a volume of upward of five hundred pages.

How strikingly does this contrast, in grandeur of conception, sublimity of thought, and gorgeousness of description, with the apocalyptic vision:

"And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And a throne was set in heaven, and one sat upon the throne like unto a jasper stone, and round the throne was a rainbow like unto an emerald, and before the throne a sea of glass like unto crystal. Before the throne stood four and twenty elders, and in the midst thereof stood a Lamb as it had been slain. And I heard the voice of many angels; the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

A WAR SONG.

O! NOT alone in tented field
Are armies pitch'd or battles plann'd;
The trusty sword and dinted shield
Are not in every hero's hand.
Soldiers in life's calm walks are found;
To-night the quiet moon hath shone
On many a worthier battle-ground
Than Waterloo or Marathon.

The fight for daily bread may be
As noble, in the sight of God,
As any march of victory
By kaiser or by emperor trod;
For mean or mighty, great or small,
Is not the heavenly Master's test—
The *motive* is the gauge of all
Who seek to win His servant's rest.

The battle-field is everywhere:
Our foes lie close about our way;
Temptation, Riches, Want, or Care
Provoke the contest day by day.
And he who in the deadly fight
Maintains his courage firm and strong—
Who keeps his armor pure and bright—
Shall win the victor's crown ere long.

Dear unknown friend, whose narrow life
Seems bounded by the things of sense;
Whose soul disdains the petty strife,
And longs for wings to bear it hence—
I know full well thy weary way,
The toil-stain'd feet, the spirit spent,
The pang of each successless day—
Each cry to the Omnipotent.

I too have suffer'd and have fought,
I too have known the ills of life;
I know how dear is victory bought,
How sharp and sudden is the strife.
Yet pray and trust, relief is nigh;
And when the shock is overpast,
The Friend who scrupled not to die
Will vindicate his love at last.

O! not alone in tented field
Are armies pitch'd and battles plann'd;
The trusty sword and dinted shield
Are not in every hero's hand.
Each struggle that has cost thee dear,
Though trifling in a mortal's eye,
Each sacrifice that claim'd a tear,
Is register'd beyond the sky.

LUCY'S ADVENTURE.

I DON'T see why I should not tell you Lucy's adventure. We always call it "Lucy's Adventure," or "Lucy's Romance," because it was the only romantic event that ever happened to Lucy. It is many years ago now, as you may suppose, for she was then only eight-and-twenty. We had just got Mary's wedding over, which took place on the expiration of the first year's mourning for our mother. A relative of ours, Mrs. Copp, had come on a visit to us to superintend the preparations for Mary's marriage, and to chaperone us till it was over, as we three sisters lived alone. Aunt Copp called us the girls, though I was turned thirty, and I am sure more steady than she was. She was a widow, about five-and-forty, desperately bustling and active, and much given to interfering in everybody's business. When I incautiously wrote her word how near Mary's union was with Dr. Goring, instead of receiving an answer, saying she was pleased to hear it, and hoped it would prove happy, or something of that sort, who should arrive by the morning mail but Aunt Copp herself, followed in the course of the day by a sea-chest, two hair-trunks, and two bandboxes, which had come by another conveyance, the mail having refused to carry them. We were quite petrified at seeing all these trunks, and knew she had made up her mind to a lengthy stay, which was not an agreeable prospect. She had volunteered a visit at the time of mamma's death, remaining three months, and a regular worry she was to us. Not a bit of crape could we begin to hem, but Aunt Copp would fling on her tortoise-shell spectacles, come peering at it, and find some fault. It was not cut straight; or it was begun at the wrong end; or the hem was not broad enough; and she would whisk it out of our hands, draw out the stitches at one pull, and make us begin it according to her own notions. Not a thing could I take into the kitchen to do, leaving her safe, as I hoped, with Lucy and Mary, but in five minutes she had ferreted me out. I was putting too much stuffing in the duck, and Phœbe had overboiled the onions, or *that* was not enough jam for the rolly-pudding! and she'd have no salt put in the crust; she hated salt! It was especially provoking to me, who pride myself upon being an efficient seamstress and housewife, and Phœbe came to my bedroom one day, in desperation, and said if Mrs. Copp stayed, she should go. So, to see her and all this luggage arrive, a few days before Mary's marriage, flustered us exceedingly.

"Now what do you three girls think of yourselves, not to have sent for me?" she began. "Did you ever hear of a young girl being married from a house, without a matron in it to countenance her?"

The idea had not occurred to us. And I, with my naturally steady character, which a disappointment in early life had helped to render even more sedate, believed I was as good a guide and protector to Mary as any matron could be. I ventured to hint as much.

"Quite false ideas!" called out Aunt Copp, without giving me time to finish. "Never was such a thing heard of, I tell you, as a young lass going out of a house where there was no married woman in it. For my part, I question if such a wedding would stand good. Why you would have been the talk of the country round. And Mary such a child!"

"I am twenty, Aunt Copp," interrupted Mary.

"Twenty!" scornfully ejaculated Aunt Copp. "So was I twenty when I married my poor dead-and-gone sailor husband, and a precious goose he found me. I was one-and-twenty when my darling boy was born, (I had a letter from him last week, girls, and he's made first mate now, through the other one going off with yellow fever; and was beating about in a calm in the Pacific, which gave him time to write,) and a precious goose of a mother *he* found me, the innocent baby! So don't boast to me of your twenty years, Mary: go and tell it to the marines. What should three incapable girls know about the management necessary at a wedding.

"And pray, Miss Lucy, is there anything of the sort a-gate for you?" she went on.

"Why, Aunt Copp!" ejaculated Lucy, laughing and blushing; "of course not."

"I don't see any 'of course' in the matter. If Hester means to live and die an old maid, it's no reason why you should. I advise you to set about looking out for a suitable husband. Keep your weather-eye open, and—dear me! the very thing!"

This concluding exclamation, in a changed tone of voice, as if Aunt Copp had just recollected something, caused us to look at her.

"I wish to goodness I knew where he was bound to! But, you see, when I got out, he went on in the mail."

"What is it you are talking of, Aunt Copp?"

"Such a charming gentleman! He was my fellow-passenger. Where he came from I can't tell, for he was in the mail when I got in. A fine man as you'd wish to see, six foot high, with a full blue eye, and a color like a red cabbage. He told me he was looking out for a wife, had come out traveling to find one, and meant to marry as soon as he had found her. It would be the very thing for Lucy! I declare, if he were within reasonable distance, I'd send my card and ask him to tea. I know I should get him for you, Lucy."

"Really, Aunt Copp, you are growing old and ridiculous," responded Lucy, undecided whether to laugh or be angry.

"Old, am I! Ridiculous, am I!" bridled Aunt Copp, in a fury; "everybody don't think so. Why, he wanted to try it on with me, I could see he did, a handsome man like him, and not a day more than five or six and thirty. He did, Miss Lucy, and you need not begin grinning there. We had the mail to ourselves, or as good, for the fat farmer, who took up the opposite seat, nearly from side to side, was snoring all night. Very polite, indeed he was, and very respectful, quite the gentleman in his manners, and would keep on kissing my hand; but I volunteered to tell him I had been married once, which I had found quite enough, and did not purpose taking another, preferring to remain my own mistress, besides having a dear son, who was chief officer of a splendid two-decker, now becalmed in the Pacific, (unless the wind should have got up since), and that I had no love to spare from my boy for the best second husband that could offer. Whereupon my gentleman turned sulky, and gathered himself up in his corner. Old, am I! Just put that window up, Mary. I'm hot."

So we had to endure Aunt Copp's company, and make the best of it. But before Mary's wedding morning arrived, and her handsome young bridegroom came and took her away, our managing aunt had tried our patience severely.

Very dull we felt, the day after the wedding, Friday. Aunt Copp was setting things to rights in the house, and worrying Phœbe in the kitchen, but I and Lucy seemed not to know what to do with ourselves.

When dinner was over, Lucy proposed a walk.

"Let us go and look at the haymaking," acquiesced Aunt Copp. "The smell of it, coming in here at the windows, puts me in mind of my young days, when I tumbled over the haycocks with the best of them."

Accordingly we went into the hayfield, and, after two hours' fun, we were leaving it, tired, heated, and thirsty, saying we would return after tea, when Aunt Copp, who had rushed up to a haycock, some few of which were left intact near the entrance, intending to favor me and Lucy with a parting salute, gave a great scream, which caused us both to look round.

Well done, Aunt Copp! Instead of securing the mound of hay, her arms had got entangled round the neck of a gentleman, who had stretched himself to recline on the off-side, and had fallen into a doze.

"Good heavens above!" ejaculated Aunt Copp. "I beg your pardon, sir. I thought I was laying hold of nothing but the haycock."

"No offense, ma'am. I wish you'd put your arms there again. Ah, my dear regretted fellow-traveler, what, is it you? How *do* you find yourself by this time? I have been up and down the country ever since. I forgot, you must know, the name of the place where you stopped, so I thought I'd take all the stopping places of the mail, one by one, which I did, and came here in rotation, this afternoon, intending to pay my respects to you. What two delightful ladies!"

"They are my nieces," returned Aunt Copp. "Miss Halliwell and Miss Lucy Halliwell."

"And I am Captain Kerleton—if you will allow me to introduce myself. Would this little spot be a pleasant part of the country to stop in for a week or two, think you?"

"Very," cried Aunt Copp, impressively. "And there is an excellent inn."

"Then I'm off for it. Which is the road?"

"There," replied Aunt Copp, pointing in the direction of the village, "about five minutes' walk. But won't you step in with us, and take a cup of tea? It will refresh you, this hot afternoon. Our house is close by. Girls," she added, seizing a minute to whisper to us, as we were walking home, for the stranger eagerly accepted the invitation, "this is the gentleman I told you of; the one in the mail, you know, who wants a wife. So look out, Lucy."

Lucy felt annoyed, and naturally. She was a most retiring-minded girl, and had a genuine horror of thrusting herself forward to attract the notice of a gentleman. Neither was I pleased. For it seemed to me not right of Aunt Copp to ask him to our house in that unceremonious manner. What did she know of Captain Kerleton? He might be an adventurer, a swindler, for all she could tell to the contrary. As it turned out, he *was* a gentleman, of good family and fortune, but no thanks to the prudence of Aunt Copp. The fact was, Aunt Copp had been connected with seafaring people so long, that she had imbibed a touch of their free-and-easy notions, and had become almost as open-hearted in her manners as her deceased husband, the late merchant captain.

Captain Kerleton took up his quarters at the Seaford Arms, and a gay time of it ensued. The whole neighborhood undertook to patronize him, especially the houses which contained grown-up daughters, for his fortune, really a good one, report had magnified to one three times as large. Picnic parties, evening parties, haymaking parties, followed close upon each other, some of which owned Aunt Copp for the projector. Take it for all in all, I don't remember that our quiet village had ever been so gay.

One morning we were seated at the open window of our front parlor, when some scarlet object came looming up the road in the distance. Lucy saw it first, and we all looked up, through the closed Venetian blinds. The sun shone, hot and bright, and the scarlet was intermingled with something that glittered like gold, and dazzled the sight.

"Goodness heart alive!" exclaimed Aunt Copp, after a puzzled gaze through her spectacles, "if it isn't Captain Kerleton in his regimentals!"

We had never seen the captain in his regimentals, and a very imposing sight it was. He detected us at the window, and walked straight up to it.

"Good morning, ladies," he said, putting his face close to the blind. "Is not this a blazing day?"

"Something else looks blazing, I think, captain," cried Aunt Copp. "We did not know you."

"You mean me in my regimentals, I suppose," returned the captain; "they came down last night. What are you working at so attentively, Miss Lucy?"

"I am stitching a wristband, Captain Kerleton."

"Not for me, Miss Lucy?"

"No," laughed Lucy, "for my brother."

"Perhaps the time may come, Miss Lucy, when you will stitch mine."

Aunt Copp gave a significant cough, and Lucy, after a surprised glance upward, blushed deeply, and went on fast with her stitching.

"Will you walk in, captain?" said Mrs. Copp. "You will find the front door open."

"Not this morning," replied the captain. "I only came to bring this—if you'll please to open the blind."

Aunt Copp drew open half of the Venetian blind, and the captain thrust in a small parcel, tied up in white paper, turning short away as soon as Aunt Copp had got it in her hands. There was no direction, and she turned it about in uncertainty.

"Captain Kerleton," she called after him, "what's this for? Is it to be opened?"

"Opened! Of course," answered the captain, whirling his head round to speak, his legs striding away all the while; "I did not bring it for anything else."

What on earth should be in this parcel but a green and gold book, and a small, beautifully enameled lady's watch, in a case. We opened the book, full of curiosity. "Advice to Young Ladies about to enter into Housekeeping. By a Clergyman's Wife." And on the fly-leaf was written, "For the future Mrs. Kerleton, with respectful regards." On the paper inclosing the watch was written "Miss Lucy."

"Well, if ever I saw such a start as this!" uttered Aunt Copp, while Lucy's face turned of an indignant red.

"It is shameful, Aunt Copp! It is quite indecent of you! You have been saying something to him about me. I am sure of it!"

"I declare to goodness I have not," fired Aunt Copp. "This offer of marriage—for it's nothing less—has come from his own free will, and from no talking of mine. Shan't we have a nice time of it, getting her wedding things ready, Hester?"

"Aunt Copp, I always thought you were an idiot, and now I know it," retorted Lucy, struggling between tears and rage. "Offer of marriage, indeed! If it *is* an offer of marriage, you may take it to yourself. Hester, just pack the watch back again; send Phœbe with it. Thank goodness, my name is not on the book, so Aunt Copp can do as she chooses with that—keep it for herself, and tell him so."

Lucy's tirade was cut short, for the blind was again pushed partly open, and a scarlet wrist came in.

"I beg your pardon," cried the captain's voice, "I forgot this." Aunt Copp involuntarily stretched forth her hand, and received another packet, similar to the one which had contained the watch, the captain darting off as before, at the military pace of a forced march.

"Miss Lucy Halliwell," read aunt again through her spectacles.

"I won't have it! call him back! throw it after him!" exclaimed Lucy. But Aunt Copp told her she knew better what she was about, and opened it.

A pretty gold chain, and the key of the watch.

"Well, my dear," said Aunt Copp, "you are in luck."

"Luck!" irascibly uttered Lucy. "The man's a fool."

"I know who is a greater," rejoined Aunt Copp, laughing and looking at Lucy.

"Hester," exclaimed Lucy, "I appeal to you. Is it right—is it in accordance with good manners, his poking these things in at the window? Ought they not to be sent back instantly?"

"It is in accordance with good-nature, Lucy," I replied; "and to forward them back, in haste, as you suggest, would be returning insult for kindness. When he next calls, let Aunt Copp give him the presents, and civilly inform him that you cannot accept them."

"I wish you may get me to do it," cried Aunt Copp. "'There is a tide in the affairs of man,' and Lucy has now got hers."

So the task fell to me. And when the captain called that afternoon, (still in his regimentals,) I went to him alone. But before I had well entered upon the subject, Captain Kerleton interrupted me, and made Lucy a very handsome offer. I was at a nonplus: not knowing, now the affair came to be put on this regular footing, whether Lucy would have him or not. I went into the next room.

"Have him? of course," cried Aunt Copp.

"Have him? of course not," repeated Lucy.

"Niece Lucy, the matter is serious now, and you must not be childish over it. What is your objection?"

"I don't know enough of him," urged Lucy. "Consider, Aunt Copp, it is not a fortnight since we first set eyes on him. The idea of promising to marry a man after a fortnight's acquaintance!"

"You need not marry him, off-hand—or promise to. You can tell him you wish to see a little more of him before deciding: that will be neither accepting nor rejecting, and give you both time to improve your acquaintance with each other. *I'll* manage it."

Before we could prevent her, she dashed out of the room, and joined the captain, whom we could hear whistling, as he leaned from the window. What she said to him neither I nor Lucy knew, but she presently reappeared with the captain in her wake.

After this event not a day passed in which the captain neglected to urge his speedy acceptance, Lucy objecting on the plea that it would be improper to do so without seeing something of his family.

"There's not a soul of it left but me and my brother," answered the captain. "I'll take her to see him if she likes."

"That's not the fashion in our part of the country," said Aunt Copp. "Young ladies don't go on journeys with gentlemen before they are married to them."

"That's exactly what I want," replied the captain, with evident good faith. "Will she marry me to-morrow?"

"Goodness, captain, with no preparations made," remonstrated Aunt Copp. "The neighbors would think us out of our senses."

"Well, the long and the short of it is

this, if Miss Lucy will not have me, I shall go and find somebody else that will," cried the captain, turning sulky—an occasional failing of his. "And I'll go by the mail to-night, if she does not give me an answer to-day."

Lucy gave him his answer—and accepted him. "But, Hester," she said to me, "I do not care much for him." And I don't think she did.

"I am not hotly in love, you know," she went on laughing, "like you were with somebody once upon a time. I don't fancy it is in my constitution; or else our friend the captain has failed to call it forth."

It was decided that, before fixing on any place for a residence, Captain Kerleton and Lucy should travel a little, after their marriage. Lucy wished to live near me, and the captain was perfectly agreeable to anything. Everything that Lucy or Aunt Copp suggested, he fell in with. He seemed to think more about personal trifles.

"Would you like me to go through the ceremony in my regimentals, Miss Lucy, or in plain clothes?" he inquired. "Such, let us say, as a blue coat, white waistcoat, and black—these things," slapping his knee. "What is your advice?"

It was a very home question, especially before us, and Lucy blushed excessively. "Perhaps Aunt Copp can tell?" she stammered.

"O, as to those trifles, it's not a bit of consequence," irreverently answered Aunt Copp. "When you two have once got your wedding over, you will know what nonsense it was to have made any fuss about it, as we old married stagers can tell you. Captain, of course you will have your brother down, to be groomsman?"

"No, I won't," replied the captain, bluntly. "He is the most interfering fellow going, always meddling and thwarting. You don't know the scrapes he has got me into, through his interference."

"But your own brother, Captain Kerleton," urged Aunt Copp. "It would be so very unfilial."

"Shouldn't care if he was my own mother," doggedly retorted the captain. "He is not coming down to my wedding."

But Aunt Copp was of a different opinion. And what should she do, unknown to everybody, but dispatch the following note to Major Kerleton, the captain's brother, at his town house:

"DEAR SIR,—As we are soon to be near connections, I make no apology for addressing you. Captain Kerleton being about to marry my niece, Miss Lucy Halliwell, I think it only seemly and right that you, as the captain's elder brother and nearest relative, should be present to give your support and countenance to the ceremony. It will not take place for three weeks or a month, and we are only now beginning the preparations, but I write thus early to give an opportunity of my letter being forwarded to you in Scotland, where we hear you are staying. If you oblige me with a line in reply, stating that you accord us the favor of your company, I will write again and let you know when the day is fixed. Remaining, dear sir, "Your obedient servant,

"REBECCA COPP."

And Aunt Copp hugged herself in secret over what she had done, and told nobody.

Meanwhile we began to be actively engaged, getting Lucy ready for her wedding. One morning we were in the midst of the work, Miss Bowen, the dressmaker, who had come to us for the day, cutting out and contriving bodies, while we made skirts, when we saw Captain Kerleton approaching the house. So Lucy told Phœbe to say we were engaged, but would see him in the afternoon.

But the captain insisted on seeing Lucy, assuring Phœbe he had something very particular to communicate to her. So Lucy was obliged to go to him.

The captain wanted Lucy to go for a walk—with, of course, me or Aunt Copp; for she was not in the habit of walking out alone with him. Which was the "particular communication" he had to make.

"It is out of my power this morning," said Lucy to him. "We have some work which we cannot quit."

"Leave them to do it," advised the captain; "you come for a walk. Come by yourself; never mind what that old Aunt Copp says."

"They cannot do without me," replied Lucy. "The dressmaker is cutting out my morning dresses, and she wants me frequently to try them on."

"Put it off till to-morrow," urged the captain. "Work can be done one day as well as another. See what a splendid morning it is."

"Miss Bowen will not be here to-morrow," rejoined Lucy. "Indeed, I cannot leave them now."

"But I want you to come," persisted Captain Kerleton, somewhat (Lucy said

subsequently) after the fractious manner of a spoiled child. "You must come. You'll never go and set up your rubbish of work in opposition to my wishes, Miss Lucy?"

"Do not put it in that light," said Lucy, gently. "My dresses must be tried on, you know, or they cannot be made, and if I went out they would be all at a stand-still. I shall be most happy to go with you later in the day."

"Then you *won't* grant me this simple favor?"

"I *can't*," returned Lucy. And out rushed the captain, dashing to the front door, and stamping away across the road.

In the evening he came again. We were at tea, taking it in the work-room, for convenience' sake, when Phœbe entered and said the captain wanted to speak with me. "Not Miss Lucy," Phœbe repeated; "you, miss." I went in. Captain Kerleton was sitting in the easy-chair, and looked very red and excited.

"Do you know how she behaved to me this morning?" he began, without preface or ceremony.

"Who?" I asked.

"She. Miss Lucy. I asked her, as the greatest favor, to go for a little walk with me, and she told me to my face that she would not."

"She really could not, Captain Kerleton," I answered; "I have no doubt she would have liked to do so. You must not fancy she acted from any caprice: Lucy is not capable of it."

"She told me there was some trash of sewing going on, and she had to stop in for it."

"It was the case."

"Well," returned the captain, speaking in a dogged, obstinate manner which now and then came over him, "I look upon it in this light: when a young lady, who has promised to be your wife, makes an excuse that she can't go out with you, it is equivalent to saying she wants to break matters off. That is how I have taken it."

"Break — what?" I rejoined, staring at the captain with all my eyes, and feeling myself turn into a cold perspiration.

"Why, I conclude that Miss Lucy wished to make known, in a roundabout way, that she was tired of me. And I have acted upon it."

"Dear Captain Kerleton," I said, "you are entirely mistaken. I can assure you Lucy is perfectly faithful to you. The work she had to stay in for, was in preparation for her marriage."

"Well, it's too late now," cried the captain, with redoubled obstinacy, "for I think I know somebody who would suit me better."

I sat opposite to him, glued to my chair, unable to utter a word, and wondering whether he had taken leave of his senses. He, however, was not glued to his, for he suddenly rose from it, and dropped down on his knees, close to me.

"My dear Miss Hester, it's you, and nobody else. I do think you the most charming, amiable creature, and I have transferred my affections from Miss Lucy to you. Will you have me?"

I never was so taken aback in my life, and a suspicion did cross me, in earnest, that Lucy's refusal in the morning must have sent the captain's brains to flight. He would neither get up nor let me, having taken forcible possession of my hands. While we were in this ridiculous position, who should come bustling into the room, with the sugar-basin, but Aunt Copp.

"Why, what on earth—Hester! what's the matter?"

The captain took a step away from me, on his knees, and addressed himself to Aunt Copp, affording me opportunity to rise up.

"Miss Lucy has cut me, ma'am. That is, she acted—purposely—so as to make me cut her; and my affections are now fixed on Miss Hester. I was on the point of praying her to name her own day for our union, when you interrupted us."

"Good patience deliver us!" uttered Aunt Copp, her mouth opening with astonishment, and stopping so. "Whatever is all this?"

I could not speak for laughing then, the whole thing struck me as so supremely absurd. There knelt Captain Kerleton in the everlasting regimentals, his hands thrown theatrically out toward aunt, and his face twisted into a die-away expression toward me, while Aunt Copp stood arrested in the middle of the room, one hand supporting the sugar-basin, and the other the silver tongs, her face being turned to petrifaction, and her eyes rolling from one to the other of us in a sort of horror.

"Niece Hester, what *is* this? I insist upon knowing."

"I think Captain Kerleton meant to play off a little joke with me, Aunt Copp," I answered. "Lucy, it seems, offended him this morning; but they will make it all right again."

"But it is no joke, Miss Hester!" interrupted the captain, springing up. "I mean it as real earnest."

"Then allow me, Captain Kerleton, to assure you that I shall never treat it but as a joke, now and always," I impressively whispered. "And pray let neither of us recur to it again, even in thought."

"Then you won't have me? You mean to insinuate that?"

"I would not have you, Captain Kerleton, if you were worth your weight in gold. So let the joke pass away; and we had better say nothing about it to Lucy."

"Highty-tighty," cried Aunt Copp, recovering from her petrification, and coming forward, "but you can't do these things, captain. Shake off one sister at pleasure, and take up with another! I see what it is: you have been getting up your temper, because Lucy crossed you this morning. So now you must get it down again. We were just going out to take a walk, and the best thing you can do is to go with us. Why, you would be as bad as a sailor."

"A sailor?" sullenly repeated the captain.

"Yes, sir, a sailor. They have sweethearts by the dozen, in each port, and that's well known. Many's the wrangle I have had with my boy about that; he vowing, by all that was blue, that *he* had not, and I knowing he had. Don't tell me. But you can't have two in a house, captain. So sit yourself down there, and get cool, while we put our things on."

He went out with Aunt Copp and Lucy. I remained at home, and was truly uncomfortable, deliberating whether I ought not to tell Lucy what had taken place. For, if the thing was not a joke, (as I kept trying to persuade myself, though the more I tried, the more incomprehensible a joke it grew,) was a man capable of these violent changes and fits of temper one to whom we ought to intrust Lucy?

"You have not been far," I said, when they came in.

"Captain Kerleton was in his sulks, and would not talk, so I steered Lucy back again," cried Aunt Copp.

"I think his feelings were hurt, when I said I could not go out with him this morning," unsuspiciously remarked Lucy.

"Feelings be keelhauled!" ejaculated Aunt Copp, in irritation. "It's temper, not feelings. Take care you don't give way to it when he is your husband, Lucy. Put it down at first, and you'll keep it down. Nothing *I* should like better than to have the curing of his flights and his sulks. I'd tame him in a week."

The next day dawned, and we all rose as usual, little thinking what it was to bring forth. For to how many a one has a day risen in bright happiness, to close in sorrow dark as the darkest night! It was not strictly sorrow, however, that came to us; rather mortification.

Lucy went out to spend the day with some friends, who had invited her for a farewell visit, previous to her marriage; and after dinner I and Aunt Copp were seated at work, when the latter spoke:

"Well, I think I must have made a kaleidoscope of my spectacles, for he is ever changing; now it is him, now it isn't! Hester, *is* that the captain, or not?"

I followed the direction of Aunt Copp's eyes, which were fixed on a gentleman who was advancing up the opposite road. "Yes—no—yes," was my contradictory reply. "I declare, Aunt Copp, I am not sure. One minute it looks like him, and the next it does not. If it is the captain, he has discarded his regimentals." It was not Captain Kerleton, but one who bore a striking resemblance to him.

"I know!" exclaimed Aunt Copp, with awakened interest. "It is his brother. I wrote for him."

"You, Aunt Copp!"

"Yes, to come to the wedding. But I told him to wait for a second letter. He is come too soon."

Phœbe brought in a card, "Major Kerleton," and ushered in the major after it, a cordial-mannered man. He proceeded to tell us his business, and I thought Aunt Copp would have fallen through her chair with vexation; for it was she who had been the means of introducing the captain to Seaford, and, worse still, to Lucy.

All that we had observed as strange in the captain's conduct was now accounted for. *Captain Kerleton was a lunatic.* Some years previously, when in India, he had met with an accident which caused concussion of the brain, and had never entirely recovered his intellects. At that

time the captain was engaged to a young lady, to whom he was much attached, but the match was then broken off, and this seemed to have left some impression on his mind which it had been unable to get rid of. He came home, and had since lived with his brother, and years had brought so much improvement to him that he would pass muster in society, without suspicion, as he had done with us: the only point on which his intellects were still completely at sea, was a propensity to make offers of marriage.

"He ought to be confined," said Aunt Copp, rubbing her nose in mortification.

"He is so sane on other points, that to confine him would be scarcely justifiable," explained the major. "But I shall learn a lesson by this last vagary, and if I have to leave him again, will take care to place a watch over him."

He took the poor madman back with him that afternoon, and thus ended Lucy's romance.

A DIVER'S TALE OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

THE life of one who explores the mysteries of the sea is not more perilous than fascinating. The charm of terror hangs around it, and the interminable succession of exciting events renders it dear to its professor; not to the common diver of the East, who can remain but for a fraction of time beneath the wave, and grope fearfully among rugged ocean-mounds, but to the adept in the civilized mode of diving, who, in his protective armor, may remain submerged for hours, and wander with impunity for miles along those unknown regions far below the sea. To him are laid open the horrors of the watery creation, and he may gaze upon such scenes as Arabian story tells us were presented to the fearful eyes of Abdallah. To him the most thrilling occurrences of the upper world seem frivolous; for in his memory he retains thoughts that may well chill the soul with dread.

I am a diver, a diver from choice, and I am proud of my profession. Where is such courage required as is needed here? It is nothing to be a soldier: a diver, however—but I forbear. I will tell my story, and leave others to judge concerning it.

An appalling shipwreck occurred not long ago upon the wildest part of the coast of Newfoundland. The tidings of this calamity reached the ears of thousands, but, amid the crowd of accidents which followed in quick succession, it was soon forgotten. Not by us, however. We found that the vessel had sunk upon a spot where the water's depth was by no means great, and that a daring man might easily reach her.

She was a steamer, called the Marmion, and had been seen going suddenly down, without an instant's warning, by some fishermen near by. She had undoubtedly struck a hidden rock, and had thus been in one moment destroyed.

I spoke to my associates of the plan, and they approved it. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations, and a short time beheld us embarked in our small schooner for the sunken ship. There were six of us, and we anticipated success.

I was the leader, and generally ventured upon any exploit in which there was uncommon danger. Not that the others were cowards; on the contrary, they were all brave men, but nature had gifted me with a coolness and a presence of mind which the others did not possess. As two persons were needed in order to explore the Marmion, I had selected as my companion a young fellow, whose steadiness and dauntless courage had several times before been fearfully tested.

It was a calm and pleasant day, but the southern and eastern horizon looked deceitful. Small, suspicious clouds were gathered there, ill of aspect, and "sneaking fellows, regular hang-dog fellows," as my comrade Rimmer remarked to me. Nevertheless, we were not to be put off by a little cloudiness in the sky, but prepared to venture.

So deep was the water, that no vestige of a ship's mast remained above the surface to point out the resting-place of the Marmion. We were compelled, therefore, to select the scene of operations according to the best of our ability. Down went the sails of our schooner, and Rimmer and I put on our diving-armor. We fixed on our helmets tightly, and screwed on the hose. One by one each clumsy article was adjusted. The weights were hung, and we were ready.

"It looks blackish, Berton," said Rimmer to me.

"O," I replied, gaily, "it's only a little mist—all right!"

"Ah!" He uttered a low exclamation, which sounded hollow from his cavernous helmet.

"All ready!" I cried, in a loud voice, which they, however, could not easily distinguish. Then, making a proper sign, I was swung over the side.

Down we went, I first, and Rimmer close behind me. It did not take a long time for us to reach the bottom. We found ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain sloping downward toward the south, and rising slightly toward the north. Looking forward, then, a dim, black object arose, which our experienced eyes knew to be a lofty rock.

I motioned to Rimmer that we should proceed there.

I cannot tell the strangeness of the sensation felt by one who first walks the bottom of the sea. There are a thousand objects fitted to excite astonishment, even in the mind of him who has dared the deed a hundred times. All around us lay the plain covered by water; but here the eye could not pierce far away, as in the upper air, for the water in the distance grew opaque, and seemed to fade away into misty darkness. There was no sound, except the incessant gurgle which was produced by the escape of air from the breast valve, and the plash caused by our passage through the waters. We walked on at a good pace; for this armor, which seems so clumsy up above, is excellent below, and offers little inconvenience to the practiced wearer. Fishes in crowds were around us. Fishes of every shape and size met our eyes, no matter where they turned. They swam swiftly by us; they sported in the water above us; they raced and chased one another in every direction. Here a shoal of porpoises tumbled along in clumsy gambols; there a grampus might be seen rising slowly to the surface; here an immense number of smaller fish flashed past us; there some huge ones, with ponderous forms, floated in the water lazily. Sometimes three or four placed themselves directly before us, staring at us, and solemnly working their gills. There they would remain till we came close up to them, and then, with a start, they would dart away.

All this time we were walking onward, along the bottom of the sea, while, above us, like a black cloud in the sky, we could see our boat slowly moving onward upon the surface of the water. And now, not more than a hundred yards before us, we could see the towering form of that ebony rock which had at first greeted our eyes from afar. As yet we could not be certain that this was the place where the Marmion had struck. But soon a round, black object became discernible, as we glanced at the rocky base.

Rimmer struck my arm, and pointed. I signed assent, and we moved onward more quickly.

A few moments elapsed; we had come nearer to the rock. The black object now looked like the stern of a vessel whose hull lay there.

Suddenly Rimmer struck me again, and pointed upward. Following the direction of his hand, I looked up, and saw the upper surface of the water all foamy and in motion. There was a momentary thrill through my heart, but it passed over. We were in a dangerous condition. A storm was coming on. But should we turn back now, when we were so near the object of our search? Already it lay before us. We were close beside it. No, I would not. I signaled to Rimmer to go forward, and we still kept our course.

Now the rock rose up before us, black, rugged, dismal. Its rough sides were worn by the action of the water, and, in some places, were covered by marine plants, and nameless ocean vegetation. We passed onward; we clambered over a spur which jutted from the cliff, and there lay the steamer.

The Marmion! there she lay upright, with everything still standing. She had gone right down, and had settled in such a position among the rocks, that she stood upright here, just as though she lay at her wharf. We rushed eagerly along, and clambered up her side. There was a low moan in the water, which sounded warningly in our ears, and told us of a swift-approaching danger. What was to be done must be done speedily. We hurried forward. Rimmer rushed to the cabin. I went forward to descend into the hold. I descended the ladder; I walked into the engineer's room. All was empty here; all was water. The waves of the ocean had entered, and were sporting with the works of man. I went into the freight-room. Suddenly I was startled by an appalling

noise upon the deck. The heavy footsteps of some one, running as though in mortal fear, or most dreadful haste, sounded in my ears. Then my heart throbbed wildly; for it was a fearful thing to hear far down in the silent depths of the ocean.

Pshaw! it's only Rimmer.

I hurriedly ascended the deck by the first outlet that appeared. When I speak of hurry, I speak of the quickest movement possible when cumbered with so much armor. But this movement of mine was quick; I rushed upward; I sprang out on the deck. It was Rimmer!

He stepped forward and clutched my arm. He pressed it with a convulsive grasp, and pointed to the cabin.

I attempted to go there.

He stamped his foot, and tried to hold me back. He pointed to the boat, and implored me, with frantic gestures, to go up.

It is appalling to witness the horror-struck soul trying to express itself by signs. It is awful to see these signs when no face is plainly visible, and no voice is heard. I could not see his face plainly, but his eyes, through his heavy mask, glowed like coals of fire.

"I will go!" I exclaimed. I sprang from him. He clasped his hands together, but dared not follow.

I thought, what fearful thing is here? What scene can be so dreadful as to paralyze the soul of a practiced diver? I will see for myself.

I walked forward. I came to the cabin-door; I entered the forward saloon, but saw nothing. A feeling of contempt came upon me. Rimmer shall not come with me again, I thought. Yet I was awe-struck. Down in the depths of the sea there is only silence. O, how solemn! I paced the long saloon, which had echoed with the shrieks of the drowning passengers. Ah! there are thoughts which sometimes fill the soul, which are only felt by those to whom scenes of sublimity are familiar. Thus thinking, I walked to the after cabin, and entered. Had not my hand clinched the door with a grasp which mortal terror had made convulsive, I should have fallen to the floor. I stood nailed to the spot. For there before me stood a crowd of people, men and women, caught in the last death-struggle by the overwhelming waters, and fastened to the spot, each in the position in which death had found him. Each one had sprung from his chair at the shock of the sinking ship, and, with one common emotion, all had started for the door. But the waters of the sea had been too swift for them. Lo! then, some wildly grasping the table, others the beams, others the sides of the cabin; there they all stood. Near the door was a crowd of people, heaped upon one another; some on the floor, others rushing over them; all seeking, madly, to gain the outlet. There was one who sought to clamber over the table, and still was there, holding on to an iron post. So strong was each convulsive grasp, so fierce the struggle of each with death, that their hold had not yet been relaxed; but each one stood and looked frantically to the door. To the door! To me, to me they were looking! They were glancing at me, all those dreadful, those terrible eyes; eyes in which the fire of life had been displaced by the chilling gleam of death; eyes which still glared, like the eyes of the maniac, with no expression. They froze me with their cold and icy stare. They had no meaning, for the soul had gone. And this made it still more horrible than it could have been in life; for the appalling contortion of their faces, expressing fear, horror, despair, and whatever else the human soul may feel, contrasting with the cold and glassy eyes, made their vacancy yet more fearful. He upon the table seemed more fiendish than the others; for his long black hair was disheveled, and floated horribly down, and his beard and moustache, all loosened by the water, gave him the grimness of a demon. O, what woe and torture, what unutterable agonies, appeared in the despairing glance of those faces — faces twisted into spasmodic contortions, while the souls that lighted them were writhing and struggling for life!

I heeded not the dangerous sea, which, even when we touched the steamer, had slightly rolled. Down in these awful depths the swell would not be very strong, unless it should increase with tenfold fury above. But it had been increasing, though I had not noticed it, and the motion of the water began to be felt in these abysses.

Suddenly the steamer was shaken and rocked by the swell. At this the hideous forms were shaken, and fell. The heaps of people rolled asunder. That demon on

the table seemed to make a spring directly toward me. I fled, shrieking; all were after me, I thought.

I rushed out, with no purpose but to escape. I sought to throw off my weights and rise. My weights could not be loosened; I pulled at them with frantic exertions, but could not loosen them. The iron fastenings had grown stiff. One of them I wrested off in my convulsive efforts, but the other still kept me down. The tube, also, was lying down still in my passage-way through the machine-room. I did not know this until I had exhausted my strength, and almost my hope, in vain efforts to loosen the weight, and still the horror of that scene in the cabin rested upon me.

Where was Rimmer? the thought flashed across me. He was not here; he had returned. Two weights lay near, which seemed thrown off in terrible haste. Yes, Rimmer had gone. I looked up: there lay the boat, tossing and rolling among the waves.

I rushed down into the machine-room, to go back, so as to loosen my tube. I had gone through passages carelessly, and this lay there, for it was unrolled from above as I went on. I went back in haste to extricate myself; I could stay here no longer; for if all the gold of Golconda was in the vessel, I would not stay in company with the dreadful dead!

Back; fear lent wings to my feet. I hurried down the stairs into the lower hold once more, and retraced my steps through the passages below. I walked back to the place into which I had first descended. It was dark. A new feeling of horror shot through me; I looked up. *The aperture was closed!*

O horror! was it closed by mortal hand? Had Rimmer, in his panic flight, blindly thrown down the trap-door, which I now remembered to have seen open when I descended? I started back in terror.

But I could not wait here; I must go; I must escape from this den. I sprang up the ladder, and tried to raise the door. It resisted my efforts. I put my helmeted head against it, and tried to raise it; the rung of the ladder broke beneath me, but the door was not raised; my tube came down through it, and kept it partly open; for it was a strong tube, and kept strongly expanded by close-wound wire.

I seized a bar of iron, and tried to force it; I raised it slightly; but there was no way to get it up further. I looked around, and found some blocks; with these I raised the heavy door, little by little, placing a block in to keep what I had gained. But the work was slow and laborious, and I had worked a long while before I had gained four inches.

The sea rolled more and more. The submerged vessel felt its power, and rocked. Suddenly it wheeled over, and lay upon its side. I ran round to get on the deck above, to try and lift up the door; but when I came to the other outlet, I knew it was impossible, for the tube would not permit me to go so far; and then I would rather have died a thousand deaths than have ventured again so near the cabin.

I returned to the fallen door; I sat down in despair, and waited for death. I saw no hope of escape. This, then, was to be my end.

But the steamer gave a sudden lurch, again acted upon by the power of the waves. She had been balanced upon a rock, in such a way that a slight action of the water was sufficient to tip her over. She creaked, and groaned, and labored, and then turned upon her side. I rose; I clung to the ladder; I pressed the trap-door open while the steamer lay with her deck perpendicular to the ground. I sprang out, and touched the bottom of the sea. It was in good time; for a moment after the mass heeled over again.

Then, with a last effort, I twisted the iron fastening of the weight which kept me down; I jerked it. It was loosed; it broke; it fell. In a moment I began to ascend, and in a few minutes I was floating on the water; for the air which is pressed down for the diver's consumption constitutes a buoyant mass, which raises him up from the sea.

Thanks to Heaven! There was the strong boat with my companions. They felt me rising; they saw me, and came and saved me.

Rimmer had fled from the horrid scene when I entered the cabin, but remained in the boat to lend his aid. He never went down again, but became a sea captain. As for me, I still go down, but only to vessels whose crews have been saved.

It is needless to say that the Marmion was never again visited.

SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON AND ETHNOLOGY.

"The whole human family is to be regarded as a single species."
Morton's Introductory Lecture for 1842, p 1.

WHAT lover of natural science does not feel reverence for the name of Samuel George Morton? Although born in this Western world, it was his happiness to bring to her feet many trophies from the East, and by his profound researches, to throw much additional light upon man's history. Many of his conclusions, however, are to be regretted; partly, because they have cast a shade upon his memory, but chiefly, that since his death, others, who honor his name as men do a great leader, have been employing it for purposes, of which the spirit of charity compels the Christian reader to believe that Morton himself would not have approved.

He was born in Philadelphia, in the year 1799, and died in the same city, on the 15th of May, 1851.

It is a truthful observation that a man's early religious associations have more to do with forming his future habits than all other things combined. It seems to have been so, at least, with Morton. His parents were attached to the Society of Friends; and they designed him for mercantile pursuits. These, however, did not suit his taste. This, owing to his literary character, inclined him toward one of the learned professions; and, as the friends have forbidden their youth access to the two others, he was compelled to adopt that of medicine. With a somewhat defective preparatory education, he entered the University of Pennsylvania, and in the year 1820, received his degree. In the same year he was elected a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences. Soon after this he visited his uncle, James Morton, Esq., of Clonmel, Ireland, and was by him prevailed upon to seek the honors of the University of Edinburgh; which, after attending upon two full courses of lectures, he obtained. He returned to Philadelphia in 1824. Here he devoted himself to the practice of his profession, and to scientific inquiries, chiefly confining himself to those which might reflect light upon man's natural history. He became a thorough anatomist, and his two great works, his "Crania Americana," and "Crania Ægyptica," show to what an extent he pursued his investigations.

Ethnology has been defined by Mr. Luke Burke to be "a science which investigates the mental and physical differences of mankind, and the organic laws upon which they depend; and which seeks to deduce from these investigations, principles of guidance in all the important relations of social existence." Dr. Morton commenced his ethnological studies with the design of learning what are really the physical differences among mankind. To accomplish this, it was essential to make collections of skulls of the different races, that he might compare them.

This he found to be a difficult work, but he had the genius to accomplish it. Morton, as all great men do, knew how to attach others to him. You could not meet him in the street without feeling a reverence for the man, and if he but intimated to you a wish for a favor, that wish secured it. His own countrymen, at his request, dug in Western mounds for Indian skulls, or gathered others of the Mongolian race from the old world. Mr. Gliddon, as though he were on an errand of mercy, made even his consulate in Egypt subservient to Morton's desire. And Mr. John L. Stephens brought skulls to him from Yucatan, and one so crumbling from age, that it was contained in a small India handkerchief, and protected by a hat-box. It was thus that others served him. But Morton himself spared no cost. It is estimated by Dr. Wood, that he paid from ten to fifteen thousand dollars for the purpose of procuring crania. At his death there were nine hundred and eighteen in his collection, a larger number of skulls than were contained in any other collection in the world.

It was an employment interesting to himself, to examine these, and one that he could pursue in his study alone. Who can compute the silent, solitary, busy hours which he spent with them thus? He scanned them closely. He became as well acquainted with each of them as a man does with his friend. He studied their configuration and capacity. It was from his lips that several years ago, for the first time, we heard of the "Facial Angle of Camper," and saw him with his reed point out what is meant by it. But it was not by this measurement that he reached his conclusions. In the words of Dr. Patterson, he employed "a plan peculiar to himself, which enabled him to

estimate with precision the relative amount of brain in the various races."

The most of the results of these patient examinations are published in his two great works. In his "Crania Americana," published in 1839, may be found his conclusions concerning the American race. They are given in the following words:

"1. That the American race differs essentially from all others, not excepting the Mongolian; nor do the feeble analogies of language, and the more obvious ones in the civil institutions and the arts, denote anything beyond casual or colonial communication with the Asiatic nations; and even these analogies may perhaps be accounted for, as Humboldt has suggested, in the mere coincidence arising from similar wants and impulses in nations inhabiting similar latitudes.

"2. That the American nations, excepting the polar tribes, are of one race and one species, but of two great families, which resemble each other in physical, but differ in intellectual character.

"3. That the cranial remains discovered in the mounds from Peru to Wisconsin, belong to the same race, and probably to the Toltecan family."

So far as the Indians, "excepting the polar tribes"—and a few scattering people on the Pacific coast, whose existence is easily accounted for—are regarded as belonging to *one race*, Morton's conclusions are, perhaps, acceptable to all parties. Their differing "essentially from all others, not excepting the Mongolian," may, however, be called in question, at least until the points of difference shall be established. Dr. Prichard, who speaks of "the three great types, or varieties, into which naturalists have divided the inhabitants of our planet," thus describes them:

"The Negro, or African, with his black skin, woolly hair, and compressed, elongated skull; the *Mongolian of Eastern Asia and America*, with his olive complexion, broad and all but beardless face, oblique eyes, and square skull; and the Caucasian of Western Asia and Europe, with his fair skin, oval face, full brow, and rounded skull."

From which it is perfectly clear, that he regards the Indians as belonging to the Mongolian race. Dr. Nott couples them together in this remark:

"The Mongols of Asia and the Aborigines of America, with their peculiar types, are spread over almost all degrees of latitude."

And also in this:

"Their (the Mongols) crania, their instincts, their whole moral and physical characteristics, distinguish them from the American race, *whom they most resemble.*"

To one who inclines to the conviction that the human family sprang from one pair, and therefore supposes that the American and Mongolian races are of the same original stock, this question is apt to be suggested: Whether, upon an opposing hypothesis, it is not more difficult to account for "the feeble analogies of language, and the more obvious ones in civil and religious institutions and the arts," and also for the fact that the Book of Genesis, in saying that "by the families of the sons of Noah were the nations divided in the earth after the flood," evidently includes the Indian race—than, upon his own, to produce reasons for the slight differences in the crania, the instincts, and the whole moral and physical characteristics of these races? And such a one will always accept of an affirmative answer. And, furthermore, remembering what Morton has done to establish the almost perfect uniformity of type which characterizes these two people, will find his heart moved toward him in admiration. Indeed, it is an inquiry worthy the consideration of the learned, how far the Mongolian race has departed from its original type. Dr. Nott says, "probably not a pure race exists upon the earth." And he certainly will not deny that the Mongolian has become mixed by its contact with other races on the old continent. Perhaps, too, he may not be entirely indisposed to admit that the Indian race has preserved very nearly its original type, that it is a portion of the yellow races, and has descended from Shem. How it reached the Western world is a mystery. The light of history enables us, however, to account for the presence here of Europeans, and their descendants; and it should not be esteemed a very wild hypothesis, which supposes that its very first discovery was somewhat in the same manner as its last. The family of Shem migrated generally toward the east. Every branch of it, being united under a patriarchal government, sought for a new locality, and carried with it much learning, even of an antediluvian character. There was much maritime and architectural knowledge in those days, as the ancient monuments and history testify. When, therefore, the family of Shem had gained the eastern shores of Asia, they were not entirely without means to reach the islands which lay contiguous to them, nor even to make further discoveries. It

is thus it has been supposed they reached America. It is true, the history of this migration has been forgotten, but future researches in the old world and new—in China, Hindoostan, Japan, and America, may yet revive it, and bring confirming testimony to the truth of Revelation.

Dr. Morton was led to the study of Egyptian craniology by a desire to establish the truthfulness of a position which he had assumed with respect to the varieties of the human race. These he did not believe to have resulted from *accidental* causes, but to have originated by the will of God, either at the creation, or by a future *miracle*. Dr. Smith, of Princeton, had entertained the view that these varieties have been produced by external causes, which he had published and defended with marked ability. This opinion has also been favorably held by most theologians. It is still entertained by very many of them, who urge these, among many other arguments in their behalf. They are extracted from a very able lecture on "The Unity of the Races,"* of the Rev. Pennel Coombe, which was delivered in the Musical Fund Hall, in Philadelphia, in the winter of 1855–6, and are presented here for the purpose of indicating the grounds upon which this view of the subject is based. The arguments in the lecture were offered with the design of establishing, along with the doctrine of accidental variety, that also of our descent from one pair. The lecturer, therefore, urges:

"1. That it is *a truth of revelation*. The Bible does not, as Professor Agassiz contends, contain the history of the Jewish, or even the Caucasian race only, but of several races. This even Agassiz admits, 'and he cannot both affirm and deny.' Again: 'Among the descendants of Shem are many of the greatest varieties of color, feature, stature, and civilization.' Likewise 'Jesus and Paul give their testimony to man's universal descent from Adam.'

"To the objection that the 'Bible plainly refers to the *creation* and history of *different* races, especially in the second and sixth chapters of Genesis,' it is answered that there was sufficient time from the creation of Adam to the marriage of Cain for the former to have had a numerous posterity. 'If from the seventy persons, who went down into Egypt with Jacob, in one hundred and ten years, six hundred thousand fighting men, besides the women and children, could be produced, it is not difficult to account for the existence of from one hundred to two hundred thousand persons one hundred and twenty years from the creation.' 'Dr Wiseman, in his lectures, gives an account of an island, first occupied by a few shipwrecked English in 1589, and discovered in 1667, which was said to be peopled after eighty years by twelve thousand souls, all of whom had descended from four mothers.'

"2. It is sustained by the *teachings of history*.

"Poole says: 'It is not to be doubted that the term Cushim has, by the interpretation of all ages, been translated Ethiopians, because they were known by their black color.'

"Rosenmuller says: 'The term Cush in the Scripture denotes all lands situated in the South, whose inhabitants have a black skin.'

"Blumenbach calls the Negro race 'the Ethiopian!' The tomb of Shi-Shak contains evidences of his Negro extraction. Adelung, Sir William Jones, Drs. Godman and Hamilton, Mr. Guyot, and Dr. Smith testify that history sustains the doctrines of our common descent from Adam, and the sufficiency of external causes to account for the diversities now found to exist among the different races. Tradition favors the same doctrines.

"3. It is confirmed by the *developments of science*.

"It is known that circumstances have much to do in forming the types of men. In Ireland, 'in the counties of Sligo and Mayo are found a people of low stature, not more than five feet two inches in height, who are bow-legged and abortively formed.' Mr. Martineau points out many differences between the Scotch and Irish.

"With regard to color, it is urged that 'the Jew is found of all complexions, from the ruddy white of the Saxon to the jet black of the Negro.' 'The Portuguese have become as black as the natives on the Malabar coast.' Climate is well known to have an effect upon the color.

"So far as the features and shape of the head are concerned, it is remarked that the Hindoos differ from us not only in color, but also in shape, and yet they are proved from their language to be from the same original stock. The skulls of the white settlers in the West Indies differ sensibly in shape from those in Europe, yet who would deny their common origin? Among our American Indians we find every variety of form as well as of color, and so it is in the history of every race of men that are considered separate by the advocates of different originations.

"The power that exists among the mixed races to propagate, goes very far toward proving the identity of our species; for if all men are not derived from one stock, what we see among them in this respect is contrary to all the known laws of hybridity.

"It is also a fact that in generation nature often produces a new type, which is ever afterward communicated from father to son.

"In favor of the unity of the races, Dr. Smythe

* This lecture has never been published. We, however, enjoyed, through the kindness of its author, an opportunity of examining it in its manuscript form. From it we have extracted the *course* of argument pursued; but have not done justice to the vigor of the lecturer, whose mental power is well known and appreciated by all who have the happiness of his acquaintance.

names fifty-nine eminent scholars, thirty-six naturalists, thirty-nine medical men, and thirty-seven ethnographers and linguists, making in all one hundred and seventy one.

"The languages of the earth number at least two thousand, and yet there is found such an intimate connection as to leave no doubt of their common origin.

"Messrs. Pickering and Hamilton Smith suppose that the African was the center and origin of the human family."

The above synopsis points out the course of argument by which the unity hypothesis is generally sustained. We doubt, as we shall more fully express hereafter, whether such arguments are sufficient to establish everything they are designed to prove, especially as some of the facts have been called in question. But we hope to show that the unity of the races may be demonstrated by other and additional Scriptural arguments, which do not involve the necessity of defending the notion of the accidental commutation of races.

The Crania Ægyptica was published in 1844. In it Morton made known the following conclusions, to which he had been brought from observing the configuration of crania gathered from the different catacombs of Egypt:

"1. The valley of the Nile, both in Egypt and in Nubia, was originally peopled by a branch of the Caucasian race.

"2. These primeval people, since called Egyptians, were the Mizraimites of Scripture, the posterity of Ham, and directly associated with the Libyan family of nations.

"3. In their physical character, the Egyptians were intermediate between the modern European and Semitic races.

"4. The Austral-Egyptian, or Meroite communities, were an Indo-Arabian stock, ingrafted on the primitive Libyan inhabitants.

"5. Besides these exotic sources of population, the Egyptian race was at different periods modified by the influx of the Caucasian nations of Asia and Europe, Pelasgi, or Hellenes, Scythians, and Phœnicians.

"6. Kings of Egypt appear to have been incidentally derived from each of the above nations.

"7. The Copts, in part at least, are a mixture of the Caucasian and Negro in extremely variable proportions.

"8. Negroes were numerous in Egypt. Their social position in ancient times was the same as it is now, that of servants or slaves.

"9. The natural characteristics of all these families of man were distinctly figured on the monuments, and all of them, excepting the Scythians and Phœnicians, have been identified in the Catacombs.

"10. The present Fellahs are the lineal and least mixed descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and the latter are collaterally represented by the Tuariks, Kabyles, Siwas, and other remains of the Libyan family of nations.

"11. The modern Nubians, with few exceptions, are not the descendants of the modern Ethiopians, but a variously mixed race of Arabians and Negroes.

"12. Whatever may have been the size of the cartilaginous portion of the ear, the osseous structure conforms in every instance to the usual relative position.

"13. The teeth differ in nothing from those of other Caucasian nations.

"14. The hair of the Egyptians resembles in texture that of the fairest Europeans of the present day.

"15. *The physical or organic characters which distinguish the several races of men are as old as the oldest records of our species.*"

We are not prepared to pronounce upon the correctness of each of these opinions, but the one last expressed is worthy of our earnest and unprejudiced consideration. It is elsewhere thus presented by Morton:

"The evidence of history and the Egyptian monuments go to prove that these races were *as distinctly stamped three thousand five hundred years ago* as they are now."

And also thus:

"The recent discoveries in Egypt show, beyond all question, that the Caucasian and Negro races were *as perfectly distinct in that country upward of three thousand years ago* as they are now; whence it is evident that if the Caucasian was derived from the Negro, or the Negro from the Caucasian, by the action of external causes, *the change must have been effected in at most one thousand years*, a theory which the subsequent evidence of thirty centuries proves to be a physical impossibility."

No hasty denial of this by an advocate of the Scriptures can either overthrow its truthfulness or destroy its moral influence. Indeed, had no crania of Negroes ever been discovered in the ancient sepulchers of Egypt, and had no monuments been found in which the race is recognized, the united voice of history and tradition is sufficient to establish the conviction, that the very same characteristics which distinguish it now marked it forty centuries ago, a time not far distant from the dispersion of mankind. The point to be settled, then, is not, whether external causes may not effect great changes, and produce wide differences, in the human family, but, allowing that they might, whether there was sufficient time for these causes thus to operate after the Flood until the races became marked as we now find them. On this history and tradition say No! The investigations in Egypt bring

us the same testimony. And all that he who not only believes in the inductive philosophy, but in the voice of God's word, should do, is to scan closely the teachings of the latter, and learn precisely what they are. And he need not hesitate from a fear that the most rigid scrutiny will affect the credibility of the inspired volume. It is *a great book*. It was not written after scientific discoveries were made, and then compelled to conform to them; but ages ago it was inspired by Him, who understands all science, and therefore anticipates all scientific developments. It is really God's written textbook on science. For a truth to contradict it is utterly impossible. To hope for such a thing is vain; to fear it is a perfect absurdity.

Morton, after his investigations into man's physical history, never wavered. He firmly believed that there have always been, or at least from the days of Peleg until now, several distinct races of men upon the earth. He adopted the division of Blumenbach, as being sufficiently comprehensive for his purposes, and considered the human family under the five groups of Caucasian, Malay, Mongolian, Negro, and Indian. In respect, however, to the origin of the races, he vacillated. Though he had but a feeble sympathy at any time with the notion that man has been upon the earth for chiliads of centuries, a time sufficient for external causes to create the differences which we see; nor appears to have taken notice of the theory of Agassiz, that the Bible is a history of but one of the races, yet he would sometimes express himself thus, as he did in a *private* letter to Mr. Gliddon, in which, speaking of his Crania Ægyptica, he says:

"In this work, I maintain without reservation the following among other opinions: That the human race has not sprung from one pair, but from a plurality of centers; that these were created *ab initio*, in those parts of the world best adapted to their physical nature; that the epoch of creation was that undefined period of time spoken of in the first chapter of Genesis, wherein it is related that God formed man, male and female created he them; that the deluge was a mere local phenomenon; that it affected but a small part of the then existing inhabitants of the earth."

But to a far different opinion from either of these, he would sometimes incline, and attribute the varieties which exist among the human family to a "miracle." At such an hypothesis, we are aware, infidelity has been accustomed to sneer, as she always does at every difficult or unanswerable argument. Dr. Nott says: "There being no evidence whatever in favor of (this) hypothesis, we pass it by." He calls it "old." He charges the attempt to revive it "upon certain sectarians of the evangelical school," who resort to it for "want of argument." And disposes of it by remarking, "that such notions do not deserve serious consideration, as neither religion nor science has anything to do with unsustainable hypotheses." This every one must acknowledge to be a summary and convenient method of ridding himself of a sufficient answer to all his objections, and one which, it may be boldly said, Morton would never have resorted to. It was from his lips that this very hypothesis was first made known to us. This was in the year 1842. He had previously taught the same doctrine. "If," he had said, "the Caucasian was derived from the Negro, or the Negro from the Caucasian, by the action of external causes, such a commutation could be effected by nothing short of a *miracle*." At another time, he stated to Dr. Bachman, that for many years he had been resting under a kindred conviction. He had thought "the diversities" of the human family "are not acquired, but have existed *ab origine*," and "was content to suppose that the distinctive characteristics of the several races had been marked upon the immediate family of Adam."

But he "afterward took a wider view of the question."

Undoubtedly he did! The inductive philosophy, too fully surrendered to, became too strong for his faith. It is with profound regret that we say it. His speculations, and those of his too unbelieving friends, led him further than his facts justified; and his death was made the occasion of a united effort to emblazon his name, and publish his weakness. The doubts which a generous but erring spirit had, during its stay on earth, too unguardedly whispered to bosom friends, were then produced in the van of others, with which living men, of minds less powerful and chaste, but far more infidel than his, assailed the bulwarks of eternal truth.

It is not strange that Morton should have accounted for the plurality of races on the "miracle" hypothesis. It is so

reasonable a one as to be self-suggestive. It suggested itself to the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Mobile, in 1844, who published and defended it in his "Friend of Moses." Mr. Van Amringe, four years afterward, announced it as original with himself. Many others have also entertained it, with all the zest which a thought, but newly discovered, communicates to the mind. And, indeed, when we regard the diversities among mankind as a difficulty to be reconciled with the moral government of God, the necessity of such an hypothesis becomes apparent. To attempt to remove this difficulty, by saying that the human family were created in different places, is as unwarrantable as to say they were created by as many gods. To say that the commutations were made in chiliads of centuries, is as absurd as to ignore the Divine existence and to claim eternity for matter. That external causes can account for these diversities is *impossible*, because of the well-established fact, that very near the time of the flood the very opposite varieties of mankind existed. The only rational explanation, then, is this: *At the dispersion of the human family, at the birth of Peleg, and when the tongues were confounded, God also stamped on each family of the dispersed its peculiar characteristics.* We do not pretend to say how many of these families there were. Upon this point we have no quarrel with the ethnographers, only that we prefer Pickering's eleven types or varieties, to even Blumenbach's or Cuvier's division. But we do contend, that then it was that God did really make "of one flesh all the families that dwell upon the face of the earth."

Nor do we believe that this hypothesis is at all lacking of sufficient support. For if we take up that highly suggestive portion of the book of Genesis, contained in its tenth and eleventh chapters, and examine it, the following things concerning the dispersion will be made manifest, and almost compel our conviction. According to the Hebrew chronology, this happened about a century, or, according to that of the Septuagint, about five centuries after the flood, when, however, the people had begun to multiply upon the plains of Shinar. It was so sudden, that a child just born was named for it by a word, Peleg, signifying separation, or division. It was effected by a special counsel and act, which are represented to have been not unlike man's first creation: then God said, "Let us make man;" here he said, "Let us go down." It is described as resulting from two things: 1. The language of the people, which was one, was confounded, that they should not understand one another's speech. 2. The people were one; but the Lord scattered them abroad upon the face of the earth. It was the origin of the races, in which three things, "tongues, families, and lands," came to distinguish them, and by which "the nations were divided in the earth after the flood."

When we take these things together our explanation appears by no means to be unfounded, especially if to them we add the consideration, that the mere confounding of tongues would not have been sufficient to have secured the dispersion of the people. They were bound together by no trifling interests. They had gone into council, matured their plans, and builded their city. Their tower, too, had progressed far toward completion. Would mere diversity of tongues now cause them to abandon their former interests, when, in itself, it was so slight a difficulty as to be easily overcome? Without being charged with being fanciful, one might truly give this question a negative answer. Indeed, the present experience of the world proves that mere diversity of tongue is but a feeble obstacle to communion; and is sufficient to force him who believes that only the tongues were confused at Babel, to adopt the hypothesis that the people not only forgot their mother-tongue, but were ever afterward oblivious to it. But if to the confusion of tongues we add the touch of the Almighty hand, by which, according to the teachings of the eleventh chapter of Genesis, the lip (שָׂפָה) was newly molded, as well as the words (דְּבָרִים) confused, the great act of dispersion will at once be seen to be conformable to its design. So also will those striking differences of the head and face—caused, as they are, in great part, by the construction and articulation of the lower jaw—which above every other mark distinguish the races, be accounted for. And the sacred historian will be acknowledged to speak with sublime and impressive truthfulness when he represents God as saying, "(הָבָה) Go to, (נֵרְדָה) let us trample in

pieces, (וְנִבְלָה) and make to fail (שָׁם) there (מְסַחֲתָם) *the lips* (אֲשֶׁר) that (לֹא) not (יִשְׁמְעוּ) understand. (אִישׁ) man (שְׂפַת) the lip (רֵעֵהוּ) of his neighbor;" and then adds, "So the Lord scattered them from thence upon the face of all the earth."

And it is a fact which further confirms this hypothesis, that while history and tradition point out the northeastern portion of Africa, and the southwestern of Asia, as the place whence the families of the earth scattered, that is the only locality where all the known races of mankind have been found to exist. The ancient monuments of Egypt have preserved for our inspection all, or nearly all, the known types of our species, and we, of the present day, are learning lessons from that country which can be obtained nowhere else. In no other quarter of the world can so great a variety of type be found, nor even monuments of them. But over every land of the earth is some one or more of the races distributed. In Asia, are scattered the different types of the Mongolian family, the descendants of Shem, many of whom still remain in America. In Europe, and confined chiefly on that small continent, and "the Isles of the Sea," once dwelled the children of Japheth, bearing upon them their different types; but within the last few centuries they have extended themselves widely through the East Indies and America. The children of Ham, whom Noah cursed in his youngest son, Canaan, are the almost absolute possessors of Africa; and if they are found elsewhere, they are found as servants. At this age of the world we may hear the voice of Noah, as though he were speaking expressly for our benefit, saying: "Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant. *God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant.*"

Dr. Hamilton, of Mobile, gives the weight of his authority to this opinion, in the following language:

"When the descendants of Noah were on the plains of Shinar, they united together to erect a tower at Babel, on purpose to keep together, and to avoid being scattered abroad over the face of the whole earth. To defeat this purpose, and to insure the dispersion of men over the surface of the whole earth, the Creator did himself interfere, by a direct and supernatural exertion of his own power, so as to produce diversity of language, and to effect the dispersion of men into all the different countries and different climates over the face of all the earth.

"If, then, as naturalists tell us, the peculiarities in the complexion, the osteological structure, the muscular development, the nervous system, the veins, the arterial arrangement, and the respiratory organs, as well as in the cuticular secretion, existing in the different races now found to be connected with the zoological provinces, in which these several races of men are now seen naturally existing, and best flourishing, and with the influences which there surround them; if, also, the languages spoken by the several races of men differ in the same proportion as *their organs of speech are variously modified;* and if, as we freely admit with Professor Agassiz, *the adaptation of different races of men in different parts of the world be intentional on the part of the Creator*, then, inasmuch as, instead of the creation of these several races of men, with all their distinctive peculiarities upon them as now, each in the locality where it now is found, as Agassiz supposes, Moses informs us, that at Babel, God himself did directly interfere, in order to produce in one uniform stock of Noah's descendants, the sole survivors of the deluge, a variety of language, and the dispersion and settlement of different branches of this one primitive stock in all regions and climates over the face of all the earth; and if, as none will deny, that whatever God does, he does effectually, so as to secure the attainment of the object aimed at, it follows clearly that the difference of complexion, of anatomical structure, and of constitutional peculiarities in different branches of mankind, as now found, being necessary to produce diversity of language, and to effect dispersion into all climates, (or at least being a necessary incident to such dispersion,) the intervention of God at Babel did necessarily secure them all."—*Friend of Moses*, pp. 442, 443.

We have already represented Dr. Morton himself as having been an advocate for the "miracle" hypothesis, of which Dr. Nott speaks so lightly. We have quoted him as saying that "the commutation from one race to another could be effected by nothing short of a *miracle*," and as having informed Dr. Bachman, that he had supposed that the "distinctive characteristics of the several races had been marked upon the immediate family of Adam." When he learned more of "Scriptural Ethnology" he modified this last view, and, strange as it may appear to those who have known him only through his two great works, or that of his "*friends*," (who take the "onus" on themselves "exclusively," when they err in "their conception of his scientific opinions,") *he did really teach and defend a like theory to that which we have been advocating*. He may have thought differently at another time, but he never con-

futed the arguments which he brought to sustain the hypothesis which he seems to have afterward abandoned. He never attempted to do it. He knew that it would have been a vain attempt. We scarcely know why it is, but we hope our revered teacher died a Christian, notwithstanding the position in which his posthumous friends have placed him. His scientific doubts may have been written for friendly eyes only, when the inductive philosophy, for a short time, had obscured his sight of God, but God may have opened his eyes again. Though it be a feeble, it is a comforting hope. But we must present Morton's hypothesis in his own words, and we doubt whether his friends are able to confute the reasoning by which he sustained it. We quote from his Introductory Lecture, published in 1842, pp. 7 and 9. He says:

"The inspired historian has depicted the moral and physical beauty of our first parents in the gardens of Paradise, among the valleys of Mesopotamia, but temptation and sorrow soon blighted their primeval happiness. The earth became filled with iniquity, and by a universal calamity, the race of man, excepting a single family, was swept from the face of creation. Is it to be supposed that this family, which had been preserved from the common fate of humanity by a series of Divine interpositions, would be sent into the wide world to struggle with the vicissitudes of *chance?* Is it not more probable that the same infinite power that conducted them unharmed through the deluge itself, *would adapt them, before their dispersion,* to those varied physical circumstances with which they were thenceforward to contend? The strongest moral contrasts are coeval with the descent of mankind from the ark, and we may reasonably infer that equally strong physical diversities were then established, constituting what are called in modern language, *the races of men.*"

Again:

"Some minds would be, perhaps, equally disposed to attribute the diversity of languages also to accident, were it not for the *positive evidence* to the contrary, which is preserved in the inspired records: *proving that in this, as in every other instance, whatever was requisite for the protection, variation, and perpetuity of the human race, required but the fiat of Omnipotence, and it was done.*"

Such was the deliberate and *published* opinion of the *acknowledged* prince of Ethnologists; the man whose name *after his death* was made the watchword for theories whose tendency is to break down our confidence in the Bible, and undermine the Christian religion.

But the counsel shall not stand.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

A PEDESTRIAN EXPLORATION.

AS objects of curiosity or study, or as an inviting summer resort, the White Mountains are, doubtless, destined hereafter to hold a far more conspicuous place than at present. It is but a few years since they first attracted public attention, and fewer still since they began to influence the tide of summer travel. Occasionally some wild, adventure-loving student or persevering *savant* paid his respects to these untamed regions, but it is of yesterday that the overheated cities thought of flying away to these cooling mountains to imbibe their native strength and vigor. But the spirit of the age has not left untouched these uncivilized hills and impenetrable forests, and, ere long, the Switzerland of America will neither be unappreciated nor unenjoyed.

Of this extended range Mount Washington is, preëminently, the great object of interest. Tourists with leisure will, indeed, find themselves amply rewarded for visits to a hundred other localities, but at present we confine ourselves to a brief narrative of an excursion to the great monarch mountain.

From the south and west of Boston, the most direct and speedy route will be to that city and thence to Portland. Having spent what time one may wish in modern Athens, it will be most economic of strength and comfort to take the ocean route to Portland, leaving at about sunset, and spending the night lulled on the bosom of the restless deep.

About the beginning of the present century, attempts began to be made to determine the altitude of these mountains. The earliest estimates put that of Mount Washington at not less than ten thousand feet, and probably much more. Dr. Bowditch and Professor Peck, from barometrical admeasurements, doffed three thousand feet from that standing, and Captain Partridge, of military school renown, another thousand.

Various other calculations and estimates were made at intervals to 1840, giving a result varying but little from six thousand two hundred feet. But in 1853 the United States Coast Survey, no doubt deeming that injustice had been done to "Old Agiochook," gave him a noble lift of five hundred feet. The only misfortune was,

that the Coast Survey could not sustain the venerable monarch's head at the advance, for when that great leveler of hills and vales, the railway, wound its course up amid the mountain wilderness, it settled Mount Washington down again upon a substantial and proper basis—his long-established level of six thousand two hundred and eighty-five feet.

In 1819, the number of visitors to the summit having reached as many as eight or ten per year, Mr. Ethan A. Crawford set himself to the task of cutting a path through the mountain forest, striking out what is now, with some alterations, the Gibbs Path leading up from the Notch. Two years later Mount Washington received his first introduction to American ladies, giving them withal a very ungallant reception; for when they were near the summit, at a little stone cabin which Crawford had built, he gathered about himself such a storm as prevented further ascent. But the ladies conquered, as ladies ever do in contests with their lords. For three days they submitted in quiet patience in their cabin, till at last, the grim old Agiochook, doubtless from a sense of shame, gave up the quarrel, and with a gracious smile of sunlight bid the victors welcome to the summit.

Twenty years of mountain travel had so improved the path, that the White Mountains began to be mentioned with the "summer resorts," and Mount Washington to be found on the tourist's programme. Visitors increased till it was determined to construct a substantial carriage road to the very summit.

Three years since the Mount Washington Carriage Road Company, chartered with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, was organized, and, at the present time, full one half the road is actually constructed. The number of visitors to the summit, this season, will scarcely fall below two thousand.

Gorham, where we leave the cars, is a very small village, called into being by the railway. It lies nestled down in a narrow romantic valley amid the mountains. The Alpine House, a fine large hotel, proffers to those seeking relief from the heat and confusion of the city, repose and enjoyment.

We can either remain here to dine, or take the coach for the "Glen House," at the foot of Mount Washington, eight miles distant, in a southwesterly direction.

The road follows the course of quite a mountain stream, gathered from the great slopes lying on either hand. To the left shoot up, at a distance of from three to ten miles, several peaks, to a height of three to four thousand feet. On the top of one, Mount Moriah, can be discerned a little black ball or dot—"the Summit House." The way is gradually ascending, Gorham being at an elevation of five hundred feet above sea level, and the glen thirteen hundred.

Proceeding some three or four miles, we come into fair view, on the right of Mounts Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, three peaks of the Mount Washington range, lying to the northward of Washington, and nearly as high. A couple of miles further on, and we come face to face with the Old Monarch of the Mountains, along up whose broad sides we can discern, winding around like a white thread, the bridle path.

It was a warm day in July, and having finished my dinner at the Glen a little before two, I made arrangements for the ascent on foot, and desiring some general directions of the host, as to route and path, he remarked that I could not miss the way, but added, by way of encouragement, that he would not undertake the foot ascent for fifty dollars. As for the time it would take, he assured me if I was at the top in four hours, a distance of six miles, it would be doing well. As I offered no immediate reply, and perhaps looked somewhat suspiciously, he added, "You may think you are smart, but you can tell better when you get up there."

All this served to cool my enthusiasm quite seriously, and led to the very judicious determination to commence with moderation and husband my strength. I recollect a remark heard years since, riding on a stage box, beside Jehu, that if I wished "to drive a horse fast, go slow the first half of the way."

At precisely two o'clock I left the hotel, reassuring myself to a good degree of confidence by recollecting that, doubtless, my worthy host, who so much feared the perils of the ascent, had a pony which he would like to let me have at a good round price. So nothing daunted, I set forth, "on foot and alone."

The carriage road plunged at once into the midst of a dense forest of pine and hemlock, winding along the side of the

mountain at a uniform ascent of about eight hundred feet per mile. It was from fifteen to twenty feet in width, and macadamized.

Left to my own meditations and criticisms, in my lonely, toilsome, snail-paced journey, I could not but think that there had been thousands of dollars foolishly wasted in constructing such a road here, where, if all should happen that is pictured in the most extravagant dreams of White Mountain travel, a ten foot road would have met every demand for years to come, and a gravel or soil surface have been a great deal better.

A good or even indifferent scheme successfully carried out strikes one as greater wisdom than a grand one left unfinished. The company having expended all their funds are, for the present at a definite halt, the portion of the road built lying comparatively useless.

My host informed me that for a mile the road took a generally westward direction, thence turning northward, it stretched across the east face of the mountain. At half past two I came to the turn in the road. The mile had been made in half an hour, a very satisfactory rate of speed.

Not far from three o'clock I met a gentleman and three ladies, who had been up beyond the carriage road, within two and a half miles of the summit. They turned back at noon, and were three hours thus far on the descent. They assured me I should not be able to get up before eight o'clock, and thought it a great risk to venture, at this time of day, without a guide. Forewarning me of an indescribable sense of loneliness when I should get beyond the limit of trees, they departed, leaving in my mind a somewhat more somber tinge to the things to come.

Before four o'clock I was at the "Ledge," the termination of the carriage road, where I met the tourists of the day, thirty-five in number, on horses. As they passed I remarked to a gentleman that "I hoped he had enjoyed his day's excursion." He replied, "Well, I suppose so."

The dubious expression of countenance, together with the ambiguity of response, led to the surmise that possibly riding six or eight hours over such a road might be a pleasure with a slight admixture of alloy.

I had now made about half of the ascent, yet as there had been road hitherto, and as this was the first half, it was virtually little, if any, more than a third of the labor. There was an aspect of desolation in the scenery around, which, as the company passed out of sight, vividly recalled the remark of my advisers below. It was near the forest limit. The trees were small, knotted, and stunted in appearance. A few years previous a fire had swept through the forest, and now they stood blanched, leafless, and barkless, like an army of ghosts.

The mountain here seemed to shoot out of its evergreen covering, revealing nothing but an interminable pile of white rocks thrown upon each other as steep as they could lie.

The part around which the path made its course was a spur of Washington, northward, in shape not unlike a book standing on its edge. The path led along the east face, turned around the north extreme, thence back over the other face, and at last came up upon the top, or what would be the back of the book.

One of the guides whom I had just met, remarked that, instead of going around the ledge, I could cut across, go directly up, and save some distance.

"What, up this steep place?"

"Yes; you will find a path."

So I turned to go up, and up it was. There were no trees here, nor bushes, nor shrubs. It was rocks and stones, stones and rocks. Sometimes the steps were a foot high, sometimes two feet, and often more, and sometimes I could hardly tell where to step. I soon found that this work had little identity with picking one's way over the carriage road, and came to the conclusion that I had made a sorry bargain in the attempt to save distance; so, at least, my knee joints seemed to admonish long before I reached the top.

I confess to some surprise when I saw, about half way up, in a little soil, the print of a horse-shoe. That a horse should have ever been there I could hardly believe. But, as I afterward learned, until quite recently, that had been the regular bridle path, though in passing the riders had to dismount.

I was now upon the northern face of Mount Washington. Stretching upward toward the south was a vast slope of a mile and a half in length and of equal breadth, making an ascent of twelve or fifteen hundred feet. It was across this slope that we had seen the winding, thread-

like bridle-path, when coming on the coach. A valley or gorge of perhaps two thousand feet in depth and a mile in width, separated me from the range of Adams and Jefferson. At an altitude yet somewhat above me, on the east face of Madison, in full view on the left, reposed a huge snow-bank, enjoying the summer sun.

To the work of traversing this great slope I now addressed myself. It was up, up, up, without cessation. For fifteen minutes all went bravely on, though with an occasionally long-drawn breath and a general leaning toward a slackened pace. A few minutes more counseled still greater moderation, till at length it seemed as if I hardly moved.

Those who have climbed to the top of the Latting Tower, or the monument at Bunker Hill, or Baltimore, may, perhaps, recollect the peculiar sensation in the knee as they came toward the top. Suppose they had already made some eight or ten excursions to the top, and now, on arrival, should find another monument just as high, and on the top of this another, and then still another, by the time they had gained this last apex I think they might possibly appreciate that sensation in the knee and ankle joints, that general weakness and tremulousness of muscle in the extremities, which, in a manner quite decisive, admonished me to halt for consideration.

I was half way up the slope. It was half past four. In half an hour I had made half a mile. Whether my pedal extremities were about to put me to night quarters here, or whether they would take me up the remainder of the journey, was becoming a question quite too personal in its character to be unfraught with interest. So I thought as I lay down on a thick matted bed of cranberry-bushes for deliberation and recuperation.

Being at an altitude about equal to the snowbank, which I estimated to be six or eight hundred feet below the summit of Madison, itself a thousand below Washington, left me still an ascent of sixteen or eighteen hundred feet. At this height, the bushes and shrubs had entirely disappeared, save a few stunted procumbent cedars, which made no attempt to rise, but spread themselves out over the surface a distance of a yard or so each way. The mountain cranberry was thrifty and abundant, as was also species of many flowers, and a coarse, somewhat aquatic kind of grass. The temperature I judged to be about fifty-five Fahrenheit.

A rest of fifteen minutes had partially restored the muscles, though not fully overcome the tendency to trembling, and I resumed at a speed which a bystander would have had little difficulty in determining to fall clearly within the limits of the decidedly moderate. Ten minutes was the extent of this attempt, and I sat down again. It seemed as if I had scarcely gained a hundred feet on the snow-bank. Matters began to assume a graver aspect. The words of the host of the Glen, in response to my incredulous look, and the warning of the ladies as to being without a guide, came flitting by, as if to remind me that experience gives wisdom. Nor could I fail to remember, that a year or two since, on this same path, and much nearer the summit than I was, a gentleman and two ladies, one a daughter, were overtaken by so dense a cloud that they lost their way, and were compelled to pass the night on the rocks, in the storm, by whose rude blasts the daughter's life was extinguished, "as a lamp is blown out at the casement," long ere the morning repointed them their way. But there were yet two hours of sun, and some muscular energy remaining, sufficient, with less speed and more frequent rests, to gain the goal at last.

Ten minutes more, and I sat down again; not so much this time from necessity, as expedience. There was no increase of fatigue; in truth, my energies were on the gain. The rest and slackened pace had given time to reinstate what too great an effort had at first completely wearied out. Ten minutes more, thought I, will carry me beyond this slope, and then I shall have, at least, the encouragement of another prospect.

In half that time the ascent was gained, opening to the view a plateau of some twenty acres, nearly level and covered with grass, beyond which was another rocky inclination of perhaps five hundred feet. Making a speedy way across this grass-plot, a rest of a couple of minutes in the midst of the ascent beyond, and ten minutes more steady toil, brought me to another grassy plain quite like the first, though of but about one third the size.

From the further side of this arose another rocky steep, of six or eight hundred feet, over the summit of which floated

the stars and stripes. The flag announcing "Tip-Top," infused into the system an energy which took me across the level and up the last ascent at a rate little dreamed of for the last hour. Yet I found, before I had fully completed it, that it would take several flags to carry me another thousand feet at that speed.

At half past five I stood upon the summit, having been three and a half hours on the road, being, after all, a half hour "*smarter*" than my host of the Glen imagined. And had I taken the great slope more leisurely at first, I should, doubtless, have been up ten minutes sooner.

At first, in the heat of the labor, the temperature was quite agreeable, but a few moments' rest diminishing the circulation, assured me it was decidedly cool. At length my feet became unpleasantly cold, and my general apparel altogether insufficient. The temperature was about ten degrees above freezing, and the wind whistled around with the keenness of a December blast, but a thick over-coat soon restored the desired equilibrium. After a rest of half an hour, the oppressive sense of fatigue had fully passed away, leaving me to the enjoyment of my usual energy and comfort.

The general direction of the mountain ranges is nearly due north and south. The Mount Washington range, comprising several of the most elevated peaks, extends some half dozen miles in both directions from this point. The southern spur extends to the Notch, terminating in Mount Clinton, at an altitude of four thousand feet. The Gibb's Path first makes the ascent of this mountain, and then proceeds along the ridge to Mount Washington.

Continuing northward from this point, the range for a mile, at an altitude of five thousand feet, bears a little to the westward, and is known as Mount Clay; thence bearing eastward another mile, Mount Madison shoots up to an additional height of three hundred feet, while, about as much beyond, Adams rises four hundred higher still, reaching to within five hundred feet of the altitude of Washington. Jefferson, separated an equal distance from his fellows, lifts his head next beyond Adams, and to within a hundred feet as high. This limits the range northward. To the east of the whole range lies the deep valley of the Peabody River, extending from Gorham to the Glen, and thence southward to the regions of the Saco.

The general aspect is that of wild, desolate, untamed nature. Few villages, or even scattered houses, can be seen; everything is mountain and forest, few lakes and fewer streams. It is a monotonous wilderness.

The eye soon wearies of rocks, forests, and motionless confusion, leaving the soul to its own meditations. A sense of ephemeral existence and worthlessness of being, steals upon one as the mind wanders back through the untold ages of death and desolation which have reigned here undisturbed. Or, if even the early geologic picture should be enlivened by gathering the ever-restless ocean around all, save the very summit, the mind struggles none the less with the oppressed burden of the brevity of its existence.

Though the avalanches do not "thunder God" into the ear, to the whole being there comes a whispering, a feeling of Omnipotence which we cannot comprehend, of mystery which we cannot penetrate, and of eternity which we cannot fathom. As from some battlement of heaven, the soul looks backward into the past, and forth into the future, and, overwhelmed with thoughts which mock at language, can only say with the psalmist, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" And as the clouds gather around his head, or mantle themselves beneath his feet, he would fain throw himself upon the bosom of the mountain, and commend himself to that Being whose omnipotence so oppresses him, and in the presence of whom and whose majestic works he dwindles to such an infinitesimal of nothing.

From this depression and abasement, the soul, in the consciousness of its immortality, lifts itself, at length, up to a truer estimate of its worth and dignity, feeling that though these old mountains may have existed untold ages ere it had birth, henceforth, whatever change or wreck may come, it will never cease to have a conscious being.

At first, I found it impossible to throw off this spell-bound sense of nothingness. No doubt, my being entirely alone contributed not a little to this result; but as it was my wish to let the mountain speak to me as it would, and as I came with the purpose to yield myself wholly to its in-

fluences, I was gratified to find that there were no other visitors to disturb the course of the mountain revelation.

There are two houses upon the top, the "Summit" and the "Tip-Top," sixty or eighty feet in length, and twenty or thirty in width. They are built of large, rough stones or rocks, looking on the outside not unlike a huge stone-wall. The roofs are flat, and secured by strong cables attached to the rocky base.

About the middle of June the proprietor, with his assistants, takes possession, bringing up beds, bedding, and other necessaries, and remains till the chills of September premonish the coming snow, when they descend, taking with them the more perishable furniture and material.

The host and his associates were very obliging, gentlemanly, and attentive, seeming to make it their pleasure to add to that of their guests.

Toward sunset, the wind increasing, it became so uncomfortably cold, that I could not long remain in the full face of the wind, though the thermometer did not indicate a much less temperature than it did two hours previously. It was a matter of some surprise to me to find, at such an elevation, where every article, wood included, had to be brought in panniers up the inconceivably rough horse-path over which I had passed, a supper which would have done no discredit to the Revere or St. Nicholas.

While I sat leisurely meditating and ruminating, in my overcoat, for neither water nor butter, on that hot July afternoon, needed ice to keep them in condition, in an instant it became dark, and a cloud came driving against the window. This, though it annihilated all thoughts of seeing the sunset, was a tenfold equivalent. To witness the direct formation of clouds was a thought which had entered largely into my wishes, but not my expectations. The prospect of its accomplishment put biscuit and butter for a time decidedly below par. Seizing my hat, and buttoning my overcoat close about the chin, I went out for an observation. What might result I knew not, whether a tempest of wind clouds, or rain, hail, or thunder; certainly it was black enough to portend something dire. As the wind was northwest, I took station on the northwest corner, where I might fairly confront "the god of storms." I had scarce taken my position to await the great result, when the cloud was all gone, and the weather was as clear as noonday. As I turned on my heel I could but recall that celebrated feat of the French monarch, who "marched his army up the hill, and then marched down again." But all this was premature. That was but the vanguard; there were others yet to follow.

It appeared that the cloud was forming only immediately upon this summit, the cloud forming a stratum extending but about one hundred feet above and twice as far below. As the heated air of the valley came near the mountain the condensation occasioned by the cold was so great that it was not able to contain its vapor. When, therefore, it approached within a few hundred feet of the sides of the summit, it suddenly became a fog, more or less dense as the case might be, and immediately after passing over, was absorbed again. One gust of air, not having sufficient moisture, would pass without giving out its vapor, leaving the sky perfectly clear, while another would commence to thicken a thousand feet distant, and, as it passed, would drop a gentle shower, and a moment after wholly disappear.

The cold of the mountain acted on the air like compression on a sponge, forcing out fog or rain according to the degree of saturation. What is, therefore, ordinarily called a cloud hanging on the top of a mountain is not what it appears to be, a stationary cloud, but an uninterrupted succession of clouds, formed as the air approaches and absorbed as it recedes.

At a later hour, perceiving that the formation was extending to the less elevated peaks, I concluded that the tendency was to moisture, and that as I had lost the sunset, I should in like manner miss the sunrise, and have, perhaps, an opportunity of examining the phenomena of a storm quite to my heart's content.

To provide against unusual morning slumbers, though not so *very* unusual, I made arrangements to be called at an early hour. But fortune favoring, tumbling from my wintery bed of flannel, I was astir first upon the mountain. As the great question now at issue was, whether there would be a clear sunrise, I took, at once, a cursory observation to ascertain the prospects. Overhead, and to the westward, all was clear. The moon

shed down its white silver rays through an atmosphere of peculiar transparency. Eastward there were clouds below, but of how great extent it was not sufficiently light to determine.

As the light increased, though the outlines and the minutiæ of both land and cloudscape became more clearly defined, the line of the eastern horizon was utterly undistinguishable. As the moment approached I knew not where to fix the eye within point of compass or in altitude. Soon a light, reddish line fringing a small cloud indicated that the sun had risen there, and gave me also a notion of the sun's direction, and the hope that it might rise clear over all the clouds below. At this moment another speck of cloud lower down gave a bright red glow. The light striking on the lower edge, I knew it must be cloudless below it, but whether to the horizon I could not discern.

While turning and weighing these doubts and speculations, from the midst of what appeared a dull, dingy cloud shot out a fierce, lurid gleam, so unlike the sun's light that, for an instant, both from its aspect and place, I hesitated as to what it might be. A moment more, however, showed it to be the first greeting of the great god of day. He had risen scarce his width when he passed behind the cloud which I last saw, giving me a few moments after another sunrise little, if any, inferior to the first.

When the sun was sufficiently high to illuminate clearly the world below, the prospect was indescribably grand. The transparence of the air gave to the eye a scope of nearly a hundred miles in every direction. To the east as far as the vision could penetrate, lay a sea of clouds, snowy white, unruffled, and motionless. Here and there the dark mountain heads and ridges peering above the clouds, looked like black, rocky islands bestudding an ocean of milk. Far over all this the sun rose, looking down as upon another world.

To the westward not the vestige of a cloud was visible. On these mountain tops the laboratory of the storm king, he must have manufactured at least ten thousand square miles of clouds during the night, and on the wings of mighty winds have sent them flying all abroad, completely covering the southwest part of the State of Maine as far as the Androscoggin, and, perhaps, far beyond. The appearance of these two diverse worlds, on either hand, approached most nearly to the sublime of any motionless prospect I ever beheld.

It was not till nearly nine o'clock that the curtain was lifted, giving to Maine that sunshine which New-Hampshire had enjoyed all the morning. Whether state pride or interest had aught to do with the great mountain spirits thus vexing and perplexing his neighbors with doubtful prospects as to the "hay weather," while his own children were merrily swinging their scythes, or not, it certainly bore such an aspect.

But the western landscape was not wholly wanting in attractions in the morning. When the sun had been risen a couple of hours the triangular shadow of Mount Washington upon several mountain ranges, at a distance of ten to eighteen miles, grand in its outlines, clear and perfect in its figure, stretching over eight or ten miles in length, and as many in breadth, was a picture not less perfect in its beauty than magnificent in its scope.

Geologically considered, Mount Washington possesses an interest pertaining to no other locality on the eastern part of the North American continent. It is regarded as the great log-book of the deep sea-soundings of the primitive ages, indicating the depth to which this portion of the continent then suffered marine submersion.

Evidences of water action are abundant as far up as the upper grass-plot, beyond which geologists have not been able to detect any certain indications of water or drift agency. They have hence concluded that when the present land was sea-bottom, the water stood within about eight hundred feet of the summit of this mountain, leaving the very apex a lone, bleak, rocky isle.

All other mountains on this part of the continent, as far as examined, give unmistakable assurances that they have been subject to drift action even on their very summits, thus indicating that they were beneath the water in the general subsidence. But to what extent the continent went down no mountain furnishes any hint save Mount Washington. This alone shows a limit to the water action. Such is the common theory.

But that this peak is entitled to all the

honor assigned seems not wholly beyond the reach of question. There are rocks upon the very summit as plainly water worn as any that are now resisting the fretful waves at Minot's Lighthouse Ledge. It is true that the rocks in general are angular and sharp, indicating little or no abrasion, but that is not specially pertinent to the solution of the fact that there are those which are worn, rounded, and furrowed.

Another fact no less significant and decisive is the parallelism and inclination of the large majority of oblong boulders, an appearance which can hardly fail to attract the careless notice of a scientific eye. Drift is regarded as the sole agency in producing the various phenomena which indicate, throughout the northern hemisphere, a uniform southward course of action.

To confront the commonly received opinion by asserting that there are incontestable proofs of drift on the summit of Mount Washington would not, perhaps, be advisable, yet it is a fact which admits no dispute, that the oblong boulders do take a very generally uniform south-east direction and slope. A water current might, indeed, have produced the slope, but the glacial agency alone is regarded as competent to give the parallelism, an agency hitherto unrecognized upon this summit.

That it has the same evidences of drift as less elevated peaks will not be supposed; but that it has none at all is a matter of more than doubt.

The air is at its maximum transparency from six to eight in the morning, interposing little obstacle to a view of the most distant objects; but before nine o'clock the blue haze limits the eye to a range quite circumscribed. This haze commonly remains till toward sunset, and sometimes, though not often, is present at sunrise. Twenty-five miles may then be assumed as the limit of any distinct vision.

Perceiving that the haze was likely to enshroud all during the day, and there being little which I had not seen, I determined to take my departure without waiting for an observation at noon.

Dinner hour found me at the Glen, in good condition, and with an extraordinary appetite. The descent was easily made in two and a half hours.

For a few days after there was a little lingering tenderness of limb and muscle, yet nothing to mention. I could not, however, in conscience recommend such a trial of pedestrian endurance to those afflicted with corns, or with so genteel a foot as to require the constant compression of a tight boot.

Let every young gentleman and young lady of health and energy, possessed of a love of nature in her purity, her nobleness, and her sublimity, stand upon the craggy summit of Mount Washington, and from that pinnacle of the world look heavenward and earthward. If you love labor and its rewards, go up on foot. By all means remain over night. Noon may afford one good view, more likely it will not. The evening and morning can hardly fail to offer several far richer.

If you have abundance of leisure, go up on one side and down on the other, visiting the Notch, and the Plume, and the Old Man, but if you are inclined to a brief sojourn comprising all that is most desirable, the foregoing will serve as an outline.

With regard to charges, places of note or amusement are wont to make the most of everything and out of everybody; but, however much Alpine hospitality may woo your favor and Yankee shrewdness whet your suspicions, there is here neither the Swiss combination to compel submission to exorbitant prices, nor Niagara annoyance, importunity, and extra charges. No one who has toiled up the bridle-path, either on foot or horse, will afterward regard three dollars as excessive for his pony, and, when at the top, he pays a dollar for his dinner, he will only wonder how they can furnish such a dinner in such a place at such a price.

Instead of the now-or-never policy, landlords, coachmen, waiters, and guides, all seem to be actuated by the sentiment, If we succeed in pleasing you this time, you will come again. That may, indeed, be a Yankee shrewdness; but if it is, it abounds with that politeness and good nature of which we would the world at large had more.

There is a kindness and geniality in the people, which bids you be at home, and an enchantment in those noble old mountain peaks, which, when you take your departure, holds you lingering as if parting from old friends.

THE FOREST STREAM.

IN our article on "A Talk among the Trees," in the August number of THE NATIONAL, it will be remembered that the Fir had finished his tale with the melancholy prospect of a doubtful continuation; his concluding words had died away, and a deep quiet reigned over the forest. One sound alone was to be heard through the general hush, the rippling of the brook, as it struck at intervals on stone and tree-root—this eternal clock of the woods. And as it gurgled on, now sparkling in the sunshine, now dark under the shadows of clouds and trees, and shook the images reflected in its surface, its monotonous tone formed itself into distinct words, and, unasked, but yet attentively listened to by flowers and trees, the Brook began its tale.

Tree and flower listened attentively. Solemn stillness lay upon the forest, the brook alone went murmuring on, the only sound far and near. This is woodland quiet. Who does not know this quiet, to whom has it not seemed like the sabbath of the plants of the forest? All around so still and solemn. Even the deer are motionless, and breathe low; even the hunter feels a thrill of emotion; he forgets his favorite pursuit, and throws himself on the grass to share the universal quiet. This is the time when the Brook relates its tales to the trees and flowers; this is woodland quiet.

"Do you know whence I come?" asked the Brook; "do you know where my source is? Every one knows where the brook in the meadow rises. Every one has seen it bubbling up like a tiny fountain over a stone or on a hillock. It grows larger and larger, its short dress of grass no longer suffices it, let the blades stretch themselves as they will, and at last it encases itself in a stiff boddice of reeds, with graceful, waving, flowery tassels, or stiff black buttons. You know, too, whence the mountain torrent comes. On the summit lies the snow, the mountain's constant head-gear, tinged only by the rays of the rising and the setting sun, and across which the clouds draw wondrous vails as they pass by. Near it, in the hollows, lies glittering and sparkling the deep blue ice of the glacier.

"It looks immovably firm from without, but within life is astir; it melts and flows, and the drops and streamlets play a constant game of hide-and-seek through the cracks and clefts, for the sun is continually kissing the mountain peak. This constant love touches and softens even its hard and cold heart, and the streamlets are the children of these kisses. They play with and chase each other till they find that their dwelling is too narrow for them, and then they seek the way out. When they first enter into the sunlight, they are amazed and astonished at the wide world that opens itself to their view. Other inquisitive streamlets follow, and now they venture further, first slowly, then quicker and quicker, until, a lively mountain torrent, it leaps like the chamois, whose birthplace is near its own, from rock to rock. Now it foams white, like the mountain snow, and now, a tranquil mirror, it sparkles bright as the ice of the glacier, till at last it reaches the valley, and flows gently through the lovely and peaceful plain. But whence do I, the Forest Stream, come? You find no source to which I owe my birth! no ice and snow, whose child I am! Follow my course. Here, you think it rises, and you seek behind a stone or a mossy hillock, but it has slipped away, and further on, behind a gnarled root, it is laughing at you.

"Now I spread myself out to a broad mirror, among thousands of plants and flowers, and now I hide among the stones, who, envious of the forest green, have covered their gray heads with caps of green moss; but there I flow further, and here I trickle out again. You never find my source; that continues to be a secret of the Forest. But listen, now, and I will reveal my origin.

"A lovely elf, the favorite attendant of the Fairy Queen, was once arranging her mistress's jewels as she sat on a fleecy cloud. She drew a long, long string of costly pearls, a gift of the ocean, out of one of the caskets. 'Take care of these,' Titania had said, 'for these are tears of the sea, and are my favorite ornaments!' Pearls are indeed tears of the sea, but they are unshed tears, which it conceals in its depths, until the diver brings them up, at the risk of his life. They have become rigid and stiff, but their dim luster always reminds one of tearful eyes. The elf was delighted with the pearls, and held the long string aloft to see if they would not shine more brightly in the sunshine. But the pearl is not like the precious stone which borrows its light from outward

objects; the tear of the ocean contains a soul which gleams with its own light. The rogue, Puck, that tease of men and fairies, was sitting just behind the elf, and while she was admiring the pearls, he slily cut the string on which they were thread, so that they rolled down and away, first over the cloud and then on to the earth. The poor elf at first stood motionless with fright; then quickly started up, and flew earthward after the falling pearls. As she hovered in the immense space between the clouds and the earth, she saw the small, bright drops, scattered in all directions, rolling and glittering in the far distance, and was just about to despair and turn back, when she perceived a green plain beneath her, and on the grass and in the flowers were thousands of glittering pearls, which she took for those she had lost. She had still the casket, in which the pearls had been kept, on her arm; and she began industriously to gather them together again. The casket was half filled, when Titania's lovely attendant perceived that they were not pearls the tears of Ocean which she had been gathering, but dew, the tears of the flowers, and she sorrowfully pursued her way still seeking the lost treasures. But look, there are pearls in the eyes of that mother hanging over her dying child, and the elf takes possession of them; she next found tears in the eye of love, and as she proceeded, many another tearful eye; so many tears that her casket overflowed. O! how many are the tears shed upon the earth! for a wondrous streamlet flows from the eye of a man. But I can tell you its source: it has its rise in the heart, at whose portals knock pain, melancholy, remorse, and sometimes joy, till the fountain is opened. And this fount has a strange charm, for that heart must be hard indeed which is no longer moved by others' tears. Men often try to blunt this feeling, and say, 'I have no pity for these tears, they are richly deserved.' But that is not true; they still are tears, and come from a heart whose door has been perhaps the more loudly knocked at. Our elf thought these were her lost pearls, held the casket tight, and soared on high. But the casket became heavier and heavier, for tears weigh heavy, and when she opened it the fancied pearls were all dissolved. She flew despairingly from cloud to cloud, for they all loved her, and told them her trouble. And the clouds sent their rain upon the earth to seek the lost jewels. It poured and poured, till trees and plants bowed themselves, and the dew was washed away, but no pearls were to be found. Puck, the trickster, saw this, saw the poor elf's trouble which he had occasioned, and was sorry for it; he had only intended to tease her a little, not to grieve her so. He descended into the bosom of the earth, fetched glittering, sparkling ore and colored stones from his friends the goblins and gnomen, and carried them up to the weeping elf. 'There, you have your trumpery back again, and better and more glittering too,' he said.

"The elf exclaimed joyfully, and the clouds ceased raining. But when she looked more closely at the gift, and found that it consisted of nothing but baubles and rubbish, she seized the bowl which contained them, and flung it far away in her anger, so that the glittering pieces flew in the form of a broad arch over the whole horizon. That was the first rainbow. Ever since then, when the clouds shed tears, Puck fetches his gew-gaws, and the spectacle is renewed. The rainbow is beautiful: we are all delighted with it, man too; but it is deceitful, a gift of the gnomen, a work of Puck, the trickster. Men know this well, for when they chase it, it flies from their reach, and all at once disappears. Where does it go? The children say that it falls into the sea, and that the water sprites make their gay robes out of it. Puck now builds what was then the work of accident. He flies across the sky with his gaudy treasures, and when he has any left, he flies back again and builds a second, smaller, and less brilliant arch out of the remainder. That is the reason why you so often see this splendid spectacle double, and always only when the clouds weep out of sympathy with the sorrow of the elf whom Puck teases, and then tries to comfort.

"Our elf was still sitting upon the cloud, sad and sorrowful, and not to be pleased, even by the first rainbow which she herself had occasioned, when Titania came up to her. The capricious queen happened to be in one of her best humors. When her attendant told the cause of her grief, she merely smiled, and quickly forgave her. Perhaps she reconciled herself to the loss the more readily since a Merman, whose heart she had enchained, had already promised her another string of pearls; for

the great are liberal, even with the tears committed to their care. But whatever should she do with the heavy contents of the casket, which the elf still held clasped in her arms?

"'Hasten down to the most sequestered and shadiest spot in my forest,' said Titania, 'and pour out these drops among the most fragrant plants. These tears shall remain tears, but they shall flow united as one great tear of the woods.' The attendant obeyed the commands of her queen, and thus the first brook flowed in the forest. The forest, too, had now its tears. Do you now know whence I am? Like the tears of man, my fountain is in the heart—in the heart of the woods. In summer, when so many a child of the forest is drooping or destroyed, I flow feebly but continually. In autumn, when all must part, I weep quietly over the flowers and leaves which the wind scatters in my course, and in my sorrow they find their grave. I grow stiff in the desert loneliness of winter, and the tear becomes a pearl, like the hidden sorrow of the sea. I hang from the roots and stones with a dimmed luster like that of tearful eyes. But in spring, when longing awakes in all hearts, the tear of the forest flows again in sadness and in joy; then I swell high and overflow the bounds of my course to greet the flowers and grasses, as many as lie within my reach. Sympathy too often rouses me, for when the clouds weep rain, or the flowers dew, my bosom swells with pity. Does not the whole expression of my being make you feel that my source must be in the heart of the forest? Do you not perceive the spirit of sadness and of tenderness which is peculiar to me, and which must have its origin in the heart? The melancholy reed presses close to my side. Wherever I flow, the tender-hearted forget-me-not, which looks like loving blue eyes in the hour of parting, is sure to spring. That constant mourner, the weeping willow, droops its branches into my waters. Everywhere do I call forth an expression of feeling. Even the stone that lies in my path, the immovable stone, on whom even time exerts no influence, sheds bright tears for me as my ripplings pass by him; and my kisses are the only things which he cannot withstand. Therefore I dearly love the stone.

"Man knows a strange and sorrowful legend of a man who outlives everything, before whom death eternally flies. The stone reminds me of him, he is the Ahasuerus of the forest. He could tell you many a tale, for his memory extends to the most distant periods.

"Puck, the rogue, is jealous of the brook, which he tried to supplant with his baubles, and which has now become of lasting importance. He often teases me by throwing a gnarled root or a sharp stone into my course, so as to make my waters fly in all directions. Often, too, when the sun shines, you may see me surrounded by all sorts of gay colors like those of the rainbow. These are Puck's baubles, which he suspends over my crystal stream, as if he would say, 'Now are not my gifts more beautiful?' But they quickly fade away, and I flow on unchanged. Thus it often seems as if a mocking spirit had placed the comic and gay close to the sad and sorrowful. As a laughable idea sometimes flashes across the mind of a man when his heart is almost breaking with deep sorrow—as a smile often plays upon a weeping countenance—we often meet with a whimsical distortion in the midst of the deepest harmony of nature. A gnarled and twisted root protrudes from the rich green carpet of the lawns, or a dried and withered bough stretches itself out from between the softly-rounded masses of foliage. Among a cluster of fresh and lovely roses, we all at once discover one worm-eaten, and looking like a distorted countenance by the side of its beautiful sisters. Puck is the author of all this. But deep feeling understands how to resolve all these discords into harmony."

So ended the Brook. Silence still reigned in the forest, broken only by the soft whispers of the leaves and flowers. All at once there was a crash: a withered bough on the top of an oak-tree broke, fell with a loud noise, pushing the leaves about as it forced its way through them, crushing the delicate flowers, and splashed into the brook, causing its waters to fly on all sides, and stirring it up to its very bottom.

A moment later, and all was still once more.

Puck, the rogue, had been at work again.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.—*Johnson.*

JOHN KITTO.

IN our notices of new publications last month we adverted briefly to the memoirs of this remarkable man. They form, essentially, an autobiography, and are another confirmation of the adage, Truth is stranger than fiction. Indeed, the romances of the imagination never exceed those of life.

When writers of even acknowledged genius describe imaginary characters, they never dare to suppose changes so great as we find in society. John Kitto's life was remarkably romantic and useful. He was descended from a family of Cornish miners. They settled in Plymouth, where he was born in 1804. His father fell into intemperate habits, and although he continued to labor at his trade of a mason, yet his family derived little advantage from his earnings. John Kitto was his eldest son, and, being a sickly boy, he was cheerfully committed to the care of his maternal grandmother, a woman of greater intelligence than many persons of her class. Mrs. Picken, his grandmother, was obliged, in 1814, when John was only ten years of age, to sell the small tenements on which she depended for their support, and to reside with her daughter. The change was one of the future author's early calamities. He was compelled to go out as assistant to his father, and his love of books and reading was checked for a time. At night "he would try to read and write by the light of sticks which he had collected during the day." Even then, however, he had a few books, and a little attic which was considered his own, although his father, then only in his thirty-third year, consumed his wages in drink; and his mother was obliged to go out "charing" to find food for the family.

A sad misfortune occurred to him in his thirteenth year. He was engaged with his father in repairing a house, and, slipping his foot on the highest round of the ladder, fell with the stones which he was carrying, from a height of thirty-five feet to the ground. His recovery from this severe accident was not anticipated, and was never complete. He lost the sense of hearing, and it was never recovered. This poor, deaf boy was an object of sympathy to his aged grandmother, who assisted him with books to the extent that her very limited circumstances permitted; yet less than forty years ago, the future expositor of the Bible waded in the filth of "Sutton Pool" in search of old ropes, yarn, and iron. By this employment he gained threepence or fourpence weekly. Having been disabled from this occupation for a time, by cutting his foot on a broken bottle, he made drawings in water-colors, and sold them, to the extent of eightpence in one fair week, but the general average was twopence to twopence halfpenny. Then he wrote labels for windows correctly and neatly. They sold rather better than the drawings, for the latter were luxuries, but the labels were necessaries. They were the signs of humble shops. The first label that he ever sold was "milk and cream," for which he had one penny and a bowl of milk, from a "grandmotherly" female with "gentle features."

His own grandmother was compelled to leave Plymouth, and poor John Kitto had to seek an asylum in the work-house. He had nearly completed his fifteenth year when he was thrust into this shelter, much against his will; but the guardians and the masters were very kind to the deaf boy, and permitted him all the liberty that his interests required. In the following year he began to keep a journal, and many of his remarks display more knowledge of the world than most boys with five senses have picked up at that period of their lives. The next great calamity in his history was his grandmother's death, which occurred in the spring of 1821. The attachment of these two relatives, both reduced to deep poverty, was very strong. It seemed to be their ruling passion, although they were placed at the extremes of existence. The entries of the work-house boy in his journal recommenced after the death of old Mrs. Picken. He writes:

"Born to be the sport of fortune, to find sorrow where I hoped for bliss, and to be a mark for the giddy and the gay to shoot at, what I felt at the deprivation of my almost only friend the reader can better conceive than I can describe."

At that date, then, it appears that he had formed the design of having "readers" for his journal! formed it in the work-house while constructing list shoes, and he goes on:

"Yet that moment will ever be present to my recollection to the latest period of my existence. Gone forever! that is the word of

agonizing poignancy. Yet not forever; a few short years at most, and I *may* hope to meet her again: there is my consolation."

The years were not to be very many; 1821 and 1854 are not far distant to those who remember both. The rather natural tendency to prayer for the dead, however unnecessary to those who remember that their state changes not, appears in the next sentence:

"I knelt and prayed for her departed spirit to Him in whose hands are life and death, and that he would imbue us with resignation to his decrees, for we know that he had a right to the life which he gave."

His dying grandmother, on her part, did not forget her comparatively helpless boy. She urged kindness to him on his parents as a last request, to which it appears that respect was yielded by his father. To his mother it seems not to have been requisite, so far as a mother who earned her bread by charing could be kind to her eldest son, placed in the work-house. The affection of the grandmother to the child amid their mutual sufferings is one of many cases illustrative of the deep and pure love that may live and struggle on against abject and crushing disasters.

In November, 1821, the work-house lad was bound as an apprentice to a person named Bowden, a boot and shoemaker in Plymouth. He was a cruel and imperious employer — and the working-classes are disgraced by the existence of such men among them — obsequious, no doubt, to their superiors, and overbearing to their inferiors in rank. He compelled this poor boy to labor for sixteen to eighteen hours in twenty-four, and struck him so frequently that the lad complained to the magistrates, and they canceled his indentures.

The apprenticeship was a calamity, but it cleared the way for the future author to employment more agreeable to himself than boot or shoemaking. He was obliged to give evidence in writing before the magistrates, and the accuracy of his notes astonished some of these gentlemen, and gradually his case excited interest in the town. He returned to the work-house and prosecuted shoemaking, and continued his correspondence and journalizing. His speculations on the plurality of worlds at the time are interesting. Of the moon he wrote:

"That is land, thought I, inhabited by thousands of beings of perhaps a different nature from ours, who had no devil to tempt, no sinning Adam, nor no Eve. Perhaps, for aught we know, they may be more wicked than we; yet it is more probable that they are more virtuous, and of course more happy. The large proportion of land gives us reason to suppose them 'of one language and one speech,' all one nation and brotherhood. There are no wars, murders, nor rapine; there are no tyrants nor slaves."

Mr. George Harvey, the mathematician, and Mr. Nettleton, the proprietor of the *Plymouth Weekly Journal*, succeeded, in 1823, in eliciting a public sympathy for the deaf essayist of the work-house; and an appeal in his favor having been circulated by a few gentlemen, he had free entrance at the Plymouth public library, and a sum was provided to defray the cost of his board and lodging with a Mr. Burnard. The seven gentlemen who acted on the committee all died before the person whom they so seasonably served, although he also died young. The following curious entry remains in the work-house books:

"John Kitto discharged, 1823, July 17. Taken out under the patronage of the literati of the town."

After he was installed in the public library as a reader, Kitto improved his time. He read systematically and vigorously. His friends expected that he might procure a fellowship in one of the universities, and Mr. Flindell, of the Western Luminary, Exeter, appears to have suggested that he might be employed as a missionary. Mr. Harvey, one of his early friends, thought that he might take orders, as deafness would not be a bar to a curacy. The natural supposition of the necessities and the proprieties in these professions is against both projects. Early in 1824 he decided upon commencing the study of Latin.

At this time Mr. Groves was pursuing successfully the vocation of a dentist at Exeter. He was a man of singularly benevolent disposition. Subsequently to the date named, 1824, having acquired an adequate property, he resigned his lucrative business, and became a missionary of the Gospel. Bagdad was the scene of his mission; but we will reach all that afterward. Mr. Flindell, whom we have already mentioned, had shown one of Kitto's letters to Mr. Groves, and told him his history. That gentleman at once offered

him a home in his own family, instruction in the mechanical department of his profession, £15 for the first and £20 for the second year, in return for a few hours' employment daily. The remainder of his time was to be employed in prosecuting his education. His friends at Plymouth advised the acceptance of this offer, and John Kitto, early in May, 1824, became an inhabitant of Exeter, a student of dentistry, and an assistant of Mr. Groves in his moral and religious enterprises.

A short time after Kitto became an inmate of Mr. Groves' establishment at Exeter, Mr. Groves determined to relinquish his business and prosecute missions to the heathen personally. We do not meet with many examples of similar devotion to a great work, for Mr. Groves was married, had a family for whom he required to provide, and was successful in his profession. Mr. Kitto's essay in dentistry was thus closed, for although Mr. Groves offered to place him with a successful practitioner in the metropolis, yet he preferred an opening in connection with the Church Missionary Society, and went to reside in its institution at Islington, while acquiring practice as a compositor in the office of Mr. Watts. He was employed in setting Arabic and Persian characters, and thought picking pye a tedious operation, as any other person in his circumstances would have done. He was unsuccessful as a printer, so far as that he never considered the case and the composing-stick the business of life; and he was right in his estimate of his capabilities, but wrong in the impatience which separated him for a time from the Church Missionary Society, although, by Mr. Groves's exertions and good offices, the connection was soon renewed. He left England for Malta on the 20th June, 1827, and he reached the end of his first voyage on the 30th July. Before leaving England, and during his residence in London, although a dependent and very young man, certainly not twenty-one, he fell in love at church one day, and this was more excusable in his case than in that of many others, for as he could hear nothing, it is not wonderful if his eyes sought employment. A short time afterward he met the person who had stolen his heart in the house of her mother, who kept a small shop. The meeting was accidental in the common acceptance of the term, and Kitto's suit appeared to be successful. An arrangement was made for the young woman to follow him to Malta, where they were to be married. However, a short time after his departure she changed her mind, and married another lover. The disappointment was felt severely by her friend in Malta, and he wrote in desolate language of his sufferings. The biographer appears to blame the lady, and writes that she regretted this step before her death; but the proposal did not indicate great sobriety of mind in the circumstances, and although promises should not be made rashly, and being made should not be broken, still, a postponement of this marriage would have been extremely wise for Kitto, who had no settled mode of life, and his connection with the Church Missionary Society at Malta terminated in less than eighteen months after his arrival in the island.

It may be clearly demonstrated that, except for this cross in the channel of his love, Mr. Kitto had never been a Scriptural expositor or a person of much note in the world. The committee of the Church Missionary Society imagined that he did not adhere strictly at Malta to his bargain with them. They wished to employ him as an Arabic and Greek compositor, and they believed that his leisure was too much occupied with literature, and Kitto was ordered home.

The chapter of his biography that relates his Malta experiences is chiefly occupied with his own correspondence. "*Per ardua*" is the motto of this volume. They were true words of its subject. He began work as a mason's assistant. Afterward, in and out of the work-house, he wrought as a shoemaker; but he had collected old iron and rope ends; he had painted sketches in water-colors, and written placards for a few pence, in the intervals between his labors in stone and in leather. Then he wrought as a maker of artificial teeth for a season. Next he had acquired, we may presume, tolerable proficiency as a compositor in mysterious and unknown characters. Now, in 1829, in his twenty-fifth year, again cast upon the world, he proposed to open a circulating library and a stationer's shop in a suburb of Plymouth. The idea was very unhappy, because he could not hear, and all his customers would not have liked the trouble of writing their wants. He was

delivered from this snare again by Mr. Groves, who was interested in his welfare, although busied with preparations for his departure to Bagdad with his family. He obtained for Mr. Kitto employment as a compositor in Oriental languages, from Mr. Synge, of Glanmore Castle, County Wicklow, Ireland, who was printing, at his residence in Devonshire, some Hebrew works. The situation was accepted, but before entering upon the discharge of its duties, Mr. Kitto went up to London, in order to see his steadiest and most useful friend before his departure for the East. The biographer says:

"One evening, while conversing on his projected mission, Mr. Groves said, 'Will you come?' hardly expecting that the question would be taken in earnest. To his surprise, Kitto answered, 'Yes.' This one word determined, under Providence, the complexion of his future life."

He had long sought employment as a missionary, although he was physically disqualified from its prosecution, for, while he could speak his own language, yet, hearing no sound, he could not acquire a foreign language sufficiently well to address an audience or even to converse with individuals. The capacity in which he accompanied Mr. Groves, as tutor to his sons, seemed also out of his walk; but that gentleman probably thought that some certain disadvantages were balanced fully by qualifications at least equally certain.

Mr. Kitto's residence in the modern Assyrian capital comprised a period of nearly three years, and afforded ample opportunities of studying Oriental habits and manners during a plague, and during a siege; in peace and in war; in adversity and in prosperity. He gives the following account of the death of his employer's wife:

"On Saturday, May 7th, Mrs. Groves complained of a pain in her head and back, which might not, at any other time, have occasioned much alarm, but which now occasioned much, and this was not unfounded, as, on the following morning, the malady was distinctly ascertained to be the *Plague!* As Mr. Groves could trace no other source of contagion than himself, he had no doubt that he should be attacked, and had the hard prospect of leaving his young family and affairs in the hands of a deaf man, unacquainted with the language, and quite ignorant of managing business in these countries. However, he gave me instructions as to my proceedings, should I be spared, and he and his wife taken, with bills to pay the expenses of my journey with the children to England; and while he must naturally have regretted that he could not leave them in more efficient hands, he seemed thankful that I was here to take the charge. Mr. Groves then cut himself off from communication with us. I had the little boys entirely in my room, and shared with the woman the nursing of the baby. Mr. Groves attended on Mrs. Groves, and allowed no one else to approach her. He ate separately from us, and I was much affected with the struggle it at times cost his affectionate heart to abstain from caressing his little ones. At prayers, he read to us and prayed through the window, finally. Before this I was pained to see him rise up hastily after prayers, and retire without kissing the little boys as usual; and, at other times, to observe the emotion with which he shook his head and turned away, when the dear little baby held out her hands craving to go to him.

"For myself, when I contemplated the possibility of being left in this responsible and difficult situation, I was greatly oppressed, and prayed earnestly that Mr. Groves, at least, might be spared. And I was persuaded that he would be so, and I am so persuaded; hence I did not press on him for more particular information, on some points, than it occurred to him to give me.

"On Monday night, late, Mr. Groves came to my room and told me that Mrs. G. was much better, and had spoken and asked for food, which she had not before done. She was persuaded she should recover; but whatever might be the result, she was prepared to feel that the Lord would do all things well. She continued better the following day, and Mr. Groves seems to have entertained some hope she would recover, (so willing are we to believe what we wish,) notwithstanding that his acquaintance with the medical symptoms, particularly of a peculiar look in the eyes, led his understanding to a different conclusion. But on Tuesday evening she became delirious, and generally was sleepy, so that she could not answer any question that required the slightest exertion of thought, till Friday, when she was evidently in a dying condition; and on Saturday forenoon she died, just a week from the attack.

"Mrs. Groves was interred a few hours after her decease, and the things she had used were burned. It went very sharply to my heart to see the corpse of so good a friend brought out, wound up in the way of the country, in a sheet, without a coffin, and laid on a sort of grating made of palm branches, which was fastened on horseback with cords, by two strange men, who took it away for interment with little ceremony. No one followed her beloved remains to the grave, and no funeral rites were performed there; indeed, we know not the spot of her interment; but our hearts followed her, not to the grave, but to the throne of the heavenly King, where she appears certainly not the least brilliant gem among the jewels of his kingdom."

Mrs. Groves was the only member of the mission family who died in that plague. The success of the mission must

have been affected greatly by the event. It altered the course of Mr. Kitto in life, and among other objects that may have been served by this affliction, it probably brought him to England in time to join Charles Knight in his cheap publication schemes. Mr. Groves could not continue to keep his children in Bagdad after their mother's death, and they were sent home for their education, so that Mr. Kitto's work as a tutor was no longer requisite, and he was evidently incapable of missionary work in a different field.

After a person has been engaged in several professions, he feels ever ready to change his hand; and when Kitto proposed to return home, he contemplated an editorial or a tutorial engagement. The loss of hearing incapacitated him for either position in one respect; but the necessity of communicating with Mr. Groves's sons, by writing, had rendered them so proficient scribes in composing, and in the mechanical department, that Mr. Kitto began to consider deafness advantageous in a tutor.

He left Bagdad on the 18th of September, 1832, in company with Professor Newman, of the University College. They traveled toward Persia, and reached Teheran on the 13th October. The party remained in this modern capital of Persia until the 5th November, and proceeded onward to Tabreez, where they arrived on the 23d of the same month, traveling by short stages. This city is the center of a large population, and Mr. Kitto writes: "I think we were not much short of an hour in traveling between the walls of the gardens and orchards, and the general outskirts of the town, before we came to its gates." They rested for one week at Tabreez, and then, on the 1st December, Mr. Kitto left with Mr. Shepherd, whom he had met in Persia, on their way to Trebizond. Mr. Shepherd had been connected with the embassy to Persia, and he was proceeding to England with the view of engaging in mercantile pursuits. He had another object, of which we shall say but a word; and he reached England only to die in one of its bays. He never placed his foot again upon its soil. Mr. Kitto had been on "confidential terms" with this gentleman, and he called on a lady to whom Mr. Shepherd was engaged. A little romance runs through the expositor's love experiences. He sympathized with the sorrows of the lady, and endeavored to administer consolation. The end of the proceeding was that she became Mrs. Kitto, and was in every way more competent to assist, and more likely to sympathize in her husband's future life, than the person for whom he mourned so bitterly at Malta.

The traveler's Oriental wanderings were over. He established himself in Islington, the great northern suburb of London; and having formed a connection with Mr. Knight, was very liberally paid for contributions to the "Penny Magazine," and other works. His volumes number nearly thirty, in addition to his periodical works, consisting of the "Pictorial Bible" and the "Journal of Sacred Literature." They were all written within twenty years. They were all successful, or with few exceptions successful and useful.

The "Journal of Sacred Literature," which Dr. Kitto conducted for some time, was never popular. It was, during his editorial supervision of its contents, his property, and a very bad property it was, which involved him in serious pecuniary difficulties and losses.

The interruption of his transactions with Mr. Knight was also a great loss to him. They had been conducted in a liberal spirit by that gentleman, and some time elapsed before he found another publisher. In 1841 he wrote a "History of Palestine," and subsequently the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," for Messrs. A. and C. Black, of Edinburgh. His leading works have commanded a large sale, and yet he lived in embarrassing pecuniary circumstances for several years. Early in 1847 he wished to place his two sons in Christ's Hospital or St. Paul's School, but he was not successful until three years after that period. In February of that year he writes to a friend:

> "I heard, last week, that there is a general impression in the city of my being a very rich man. I accept this as an acknowledgment that one whose works have been so well received by the public ought to be so. So I might have been, probably, if I had commenced my career with any capital, to enable me to retain the copyright of my own works."

If he had retained their copyright, the works might have been less productive than they were; yet his readers, who were many, will be astonished to learn from Dr. Eadie's essay, that at times this successful author wanted the means of par-

chasing a dinner for his family, that at others his daily expenses were met by the sale of his books; although he was not an extravagant man, either in his domestic or personal payments, except in the matter of books, which were necessaries of his trade. His family consisted of nine children; two, the elder and the younger, died before himself, at Canstatt, in Germany, in 1854. His domestic expenditure must have been very considerable, yet no reason exists for supposing that it was not restricted to the limits compatible with his position. Dr. Kitto was a member of the Established Church of England, yet his works appear to have been more appreciated among the Presbyterians of Ireland and Scotland, and the Dissenters of England, than among his own communion. Sir John M'Niell, who had long known Dr. Kitto, stated in a public meeting, at Edinburgh, that he never knew, until he inquired, his denominational connection. Mr. Groves, his most intimate friend, was a person of similar spirit, wearied with sectarian separations, necessary as they have been.

To the exertions of his Presbyterian friends he was chiefly indebted for a pension of £100 yearly, paid to him from the close of 1850, out of Her Majesty's Civil List. He wrote to a friend in the summer of that year:

"The day after I saw you, I received a memorial about the pension from Belfast, five feet long, and with one hundred and eighteen signatures, being those of the Moderator, ex-Moderator, clerks, professors, and leading members of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church. This I owe to the kind exertions of Dr. M'Night. I sent it to Lord Melgund immediately, and in a day or two his lordship wrote to say that the consideration of all claims had been postponed to October."

Dr. M'Night, who is mentioned as the author of the Memorial, has wrought his own way through difficulties to acquaintance with Oriental languages, and sympathized readily, and, as we see, very effectively, with those of this expositor. The application was successful, and Lord John Russell intimated to Kitto on the 17th December, the pension we have named. It expired with his life, and his Scotch friends, of whom he had many, although he never was in Scotland, had arranged, early in 1854, to form some permanent fund, in the hope of permitting him to rest for a season from labor, necessary for the support of his family, but certainly destructive to a valuable life. Dr. Golding Bird had communicated with Mr. Oliphant on the subject. That gentleman entered very warmly into the proposal, which was carried out in Scotland, so far as absolute work was requisite, chiefly by Dr. Goold, of Edinburgh; and before any meeting of his friends occurred there, a committee with the same intention was formed in London.

These subscriptions produced a sum of £1,600; of which £800 was consumed in the removal of Dr. Kitto and his family to Germany, and in other expenses connected with his sickness. For several years he had been afflicted by depressing headaches. The pain in his case was continuous and incessant, depriving him entirely of power to work. A shock of paralysis had weakened him, and early in 1854, a still more serious notice told him that he must resign his literary occupations for a time; and it was to be forever. Then his friends in London and Scotland furnished the means, and in the way we have explained. He had many friends, and he had often received, as in the commencement of his career his afflictions required, assistance. The necessity, after twenty years of labor, and nearly thirty volumes of published works, was deplorable. Still, we fear that comparative want is the common doom to many who work for the public good. The business does not pay nearly so well as the sale of beer or gin.

Dr. Kitto's domestic life was a happy one. Many persons suffering from his deprivation and subseqent trials would have exhibited a sullen temperament; but he escaped the temptation. He had a warm trust in God; and, although Dr. Eadie tells, somewhat pleasantly, an anecdote respecting one day's dinner, for which no beef could be procured, still there was bread—the literal promise.

He was naturally a kind-hearted man, who found opportunities of giving away a portion of his earnings, when they were considerable; for although he could not hear tales of distress, yet he did see distress itself. A considerable portion of his work could not have been done if he had not received some assistance from his family, and especially from Mrs. Kitto, who was peculiarly qualified to assist him. Their family was exempted long from some trials. It was a numerous family, yet the close of 1854 came in a foreign

land before any breaches were made in their household. Then, indeed, Shireen, their eldest daughter, died early in October, while Henry Harlow Kitto, their youngest son, only ten months old, had been taken away in the previous month.

The father and mother expected Shireen's death, yet they scarcely knew how to communicate the danger; and her mother says that the task was spared to them. She told her mother that she had dreamed one night that the Dean of Canstatt came and told her she would die in a fortnight. Her death occurred on the day named in her dream. The influence of the circumstance operating on an imagination weakened by disease in producing the event cannot be ascertained.

The following description of Dr. Kitto's mode of life has been partly furnished by Mrs. Kitto to his biographer:

"Dr. Kitto's intercourse with the grown-up members of his own household was carried on by means of finger-talking; and it is an amusing instance of the imitative faculty, that his little ones, when they were nine or ten months old, seldom or never failed, when they caught sight of him, to hold up their tiny hands, as they noticed was done by their elders. When four or five years old, they began to understand how it was that this mimic show was not effective as a medium of making known their wants and wishes. As they grew older, their father delighted in employing them as his assistants in his gardening operations; each one had his or her apportioned labor, and was amply rewarded by the signs of his approbation. Their good or bad behavior was generally recorded in a book, and a settlement for or against them made on a fixed day. They so well understood the principles on which this account was kept that they never, or rarely, questioned the justice of his decisions, or attempted self-justification. He was keenly alive to every little thing that might contribute to their enjoyment. No birthday ever passed without some trifling present from him, combined, as no doubt this practice was, with the recollections of his own early days, and of his fond grandmother."

Dr. Kitto's death occurred on the 25th November, 1854. His illness for nearly twenty-four hours before his departure was apparently painful, but only for that time. He died at an age when more volumes might have been expected from his pen; in the manhood of intellectual life, if that mind had not been overwrought; but he had finished the work appointed for him to do on earth, and his Master took him. His remains were buried beside those of his eldest and youngest child in the church-yard of Canstatt, and Mr. Oliphant has raised a monument to mark where they rest.

The thread of Providential dealing can be traced through all this life. At a very early age the little boy was sent to a barber's shop, and if he had liked that trade, he might have lived and died a respectable hairdresser in Plymouth. His dislike to the business was probably a trial to his mother and his grandmother, whose lives were full of trials. His fall from the "topmost" round of the ladder was a terrible calamity. The deafness it entailed looked like the ruin of his life. But the event and its consequence pushed him on to the place which he was born to occupy. What if Mr. Burnard at the work-house had been a harsh, instead of an encouraging and kind man? To the reading public, even the wrath of Mr. Bowden, the Plymouth shoemaker, is an advantage, for if he had been a man of Burnard's style, Kitto had probably remained a shoemaker in his native town. The bad usage of Bowden brought him into notice, and into the Plymouth Public Library. He was, perhaps, a little disappointed when the plan of sending him to a university was changed into that of employment as a dentist; yet Exeter now appears obviously to have been on his way forward to the "Pictorial Bible." To him it must have appeared an unhappy affair that Mr. Groves's schemes compelled him to leave Exeter before his own education as a dentist was completed. His first residence at Islington was not altogether pleasant. His withdrawal from Malta was a severe affliction, for it deprived him of his means of living. His disappointment respecting his projected circulating library and stationer's shop may have been considered by him as a cross on his path. The proposed marriage, and the sorrow that came of the scheme, may have preyed upon his mind; but its occurrence would have affected all his future life, and, so far as men may judge, would have deprived us of his pleasant and useful commentaries. That calamity induced him to accompany Mr. Groves to the East, and thus gave him opportunities of acquiring that knowledge of Eastern customs and habits which has served the Church and the world. Perhaps if we could in this way trace the threads of lives, we might find apparent evil producing real good in many more instances than we believe.

RAMBLES IN DALECARLIA.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

THE day after our arrival at Borgardet Station was Sunday. A bright and beautiful morning dawned upon us. The little lake was sleeping as silently and as unruffled in the colder light of the morning, as it was the previous evening under the gorgeous effect of sunset. At an early hour numerous carts, with an occasional vehicle which might be dignified by the name of carriage, were seen moving in the direction of the church. Soon after the musical chime of the bells at nine o'clock, the crowd rapidly increased, and numerous groups of the peasantry on foot, in their picturesque costumes, added great life to the scene.

How delightful is the calm of Sunday morning in the country. "The groves were God's first temples," and in a retired village, amid a rural population, there is a something in the observance of the day peculiarly impressive. As was natural, I contrasted the Sunday of this remote place with the observance of the day in the capital which I have before described. It was with interest that I watched the groups of rustics directing their steps toward the venerable house of prayer, within whose walls, and in its little church-yard, generation after generation of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Not only the roads which led in the direction of the church presented a scene of animation, but the lake itself was gay with its boat-loads of people, in bright-colored costume, rowing in the same direction.

Just before the service commenced I started in the direction of the church. The roads still swarmed with rustics in their peculiar costumes, while the foot-paths across the numerous fields of grain were in all directions gay with the brilliant colors and striking contrasts of the Dalecarlian head-dress. Upon one side of the road walked the fathers with their hopeful sons. Upon the other, quite distinct, were the matrons with their daughters. The head-dresses varying in color and arrangement, designated, to those skilled in the mysteries of the Dalecarlian toilet, the mother, the newly-married daughter, and the maid.

We sometimes, in the first blush of spring and of spring fashions, [query: does fashion blush?] hear Broadway compared to a bed of variegated tulips, in the variety and richness of the colors which meet the eye; but I have never before found the comparison so apropos as it appeared on this occasion. The white and turkey-red handkerchiefs, tied in fanciful style over the head, and peeping out from among the fields of grain and shady walks about the little church of Svartsjon, brought this comparison forcibly to mind. It is only the young and marriageable portion of the peasantry who wear the gay colors. The matrons wear colors more subdued. But on this occasion the mothers of the land seemed few compared with the marriageable fair ones. In this portion of the province there is nothing so peculiarly marked in the costumes of the sterner sex as in those of the women.

When I arrived at the church I observed the same separation of the sexes which I had noticed upon the road. On the one side of the house were arranged all the white and red tulips which I had seen moving like "Birnam wood," not in the direction of Dunsinane, but of Svartsjon Church, while the male portion of the congregation occupied seats on the opposite side of the main aisle. So entire was the separation of the sexes that they did not even enter the church together; they did go in at the same portal, as they doubtless hope to that of heaven.

The congregation collect here, on a fine day, often some two or three hours before the service. They live usually at such a considerable distance from the church as well as from each other, that this affords them the only opportunity of exchanging greetings with their friends, and of learning the current news of the day. The parishes of Dalecarlia are generally very large, and extend many miles in different directions from the churches. From the church of Svartsjon the parish extends a distance of nine miles, on the average, in all directions.

On my first arrival at the church, as I was standing near the door, I observed an old lady cross herself as she entered. This reminded me of the fact that, in the time of the Reformation, Gustavus Wasa declared that he did not seek to establish a new religious faith among his people, but only to reform the abuses which had

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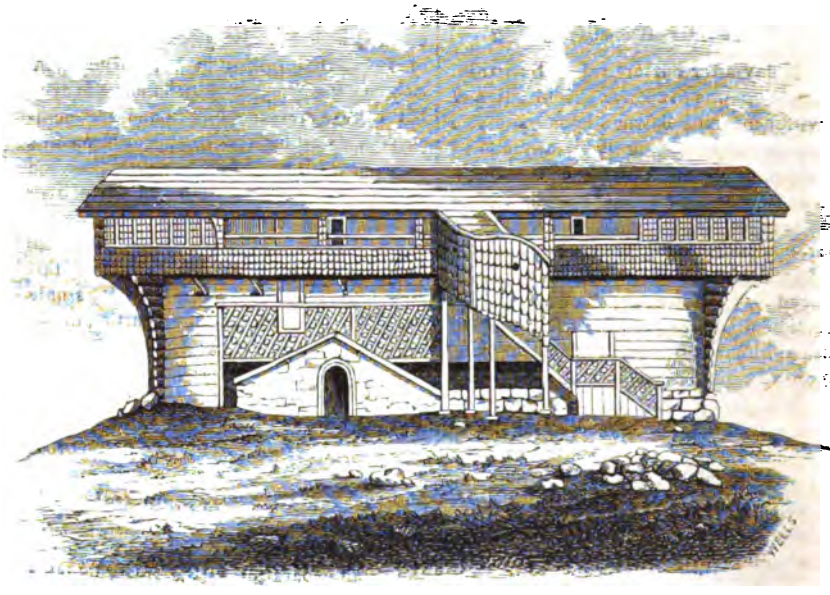

VIEW OF THE HOUSE AT ORNESS.

crept into the old one. Meantime, says the Swedish historian, Geijer, "the people continued their worship, many of them supposing that they had exchanged the performance of mass in the Latin tongue for that of mass in the Swedish." Perhaps some of the good people of Dalecarlia are still under the same impression, as news travels slowly to this remote province.

On my way from Gefle to this place I had an opportunity of observing something of the Swedish posting arrangements. It will be remembered that here are no public conveyances. The carriage which serves the traveler may be purchased, or hired for such a period as he may desire. But the horses are changed usually at the distance of from one to two Swedish miles, [one Swedish mile is seven miles English.] At regularly established places, called station-houses, horses are furnished, and post boys, who take the traveler to the next station-house, when they return home with their horses, leaving him to the tender mercies of the next postman. A coarse bag, containing grain or some description of feed for the horses, is the never-failing ornament behind a Swedish posting carriage. The ordinary charge for each horse is about twenty cents for a Swedish mile. It is customary to give the postboy a trifle in addition to this amount. It would appear that this system of traveling must be unfavorable to the interests of the peasantry. By the government regulation the farmers of each district are compelled to furnish a specified number of horses, each one in his turn; and, as it would appear, for the benefit of the traveler rather than his own, when we take into consideration the extremely low price which they receive for this duty, especially at a season like the present, when the time of man, woman, and boy is so valuable upon the farms. The brevity of the Northern summer generally renders the period of harvesting one of uncommon hurry and anxiety to the people, so suddenly is it succeeded by the autumnal frosts.

In every station-house a book is kept in which all travelers record their names, and the number of horses which they employ; and at the same time, any complaint which they may be disposed to enter against the last station-keeper, or the horses or harness which have been employed to bring them hither. The book is examined monthly by one of the principal magistrates of the district, and the poor peasant who may have been found guilty, is fined an amount equal to all he may have received for the use of his horses for

a considerable period. It will be perceived that the operation of the posting arrangements of Sweden cannot be favorable to the condition of the peasantry, who rarely themselves travel any distance from home.

It was with regret that I left my quiet nook at Borgardet, where I had found myself quite at home. The very comfortable little inn, the picturesque lake upon which the window of my room looked, as well as the venerable church so beautifully situated upon its border, and the hospitable family at the parsonage, altogether presented attractions which I found unpleasant to leave. But such is the life of a traveler; as soon as one begins to find himself familiar with the objects and places about him, and to dream of a quiet home, he must bid adieu to the scene, and start in quest of others which will offer greater novelties. All this may look very well in perspective, particularly when one becomes tired of the monotony of home, but the reality is far different.

TO FAHLUN.

It is a pretty road from the Lake of Svartsjon to the celebrated mining town of Fahlun, presenting a constant succession of little valleys, or rather basins, each one containing a sparkling lake, sometimes

REAR VIEW OF THE HOUSE AT ORNESS.

with highly-cultivated banks, at others thickly wooded with the fir and the pine. Thus far in Dalecarlia the farms seem good, with far less of waste land than one observes in the vicinity of Stockholm. The houses are mostly substantial and comfortable; some of them exhibit a slight effort at taste. The people are kind in their manners, and industrious in their habits.

Few places upon an approach present a more desolate appearance than Fahlun. The dense cloud of smoke which envelops the town is visible for a long distance from it. Upon a nearer approach the eye rests upon stony hills stretching away beyond the copper mines, entirely destitute of verdure. In fact, the acrid smoke will permit nothing to grow upon these naked hill-sides except an occasional tuft of black lichen, which appears singed, like everything else about it. The landscape in this direction reminds one of some of the barren scenery beyond the arctic circle, but is, withal, even more desolate. Miss Bremer has, in her "Life in Dalecarlia," given a very truthful picture of the appearance of the town; and so graphic is her description that I am at a loss to describe it so well as in her words:

"It is a town of burned metal through which you advance; the ways are black with it; all you see is black with it; and whichever way

you turn, you seem to behold a kingdom of darkness. Yellow-green water falls here and there through the dead city; and before you, where the way terminates, sulphur-colored flames ascend."

As "distance lends enchantment," I have regretted, since leaving Fahlun, that I neglected to sketch this celebrated mining town. But during my stay there I found myself so depressed by the state of the atmosphere, as well as the gloomy appearance of the place, that I had little desire to impress it upon memory. Were I now to make a sketch from recollection, I would place a stately brick church in the midst of a great number of small timber buildings, these relieved by perhaps half a dozen of more pretending character, the whole smoked as black as the interior of a chimney. The background should consist of desolate hills, destitute of verdure. Here and there within the mining portion of the town, I would introduce flames of a bright sulphur color; and over the whole picture I would throw masses of black smoke, through which it would be impossible to discern a single tint of the azure vault of heaven.

A change from my romantic and delightful country quarters to a very indifferent inn of a town like Fahlun, was by no means pleasing. The whole atmosphere about me seemed so completely charged with sulphur that it was almost impossible to inhale it. In my walk the first evening after my arrival, it appeared in some portions of the town through which I passed, judging from the sulphurous vapors about, that I was in a general magazine of Lucifer matches, and, indeed, as if the veritable Mr. Lucifer himself could not have been afar off.

Fahlun is the capital of the province of Dalecarlia, and residence of the governor. It has a population of about six thousand persons, who are mostly engaged in the mining operations of the town.

At an early hour of the morning I left the dingy, smoking, and sulphurous atmosphere of Fahlun, *en route* for Orness. Having arrived upon a hill a mile or so distant from the mining town, the fresh verdure and green trees about me produced almost a magical effect upon the spirits. As I glanced back upon the town, enveloped in its cloud of smoke, with here and there a blaze of sulphur-colored flame, I could think of nothing but "the cities of the plain," and rejoiced that I had fled "to the mountains."

Upon the road to Orness, from the height of each eminence gained, the eye rests upon numerous tiny lakes, sparkling here and there amid green hill-sides. The verdant landscape could never have appeared more delightful than on this occasion, never before were the trees more decidedly green, or did the little lakes appear more smiling in their basins.

A walk of about ten English miles brought us to a large farm-house, to which we had been recommended for quarters, there being no inn in the vicinity. As the farm-house of lilla Orness is a good specimen of the better class of farm establishments in this part of Sweden, I shall describe it, and my stay there, somewhat in detail. It is a large two-story house, painted red, with white stripes about the windows and doors. A plain portico ornaments the front, the pediment of which is a rude piece of carving, inclosing the date of the building of the house, 1791. The peasants of both Norway and Sweden, but more particularly the former country, excel in wood carving. I have seen among them no attempts at the higher order of art. Their efforts seem confined to simple ornaments, and the carving of various household articles.

The number of detached buildings always surrounding a farm-house of any pretensions in Sweden, gives to such an establishment, when viewed at a distance, almost the appearance of a village in itself. There are usually two or three tenements, as at *lilla Orness*, occupied by the farm hands. To these may be added barns, stables, and granaries, as well as buildings which supply winter-quarters to the whole race of quadrupeds; besides numerous other out-houses, the precise use of which it would be difficult to determine. In fact, many of the farm-houses themselves consist of two or three tenements, as it would seem, built around a square. This arrangement of buildings is here highly desirable for the protection which it affords during the winter.

As soon as my companion and myself presented ourselves at the door of the house, and made known our wants, we were received very kindly, and every exertion made to render us comfortable.

While the dinner was preparing, the usual preparatory snack was announced as

ASPEBODA CHURCH.

ready. This consists of bread and butter, smoked salmon, and a small fish, preserved in oil, resembling the French sardines, with a good assortment of pickles. A small glass of native whisky, strongly flavored with aniseed and coriander, is the never-failing accompaniment of this slight repast. The whole combination is supposed to sharpen the appetite.

Our dinner consisted of fresh fish, which is, during the summer, the chief dependence of the mountain and lake districts of the North, with some excellent crabs also, from a neighboring lake. The second course was a very excellent omelet. Then came raspberries with fresh cream and sugar. Immediately after dinner coffee was served, this being deemed as indispensable here for the completion of the meal, as whisky is for its commencement.

Dinner being finished, our host took us to his garden, where we found a very rare specimen of the weeping birch. The bark resembled that of our ordinary white birch in America. The form of the tree was not unlike other specimens of the birch, which I have described in the North, but the leaf was entirely different. Our host assured me that this tree had attracted much attention among the learned in these matters, and was considered the only solitary specimen of the same character to be found in Sweden. He seemed to have a vague fancy that the tree was a mongrel, half birch and half oak.

A handsome garden extended for some distance on one side of the house, and beyond was an orchard, interspersed with some few ornamental trees. The middle ground of the landscape was made up of fine meadow land, and fields rich with the golden harvest. The grain is here stacked with great care, at precisely equal distances, and in straight lines are placed long and slender poles, around which the sheafs of grain are piled, forming very regular stacks. In the fields were many female as well as male laborers, engaged in gathering the harvest. Just beyond the fields was the little lake, without which no Dalecarlian landscape would be complete; and still beyond, the fringed outline of the fir-clad hills.

In one of the principal apartments of the house I observed two portraits, of the style of costume of the Revolutionary period of our own country. There was a something decidedly aristocratic in the general appearance of the persons represented, who, I learned, were ancestors of my host, whose Swedish title is equivalent to the Von of Germany. But so numerous are titles in Sweden, that it was nothing remarkable to find one's self the guest of a nobleman, and that at a farm-house. My host was not what would even be called a gentleman farmer with us; signifying, I believe, one who gives directions to others, but is careful not to soil his own hands by any actual labor. On the contrary, he seemed very busily occupied in laboring upon his farm.

At the distance of about an English mile from this place, is the house of Or-

ness, an estate once occupied by Arendt Person, and one of peculiar interest from its connection with the history of the great liberator.

This house also possesses an interest as a specimen of wood-building of the latter part of the fifteenth century, or beginning of the sixteenth. Having come at an early period under the care of the government, it has been preserved as a national monument with great care, and as nearly as possible in its original state. This is the only ancient building which I have seen in Sweden, partaking of any of the marked characteristics of the Swiss style. It is situated upon an elevated promontory, jutting out into the lake. There seem to have been no rooms upon the first floor, with the exception of kitchen, store-rooms, &c. The family apartments were upon the second story, and only approached by the circular staircase, which the drawing exhibits, upon the exterior. So heavy seem the timbers of the lower portion of the structure, destitute as it is of windows, as to indicate that it was constructed with especial reference to a defense during the disturbed times in which it was erected. In the lower story the logs are left bare, while in the second they are covered with shingles. The second story, it will be observed, projects over the first, and is supported by trusses.

The principal room of the house is fitted up with various articles of furniture belonging to the age of Gustavus Wasa. Here are preserved the bed and bedstead upon which he slept while at Orness, and an antique table and chairs, said to have belonged to the same room when he occupied it. Here are also figures in wax of the Dalecarlian peasants, who were instrumental in the escape of Gustavus from Orness. Also of the celebrated runner whom the Dalesmen sent in pursuit of the hero, to bring him back from his projected flight to Norway. This was an important moment in the history of Sweden. There are also figures of Gustavus himself in armor, and of his perfidious host, Arendt Person. Upon a table lay a copy of the Bible, published during his reign. Suspended about the room were various specimens of arms which were in use among the Dalesmen at the same period. The apartment was rudely wainscoted on the side. The ceiling ornamented with rather of a fanciful arrangement of timber, like some of the old English houses of the reign of Elizabeth. But perhaps the most interesting article which the room contains, is a portrait of the Lady of Orness, through whose instrumentality Gustavus escaped the intended treachery of her husband.

"The estate of Orness, whither Gustavus proceeded from Rankhytta, was owned by Arendt Person, a nobleman. A gold embroidered shirt-

LECKSAND CHURCH.

LECKSAND CHURCH FROM LAKE SILJA.

collar under the woolen jerkin, had discovered the distinguished thresher to a maid-servant at that place, on which occasion the master of the house, the rich Anders Person, refused to harbor him any longer. Arendt Person, as well as the latter-named individual, had been the school companion of Gustavus at Upsala, and received him now with friendly words and assurances of welcome, but went on the same day to Bennet Brunson, the king's bailiff in the district, with whom, next morning, he returned, attended by some twenty men to seize his guest. The object of this search had, however, disappeared; its failure was owing to Barbara Stigsdotter, the wife of Arendt, who thus incurred the irreconcilable enmity of her husband. Suspecting treachery in him, she had warned Gustavus in the night, and furnished him with a sledge and guide, by which he escaped to Master Jon, the priest of Swardsla."—*Geijer, Hist. of the Swedes.*

It was through the door-way, in the rear of the house, that tradition says the noble fugitive escaped., It will be seen in the illustration. Gustavus seems, on more occasions than one, to have been indebted to the generosity and tact of women for his safety. It is an interesting fact, that the Lady of Orness was herself a Dane.

WALK TO LEKSAND.

At an early hour the next morning, we left our comfortable quarters at the farm of lilla Orness, to continue our ramble across the country, having previously ordered our luggage forwarded from Fahlun to Leksand. After a pleasant walk through the fields, we arrived at the picturesque little church of Aspeboda.

The architecture of this building is quite unlike that of any other church edifice which I have seen in the North. It is situated in a wild and secluded spot, and its light minarets lift themselves above the trees, giving it quite an Eastern effect. It is constructed of timber, and covered with shingles. Near the church I stopped for a little time at the house of the pastor, a venerable man, who informed me that the edifice dated back to some time during the Catholic period, and was originally built in the woods, as a place of prayer for travelers passing that way. Its interior exhibits two quite elaborate carvings, as well as several portraits. These portraits strike one as quite singular in many of the Swedish churches. In place of the Madonnas and saints of Catholic countries, one often sees here in the country churches portraits of different sovereigns and knights in armor; and at times of other individuals who have distinguished themselves, belonging to the parish.

The most interesting object which the church of Aspeboda presents, is a picture of Egelbert Englebertson, who was a native of this parish. Sweden is much indebted to the hardy, brave, and freedom-

loving Dalesmen. This remark by no means applies alone to their protection and successful aid afforded to the great liberator in throwing off the Danish yoke. But at other periods of Swedish history, the Dalesmen have been the first to strike a blow for the great principles of liberty. The story of Englebertson, who preceded by some years Gustavus Wasa, is one of peculiar interest. All history agrees in according to this man singular abilities, and a noble and lofty purpose. The melancholy termination of his career, which, but for treachery, might perhaps have been as successful and brilliant as that of the great liberator, throws a dark shadow over his memory.

It was evening when we arrived at Heljbo station, where we passed the night. The peasants were returning to their homes after the labors of the day. The most striking groups which I observed among them, were of women returning home from their work in the fields, with rakes and other farming utensils upon their shoulders, busily occupied meantime with their knitting, while they drove home their cows from the fields, which they had driven out in the morning, in order to secure a supply of fresh milk while at their work. Their countenances were particularly cheerful, which seemed to indicate that they did not look upon their mode of life as hard.

As we approached Leksand the next morning, I observed, at numerous points along the road, the May-poles which were erected for the celebration of midsummer's fête; some of them were elaborately ornamented with wreaths of evergreen and twigs of birch; but they looked sad in their brown and faded tinge. Just before reaching Leksand, the Dal Elf is crossed by means of a floating bridge. These bridges are in very general use in Sweden, and are often built across arms of the lakes as well as rivers.

The parish of Leksand is prettily situated at the foot of the Lake of Silja, a picturesque sheet of water inclosed by mountains. This is the very heart of the Province of Dalecarlia. The church of Leksand is the largest in Dalecarlia; it stands immediately upon the shore of the lake.

It is very certain that whatever want of taste the Dalesmen may display in selecting sites for their own domicils, that their churches are always beautifully situated, and present a very remarkable contrast, in their extent and elegance, to the habitations of the people. This parish contains a population of something more than eleven thousand, scattered along the borders of the lake for many miles, as well as in the interior of the country. The village itself, in the neighborhood of the church, is made up of scattering timber houses, painted red, with a population of about eight hundred.

ALL THE WAY BY WHICH THE LORD THY GOD LED THEE.

When we reach a quiet dwelling
On the strong eternal hills,
And our praise to him is swelling
Who the vast creation fills;
When the paths of prayer and duty,
And affliction, all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God;

With the light of resurrection,
When our changed bodies glow,
And we gain the full perfection
Of the bliss begun below;
When the life that "flesh" obscureth
In each radiant form shall shine,
And the joy that aye endureth
Flashes forth in beams divine;

While we wave the palms of glory
Through the long eternal years,
Shall we e'er forget the story
Of our mortal griefs and fears?
Shall we e'er forget the sadness,
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts are fill'd with gladness,
And our tears are dried by Him?

Shall the memory be banish'd
Of His kindness and His care,
When the wants and woes are vanish'd
Which He loved to soothe and share?
All the way by which He led us,
All the grievings which He bore,
All the patient love He taught us,
Shall we think of them no more?

Yes! we surely shall remember
How he quicken'd us from death—
How he fann'd the dying ember
With His Spirit's glowing breath.
We shall read the tender meaning
Of the sorrows and alarms,
As we trod the desert, leaning
On his everlasting arms.

And His rest will be the dearer
When we think of weary ways,
And His light will seem the clearer
As we muse on cloudy days.
O, 'twill be a glorious morrow
To a dark and stormy day!
We shall recollect our sorrow
As the streams that pass away.

THE LITTLE WHITE PEBBLE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IT was during the height of the theatrical season at Munich, in 1795, that one evening a pale young man took a prominent part in a new piece. His mournful looks and spiritless actions were so utterly at variance with the drolleries he had to say, that, being unmercifully hissed by the spectators, he was peremptorily dismissed by the enraged manager, who was the composer of the unsuccessful comedy. Little did they think, and as little did they care, that in a wretched garret lay the cold remains of his once dear father; that five little brothers and sisters and a desolate widow looked up to him as their only hope and support; or that, so deep was his poverty, he could buy neither food for the living, nor a coffin for the dead. Picture, then, his intense grief when, with a few crowns in his pocket, the result of his dismissal, he leaves the theater, gives his humble order at the undertaker's, buys bread for his starving family, and staggers to his comfortless home. He looks back upon the past, and he sees only misfortune and failure; he tries to dream of the future, but, alas! there is neither encouragement nor hope. Then see him, watching all the long lone night by his father's corpse, and following it to the grave in the morning; track him as he listlessly saunters through the streets, and idly wanders on the banks of the river; mark him watching the flowing water, till, hard pressed by misfortune, the terrible thought of suicide enters his poor harassed brain; then observe him shudder at the guilty thought, fall on his knees to beg for mercy and forgiveness, till at last, worn out by fatigue and anxiety, he sinks down on the soft grass—to sleep.

The still night has hushed all nature into quiet; and as the drowsy winds howl softly round the resting-place of grief, and the murmuring waters chant a low wail of sympathy with the sufferer's woe, there seems, as if in answer to the prayer of anguish he had uttered, to arise from those dark waters, which but an hour or two before whispered to him dire despair, an angel of deliverance, which, as it gently hovers over the sleeping unfortunate, appears to scatter blessings from its gracious wings, and by its magic touch bids hope gush forth from the hard, cold rock.

Soon the merry chirping of birds and the cheerful rays of the morning sun arouse the sleeper. Refreshed and thankful at heart that he is still living, he prepares to return to the city. His attention, however, is arrested by a smooth, white chalk-stone, on which are traced the delicate fibers of a sprig of moss. He remembers that, the evening before, his tears fell on this very stone, and moistened the moss; some wandering bird or playful gust of wind has borne the plant far away; but there is its impress exquisitely penciled on the white surface of the stone. Struck by the phenomenon, we hear the young German say, as he picks up the fair pebble and wends his way to the city: "This means something; Providence has not deserted me; I am a bad actor, a bad singer, but who knows, I may be reserved for something better."

Here let the curtain fall upon the vision. It did mean something; that white pebble was a fragment of the now celebrated Bavarian lithographic stone, and that pale young man was Aloise Senefelder, the inventor of lithography. Remember, then, O young man, when, beset by troubles and difficulties, you are tempted to despair, remember the poor actor of Munich, and be assured that he who bade the trickling tears of grief imprint the light sporule upon the fair limestone, is ready to hear you in the hour of your sadness, and can open up to all who truly seek him a way of escape from trouble.

Abandoning his former profession, Senefelder became an author; being too poor, however, to pay for the printer's labor in publishing his manuscripts, he set about trying to print for himself. In the course of his experiments, he found that soap, wax, and lampblack, made a good composition for writing on copper; he then used strong nitric acid to eat away a portion of the copper and leave the letters in relief; these sheets he then printed. But as writing backward was not easy, and as copper was not cheap, he was led to make further experiments on the stone from the banks of the Isere. This he polished and used instead of copper. One day, while thus employed, his mother came into his work-room and requested him to take account of some linen which was going to the washerwoman. Not having a scrap of paper or a drop of ink at hand, he hastily wrote out the list with his prepared ink

upon a polished stone, intending to copy it at leisure. When he was going to wipe the writing from the stone, the idea struck him that he might take impressions from it; having bit the stone gently with acid, so as to leave the letters a little prominent, he found, after charging it with ink, that he could take impressions easily upon renewing the ink for each print. Experimenting further, he soon saw that it was not essential to leave the letters raised, but that the simple principle of grease resisting water was sufficient. Here was the true secret of lithography. The calcareous stone has, strange to say, a strong affinity or liking for both grease and water; while, as is well known, grease and water have for one another quite as decided an antipathy. Working upon this simple principle, Senefelder, by drawing or writing subjects upon the stone with fatty substances, produced some good specimens. The stone, imbibing greedily the grease, fixed the subject upon its surface; this being damped with a wet cloth, till the whole face of the stone was covered, except where the greasy lines resisted the water, a roller of proper printing-ink was passed over the stone. Those parts upon which the water was standing, would necessarily resist the ink, and it would only be received by the oily lines of the subject. When fully charged with ink, a paper was laid upon it, and by the application of a scraping pressure from above, the print was produced.

This was lithography in its early days, and the fundamental principles remain the same; but as this art is so seriously affected by the most delicate niceties in chemistry, and the slightest variations in the weather, it is not to be wondered at that Senefelder met with innumerable difficulties. With astonishing perseverance, however, he battled with his daily trials, until, in 1799, he obtained a patent to practice in Bavaria, and he afterward attempted to set up presses in London, Paris, and Vienna. It soon spread through Germany and France, and, being taken up by clever artists, rapidly attained excellence. In 1800, it was introduced into England, and in 1819, the stout-hearted Senefelder, with characteristic candor and public spirit, divulged all his secrets, and published his receipts, hoping, as he says, "that it might produce many excellent lithographers."

Subsequently Hullmandel, who studied chemistry under Faraday, worked with great success, and invented tinting and the use of the brush upon stone, commonly called lithotint. From his studio, by the pencils of Cattermole, Roberts, Harding, Haghe, and others, some of the most exquisite specimens of modern art have been sent out, and now London alone, besides heaps of minor presses, can boast of many master establishments. It is but forty years ago since painters, engravers, and connoisseurs, with most active tongues vilified the struggling art, and cautioned the public against "greasy and smutty daubs," and wise-heads in high quarters ventured to say that "it was all very well in its way, only it must be kept within its proper limits." The interval has, however, turned the tables, and lithography, as a useful, cheap, and elegant art, has taken a position which engraving never could. For not only does it send out the merchant's letter in his own handwriting, and furnish the whole paper paraphernalia of the counting-house at a cheap rate; not only does it descend into all the common necessities of every-day life; but it gives us the finest subjects of the best artists, crisp from their own hands, and bearing the real touches of their own pencils. Nor is this all, for it gives, further, color, and it interprets faithfully every tint and gradation of shade, and transmits them, fresh from the painter's easel, to multiplied copies, every one of which is a true fac-simile of the original.

Contrast, then, in your mind, 1795 and 1856. Look, on the one hand, at unfortunate Senefelder, and then, on the other, at the numerous professors of his art at the present day; look, on the one side, at the little white fragment of limestone, and, on the other, at the "quarry" of stones, which in one establishment alone weighs several hundred tons; look at the clumsy press that first threw off a sheet from stone at Munich, and then look at the elegant machines of modern days, some of which are wrought by steam; and thus learn that important and cheering lesson, to bear up bravely even although troubles thicken fast and perplexities seem to extinguish hope. For, to use Senefelder's own words, "Why should we ever despair? God can turn our pain into pleasure, and our bitterness into joy."

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This was lithography in its early days, and the fundamental principles remain the same; but as this art is so seriously affected by the most delicate niceties in chemistry, and the slightest variations in the weather, it is not to be wondered at that Senefelder met with innumerable difficulties. With astonishing perseverance, however, he battled with his daily trials, until, in 1799, he obtained a patent to practice in Bavaria, and he afterward attempted to set up presses in London, Paris, and Vienna. It soon spread through Germany and France, and, being taken up by clever artists, rapidly attained excellence. In 1800, it was introduced into England, and in 1819, the stout-hearted Senefelder, with characteristic candor and public spirit, divulged all his secrets, and published his receipts, hoping, as he says, "that it might produce many excellent lithographers."

Subsequently Hullmandel, who studied chemistry under Faraday, worked with great success, and invented tinting and the use of the brush upon stone, commonly called lithotint. From his studio, by the pencils of Cattermole, Roberts, Harding, Haghe, and others, some of the most exquisite specimens of modern art have been sent out, and now London alone, besides heaps of minor presses, can boast of many master establishments. It is but forty years ago since painters, engravers, and connoisseurs, with most active tongues vilified the struggling art, and cautioned the public against "greasy and smutty daubs," and wise-heads in high quarters ventured to say that "it was all very well in its way, only it must be kept within its proper limits." The interval has, however, turned the tables, and lithography, as a useful, cheap, and elegant art, has taken a position which engraving never could. For not only does it send out the merchant's letter in his own handwriting, and furnish the whole paper paraphernalia of the counting-house at a cheap rate; not only does it descend into all the common necessities of every-day life; but it gives us the finest subjects of the best artists, crisp from their own hands, and bearing the real touches of their own pencils. Nor is this all, for it gives, further, color, and it interprets faithfully every tint and gradation of shade, and transmits them, fresh from the painter's easel, to multiplied copies, every one of which is a true fac-simile of the original.

Contrast, then, in your mind, 1795 and 1856. Look, on the one hand, at unfortunate Senefelder, and then, on the other, at the numerous professors of his art at the present day; look, on the one side, at the little white fragment of limestone, and, on the other, at the "quarry" of stones, which in one establishment alone weighs several hundred tons; look at the clumsy press that first threw off a sheet from stone at Munich, and then look at the elegant machines of modern days, some of which are wrought by steam; and thus learn that important and cheering lesson, to bear up bravely even although troubles thicken fast and perplexities seem to extinguish hope. For, to use Senefelder's own words, "Why should we ever despair? God can turn our pain into pleasure, and our bitterness into joy."

The National Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.—We sympathize with our correspondent, to whose letter we here give place. It has always appeared to us one of the greatest marvels of the human intellect, that long ere arriving at maturity it should be able in some cases to master the Spelling book, while to others that little volume presents difficulties absolutely insurmountable. We know a black-eyed shaver, of eleven summers, who can't be puzzled with hard words, and we know at least one doctor of divinity whose knowledge of English orthography is infinitely less than his knowledge of Greek roots and Hebrew idioms. He never *could* spell, and never will, should he live to the age of Methuselah. But there is no help for him, nor we fear for our correspondent, who says:

"Our spelling is bad, bad beyond endurance, especially when we spell *right*, according to custom. It is not right to write *wright rite!* More than half the words in our language contain too many letters, and these are put together in such an awkward and unnatural manner that we are obliged to spell almost entirely from *memory*, instead of rules. We have rules, but what are they good for? Who remembers them, or, if they are remembered, who is governed by them?

"There are so many exceptions to the rules that the mind becomes perplexed in their application, and there is no other way than to fall back on the memory, think how the word appears to the *eye* as it is seen in print, and spell it accordingly. If the *appearance* of the word cannot be recalled, the next thing is to get the Dictionary, find the word, and then ascertain how the letters stand to each other. This need not be the case if the rules of our orthography were sufficiently simple and natural. Every letter in the alphabet is supposed to possess the power of a certain sound, some of the letters many sounds, and if placed beside certain others, these sounds vary, and by the bungling rules of orthography they vary to such a needless extent as to perplex and confuse. Absolute perfection in orthography need not be looked for, but when we find this department of science full of absurdities a reformation should be sought.

"Let any one open a book and scarcely a line can be found that does not give proof of the stern necessity of a thorough change in our mode of spelling.

"Why do we need *ph* to produce the sound we give to *f*, when *f* will do as well? Of what use is *l* in *would, could* and *should?* Why not put in *w, y* and *e*, and call them silent letters? Is *b* of any benefit in *doubt*, or *o* in *double?* So it is all along through the wide range of the English language. We are hampered and bound by the discordant cords of custom, yet we must follow the rules, we must be governed by the standards. But who governs the standard authors? 'O, they follow the established practice of the best speakers and writers.' By whom are the best speakers and writers governed? Answer, 'By the standard authors.' Very well, it is good both to govern and to be governed, yet where evils exist in any kind of government, it is wise to correct them, as well in the government of orthography as in anything else.

"The tedious, clumsy manner of spelling in our language '*according to the established usage of the best speakers and writers*,' has led to the formation of a system of Phonography, by which those who learn and practice it, spell according to the philosophy of *sound*, giving to each letter a simple sound, and only writing such letters as are necessary to form the sound which the word should convey. They find no difficulty in writing and reading in this short style, but many actual advantages. If our lexicographers and publishers were to form the shortest possible method of spelling, and were introduced and taught in all the schools throughout the country, the children would learn it easily; but could those who have grown up under the present system find time to go back and again learn to spell? Yes, many of them could, and especially those who write much would find that they saved time by the process, and having once learned that easy method they would have no desire to return to the old.

"There are improvements going on in agriculture, navigation, architecture, &c., while here we are with our orthography two centuries behind the times, dragging out *p-h-t-i-s-i-k* and then calling it '*tisik.*' We write *through*, while *thru* would be better. We laugh at Englishmen because they omit the sound of *h* where it is written and apply it where the letter does not exist. Thus: 'The *hox it is* orn and broke *hit hoff*,' instead of: 'The ox hit his horn, &c.,' and yet we pronounce *honor* as though it were spelled *onur*. If we pronounce it *onur*, according to Webster, why not write it so? Either our *pronunciation* or *spelling*, in thousands of instances, is wrong. Because of this, Lexicographers are obliged to spell many common words for us, and this they do on the principles of phonography, or rather of common sense, thus: 'League (leeg).' Why not write it *leeg* at once, without making a necessity for an explanation? We need as much *uniformity* as possible in the orthography of the nation, but we need not be *uniformly wrong*. We need rules in spelling, and those rules must proceed from authority of some kind.

"Would it be impracticable for the leading minds in the science and literature of our country, in convention or otherwise, to remodel our system of orthography, expunge its defects, and introduce necessary amendment? Why not?

"Men voluntarily assemble in conventions and form political platforms, and when one such national platform is constructed as suits the mass, more than half the people rush *on* it, while the rest go *under*.

"A few men with delegated powers frame laws for the nation, others for the Church; they repeal, amend, reconstruct, &c., and cannot this be done in *some* way for our literature?

"Let us have a change in the orthography of our language, at once simple and clear, which will be easier for our children and for foreigners to learn, and easier for all to write."

APOTHEGMS FROM ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.—Few writers have greater power of condensation than the archbishop. We extract a few marked passages:

Pedantry.—"The pedantry of learning has been often and deservedly ridiculed; but there is another danger on the other side, quite as great and more intolerable, which is seldom mentioned, it is the *pedantry of 'common sense and experience.'*"

"*Sophistry* is like poison. It is at once detected and nauseated when presented to us in a concentrated form; just as a fallacy, which, stated in a few sentences, would not deceive a child, may deceive half the world, if diluted in a quarto volume. In a course of argument, just as it is in mechanics, nothing is stronger than its weakest part: and, consequently, a chain which has one faulty link will break; but though the number of links adds nothing to the strength of the chain it adds much to the *chance of the faulty one's escaping observation.*"

Hitting the Mark.—"Many a meandering discourse one hears, in which the preacher aims at nothing, and hits it."

Questions.—"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer; but a wise man cannot ask more questions than he will find a fool ready to answer."

"*Art of Pleasing.*—He will please most who is aiming, not to please, but *to give pleasure.*"

FAT MEAT.—The following is from *the Scalpel*, a medical journal, published in this city, and edited with great ability:

"With young girls, fashion sometimes deters from eating of fat meat, which is regarded as a sign of grossness and want of delicacy; and many, between the ages of thirteen and twenty years, manifest the injurious consequences of this error. The skin is flabby, cool, and blanched, and the whole system appears exsanguineous; the cheeks are sometimes flushed with a transient, irritative, feverish heat, but there is a persistent coldness of the hands and feet, and the aggregate heat of the body is deficient. The lymphatic glands of the neck become enlarged. The appetite is irregular and fastidious; especially in the morning, food is taken

Recent Publications.

The Doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. (*Carlton & Porter*, 1856.) Every four years the Methodist Discipline undergoes a revision by the General Conference; and alterations, more or less important, are made in the prudential regulations, and the temporal economy of the Church. Some of the more prominent changes, as found in the present edition, are the following:

The entire section entitled "Of the Band Societies" is struck out, and Bands are no longer recognized as pertaining to Methodism.

The rule by which ministers were not permitted to remain in the same city more than four years is struck out, and they may now remain indefinitely, but not in charge of the same church more than two years in six.

There is an entirely new section relative to children, in which answers are given to the questions: Are all young children entitled to baptism? What is the relation of baptized children to the Church? and what shall be done for the baptized children of our Church?

The ratio of representation to the General Conference is changed, and instead of one member for every twenty-one, it is now one for every twenty-seven.

Provision is made for the trial of appeals by a committee of the General Conference, said committee to consist of not less than fifteen.

Annual Conferences, as heretofore, are authorized to fix the place for their sittings, but the place may be altered, if deemed necessary, by the preachers in charge and the presiding elder of the district where the Conference was to be held.

Preachers will hereafter be required at each Annual Conference to answer, in addition to the statistical information formerly given, the following questions:

What is the number of Church members?
Number of deaths the past year?
Number of probationers?
Number of local preachers?
Number of adults baptized the past year?
Number of children baptized the past year?
Number of Churches?
Their probable value?
Number of parsonages?
Their probable value?

The number of stewards on a circuit hereafter may be *nine* instead of *seven*; and the district stewards, whose duty it is to make provision for the presiding elder, are required to meet annually.

In Quarterly Conferences "the first male superintendent of our Sunday schools, being members (a member) of our Church, and approved by the Quarterly Conference," has a right hereafter to a seat.

The General Conference may authorize the election of a missionary bishop in the interim of the General Conference.

Superannuated preachers, residing without the bounds of the Conference of which they are members, are entitled hereafter to membership in the Quarterly Conferences where they may reside.

Provision is made for trying a member of an Annual Conference by a committee instead of bringing the case before the entire body.

Should the Conference, having jurisdiction, judge it expedient to try the accused by a select number, it may appoint not less than nine, nor more than fifteen of its members for that purpose, who, in the presence of a bishop or a chairman, which the President of the Conference shall appoint, and one or more of the Secretaries of the Conference, shall have full power to consider and determine the case according to the rules which govern annual conferences in such proceedings, and they shall make a faithful report of all their doings to the Secretary of the Conference in writing, and deliver up to him the bill of charges, the evidence taken, and the decision rendered, with all other documents brought into the trial.

The number of the Annual Conferences has been increased from thirty-nine to forty-seven. The new ones are called respectively: The Newark, the Delaware, (after a town in Ohio of that name,) the Detroit, the Peoria, the West Wisconsin, the Minnesota, the Upper Iowa, the Kansas and Nebraska.

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One of the most imposing volumes of the last month is a large octavo, of nearly six hundred pages, on superfine paper and bold type, from the press of *Carlton & Porter*. It is entitled, *The Psalms, chronologically arranged, with Historical Introductions, and a General Introduction to the whole Book.* By F. G. Hibbard. We must be satisfied at present with the announcement of its publication. We shall recur to the volume hereafter.

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History of the American Bible Society, revised and brought down to the present time. By W. P. Strickland, D.D., with an introduction by Rev. N. L. Rice, D.D. (*New-York: Harper & Brothers*, 1856.) We are glad to see a reprint of this work. The fact that it is again called for implies a due appreciation by the Christian public, and is an evidence of interest in that noble society whose history it gives, and which is so intimately connected with, not only the state of religion in the land, but of political freedom and social advancement. Our social compact is based on the principles of the Bible, and at once our safety and our progress depend on our practical adhesion to those principles. In this view no one of the benevolent institutions of our age and country is more, if so much, deserving the support of patriotic, philanthropic, and Christian men as the American Bible Society. Other societies are important, are useful, unspeakably so, in their particular spheres, but the Bible Society embraces every interest, its sweep of influence is universal, it touches, like the atmosphere, everything and everybody, it vitalizes our entire moral, religious, and social character. It is a society which it is the interest of every good

man to promote. It does not belong to a party, to a sect, to a Church. It appertains to every one. It is doing what it is equally the interest of all good people to have done, scattering everywhere the seeds of Divine truth, and everywhere raising up plants of wisdom, truth, and virtue.

The idea of writing the history of this society was a happy one, and the task is well done. We do not wonder that the public desire to know more of the origin, progress, and operations of this society, and to have those features laid open which can be known only to those who have familiar acquaintance with it. Its exoteric movements are pretty well known, but here we have its esoteric character clearly displayed. For the execution of this task Dr. Strickland had peculiar facilities. For several years he was an active agent of the Society. As such he would necessarily become acquainted with its principles and policy, its aims and modes of operation, and they are fairly given in the work before us. He had not only the results of his own immediate observation and experience to guide him, he had access to the publications and documents of the Board of Managers, of which he has made a liberal and judicious use. We do not mean that his book is made up of a digest of Annual Reports and Bible Society documents. Far from it. He has used these, when these alone furnished the information pertinent, but besides these he has drawn information from a great variety of reliable sources, religious, political, and miscellaneous. His first chapter on the early condition of the country in regard to the Bible, and the action of Congress on this subject, is interesting and significant. It shows clearly what was the mind and disposition of the infant country. It is in vain to say that the United States are not a Christian, Protestant country. No popish legislature has enacted such laws in favor, not only of the Bible, but in favor of giving it to the people—to all the people. This testimony is so clear and decided that there was some doubt as to the authority of these passages in regard to Congressional action. But the author well knew what he was about. He did not, as he has informed us, insert them until he had taken the pains to verify them by referring to the archives of the Congressional library at Washington. There they are all recorded, and the very states are specified that voted ay or nay upon the questions before them.

The history of the American Bible House involves some interesting *memorabilia*. There are still living in the city of New-York some who remember when the Society occupied a room of about twenty feet square in what was then known as Sloat Lane, where a gentleman had the boldness to say that he verily believed he should "live to see the time when all the shelves with which that room was lined would be filled with Bibles and Testaments!" It was thought a wonderful advance when the Society moved to its spacious premises in Nassau-street, in which it was supposed there was space enough for its purposes for all time to come. Who could then suppose that in thirty years that building would be found, even after all the additions had been made that it was susceptible of, quite too contracted for the affairs of the Society? Yet such, we learn, was the fact. It was not only that the place was unsuitable for the business of the Society, being in a narrow, crowded street, difficult of access, as well as lacking the air and light necessary for the satisfactory prosecution of the business; but it was actually too circumscribed, though it had been enlarged from time to time to its utmost capacity. They were driven out by the force of circumstances. They were necessitated to it. The old house, after being enlarged, was crowded to its utmost tension; but it would not answer. But it seems to have been Providence rather than sagacity that determined their new quarters. The managers, it is generally known, were long in quest of a proper building site somewhere down town; but the size of the ground required was a great difficulty, and then the price would have been enormous. The ground afterward purchased was at that time lying vacant. It was a part of the ancient Stuyvesant estate, and had once been occupied by inferior buildings, mostly of wood. But these had been torn down, and for several years the plot of ground had been let to vagrant circuses, menageries, and the like; and here, too, for several years was the asylum and slaughter place for stray dogs in the dog-days. At length it was bought by a company as the site of an opera house. For some reason this project failed, and the land came into the market just at the right time. On it now stands the new Bible House. We need not here attempt to describe the building; the reader may find a description in Dr. Strickland's work. The edifice is large, (over seven hundred feet in circumference,) substantial and neat, without any air of pretension, or indication of unnecessary cost. It makes no claim to architectural elegance, further than its size and commanding appearance. It might have been a greater ornament to the city than it is, but the managers desired no appearance of parade, and we understand that some of the most liberal contributors refused to give anything to countenance extravagance and superfluity. We think, on the whole, this was judicious. Any appearance of needless expenditure, while it would have been out of place, would have alienated many from the cause. True, as it was built by special contributions for the purpose, the donors might have had the privilege of putting up such a building as they might choose, since nothing was taken from the regular funds of the Society for the object; but it seems to have been their own choice to erect such an edifice as, in their view, best accords with the object designed; and on the whole we commend them for it. We believe, too, it meets the general approbation of the Christian public.

We should be glad to dwell at some length on several other points discussed in this history, but time does not permit. Besides exhibiting the policy and operations of this Society, the work treats on several interesting points appertaining to the history and circulation of the Bible. The author gives an interesting chapter on the translations of the Bible into foreign languages, in which he explains the cause of the rupture between the American Bible Society and the Baptists, and also the recent revision of the Society's standard copy, which some have, either from ignorance or design, confounded with a new version. It ap-

pears evidently to have been nothing more than a correction of typographical errors, or a comparison of the several English standard copies, so as out of them all to render their own standard as perfect as possible. And, after all, the chief good resulting from this revision, as it strikes us, is a demonstration of the wonderful care which has been exercised in passing this book so many thousands of times through the press. Certainly in this respect no book can compare with it. This negative result, as it might be called, is of infinite value to the believer.

The reader will here find also an account of the Bible in Mexico and South America, in Spain, Italy, Portugal, and Austria, in the Sandwich Islands, in China and India, in Russia and the Levant, &c., &c. The advantage of these chapters is that they present in brief compass important and interesting statements that every one interested in the spread of the Bible will be glad to have in a compact form, and that the Christian minister especially can hardly do without. To him and to all who are laboring in our leading Christian and benevolent societies, the work will be indispensable as a book of reference.

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The Gift of Power; or, the Special Influences of the Holy Spirit the Need of the Church. By the Rev. S. H. Platt. *New-York: For sale by Carlton & Porter.* In this 16mo volume of 277 pages, Mr. Platt discusses subjects of momentous importance, and presents some startling statistics relative to the Church of Christ. His little volume cannot be read attentively without exciting fearful emotions as to Christian responsibility, and inducing, on the part of the true soldier of the cross, greater diligence in the prosecution of the work in which he is engaged.

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We have seldom seen a volume better adapted to its purpose, or one evincing more familiar acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, than *Questions on the Book of Proverbs, on a plan entirely new.* By Rev. George Coles. (*New-York: Carlton & Porter.*) Those only who have tried the experiment know the difficulty of framing suitable Biblical questions, neither too simple on the one hand, nor too difficult on the other. Mr. Coles has succeeded admirably, and his volume has our heartiest commendation.

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An instructive and well-written little volume, entitled *The Hebrew Missionary*, is before us, from the pen of the Rev. Joseph Cross, D.D. It is a series of essays, exegetical and practical, on the book of Jonah, which the author very properly regards as a real narrative, and not, as is contended by some critics, an allegory or a parable. (Press of *Stevenson & Owen.*)

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English Traits (from the press of *Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*) is the title of a small duodecimo of 300 pages, from the pen of R. W. Emerson. It is twenty-three years since our author's first visit to England, and nearly nine since he returned from his second tour. This little volume is the condensed result of his opinions of men, manners, and things as he found them in the father land. His pages have evidently been subjected to severe elimination and repeated revision, and the result is a volume full of thought, elaborate in style, and to any but close thinkers, not specially attractive. It is very different from any of Mr. Emerson's former publications, and yet it is perfectly in character. No one else could by any possibility have written the volume. Poetic, philosophic, and occasionally profound even to obscurity, full of common sense, keen observation, and startling paradox, it is destined not perhaps to be widely popular in the present, but to live and be studied in all the future. From his chapter on "manners" we take the following:

"England produces, under favorable conditions of ease and culture, the finest women in the world. And as the men are affectionate and true-hearted, the women inspire and refine them. Nothing can be more delicate, without being fantastical; nothing more firm and based in nature and sentiment, than the courtship and mutual carriage of the sexes. The song of 1596 says, 'The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.' The sentiment of Imogene in Cymbeline is copied from English nature; and not less the Portia of Brutus, the Kate Percy, and the Desdemona. The romance does not exceed in the height of noble passion in Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, or in Lady Russell, or even as one discerns through the plain prose of Pepy's Diary, the sacred habit of an English wife. Sir Samuel Romilly could not bear the death of his wife. Every class has its noble and tender example.

"Domesticity is the tap-root which enables the nation to branch wide and high. The motive and end of their trade and empire is to guard the independence and privacy of their homes. Nothing so much marks their manners as the concentration on their household ties. The domesticity is carried into court and camp. Wellington governed India and Spain and his own troops, and fought battles like a good family-man, paid his debts, and though general of an army in Spain, could not stir abroad for fear of public creditors. This taste for house and parish merits has, of course, its doting and foolish side. Mr. Cobbett attributes the huge popularity of Percival, prime minister in 1810, to the fact that he was wont to go to church every Sunday with a large quarto gilt prayer book under one arm, his wife hanging on the other, and followed by a long brood of children.

"They keep their old customs, costumes, and pomps, their wig and mace, scepter and crown. The Middle Ages still lurk in the streets of London. The Knights of the Bath take oath to defend injured ladies; the gold stick in waiting survives. They repeated the ceremonies of the eleventh century in the coronation of the present queen. An hereditary tenure is natural to them. Offices, farms, trades, and traditions descend so. Their leases run for a hundred and a thousand years. Terms of service and partnership are life long, or are inherited. 'Holdship has been with me,' said Lord Eldon, 'eight and twenty years, knows all my business and books.' Antiquity of usage is sanction enough. Wordsworth says of the small freeholders of Westmoreland, 'Many of these humble sons of the hills had a consciousness that the land which they tilled had for more than five hundred years been possessed by men of the same name and blood.' The ship carpenter in the public yards, my lord's gardener and porter, have been there for more than a hundred years, grandfather, father, and son.

"The English power resides also in their dislike of change. They have difficulty in bringing their reason to act, and on all occasions use their memory first. As soon as they have rid themselves of some grievance, and settled the better practice, they make haste to fix it as a finality, and never wish to hear of alteration more.

'Every Englishman is an embryonic chancelor; his instinct is to search for a precedent. The favorite phrase of their law is, 'A custom whereof the memory of man runneth not back to the contrary.' The barons say, '*Nolumus mutari*,' and the cockneys stifle the curiosity of the foreigner on the reason of any practice with, 'Lord, sir, it was always so.' They hate innovation. Bacon told them that 'Time was the right reformer;' Chatham, that 'Confidence was a plant of slow growth;' Canning, 'To advance with the times,' and Wellington, that 'Habit was ten times nature.' All their statesmen learn the irresistibility of the tide

of customs, and have invented many fine phrases to cover this slowness of perception and prehensility of tail.

"A sea-shell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men. The Englishman is finished like a cowry or a murex. After the spire and the spines are formed, or with the formation, a juice exudes, and a hard enamel varnishes every part. The keeping of the proprieties is as indispensable as clean linen. No merit quite countervails the want of this, while this sometimes stands in lieu of all. 'Tis in bad taste' is the most formidable word an Englishman can pronounce. But this Japan costs them dear. There is a prose in certain Englishmen which exceeds in wooden deadness all rivalry with other countrymen. There is a knell in the concert and externality of their voice which seems to say, *leave all hope behind.* In this Gibraltar of propriety, mediocrity gets intrenched and consolidated and founded in adamant. An Englishman of fashion is like one of those souvenirs, bound in gold vellum, enriched with delicate engravings, on thick, hot-pressed paper, fit for the hands of ladies and princes, but with nothing in it worth reading or remembering.

"A severe decorum rules the court and the cottage. When Thalberg, the pianist, was one evening performing before the queen at Windsor, in a private party, the queen accompanied him with her voice. The circumstance took air, and all England shuddered from sea to sea. The indecorum was never repeated."

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Gould & Lincoln have just issued a new edition of that well-known and universally esteemed work, *The Imitation of Christ.* By Thomas à Kempis. It is a translation from the original Latin, by John Payne, has an introductory essay from the pen of Dr. Chalmers, and a sketch of the author's life by Dr. Ulmann. The work itself needs not our commendation, and this is altogether the best English version, that of Wesley being indeed equally faithful, but very much abridged.

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Swormstedt & Poe, of Cincinnati, have issued, in good style, two additional volumes of the fugitive writings of Dr. Thomson. The one is entitled *Sketches, Biographical and Incidental,* and the other *Essays, Moral and Religious.* They were not prepared with the design of making a book, and several of the essays bear marks of having been hastily written. They would doubtless have been less liable to critical censure and more worthy of the author's fame if they had been carefully re-written; but as the alternative was to take them as they are, or not at all, we think the publishers have done well to give them to the public in this permanent form. The doctor's range of subjects is quite extensive, and as a specimen of his style we quote a few passages from an essay on a subject quite frequently discussed in these latter days. It is *The Pulpit and Politics.* In answer to the question, "Who are the subjects of government?" the author says:

"Human beings, of course. And who are human beings? They who possess the essential attributes of humanity. What are these? They are not to be found in color, or feature, or flesh, or blood—they are reason, affection, conscience. These confer the capacities of comprehending, loving, and serving God, and lift the being possessing them aloft above the mere animal creation. He who is capable of obeying God is accountable to God, and he who is accountable to God has the rights of man. What are the rights of man? We hold these truths to be revealed, that all men are sprung from the same father, plunged in the same ruin, and redeemed by the same Saviour. A natural inference is that all have *equal* rights. Our Revolutionary fathers held this to be self-evident, that among these rights—natural and inalienable—are 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Inferiority does not extinguish rights. If you claim control over another because of your superiority, another may claim you by the same title. Such a claim is, indeed, rarely set up. It is not the *inferiority* of the slave, but his *status,* on which the master rests; the more the slave improves—the whiter becomes his skin—the greater the infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood that floats in his veins, the tighter does the master hold him. Oppression does not cancel rights. If a man buys property of a thief, he gets a thief's title; if he sells it he conveys a thief's title; if he bequeaths it, he bequeaths a thief's title. Ill-gotten property may, in time, be rightfully acquired by possession, provided the *original owner cannot be found;* but in man there is always a *soul*—an *original owner;* so that, however many ancestors of the slave may have been sold, the present master has no better title than the original man-stealer. Law cannot destroy human rights; it is the province of law to *confirm* rights, not to *annihilate* them. The alleged incapacity of certain men for liberty, does not destroy their inalienable rights. How did such incapacity originate? Do you say it is natural? It were a paradox to say that God would perpetuate a race of *human* beings incapable of liberty. What rank would they hold in the scale of beings? What would be their position at the last day and beyond it? It were a libel both upon man and God. If the alleged incapacity is produced by our oppression, can this give us a title to the subjects of that oppression? Such a claim could be set up in favor of any tyrant. It goes to this point—that a man's rights over another are in proportion to the wrongs he commits upon him, and hence, that the longer a man suffers wrong, the less is he entitled to relief, till at length protracted oppression utterly extinguishes all his rights. Some rivet the chains upon the slave because he is content with his condition. *If* it be true that a man is satisfied with the condition of a slave, *why* is it true? Because slavery has imbruted him. If a surgeon, by pressure upon your brain, were so to impair your reasoning powers as to make you satisfied to be his slave, would that insure him a valid title to what was left of you?"

In answer to the question, "When does a government transcend its powers?" we are told that

"That over which a government has power it may regulate. It can stamp its image on weights, and scales, and landmarks, and flags; it may, therefore, issue its decrees to mark boundaries, and regulate commerce, and measures, and fortifications; but when it comes to the human soul, it finds another image there, and hears another voice. Render unto God the things that are God's. Lift up your eye to the heavens; try to efface God's image on the sky and stamp your own there, before you attempt to turn the human soul into gold, and run it in your die. Stop the revolving earth with a stamp of your foot, or stay the sun in his course with your curse, before you prescribe the course of human thought, and feeling, and will. Bring on your chains, kindle up your fires around a man. 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh.'"

After referring to several illustrations of obedience to the higher law, for, says our author, "there were higher and lower law divines in ancient times," he says:

"But you will say all this was under the old dispensation. Under this we have nothing to do but 'to preach Christ.' Granted. And what is it to preach Christ, but to proclaim his *mission,* in his *spirit,* and according to his *example?* What is his *mission?* Hear him as he stands in the synagogue with the parchment roll in his hand: 'The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim *liberty* to the captives, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that *are bound;* to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God." Alas! the Church has been, to too great an extent, splitting theological hairs, and rattling dry skeletons raked from the ashes of the dark ages, instead of following out the scheme of her leader, and thus has often brought contempt upon herself, raised up infidel ranks around her, and left noble enterprises either to be achieved without her aid, or to fail for want of her moderation, her wisdom, and her prayers. And what is the *spirit* of our Lord? Meek, lowly,

gentle, forgiving, yet firm as a rock, and consuming—to iniquity—as the electric stream. Hark! the prophet in vision describes the Son of man: 'And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears; but with *righteousness* shall he judge the poor, and reprove with *equity* for the meek of the earth, and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.' Isaiah xi, 3."

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Memorials of his Time. By Henry Cockburn. A sprightly volume, extending in its range from the year 1779 to 1830, and filled with anecdotes and sketches of the more prominent public men of Scotland who flourished during that period, including Jeffrey, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Brougham, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Lord Eldon, and Dr. Chalmers. Here is an anecdote of Brougham's school-boy days:

"Brougham made his first public explosion while at Frazer's class. He dared to differ from Frazer, a hot but good natured old fellow, on some small bit of Latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge that he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember, as well as if it had been yesterday, having had him pointed out to me as 'the fellow who had beat the master.' It was then that I first saw him."

Of Sir Walter Scott and the first novel of "the great unknown" we have the following:

"People used to be divided at this time as to the superiority of Scott's poetry or his talk. His novels had not yet begun to suggest another alternative. Scarcely, however, even in his novels, was he more striking or delightful than in society; where the halting limb, the bur in the throat, the heavy cheeks, the high Goldsmith forehead, the unkempt locks, and general plainness of appearance, with the Scotch accent and stories and sayings, all graced by gayety, simplicity, and kindness, made a combination most worthy of being enjoyed. Jeffrey, his twin star, made a good contrast. He was sharp English, with few anecdotes, and no stories, delighting in the interchange of minds, bright in moral speculation, wit, and colloquial eloquence, and always beloved for the constant transpiration of an affectionate and cheerful heart. . . . .

"In 1814, Scott published Waverley, the first of those admirable and original prose compositions which have nearly obliterated the recollection of his poetry. Except the first opening of the *Edinburgh Review*, no work that has appeared in my time made such an instant and universal impression. It is curious to remember it. The unexpected newness of the thing, the profusion of original characters, the Scotch language, Scotch scenery, Scotch men and women, the simplicity of the writing, and the graphic force of the descriptions, all struck us with an electric shock of delight. I wish I could again feel the sensations produced by the first year of these two Edinburgh works. If the concealment of the authorship of the novels was intended to make mystery heighten their effect, it completely succeeded. The speculations and conjectures, and nods and winks, and predictions and assertions were endless, and occupied every company, and almost every two men who met and spoke in the street. It was proved by a thousand indications, each refuting the other, and all equally true in fact, that they were written by old Henry Mackenzie, and by George Cranstoun, and William Erskine, and Jeffrey, and above all by Thomas Scott, Walter's brother, a regimental paymaster then in Canada. But 'the great unknown,' as the true author was then called, always took good care, with all his concealment, to supply evidence amply sufficient for the protection of his property and his fame; insomuch that the suppression of the name was laughed at as a good joke not merely by his select friends in his presence, but by himself."

Dugald Stewart is described as extremely delicate in his personal appearance, with a large forehead and heavy eyebrows, and a voice singularly pleasing:

"Without genius or even originality of talent, his intellectual character was marked by calm thought and great soundness. His training in mathematics, which was his first college department, may have corrected the reasoning, but it never chilled the warmth, of his moral demonstrations. . . . He dealt as little as possible in metaphysics, avoided details, and shrunk with a horror which was sometimes rather ludicrous from all polemical matter. Invisible distinctions, vain contentions, factious theories, philosophical sectarianism, had no attractions for him. . . . Everything was purified and exalted by his beautiful taste, not merely by his perception of what was attractive in external nature or in art, but by that moral which awed while it charmed. . . . He lectured standing, from notes which, with their successive additions, must have been nearly as full as his spoken words. His lecturing manner was professional, but gentlemanlike, calm, and expository, but rising into greatness or softening into tenderness whenever his subject required it. A slight asthmatic tendency made him often clear his throat, and such was my admiration of the whole exhibition, that Macvey Napier told him not long ago that I had said there was eloquence in his very spitting. 'Then,' said he, 'I am glad that there was at least one thing in which I had no competitor.' . . . To me his lectures were like the opening of the heavens; I felt that I had a soul. His noble views, unfolded in glorious sentences, elevated me into a higher world.'"

Literary Record.

Harvard College now numbers in all its libraries more than one hundred thousand volumes. Seventy thousand books and thirty thousand pamphlets constitute the Public Library in Gore Hall. Mr. Sibley, the librarian, has made an appeal to the public for further donations, as its shelves cannot be greatly enriched by purchase in consequence of the limited fund at the disposal of the library for such purposes. This fund yields now but little more than three hundred dollars per annum.

In an approaching book sale at Paris, two works which would form a desirable addition to some great public library are to be offered. One is a Chinese Dictionary of the Chinese Language, in not fewer than one hundred and thirty volumes; the other is a Chinese Encyclopædia, called "When hian thoung khao," (General Examination of Writings and of Sages,) in ninety-six volumes, which was printed so far back as 1322, a century before Guttenburg flourished!

The *Boston Athenæum* has a library containing fifty thousand volumes of books. In the upper story of the building is a hall or gallery for paintings and statuary. Last spring, the company, in order to increase its means, issued four hundred shares of new stock, at three hundred dollars per share. Eleven men immediately took each three thousand dollars' worth of this new stock, and the balance has since been all

disposed of; thus raising one hundred and twenty thousand dollars to pay off some existing liabilities, and forming the basis of a permanent fund for the benefit of the society. The Perkins family gave to this society sixty-one thousand dollars. Other large and liberal donations were received from different persons, until the society were able to erect a library building, at a cost of one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars, on a lot of ground that cost fifty-five thousand dollars.

Arrangements have been made with *Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe* for separate editions in England, France, and Germany, of her new novel, now going through the press of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., of Boston; so that the book will have simultaneous issue in the four great publishing cities of the world—Boston, London, Paris, and Leipsic.

Sir John Bowring is preparing for the press an account of the colony of Hong Kong, its history, present state, and prospects, especially with reference to the Chinese population, their religion, habits, superstitions, and social condition.

The third volume of *Hauser's* "History of Germany, from the Death of Frederic the Great to the Foundation of the German Confederation," has just been brought out in Berlin; it reaches to the flight of Napoleon from Russia in 1812. The fourth and completing volume is promised in the course of two or three months. This work contains much rare and original matter drawn from private sources hitherto inaccessible to the public.

Turin papers announce the discovery of an unpublished poem by Petrarch, and of the original drawing of the *Holy Family* by Raphael.

The *Appletons* are about to publish, in one volume, large 8vo., the whole poetical writings of Mrs. Estelle A. Lewis, of Brooklyn. Of these poems a considerable portion has already been published, namely, "Records of the Heart," "The Child of the Sea," and "Myths of the Minstrel." Two of these separate volumes have reached a second, and the other a third edition.

Schiller's surviving daughter, Frau Emilie von Gleichen Russwurm, has published the correspondence of the poet with her mother, Charlotte von Lengefeld, before their marriage. The book, a stout volume, is entitled "Schiller und Losse, 1788, 1789," and shows the private character of Schiller in the most amiable light. Yielding, besides, a charming picture of German life at the time mentioned, it is sure to create a lively interest among the friends and admirers of Schiller.

A new periodical, under the title of "Germania," has appeared in Stuttgardt; the publisher's name, *Francis Pfeiffer*, will give it a claim on the notice of the literary world. It is to appear quarterly, and to be devoted principally to German archæology. The editor has enlisted in his service some of the most celebrated men of his country. Uhland, the venerable poet, has contributed to the first number a paper on the Palgraves of Tubingen, a curious and most interesting set of hunting adventures, gathered from the Fürstenberg Library in Donaueschingen, containing much that is valuable about German manners and customs of former times, mixed with legends and wild adventures. Jacob Grimm also appears in the first number; there are many other names of note besides.

Messrs. Carlton & Porter have in press, and will issue immediately, the following works: Life of Rev. John Clark, and Hymns for Social Worship. (This latter is understood to be published under the supervision of Dr. J. T. Peck.) *For Sunday Schools and Youth*: Six Steps to Honor, square 12mo., gift book; Poor Nelly; or, the Golden Mushroom. The Itinerant; or, the Rainbow Side; Head and Heart enlisted against Popery; Annals of Christian Martyrdom; The Inquisition of Spain; The Happy Resolve; The Lost Piece of Silver; The Thankful Widow.

A second edition of *Otto Jahn's* first volume of the "Life of Mozart" has just appeared; so great has been the demand for this valuable work. The second volume will shortly be published.

The London *Athenæum* has quite a complimentary notice of Thomas Buchanan Read's poem, "A House by the Sea." It says, "A rich imagination and a cultivated sense of the proprieties of art distinguish this fresh claimant for poetic honors. We may congratulate America on the advent of another poet destined to share the laurels of Longfellow and Bryant."

It is proposed to form a society in Germany, similar to the Camden, Hakluyt, &c., in England, for the publication of old manuscripts, or the republication of rare and scarce works, which, however interesting in themselves, would yet hardly remunerate as a commercial speculation, and, consequently, not lying in the province of the German book trade. The society intends to confine itself for the present to works dating from before the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. Each member will pay five thalers a year, (about four dollars,) and will receive from sixty to eighty sheets of printed matter, and have, besides, the right of proposing works for printing. The first book selected is a collection of poems by Hans Sachs. A committee of six gentlemen, including among them Jacob Grimm, will decide what works are to be printed.

Miller, Orton & Mulligan, are to reprint "Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa," by Charles John Anderson, a Swede, whose book, from which we gave some extracts in the August number of THE NATIONAL, is very favorably received in Europe.

Spiritualism.—A translation of Count Gasparin's elaborate work in opposition to "Spiritualism," entitled, "Turning Tables, the Supernatural in General, and Spirits," is now going through the press of Higgins and Kellogg. The author of this volume is a leading member of the Evangelical party among the European Protestants. He discusses the subject both in a religious and a philosophical point of view, and claims to have succeeded, by a rigid analysis in detecting their fallacy.

Arts and Sciences.

Equestrian Statue of Washington.—A letter from Munich, dated the 20th ultimo, states that Mr. Crawford's grand equestrian statue of Washington, for Virginia, was entirely finished, and arrangements were being made to forward it to its destination. Mr. Crawford, who was about to start for America, had been invited to the palace of the King of Bavaria to receive the warm congratulations of that monarch.

The engraving of the *Dieputa*, one of Raphael's celebrated frescoes, which has been intrusted to the well-known artist, Joseph Keller, of Düsseldorf, is now finished, and the proofs which have been taken exceed all expectations in clearness and finish of the execution, and the faithful interpretation of the original picture. This engraving is intended for distribution among the members of the Düsseldorf Art Union, but at the same time is so very much above the value of a single subscription, that it will only be given to subscribers of a certain number of years' standing, the term of which has not been definitively settled as yet by the committee.

Powers's Statue of Daniel Webster.—We learn from Florence, that Powers has completed the model of his statue of Webster for the people of Boston, and that a bronze foundery in that city is making arrangements to cast it without delay, so that the work will probably be achieved before the recurrence of Mr. Webster's seventy-fifth birthday. A correspondent from Florence, writing to one of our exchanges, says of it:

"As it is to stand in the open air, the figure is somewhat exaggerated, being eight feet in height; but the action, air, and proportions, are all those of the Orator in his finest mood, and in his own proper costume. The colossal man here stands up to the height of his great argument on the Constitution, firmly holding you to the symbol of the Union with one hand, as he reasons from the vital scroll which nerves the other. The identity is complete. No one could hesitate a moment in recognizing it from any point of observation, front or rear. The incomparable bust is an enlarged copy of the one modeled at Marshfield in Mr. Webster's prime, and is therefore the very presentment of his best condition. In the best judgments here, Art has not bequeathed to us a nobler head. Worthy of the subject and the artist, it is altogether a grand work; assuredly the grandest personification of American sculpture, it happily preserves for the satisfaction of the future students of our eloquence, the lofty bearing, the serene dignity, the majestic assurance of the victorious Defender of the Constitution as he appeared in the midst of his cotemporaries in the most fortunate hour of his life—a noble exhibition of the high energy which the mind imparts to the muscle—of the grace of that composure which gives vigor to sentiment in proportion as it chastens action."

We have to announce the death of Herr Ahorn, the sculptor who executed the well-known lion carved out of the solid rock at Lucerne, which has been visited and admired by all travelers in Switzerland; the model was by Thorwaldsen. Herr Ahorn died at Constance.

Two well-known chemists in San Francisco, *Messrs. Chevalier* and *Duruseau*, have discovered a principle by which gold may be extracted from any possible material in which it may be hid; the different sulphates, hydrates, oxyds, &c., which, under present modes, defy the penetration of quicksilver, yielding their auriferous infinitesimal particles at once to this principle. It is alleged that seventy-five per cent. of the gold in quartz mines is wasted through ignorance of the operators—an ignorance which science has hitherto been unable to enlighten; but this discovery will produce an entire revolution in this respect.

The erection of the equestrian statue of *Washington* in Union Square, in this city, has incited the good people of Boston to go and do likewise. "It is in contemplation," says the Boston *Evening Gazette*, "to erect by subscription a colossal equestrian statue of *Washington*, on the rising knoll of ground on the Common. It is thought that Mr. Crawford will consent to visit Europe and superintend the casting of this figure, which it is intended shall be worthy of the subject, and of that munificence which should characterize our city. The design is to make the affair general in its scope, and all classes will be solicited to contribute to a testimonial to the memory of one whose name is now so deeply cherished."

A statue of *Thierry Martens*, who restored the typographical art in Belgium, has just been inaugurated, with a good deal of pomp, in Alost, his native town.

Mr. O'Doris, of Philadelphia, is preparing machinery for the manufacture of fuel from coal dust, at the rate of one hundred tons per day. It has been tested by the government at Washington, and found to produce in one hour fifteen pounds of steam more than the best anthracite, and the patentee calculates that it can be sold at a price considerably below that of coal.

Mr. E. C. Pomeroy has invented a process of coating iron with copper, which is successfully applied to spikes, butts, and other fastenings for ships, and to sheet-iron for roofing, gutters, &c. Spikes, bolts, &c., manufactured by this process, are said to be superior to entire copper or composition fastenings, from their greater strength. They have been submitted to chemical tests by scientific men, and found to resist corrosion to a remarkable degree, having a duration in sea-water nineteen times greater than iron not coated.

In a monastery near Seville, in Spain, several hitherto unknown works of Murillo and Alonzo Cano have just been brought to light; they are said to be most valuable, both as paintings and in connection with the history of art, especially those of Alonzo Cano, who followed the double calling of painter and sculptor.

Count von Bentheim-Tecklenburg is endeavoring to establish a permanent fund for the relief of the widows and families of artists; he proposes to raise a sum of three thousand five hundred florins as a beginning, and for this purpose intends to publish a "Kunst Album," ("Album of Art,") to which all the literary and artistic notabilities in Germany are urged to contribute.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

AMERICAN ASYLUM FOR DEAF AND DUMB, HARTFORD.

SKETCHES OF HUMANE INSTITUTIONS.

II.—DEAF MUTES.

FEW persons who have not devoted special thought to the subject have any adequate idea of the extent to which congenital deafness, or the loss of the sense of hearing occurring in infancy, affects the whole intellectual and moral condition of the deaf mute.

So large a portion of our ideas, often unconsciously to ourselves, are acquired through the medium of the ear, that those who are cut off from this mode of attaining knowledge cannot readily, and certainly not if uninstructed, make good their loss by the greater activity of the other senses.

To the deaf mute a profound silence reigns over the earth unbroken by the slightest sound, a silence like that which might have been felt by Noah as he stood forth upon Ararat after the subsidence of the flood. Nature, even in her most somber mood, is never silent; in the sultry noon of summer, or the midnight of autumn, there are still myriads of voices whose blended sounds constitute the melody of nature; the droning hum of the bee, the manifold symphonies of the insect world, the hoarse wooing of the frog, the lowing of kine, and in the city the thou-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

sand additional sounds which, even in the stillest moments, proclaim the presence of human and animal life; all these, to us though unnoticed perhaps in detail, yet convey an impression of society, of companionship, which does much to prevent the gloom which perfect silence would occasion. Of all these the deaf mute is unconscious; and while the deprivation of these familiar sounds would be to us a source of regret, our sympathy for his misfortune is heightened when we remember that those grander harmonies of nature, the sweet melodies of the birds, nature's orchestra, the whispering of the pines, the ripple of the brooklet, the glad gushing of the waterfall, the deep bass of the mighty cataract, the roar of the ocean surf, the pealing of the thunder, Heaven's artillery, these, which all excite in us emotions of pleasure, of awe, and of reverence, are forever shut out from the conception of the deaf, and the sensations which they excite in us must either remain undeveloped in his mind or be excited by other causes.

But it is chiefly in relation to the abstract idea of God, of heaven, of a future state, and of human salvation, that the deprivation of the sense of hearing calls for our deepest sympathy. Vague and imperfect indeed are the views which the untaught deaf mute entertains of the Supreme Being. The thousand evidences of his goodness and love which the Christian mother points out to her child, are lost upon him; earnestly as she may seek to convey ideas to his mind, they are but imperfectly understood. Other methods and more thorough instructions are required to convey to the mind thus shut out from earthly objects, these great truths.

Thoughtful men for more than a thousand years had commiserated their condition and sought to unstop their deaf ears, and pour into their benighted minds the light of life; yet, though occasional cases of improvement aroused hope, and skillfully concocted theories of instruction drew the attention of the public to them, no deliverer had arisen who could utter the "Ephphatha" which should remove the barriers of ignorance, and raise to manhood and intelligence this class so long neglected.

But time rolled on, and the deliverers came. The thoughts, the suggestions, the plans already formed were tried, a part rejected, the rest adopted and improved. Let us briefly state what had been accomplished prior to the eighteenth century. The Venerable Bede, in his History of the English Church, records, as a miracle, that about the year 690, John, Bishop of Hagulstad, taught a deaf mute to speak, and to repeat after him words and sentences. The good bishop's example seems not to have been followed for the next eight hundred or nine hundred years, for history records no subsequent case of the instruction of deaf mutes till about the middle of the sixteenth century, when Pedro Ponce de Leon undertook, and with considerable success, the instruction of the deaf and dumb in Spain. His labors seem to have been confined mainly to their instruction in reading and articulation. He relates, as instances of the successful result of his teaching, that one of his pupils received the orders of priesthood, and performed his duties in his parish acceptably, and that another became a military officer, and distinguished himself in martial exercises.

In Italy, about the same period, Jerome Cardan, a philosopher of some distinction, sketched the principles of deaf mute instruction, but never reduced them to practice.

The first published treatise on the subject of deaf-mute instruction appeared in Spain in 1620. It was written by Juan Paulo Bonet, a Benedictine monk, and was entitled, "The Reduction of Letters and Art of Teaching the Dumb to Speak." To him, it is supposed, we are indebted for the manual alphabet, which is so generally used throughout Christendom. In 1644, and again in 1648, an English writer by the name of John Bulwer, published treatises on the instruction of deaf mutes, and suggested for the first time the use of pantomimic signs, as a means of teaching them language.

The first practical teacher of the deaf and dumb in England was Dr. John Wallis, Mathematical Professor at Oxford. His plan of instruction embraced a moderate use of the sign language. The number of pupils under his care was never large, but he seems to have continued to instruct deaf mutes for nearly half a century, for in 1653 he mentions having already instructed two, and in 1698 he gives an outline of the plan he was then practicing.

In 1680 George Dalgarno, a Scotchman by birth, but at that time master of a private grammar-school at Oxford, published a work, entitled "Didascalocophus; or, the

Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor," in which he expresses a preference for a written language and a manual alphabet over the attempts at articulation and reading on the lip. To him we are indebted for the two-handed alphabet, now commonly used in Great Britain.

In 1670 Father Lana Terzi, a Jesuit of Brescia, Italy, attempted, with what success is not known, to teach language to the deaf and dumb. In 1691 John Conrad Amman, a Swiss physician in Leyden, published a work on the subject of their instruction, to which subsequent teachers have been much indebted. These are all the known instances of the instruction of deaf mutes prior to the eighteenth century, and at the commencement of that century it is believed that not one of the schools named was in existence.

Passing over the experiments of Kerger, Raphel, and others, in Germany, who, in the early part of the eighteenth century, made some attempts at teaching deaf mutes, we come to the period when Samuel Heinicke, one of the founders of the system of deaf mute instruction, commenced his labors.

To him, more than to any other man, is due the establishment and extension of that plan of instruction which aims to enable the deaf and dumb to speak and to read from the lip the words of others.

Few men have been more justly esteemed, admired, and loved than Heinicke. He was born in 1729, and his early years were passed in the quiet but thoughtful labors of the farm. He then entered upon military life, but with a mind thirsting for improvement, and after seven years' service as one of the body-guard of the Elector of Saxony, he enrolled himself as a student in the University of Jena. In 1759 he was engaged as a teacher at Hamburgh, and Eppendorff, a village adjacent. Here, in the language of his biographer, "he consecrated himself to God and humanity by enlightening the ignorant, comforting the forsaken, drying the tears of those who wept, and ministering aid to all who were in distress." As early as 1754 he had become interested in the instruction of a deaf and dumb child at Dresden, and this interest increased as he met with others in the same situation, till in 1772 he could no longer refrain from devoting himself to their instruction, and accordingly removed to Leipsic with nine pupils, on the invitation of the Elector of Saxony, who founded and supported the institution organized by him in May, 1772. This was the first institution for deaf mutes ever established or supported by civil government. It is still maintained with a full tide of prosperity.

In France, the efforts of Vanin in Paris, and Rousset in Nismes, had demonstrated that deaf mutes could be instructed, and in 1749, a Spaniard, of Jewish descent, named Pereira, who had been engaged since 1743 in teaching the deaf and dumb, exhibited the results of his labors before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and satisfied them that this unfortunate class could be taught to speak and to understand. His teaching, like that of Wallis in England, and Heinicke in Germany, was directed to the cultivation of articulation and to instruction in reading from the lip.

But the time had come when a new system of teaching was to be introduced, one dimly conceived, indeed, by some of those who had attempted the instruction of deaf mutes, but never developed, and, as has been the case in all great moral movements, Providence had raised up and educated the man for the occasion. Charles Michael, Abbé De l'Epée, born at Versailles in 1712, had been educated for the clerical profession, but the liberality of his views, and the large-hearted character of the man, had rendered him obnoxious to the Archbishop of Paris, and as he was looking forward to some secular pursuit, a little incident directed his attention to the class to whose improvement he subsequently devoted himself with the most untiring philanthropy and zeal.

Visiting a family one day, he observed two young females very intently engaged upon their needlework. He addressed them repeatedly, but they neither replied nor lifted their eyes from their work. While he was wondering at this apparent rudeness, their mother entered the room, and explained that they were deaf and dumb; that they had received until recently from Father Farnin, a member of the Society of Christian Brothers, a little instruction by means of pictures, but that he was now dead, and she feared they were doomed to hopeless ignorance.

The heart of the good abbé was touched. "Believing," he would say in after years, "that these two unfortunates would live and die in ignorance of religion, if I made no effort to instruct them, my heart

ABBE DE L'EPEE.

was filled with compassion, and I promised that, if they were committed to my charge, I would do all for them that I was able."

The Abbé De l'Epée had, at the age of sixteen, been taught by his tutor, a principle which now became the basis of his process of instruction; namely, "that there is no more natural and necessary connection between abstract ideas, and the articulate sounds which strike the ear, than there is between the same ideas and the written characters that address themselves to the eye." He was fully convinced that written language might be made the medium of thought to the deaf and dumb, and he only sought the means of teaching them to understand this language, of interpreting to their ignorant minds the thoughts that lay hid in these written and printed words. In their natural language of signs he saw the instrument of effecting his object; and familiarizing himself with them, he enlarged, corrected, and systematized this language until the vivid narrative, the searching question, or the logical argument, could be conveyed by this process with even more force than in words.

De l'Epée was a philanthropist in the highest sense of the term. From 1755 till his death in 1789, he devoted himself and all the means at his command, to the education of the *indigent* deaf and dumb; he refused pecuniary aid, and would not receive the children of the rich as his pupils. "It is to the poor only," he would say, "that I have devoted myself."

Numerous were the privations which he voluntarily incurred in food, clothing, and fuel, that he might provide liberally for his little flock.

Even the year before his death, when laboring under the weight of seventy-seven years of toil, he denied himself fuel through the long winter, that he might have the more to expend for his children, as he called them; and when at last the importunity of his pupils compelled him to provide it, he mourned over the money expended far more sorrowfully than he would ever have done over any personal privation or injury.

Loving and childlike in his character and habits, De l'Epée was admirably adapted to win the affection of these simple-hearted children of nature, and often was their love for him manifested in the most striking manner. It is related that on one occasion, in a familiar conversational lecture, he alluded to his own death as probably not far distant. This, to his pupils, was a new and distressing thought: they had never contemplated the possibility of his

ABBE SICARD.

decease, and the sudden cry of anguish which burst from every lip, told how fearful a shock had been given to their hearts, even by the idea. Gathering around him, with sobs and cries they laid hold of his garments, as if to detain him on earth. Overwhelmed at this evidence of their attachment, the venerable man, himself weeping with excess of emotion, spoke to them of the future beyond the grave, and of the blissful reunion of the good there, and eventually succeeded in calming the turbulence of their grief, and leading them to the source of all consolation.

France, amid all her gayety, frivolity, and recklessness, has ever cherished the memory of this great and good man; she has reared at Versailles, his native city, a beautiful monument to his memory, a statue, on the pedestal of which are appropriate inscriptions and designs in commemoration of the noble work he accomplished for God and humanity.

In the autumn of last year, (1855,) the centennial anniversary of the organization of a school for deaf mutes by De L'Epée, was held at Paris, and most of the European Institutions for the deaf and dumb were represented.

On the death of De l'Epée in 1789, the Abbé Sicard, a pupil of his, and at that time at the head of an institution for deaf mutes at Bordeaux, was called to fill his place. Possessing a vigorous and fertile imagination, and extraordinary skill in the language of pantomime, in which the French are greater proficients than any other nation in the world, he greatly extended the compass of the sign language, and rendered it capable of conveying abstract ideas to an extent previously deemed impossible.

The earlier years of his career were, however, rife with danger and suffering. In 1792, during the reign of terror, he was arrested as a royalist, in the midst of his pupils, and narrowly escaped the guillotine. In 1795 he was appointed professor of grammar in the Normal school, and soon after made a member of the Institute; but falling under the displeasure of the directory, he was sentenced to exile, from which he saved himself by concealment; but it was not till after the fall of the Directory that he was enabled to resume his

duties as principal of the school for deaf mutes.

In consequence of his adherence to the Bourbon dynasty, Sicard was no favorite with Napoleon, and, though tolerated, was never encouraged by him; and his secret correspondence with the Count de Provence (afterward Louis XVIII.) being discovered, he came near being involved in difficulties with the imperial government. After the restoration of the Bourbons, numerous honors were conferred on him by Louis XVIII. and the Emperor of Russia. Among his pupils two have arrived at very considerable distinction, Jean Massieu and Laurent Clerc. Though both deaf from birth, they possessed high intellectual capacity, and have both been of great service to the cause of deaf-mute instruction. The Abbé Sicard has given a very full account of the process pursued in the education of Massieu in a charming work, entitled "Cours d'Instruction d'un Sourd-muet de Naissance."

Sicard died in 1822, and after his decease, Massieu returned to his native city, Bordeaux, from whence he subsequently removed to Lille, in the north of France, where he remained as principal of a deaf and dumb institution, till his death in 1846. Clerc had come to this country with Mr. Gallaudet previous to the death of the Abbé Sicard.

A system of instruction so beneficent, and producing results so surprising in a class hitherto generally supposed incapable of much improvement, could not be confined to the country in which it was at first developed, and accordingly we find that the Abbé Sylvestri, a pupil of De l'Epée, had established a school for deaf mutes in Rome in 1784; and Alea, another of his pupils, had organized one at Madrid in 1798.

In 1801, Assarrotti, an Italian, established a school at Genoa, following the system of the Abbé Sicard, though with considerable modifications of his own.

In Scotland, Thomas Braidwood established a school for deaf mutes at Edinburgh, in 1760. He adopted the plan of teaching articulation and reading on the lip, in preference to the sign language; and while he was quite successful as a teacher of deaf mutes, it is little to his credit that, for nearly sixty years, his plan of instruction was retained as an art and mystery in his own family, and communicated to no one out of it, except at an enormous price, and then only on their giving bonds not to communicate it to others. Such exclusiveness in regard to matters affecting the temporal, intellectual, or moral welfare of the human family, is fit only for the charlatan, who conceals his ignorance, and dupes his employers by high-sounding words, and a pretense of knowledge which he never possessed. The school at Edinburgh was given up in 1783, when Braidwood removed to Hackney, near London, where he died in 1806. His widow, assisted by her grandchildren, continued the school till 1816. Of the grandsons, Thomas, the elder, after teaching for a time at Hackney, removed to Edgbaston, near Birmingham, where he established a school for deaf mutes; John taught at Edinburgh for one or two years, and then removed to America.

The Braidwood family and their immediate relatives and pupils, monopolized the business of deaf-mute instruction up to about 1820. The London Institution, founded in 1792, by the philanthropic exertions of Rev. John Townsend, a dissenting minister of that city, was under the superintendence of Dr. Watson, a near relative of the Braidwoods. The Edinburgh Institution was first under the care of John Braidwood, and afterward of Rev. R. Kinniburgh, a pupil of the family, and under bonds not to communicate their processes; the General Institution, near Birmingham, though originated by the zeal of Dr. De Lys, was superintended by Thomas Braidwood; in 1806, Dr. Orpen, a noble-hearted Dublin physician, having raised sufficient funds to establish an asylum for deaf mutes in that city, found it impossible to obtain an experienced teacher, because the Braidwood family had no one to furnish. His school was finally opened by two young men without previous experience, but who succeeded very well. After teaching for two years, one of them was allowed, on the payment of seven hundred and fifty dollars, to receive three months' instruction from Rev. Mr. Kinniburgh! The visit of the Abbé Sicard to England, in 1815, and the course pursued in regard to Mr. Gallaudet, to which we shall advert more particularly by and by, as well as the comparative results of the two systems of teaching, all tended to overthrow this exclusive system, and to demonstrate to the nations the great truth,

GALLAUDET.

that in the intellectual as in the moral world, the day of patents and monopolies was past.

Before proceeding to speak of the institutions for the instruction of deaf mutes in this country, let us state briefly what were the results attained up to 1815, (the period of Mr. Gallaudet's visit to England.)

1. The ability of the deaf mute to acquire an education, once denied, was generally conceded.

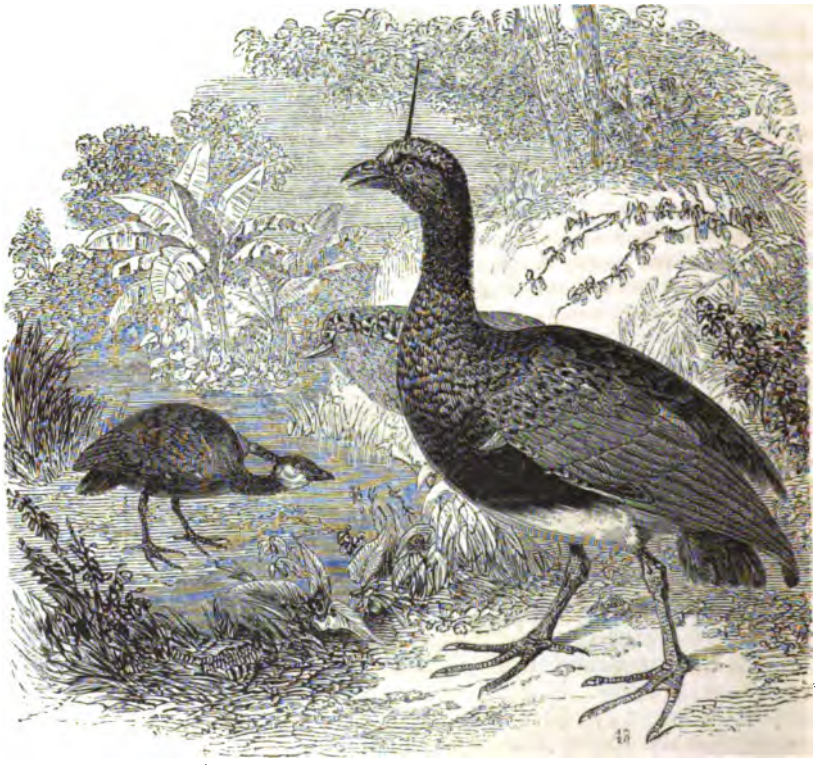
2. On the continent, and to some extent in Great Britain, either by private charity or by governmental assistance, education was offered to all classes of the deaf and dumb, the poor as well as the rich.

3. This instruction had become a permanent system, in which the schools were maintained, endowed, and continued from one generation to another.

4. Two modes of instruction had been adopted in different countries; namely, that of Amman Heinicke and Braidwood, by articulation, and that of De l'Epée and Sicard, by the sign language; and experience had even then demonstrated, that though articulation was useful to those who lost their hearing after some years' enjoyment of that faculty, yet with the great body of deaf mutes, the sign language was much to be preferred, as giving a greater range of thought, and enabling the pupil to make more rapid progress.

Long, indeed, had been the intellectual night through which the deaf mute had passed, but day had at last dawned, and light and hope illumined his future.*

* The writer would acknowledge his great obligations, in the preparation of this article, to a paper published some years since by Hon. Henry Barnard, entitled "Deaf Mute Instruction and Institutions," and also to the able historical articles of Professor Porter, of the American Asylum, in the American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb.



BIRDS; OR, RECREATIONS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

CHAPTER FIFTH CONTINUED.

WADING AND SWIMMING BIRDS.

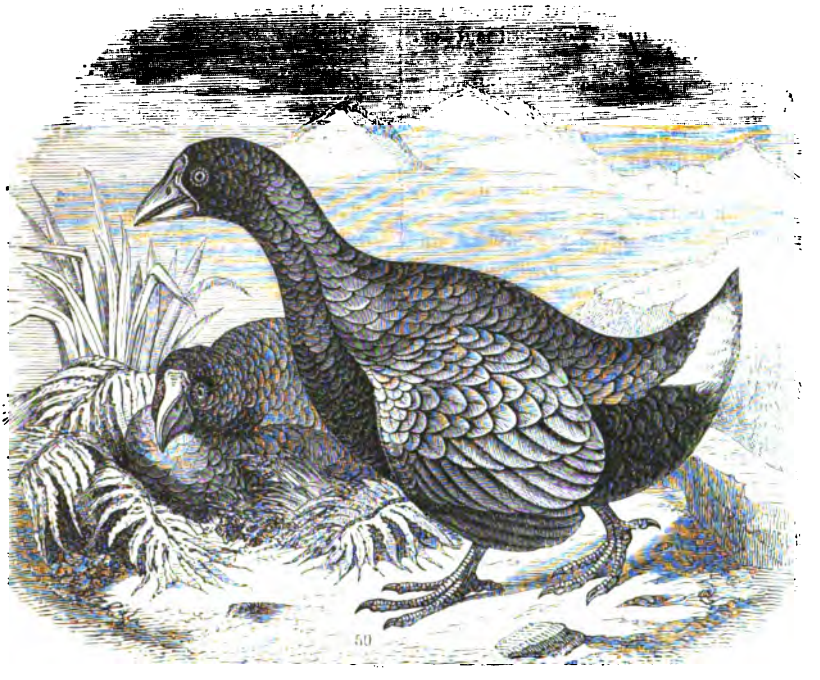
MANY of the varieties of the large ornithological family of *Grallatores* we must pass over with but a brief mention of their names. There is the hollow-sounding *Bittern*, with its notes like those of a bull-frog; the *Plover*, of several varieties; the *Sand-piper*, which is said to possess the power of removing its eggs from one nest to another when frightened by the approach of an enemy; the *Oyster-catcher*, whose name denotes his favorite food; together with those universal favorites of the epicure, the *Snipe* and the *Woodcock*.

The *Corn-crake*, or *Land Rail*, also belongs to this family; a cunning creature, of which it is said that it will put on the semblance of death when exposed to danger. We are told, on the authority of an English naturalist, that a gentleman had a corn-crake brought to him by his dog, to all appearance quite dead. As it lay on the ground he turned it over with his foot, and was convinced it was dead. Standing by, however, in silence, he suddenly saw it open an eye. He then took it up; its head fell, its legs hung loose, and it appeared again quite dead. He then put it into his pocket, and before long he felt it all alive, and struggling to escape. He then took it out; it was as lifeless as before. Having laid it again upon the ground, and retired to some distance, the bird in about five minutes warily raised its head, looked round, and decamped at full speed.

The *Horned Screamer*, (No. 49,) in the delineation of which our artist has exceeded himself, is a beautiful South American bird, larger than a common

goose, having a long spear-shaped horn projecting from the forehead. It lives in marshy or inundated places, which it makes to resound with its wild and loud cry.

It does not enter the great woods, perching only momentarily on dead branches. It sends forth shrill and piercing cries, which may be heard at a considerable distance; whence its English name. Bajou states that its food consists only of aquatic plants and seeds; though others, before him, have averred that it also fed on reptiles. It never attacks other birds, and the only use it makes of its arms is when the males dispute for the possession of the females. Once paired, however, the two quit each other no more; and when one dies, the other soon pines away with grief. The screamers construct their nests in the form of an oven, at the foot of a tree, according to Pison, but Bajou tells us that he has found them in bushes some distance from the ground, and often in reeds. The female in general lays but two eggs, of the size of those of a goose, and there is but one brood, in the month of January or February, except when the eggs are



destroyed by any accident, and then a second takes place in April or May. As soon as the young are in a fit state to fly, they follow the mother, who gradually accustoms them to seek subsistence alone, after which they quit her. The flesh of the young, though black, is good eating; but that of the old is hard, and less agreeable to the taste.

The *Notornis* is a curious bird, found only in Australia. The one represented by Mr. Gould, from whose splendid work other naturalists copy, and from which our engraving (No. 50) is taken, was captured near the Isle of Resolution, by the seal-fishers. Having noticed the marks made by the bird on the snow, they followed it to the place whither it withdrew, when it took flight, running rapidly before the dogs, which followed it, and at last captured it. It uttered piercing cries and struggled for a long time. It was kept alive for four days; its body was roasted and eaten by the sailors, who found its flesh of an agreeable flavor.

The Notornis approaches the rails in the form of its beak and the general color of its plumage, and is unlike them in the weakness of its wings; its primary feathers are very short. It cannot fly, but it

runs with great speed. It probably has the power of swimming; the thickness of its plumage leads to the belief that it has a preference for damp spots. The head, neck, breast, and upper part of the belly and sides are of a beautiful purple-blue; the back, rump, and upper part of the tail are of a deep green olive, tipped with copper-green; a beautiful blue stripe separates the purple-blue of the neck from the green of the back; the lower part of the belly and the thighs are of a dull bluish black; the wings are of a beautiful deep blue; the long feathers are tipped with green, forming a crescent where the wing is extended. The tail is deep green; its under part white. The beak, talons, and iris are of a brilliant red. The height is two feet.

Here we must close our descriptions of the Wading family. Our next chapter will introduce the *Natatores*, or swimming birds, properly so designated. In the meantime, and in recalling the wonderful handiwork of the great Creator, as it has passed in review, in the preceding chapters, how beautiful and how instructive is the strain of the poet:

"Ye birds that fly through the fields of air,
What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear;
Ye would teach our souls from the earth to rise;
Ye would bid us all groveling scenes despise;
Ye would tell us that all pursuits are vain,
That pleasure is toil—ambition is pain—
That its bliss is touch'd with a poisoning leaven;
Ye would teach us to fix our aim in heaven.

Beautiful birds of lightsome wing,
Bright creatures that come with the voice of spring;
We see you array'd in the hues of the morn,
Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of scorn!
Though rainbow-splendor around you glows,
Ye vaunt not the beauty which nature bestows;
O! what a lesson for glory are ye,
How ye preach the grace of humility!

Swift birds that skim o'er the stormy deep,
Who steadily onward your journey keep,
Who neither for rest nor for slumber stay,
But press still forward, by night or day—
As in your unvarying course ye fly
Beneath the clear and unclouded sky;
O! may we, without delay, like you,
The path of duty and right pursue.

Sweet birds that breathe the spirit of song,
And surround Heaven's gate in melodious throng,
Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay;
You remind us that we should likewise raise
The voice of devotion and song of praise;
There's something about you that points on high,
Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky!"

CHAPTER SIXTH.

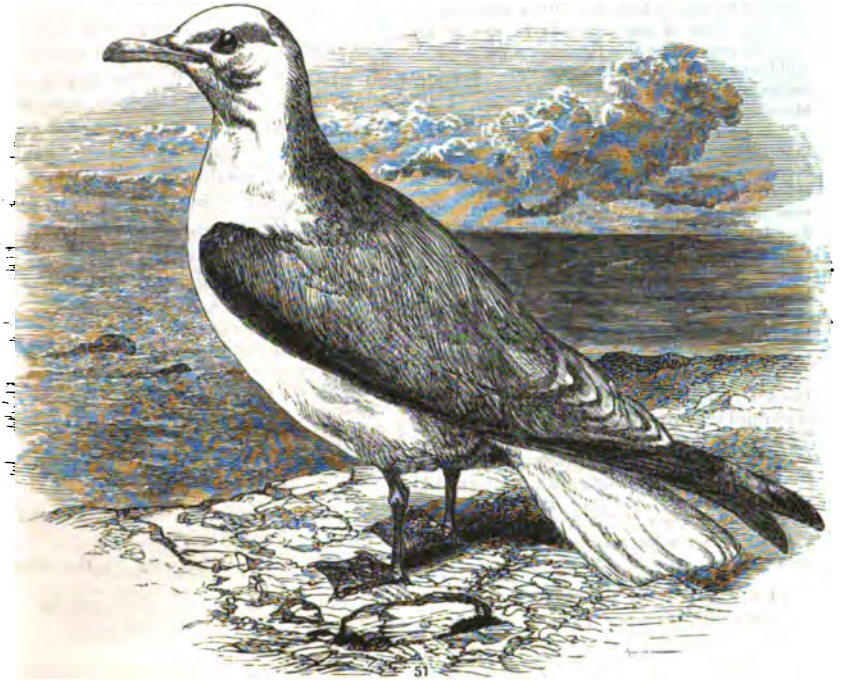
THAT large class of the feathered creation, known as the NATATORES, or *Swimming Birds*, now claims attention. They are distinctly marked, being all web-footed, and are equally at home on the land and in the water.

The first place in this class belongs to the family of the *Gulls*, of which there are many varieties, some of which are found in all parts of the world. It is of the *Common Gull* (figure 51) that the poet sings, descriptively:

"On nimble wing, the gull
Sweeps booming by, intent to cull,
Voracious, from the billow's breast,
Mark'd far away, his destined feast:
Behold him now, deep plunging, dip
His sunny pinion's sable tip
In the green wave; now lightly skim
With wheeling flight the water's brim,
Wave in blue sky his silver sail
Aloft, and frolic with the gale,
Or sink again his breast to lave,
And float upon the foaming wave:
Oft o'er his form your eyes may roam,
Nor know him from the feathery foam,
Nor 'mid the rolling waves, your ear,
On yelling blast, his clamor hear."

The largest and most remarkable of the gull family is the *Skua*, an inhabitant of the Arctic regions of Europe, Asia, and America. It is a bird of remarkable boldness. In the breeding season it is, indeed, ferocious. It is said by Selby that it will, at that time, attack even man, without hesitation, should he happen to approach the site of its nest; and so impetuous is its attack, that the natives of the Shetland Isles are compelled, on such occasions, to defend themselves by holding up a knife or sharp stick, on which the assailant has been frequently known to transfix and kill itself, while making pounces on the head of the intruder. Dogs, foxes, and other animals are instantly attacked, and so severely dealt with by the wings and beak of the strong, pugnacious skua, as to be soon driven to a hasty retreat, and no bird is permitted to approach with impunity; the eagle itself being beaten off with the utmost fury, should it happen to venture within the limits of the breeding territory.

In some places where these birds abound, they become the guardians of the young lambs, which the people consider perfectly safe in summer; and as a return for this protection, they are never molested, being held in no less esteem than the stork in



Holland, or the ibis in Egypt. Other gulls are, however, exposed to the attacks of these robbers, probably because, being the most diligent pursuers of fish, they are sure to find from their exertions a never-failing supply.

The nest of the skua consists of dried weeds. There are two eggs of a dark olive-green, blotched with brown. The head is of a deep brown; the neck and the under plumage brownish-gray, marbled or tinged with reddish-brown. The bill and legs are black.

The duties of incubation being over, the skua retires from the open sea, and passes a solitary life during the winter, far from land.

The largest variety of the gull family is the *Wandering Albatross*, which has been known to measure seventeen feet and a half from wing to wing. It may frequently be seen in the stormy solitudes of the Southern Ocean, accompanying ships for whole days without ever resting on the waves.

"How oft, thou wanderer of the stormy deep,
Is the poor sea-boy waken'd from his dream
Of home and home's delights; when half asleep,
High in the shrouds, he hears *thy* startling scream.

"Safe in the storm, unhurt by wave or wind,
Or through the fearful tempest dost thou soar,
The fleetest vessels leaving far behind,
Uncheck'd amid the elemental roar.

"Alas! how sure the hand that guides thy wing,
How safe the rudder, instinct, shapes thy course;
Ah! how unlike things made by hands of clay—
Thy piercing eyes, thy pinions' matchless force."

Cassell says,

"The albatross has been called by the Dutch, the Cape sheep, on account of its extreme corpulence. The beak of the bird is very powerful, but it seldom acts except on the defensive. It gets rid of the sea-gulls, who are constantly teasing it, in a singular manner, by descending rapidly through the air, and plunging the assailant into the water. The general color is a dull white, clouded with pale brown, the wings being black; the bill is yellow; the legs flesh-color. Its weight has been variously stated at from twelve to twenty-eight pounds.

"Small marine animals and the spawn of fishes form the chief food of this bird; but it also greedily devours all kinds of fishes when they can be obtained. So voracious is it that it may be taken with a hook and line, baited merely with a piece of sheep's skin.

"To the flying-fish these birds are peculiarly obnoxious; driven by the dolphin out of the water, to vibrate their finny wings in a short

flight through the air, they sweep upon them, and seize them with their powerful beak, the edges of which, in both mandibles, are sharp as a knife. Fish of many pounds in weight are securely grasped by this formidable instrument, and borne away with the utmost ease. Their voracity is equal to their powers, and they are capable of swallowing a very large fish at a bolt.

"A poor fellow who fell overboard from a man-of-war, off the island of St. Paul's, in the Southern Indian Ocean, was immediately perceived by two or three albatrosses; the boat was lowered with all speed, but nothing was found excepting his hat, pierced through and through with the violent stroke of their beaks, the first of which had, most probably, penetrated the skull and caused instant death.

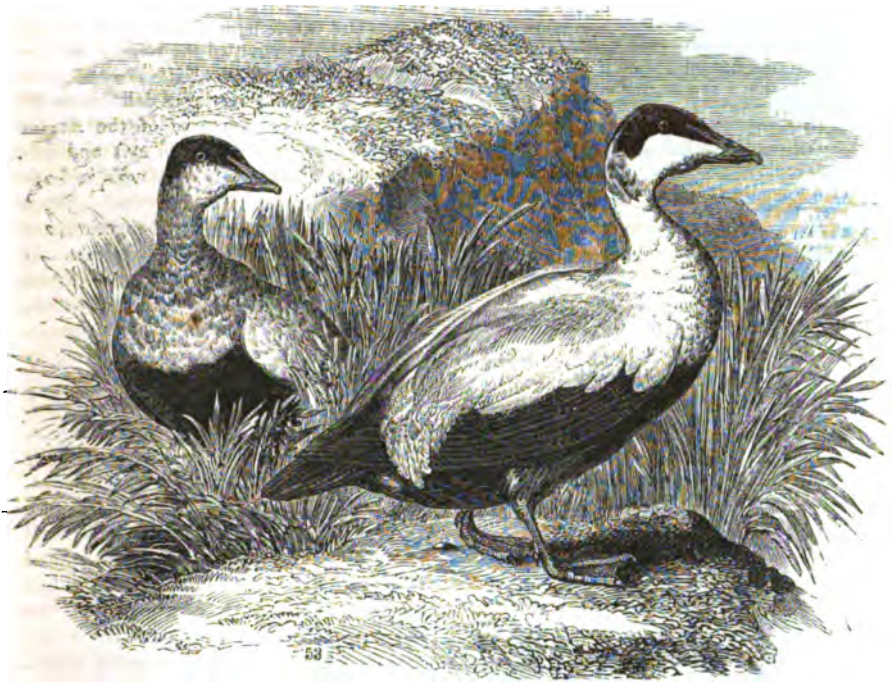
"From the great weight of the birds they have much difficulty in raising themselves into the air, which they do by striking the surface of the water with their feet, but when once on the wing their flight is rapid. It is apparently performed with great ease, as they appear to do little more than sway themselves in the air, sometimes inclining to the left and at other times to the right, gliding with great rapidity over the surface of the sea. It is only in bad weather that their flight is at any great elevation. Their voice resembles the braying of an ass."

In every part of the wide ocean is to be seen the *Stormy Petrel*, or, as the sailors call it, "Mother Carey's Chicken." On the approach of a storm, these birds fly in the wake of a ship, and their appearance is regarded as an omen of evil. But as well, says Wilson, might they curse the midnight light-house, that, star-like, guides them on their watery way, or the buoy that warns them of the sunken rocks below, as this harmless wanderer, whose manner informs them of the approach of the storm, and thereby enables them to prepare for it.

Barry Cornwall thus sweetly sings:

"A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scatter'd abroad like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains—
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

"Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amid the flashing and feathery foam
The Stormy Petrel finds a home—



A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea—
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

"O'er the deep! o'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and sword-fish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird,
Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
Yet *he* ne'er falters: so, Petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!"

Of the *Swan* family we give a spirited illustration, being a pair of the black-necked variety, (No. 52,) natives of Chili, the River Plate, and other parts of South America. The originals from which our engraving is taken, were presented by the Earl of Derby to the Zoological Society of London, in the waters of whose garden they enjoy themselves almost as well as if in their native rivers.

There is a variety of the swan that is almost entirely black; and hence the old adage, which has come down to us from the ancient Romans,

Cygno similima nigro,

has lost its pertinence, it having been supposed that all swans were necessarily white. There is another variety, known as the *Hooper*, or Whistling Swan, which is a winter visitor to the British Isles; and yet another variety, known as Bewick's Swan, of which we have the following account from Mr. Blackwall:

"On the morning of the 10th of December, 1829, a flock of twenty-nine swans, mistaken by many persons who saw them for wild geese, was observed flying over the township of Crumpsall, at an elevation not exceeding fifty yards above the surface of the earth. They flew in a line, taking a northerly direction, and their loud calls, for they were very clamorous when on the wing, might be heard to a considerable distance. I afterward learned that they alighted on an extensive reservoir near Middleton, belonging to Messrs. Burton and Sons, calico-printers, where they were shot at, and an individual had one of its wings so severely injured that it was disabled from accompanying its companions in their retreat. A short time since, I had an opportunity of seeing this bird, which resembled the rest of the flock with which it had been associated, and found, as I had anticipated, that it was precisely similar to the small swan preserved in the Museum at Manchester, which, I should state, was purchased in the fish-market in that town about five or six years ago.

"Twenty-nine of these birds congregated together, without a single whistling swan among them, is a fact so decisive of the distinctness of the species, especially when taken in connection with those external characters and internal structure in which it differs from the hooper, that I should no longer have deferred to describe it as a new bird to ornithologists, had I not been anticipated by Mr. Yarrell.

"Of the habits and manners of this species, little could be ascertained from a brief inspection of a wounded individual; I may remark, however, that when on the water, it had somewhat the air and appearance of a goose, being almost wholly devoid of that grace and majesty by which the mute swan is so advantageously distinguished. It appeared to be a shy and timid bird, and could only be approached near by stratagem, when it intimated its apprehension by uttering its call. It carefully avoided the society of a mute swan which was on the same piece of water.

"On the 28th of February, 1830, at half past ten in the morning, seventy-three swans of the new species were observed flying over Crumpsall in a southeasterly direction, at a considerable elevation. They flew abreast, forming an extensive line, like those seen on the 10th of December, 1829; like them, too, they were mistaken for wild geese by most persons who saw them with whom I had an opportunity of conversing on the subject; but their superior dimensions, the whiteness of their plumage, their black feet, easily distinguished as they passed overhead, and their reiterated calls, which first directed my attention to them, were so strikingly characteristic, that skillful ornithologists could not be deceived with regard to the genus to which they belonged. That these birds were not hoopers may be safely inferred from their great inferiority in point of size.

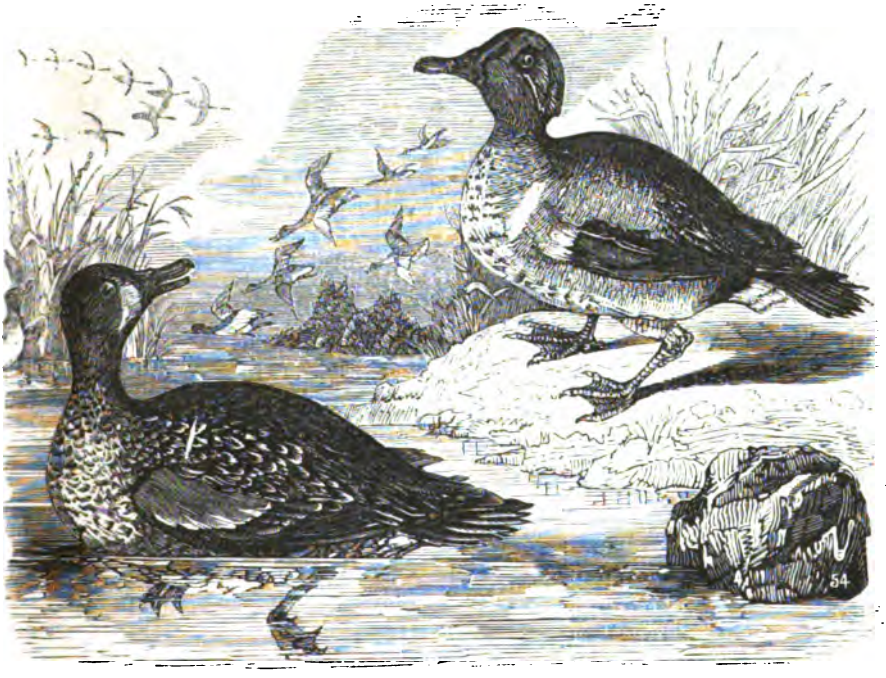
"I was informed, that when the wild swans were shot at, near Middleton, on the 10th of December, 1829, one of them was so reluctant to abandon the bird which was wounded on that occasion, that it continued to fly about the spot for several hours after the rest of the flock had departed, and that, during the whole of this period, its mournful cry was heard almost incessantly. In consequence of the protracted disturbance caused by the persevering efforts of Messrs. Burton's workmen to secure its unfortunate companion, it was at last, however, compelled to withdraw, and was not seen again till the 23d of March, when a swan, supposed to be the same individual, made its appearance in the neighborhood, flew several times round the reservoir in lofty circles, and ultimately descended to the wounded bird, with which, after a cordial greeting, it immediately paired. The newly-arrived swan, which proved to be a male bird, soon became accustomed to the presence of strangers; and when I saw it on the 4th of April, was even more familiar than its captive mate. As these birds were strongly attached to each other, and seemed to be perfectly reconciled to their situation, which in many respects was an exceedingly favorable one, there was every reason to believe that a brood would be obtained from them. This expectation, however, was not destined to be realized. On the 13th of April, the male swan, alarmed by some strange dogs which found their way to the reservoir, took flight and did not return; and on the 5th of September, in the same year, the female bird, whose injured wing had recovered its original vigor, quitted the scene of its misfortunes, and was seen no more."

No. 53 is a very striking delineation of the *Eider Duck*, a native of the Arctic seas, chiefly prized for its soft and expansive down, which is sold, even in Lapland, for two rix-dollars a pound. Shaw says, two handfuls, squeezed together, are sufficient to fill a quilt five feet square. It is with this down, plucked from their own bodies, that they make their nests, which, in the temporary absence of the female, are robbed by those who make a living by this kind of theft.

The *Common Wild Duck*, or *Mallard*, is found in Europe, Asia, and America. They are naturally very shy birds. They fly at a considerable height, in large flocks, usually in the form of a triangle. Before alighting on any spot, they fly several times round it, as if to reconnoiter it, and then descend with great precaution. They generally keep at a distance from the shore when they swim; and when the greater part of them sleep upon the water, with their heads under their wings, some of the party are always awake to watch over the common safety, and to apprise the sleepers of approaching danger. The extreme wariness of these birds renders much patience and ingenuity necessary on the part of the fowler. They rise vertically from the water with loud cries; and in the nighttime their flight over head may be known by the hissing noise they make. They are more active by night than by day; indeed, those that have been seen by day have generally been roused by a sportsman, or by some bird of prey.

Singular modes of capturing wild ducks are practiced. In some ponds frequented by these birds, five or six wooden figures, cut and painted to represent ducks, and sunk by pieces of lead nailed to their bottoms, so as to float at the usual depth on the surface, are anchored in a favorable position for being raked from a concealment of brushwood, &c., on shore. The appearance of these decoys usually attracts passing flocks, which alight, and are soon shot down. Sometimes eight or ten of these painted ducks are fixed in a frame, in various swimming postures, and secured to the bow of the gunner's skiff, projecting before it in such a manner that the weight

of the frame sinks the figures to their proper depth; the skiff is then dressed with sedge, or coarse grass, in an artful manner, as low as the water's edge; and under cover of this, which appears like a covey of ducks swimming by a small island, the gunner floats down, sometimes to the very skirts of a congregated multitude, and speedily pours in a destructive and repeated fire of shot among them. In winter, when detached pieces of ice are occasionally floating in the river, some of the fowlers on the Delaware paint their whole skiff, or canoe, white, and laying themselves flat at the bottom, with their hand over the side silently managing a small paddle, direct it imperceptibly into or near a flock, before the ducks have distinguished it from a floating mass of ice, and generally do great execution among them. A whole flock has sometimes been thus surprised asleep, with their heads under their wings. On land, another stratagem is sometimes practiced with great success: A large, tight hogshead is sunk in the flat marsh or mud, near the place where ducks are accustomed to feed at low water, and where, otherwise, there is



no shelter. The edges and top are artfully concealed with tufts of long coarse grass and reeds, or sedge. From within this the fowler, unseen and unsuspected, watches the collecting party, and, when a sufficient number offers, sweeps them down with great effect.

Among the methods resorted to in different countries for the capture of wild ducks, another is so remarkable as to require particular notice. On the River Ganges, in India, at Ceylon, and in China, a man wades into the water up to his chin, and, having his head covered with an empty calabash, approaches the place where the ducks are, and they, not regarding an object so commonly seen upon the water, suffer the man to mingle freely among the flock, when he has nothing to do but to pull them under water by the legs, one by one, until he is satisfied, and then returns to the shore as unsuspected by the remainder as when he first came among them. For this purpose the earthen vessels used by the Gentoos, called kutcharee pots, which are thrown away as defiled after having been once used for cooking rice, are often employed instead

of calabashes; and some authors state that hollow wooden vessels, with holes to see through, are sometimes used for the same purpose.

Of the *Teal* we give two varieties. No. 54 is a pair of the Blue and White winged variety, and No. 55 is the *Chinese Teal;* or, as it is sometimes called, the *Mandarin Duck*. This latter is remarkable for the beauty of its plumage, and it is said never mates a second time. From a pair of these birds, in an aviary at Macao, the drake happened one night to be stolen. The duck was perfectly inconsolable, like Calypso after the departure of Ulysses. She retired into a corner, neglected her food and person, refused all society, and rejected with disdain the proffer of a second love. In a few days, the purloined duck was recovered and brought back. The mutual demonstrations of joy were excessive; and what is more singular, the true husband, as if informed by his
-r of what had happened in his ab-
pounced upon the would-be lover,
his eyes, and injured him so much
soon after died of the wounds he

This variety is confined mainly to the sea-coasts and rivers of Asia. The former species (54) is distributed over a great part of Europe and Ameri a. They both belong to the family of ducks, of whom, in descriptive verse, the poet says:

"Now o'er our heads compact they fly:
See, as we speak, careering high,
A flock of wild ducks cloud the air
In wedge-like shape triangular;
And gray geese there, outstretch'd, combine
Their troop in one unbroken line.
Now in small bands dispersed, or each
His prey pursuing o'er the beach,
On their strong legs they wade; divide
Deep down the gulfy food, and glide
Afar unseen; or, rising, meet
The breasting wave with wary feet;
Their strokes alternately advance,
And cleave secure the deep expanse."

It is much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power, but reconciliation of his will: and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt, than in a power which cannot. The power is not so apt to tempt the will, as the will is studious to find out means.—*Feltham's Resolves.*

PARSONAGE BUILDINGS, LEKSAND.

RAMBLES IN DALECARLIA.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

IT had been particularly enforced upon me at Stockholm, and had become one of the plans of my journey, to be at Leksand on Sunday. Miss Bremer recommended me, in the note to which I have alluded in a former article, to be present at church service, especially at Leksand, so that I might "see the picturesque costumes of the people and their coming to the church over the lake, in their large boats, rowing with ten or eleven pair of oars." Sunday at Leksand brought with it several new guests at our little inn, persons who had also come hither to witness the peculiar features of the day at this remote place.

At an early hour on Saturday evening two posting carriages arrived with the family of a clergyman from the south of Sweden. Great bustle succeeded this important event in our humble inn, and we were quite at a loss to conjecture how so many people could be *stowed away* in so small an establishment. The post-boys flew about with the luggage, and the *flikas* were running hither and thither with jugs of water and fresh linen.

The beds, by the way, are never made up in Sweden until ordered. I must give the people of Dalecarlia the credit of supplying linen clean and white, and beds that are comfortable for Scandinavian beds; that is to say, they answer the purpose of sleeping if one is contented to lie as straight in his bed as he must expect to some time in his narrow house. For my own part, I have rarely laid myself after the fatigues of the day in a Scandinavian bed without the force of the following text of Scripture coming fully to mind: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Indeed, a bed of sufficient length "that a man can stretch himself on it," would be a perfect anomaly in a Swedish inn. I have often blessed my stars that I measured something less than five feet eight, and have in the meantime looked with compassion on my unfortunate fellow-travelers who had attained

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

what is generally deemed the more enviable height of six feet. The covering used in the North is mostly of a bag of down or feathers, just wide enough to cover the coffin-like box supposed to do duty as bedstead. Once within the box, should the unfortunate wight make a single turn in the course of the night, he will be sure to find "the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." In fact, he will awaken to the unpleasant consciousness that he is minus any covering. Should he reach for the lost bag, he will be sure to hit his elbow against the side of the box, which requires only a lid to render its adaptedness to burial purposes complete. Indeed, the whole seems better fitted to receive the body for its last sleep than for the repose which one seeks on the pathway to it. There is something classical in this; the Greeks represented Death and his twin brother, Sleep, as two beautiful infants reposing in the arms of Night. It is a pleasing fancy; but for beds I should prefer not to be reminded of the resemblance between the two brothers.

Soon after the clergyman's family were established at the inn, the loud crack, crack, of the post-boy's whip announced another arrival. The carriage was a more modern and *recherché* affair than any posting carriage I had yet seen in Sweden. A gentlemen and lady alight; they are speaking French. There is a something characteristic of the *grande* nation in the little things monsieur is taking out from the carriage box, madame meantime occupied in petting her poodle and watching the safe delivery of the whole into the hands of Jacques, so I hear him called, who bows, and constantly raises his hat to monsieur and madame with all the grace of a thoroughbred Parisian servant. There is no mistaking this party; there is a certain air of *haut ton* about them, and Jacques exhibits that peculiar deference and precision of bearing, although doubtless of the school of Louis Philippe and the last Bonaparte, which would have done honor to the age of Louis *le Grand*. The Parisian servant has withal a wonderful tact at impressing upon the minds of others the importance of monsieur and madame. He has at last succeeded in gaining the united attention of all the *garçons*, *flikas*, and *jomfrus* of the establishment, and the master and mistress in addition. The bell which hangs in the little gallery outside the rooms occupied by the clergyman's family, has been ringing several times, and still remains unanswered. Everything seems to indicate that the newly-arrived guests are people of consequence, and the knowing look and peculiar manner of Jacques at once confirm this impression. Who can they be? Were they an English party there would be nothing to excite any especial degree of curiosity in all this; but the French so rarely abandon the charms of *la belle* Paris, to wander over other lands, and, above all, through a province so wild and remote as that of Dalecarlia. It had been so quiet at the little inn since our arrival; scarce a carriage of any description had been seen passing, save the rude carts of the peasantry, that the sudden change to all this bustle and excitement has, I must confess, aroused my curiosity. Mr. Irving, in his graphic description of a rainy Sunday at a country inn, could have felt no more desirous of ascertaining who was "the stout gentleman," than I found myself to learn who were the remarkable personages who were monopolizing so completely the comforts of our quiet and retired inn.

It is not long that a very distinguished guest remains in a European country inn before one, if he chances to be a quiet and unknown individual, will find his own comforts materially diminished for the sake of lavishing all that the establishment can furnish upon the prince or lord, one of which the stranger is sure to be in the estimation of the landlord.

A short time had elapsed after this arrival extraordinary when my room, which chanced to be the best in the house, was besieged by some three or four servants, demanding the few extra articles of furniture which it contained for the new guests. Happening to be in particularly good humor, I allowed my solitary armchair, with a small table which I had used as a writing desk, as well as some other articles, to be appropriated to the use of the distinguished strangers, without the slightest attempt at demurring. I then surveyed the apartment, and was disposed to congratulate myself that after such an incursion so much was left for my comfort. But, as the fates would have it, I was left in this philosophical and agree-

able state of mind but a brief period, when a sudden knock at the door announced that something more was wanted. What can it be now? said I to myself. It may be the bed and bedstead; these I resolved to surrender at discretion. But no; it was the sofa on which I had just thrown myself in the absence of an arm-chair. This was a little too much, even for my equanimity, and I announced that if madame could not possibly get on without my sofa, that I had resolved to go with it, being at the moment in possession. Here was an obstacle to the further progress of sacking my apartment, which seemed unexpected, and to produce a momentary pause in the operations of the pillagers. But the *flika* assured me that madame, the princess, could not possibly exist over Sunday without a sofa. But who is the princess? demanded I, and was assured that she was of the blood royal of France. Here I threw myself on my American nationality, and declared to the *flika* that I was a sovereign of America. She evidently knew little, if anything, of my kingdom, and doubtless thought it very strange that their humble inn should be at the same moment honored with the presence of an American sovereign and a prince of the blood royal of France. This ruse, however, secured me the possession of the sofa, and I now imagined that further inroads would be discontinued; but no, the master had seen me reading at breakfast a French paper, the *Journal des Debats*. Another knock at the door, and the master sent his compliments, asking for the loan of the French paper for the prince. How provoking! it was evident that an American sovereign was of far less importance at Leksand than a French prince. But I was resolved to be amiable, and accordingly sent the prince the journal which I had that day received from Stockholm. As the allied powers were at that time in possession of the Baltic, I made up my mind to pocket the affront, thinking, however, for a moment, of throwing myself on the tender mercies of Mr. Secretary Marcy.

The people of the humble inn at Leksand were on this occasion nearer correct in their estimate of the rank of their guest than such persons usually are. He proved to be a distinguished French general, whom the Emperor of the French had sent on a special mission to Sweden, and had, as it appeared, availed himself of the opportunity to see something of the interior of the country.

Sunday morning was bright and beautiful. The Lake of Silja was sleeping calmly, its mirror-like surface reflecting distinctly the wooded hill-sides and cottages, save where it was slightly ruffled by the many-oared boats, already, at the hour of seven, moving in the direction of the house of prayer. One must be up betimes in Dalecarlia if he would witness the assembling of the people at church. Already the avenue of birches, which led from near my window to the sacred edifice, was gay with the many-colored costumes of the females, the neat white cap of the matron contrasting pleasantly with the dazzling red of the maid. Scarlet bodices and black skirts, with yellow aprons, present altogether a combination of colors somewhat questionable when viewed only as a matter of taste; yet the effect of hundreds of persons in these colors walking in the same direction, forming various groups along the grassy pathway, and occasionally seen through the foliage of the trees, is singularly picturesque and novel.

Finding the people moving in the direction of the church at so early an hour, we hurried to the shore of the lake to witness the arrival of the Leksand Church fleet. At the same moment some twenty of these curious craft were in sight. Among them were numerous boats manned by twenty or twenty-five oars each. It was interesting to watch them as they glided out from beyond one promontory or another into the center of the lake, all converging to the same point. These boats are of a peculiar build, and resemble closely those now used upon the Bosphorus. They are very high and sharp fore and aft, the outline being very graceful. They are particularly well rowed, and the hundreds of oars now rising together, and again striking the water in exact time, produced an effect singularly pleasing. The picturesqueness of the whole scene is greatly increased by the brilliancy of the costumes. An artist could desire nothing finer than the snowy white of the caps and sleeves, with scarlet waists and yellow aprons, contrasted with the bright blue of the lake and deep green of the shores.

As the boats near the shore there is a little strife discernible in the rapidly in-

THE CHURCH OF MORA.

creasing strokes of the oars; but this does not seem to engender the least unkind feeling. It was a motley crew which landed on that fine Sunday morning from the numerous boats. The passengers stepped on shore in the greatest possible quiet and order. All ages were here represented; the aged and decrepit were carefully helped out of the boats by the stalwart youths, while the young mother stepped cautiously to the shore, giving a glance of maternal pride and affection at the infant which she carried in her arms. The father lifted out the children of different ages, and placed them upon a sure footing.

The newly-married swains were known by the embroidered shoulders of their coats, their sweet-hearts' tributes of affection previous to marriage. An occasional sly and modest glance from the maidens, directed toward youths who were noble specimens of manly vigor, with countenances honest, ingenuous, and pleasing, if not handsome, attracted my attention. The hair of the maidens was, in some instances, cut short; indeed, this ornament of the sex is turned to advantage in Dalecarlia. The peasant girl in humble circumstances often sells guard chains, bracelets, &c., braided from her own hair, and very pretty are some of these ornaments. Not so with the males; their hair is generally long. Miss Bremer says of them:

"Among the men you behold muscular forms, and not unfrequently noble heads, adorned with a rich growth of hair, which, parted on the forehead and crown of the head, falls down over the neck in those rich, natural locks, with which romance so proudly embellishes its heroes, but which we can recollect to have seen nowhere but among the peasants of Dalecarlia."

The Dalecarlian peasant women cannot be said to possess any great degree of beauty, yet there is a something in their round faces, fair complexions, blue eyes, and white teeth, to which may be added singularly cheerful faces, which is altogether pleasing. The men are oftentimes fine specimens of physical development. Their powerful and muscular frames, with finely-formed limbs, more of the Herculean than of the Apollo stamp, set off to advantage by their peculiar costume, added to honest, open, and good-natured countenances, present a *tout ensemble* which cannot fail to excite admiration. They seem to occupy the same relative position in the family of man that the works of Michael Angelo do in art. Whatever may be the emotion inspired by their appearance, it is surely not one of contempt.

A strong and a brave people are the Dalecarlians. According to the saga "of

burning gold," the plow and the battle-ax fell from heaven into the land of their ancestors, and are even at the present day "the symbols of their life and character."

The bushes along the borders of the lake served for the toilets of the women, where, after arranging their hair and inspecting their dresses, they moved in the direction of the church, each one carrying a Prayer Book wrapped in a snowy white handkerchief.

One of the last boats which arrived brought a corpse for burial. The coffin was placed upon the shoulders of four men, who passed on in the direction of the church-yard. The effect of the small procession of rustics, in their quaint costumes, as they wound around the wooded pathway which led in that direction, was picturesque in the extreme.

The novel scene of the arrival of the *Leksand Church fleet* was deeply impressive. My mind naturally reverted to the fleets of the sea-kings of old, as well as to the allied fleet at that moment cruising near us in the Baltic, with missiles designed to carry death and destruction in their blighting course. But here, in place of deadly weapons, each one carried in his hand the *arms of life;* for as one after another landed from the boats, I observed

THE PEASANT WOMEN OF MORA.

that each carried the book of prayer; and the destination of the fleet was not an armed fortress, but a place of worship of the "Prince of Peace." I confess I have never in my life felt so disposed to venerate those philanthropists, however fruitless may be their efforts, who devote themselves to the glorious principles of peace. But pardon, dear reader, my pen is an errant one; and I have really no intention of writing a dissertation on the principles of the Peace Society.

The Church of Leksand was on this occasion crowded to the utmost extent of its capacity. The season is here comparatively short, which allows many of the people the privilege of attending Divine service. The interior appearance of the church and congregation did not differ materially from that I have before described in Dalecarlia. Here I observed the same marked division in the sexes. After the service there was the same congregating of the people in the church-yard to learn the news of the day.

"Where do you come from?" was the frequent inquiry of the simple-minded peasants. Abrupt as was this mode of address, it was well intended, and I was disposed to receive it as such.

"From America," I replied to one of these questioners.

"America!" said he; "is that further off than England?"

"O yes; three thousand miles."

At this reply the honest peasant stared at me in perfect amazement, and had one dropped down from the moon he would scarcely have excited more curiosity. He soon circulated among the crowd, and informed them of the fact that I had come a distance of three thousand miles beyond England. The people gathered about me as if I had been a wild animal on exhibition. I answered all their queries so far as my stock of Swedish would serve, and could hear often among them the words repeated, "three thousand miles!" No wonder that the distance looked formidable to the honest peasants, who had scarce any of them ever been beyond sight of the smoke of their own chimneys; and when one multiplies three thousand by seven, the length of a Swedish mile, the distance would seem formidable to persons who had seen much more of the world than the honest Dalesmen.

There is one pleasing custom among this people which I have thus far neglected to mention. It cannot be said of them, as the Psalmist has said of some, "Neither do they which go by say, The blessing of the Lord be upon you: we bless you in the name of the Lord." Old and young here on Sunday morning raise their hats to the stranger and say, "God's peace rest upon you."

Monday morning I received a very kind invitation from the clergyman of Leksand, *domprost* he is called, a sort of rural dean, to pass the day with him. The parsonage establishment, of which I present an illustration, is built upon three sides of a square. The building at the left of the inclosure is occupied by the kitchen, servants' rooms, &c. That at the right is exclusively devoted to the guests, while the tenement which appears in the background of the sketch is occupied by the family. A kind-hearted and most amiable old gentleman I found the *domprost*. His library was large and well selected, made up of works in various languages, the German predominating. The parson himself had the appearance of a lover of good cheer. The *prostina* [the Swedish wife bears the title of her husband; thus the wife of a prost (priest) is prostina. I am not quite sure but the good lady at Leksand should be dignified with the title of *dom prostina*; she was, at all events, a most accomplished, kind, and hospitable lady] reminded me somewhat of Miss Bremer's character of "The great mother in Dalom." There was a slight severity in her manner, as it struck me, toward her good-natured husband; but perhaps the *domprost* deserved an occasional reprimand. On one side of the house was a garden beautifully laid out and devoted mostly to flowers. In the rear of this was a bowling alley situated upon the border of a picturesque ravine. This the good *domprost* assured me was the most expensive thing about the parsonage, as he often had company who required a good deal of *punch* to keep up the excitement of the game. Judging from the freeness with which this article was offered at the parsonage, I should imagine the necessary outlay for a year's supply would equal the whole income of many of our country clergy at home. The guest's house is a large establishment of itself; it contains one large room, used as a drawing-room and dancing-room; here was a piano and some very good pictures. The apartment was handsomely furnished, but without a carpet. The remainder of the building was devoted to sleeping rooms for the guests, and would altogether accommodate a large number of visitors. The income of the clergy here is generally large, while the expense of living in the interior of the country is extremely moderate. The income of the *domprost* from his parish was, I learned, something like four thousand dollars per annum, which would be fully equal to six, if not seven thousand dollars in the United States. But here the clergy are obliged to keep up a train of expenditure in dispensing hospitality, which no one at home is expected to do.

In the church of Leksand a mural tablet, erected in honor of "the great mother in Dalom," was pointed out to me. "She died in the year 1657, lamented by the whole Dal country, which honored her for her noble person and good heart, with the title of '*Stormoder i Dalom*,' the great mother in Dalom. Her memory still lives in honor in the district, and this title of respect is usually inherited by the most stately and genteel *prostina* there."

Having exhausted the attractions of Leksand, I took passage in a small and very inferior steamer, the only one on Lake Silja, for Mora. On the boat I met the clergyman and his family who had been passing Sunday at the Leksand inn. They seemed disposed to set aside all

A FARM ESTABLISHMENT ON THE DAL ELF.

ceremony, and very kindly invited me to a lunch in the cabin. This was to me a great kindness, as there were no refreshments of any description to be procured on the boat, and I gladly accepted their offer.

About noon we landed at Mora. This is the mother parish of Dalecarlia. It is surrounded by "hill above hill and dale within dale." The slight haziness produced by the immense fire at Rattwick, gave to the landscape almost an Italian softness; the neighboring hills, clothed in the dark firs of the North, presenting the most striking contrast with the blue mountains beyond.

This is the scene of Miss Bremer's novel of "The Parsonage of Mora." Those who have read this graphic and interesting account of life among the Dalesmen, will be interested in the sketch which I present of the church of Mora.

The mound of turf which appears in the foreground of the sketch, marks the spot where Gustavus Wasa addressed the men of Mora.

"The low noon sun stood right over the Middagsberg, and spread a dazzling light over the snowy region. A fresh north wind was blowing, which the Mora men regarded as a good omen. They gathered around Gustavus, contemplating attentively the young and manly gentleman, of whose unmerited persecutions they had already heard so much. With his strong and sonorous voice he began thus to address them: 'I see, with much joy, your great assembly, but with equally great sorrow do I contemplate the situation of us all.' Here he continued to describe to the people the unhappy situation of Sweden under the oppression of Denmark, and concluded with these words: 'The Dalemen have in all times been brave and undaunted when the weal of your country was concerned, and therefore are you renowned in our chronicles, and all the inhabitants of Sweden turn now their eyes upon you, for they are accustomed to look upon you as the firm defense and protection of our native land. I will willingly accompany you, and will for you spare neither my hand nor my blood, for more the tyrant has not left me. And then shall he understand that Swedish men are faithful and brave, and that they may be governed by law, but not by the yoke.'"

The sketch which I present of peasant women of Mora was sketched from life. Indeed, they are portraits. I cannot say that they *sat* for them to prove their authenticity, but they did *stand* for them, as they were returning home from their labor in the fields.

Botsta is an extensive farming establishment situated upon the Dal Elf. The number of detached buildings, as represented in the sketch, will convey a good impression of an extensive Swedish farm establishment with its numerous outhouses.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NOT much is known of Tennyson personally. There are several short accounts of him in late biographical collections, but they are meager and uninteresting. Few of his biographers seem to have troubled themselves about the year of his birth. They give the date of his first two volumes, and branch off on something else. He was born in 1810.

We know his birthplace; but, were we ignorant of it, it would be an easy matter to discover it from his poetry. The glooming flats, dark fens, and clustered marish mosses of "Mariana," the wild, wide, bare, and grassy plains, and

"The under roof of doleful gray,"

of "The Dying Swan," could be drawn only from Lincolnshire. Tennyson is a native of Lincolnshire.

He is the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, the first born, I believe, of a large family. He has several brothers and sisters, all of whom are said to write poetry. Leigh Hunt has compared them to a nest of nightingales.

Two of the brothers, Charles and Frederic, have published each a volume of poems, the latter within the last three or four years. Neither is a great poet. Charles is a sweet and graceful sonneteer; Frederic is fine in bits; but as a whole his poetry is crude and unequal. It was written in his youth, I prefer to think; for, if written in manhood, it shows that his mind ripens slowly, too slowly for him ever to become a great poet. It would be very creditable for a young man of twenty, but it is not particularly so for a man in the neighborhood of forty.

Of the Misses Tennyson I know nothing, except that one of them was to have married Arthur Henry Hallam, a son of the historian, whose death in 1833 is the main theme of the collection of poems entitled "In Memoriam." She has since married, if we may understand literally the closing poem of the series. It is the sweetest epithalamium in the language.

In the "Ode to Memory," one of his earlier poems, Tennyson paints the scenery of his boyhood:

"Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four,
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland.

O! hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep in wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds,
When the first matin song hath waken'd loud,
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud."

Of Tennyson's boyhood and youth nothing has yet been made known to the public. I have read, or have been told, that his father was a ripe classical scholar, and a man of wealth, but somewhat eccentric. According to all accounts, Tennyson himself has a fair share of the family inheritance — eccentricity. He shuns society studiously, living for months at a time hid away, no one knows where, in the country. Now and then he makes a flying visit to London, but not to mingle with the crowd. He stops at some out-of-the-way old inn, and drinks his wine, and smokes his pipe in peace. He is not to be found at the *soirées*, where literary lions most do congregate, but at Carlyle's, or Patmore's, or perchance with Will Waterproof and the plump head waiter at the Cock.

That Tennyson is a scholar, like his father before him, is evident on every page of his books. No man but a classical scholar, and a ripe one, could have written his exquisite poems, "Enone" and "Ulysses." Keats wrote Greek poems without scholarship, and wonderful poems they were; but they have a large mixture of the Gothic element in them. "Endymion," is full as much Gothic as Greek. But it is not so with Tennyson. His "Ulysses" is as pure as the friezes of the Parthenon. But, setting aside his poetry, we know that he has a classical education. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge.

It was probably while he was at college that he became acquainted with his friend Hallam. "The path," he says in "In Memoriam,"

"The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow."

Scattered through "In Memoriam" are beautiful glimpses of the life led by these sweet soul-friends. Fresh from the dusky purlieus of the law, and from the dust, and din, and steam of the town, young Hallam and the future laureate whiled away the summer hours, lying beside each other on green lawns, in the shadow of witch-elms, or under towering sycamores. The air was cool around them, but in the distance the landscape winked through the heat. They saw the mower sweeping his glittering scythe in the deep grass; and when the gust flew round the garden they heard the tumbling of the mellowing pears.

"And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady."

Sometimes the rest of the family drew round them in a circle, and listened to Arthur, as he lay and read the Tuscan poets. In the golden afternoons the girls sang songs, and played on the harp. Be sure *she* was there, the betrothed sister.

In livelier moods they strayed off beyond the bounding hills, and had a picnic in the woods. Like Frances Hall in "Audley Court," they spread their napkins on the slope:

"Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of home,
And, half cut down, a pasty costly made,
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay
Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolk
Imbedded and injellied."

The wine-flask was couched in the moss at their feet,

"Or cool'd within the glooming wave."

When evening came they strode back ankle-deep in flowers.

This was at home in the country. At college Arthur and Alfred led very different lives; they were grave and serious students. In his later years Tennyson pictured himself as revisiting the reverend walls in which he wore the gown. He roved through the town at random, pacing the shores, crossing the bridges, and plodding over the long gray flats; now listening to the thunder-music of the organ, which shook the college panes, now watching the rising and falling of oars among the willows that border the shore, and now sauntering up the long walk of limes to see the rooms in which Arthur dwelt!

"Another name was on the door:
I linger'd; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass, and beat the floor."

In the fifth year of their friendship Arthur died; died far from his friend and his betrothed. His body was sent home from Italy. He died in Vienna.

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave."

This was in 1833, the poet's twenty-third year. His first volume of poems was published in 1830. A young friend of Tennyson's (if I remember rightly, it was a son of Milman, the poet) was to have published in the same volume with him, but when the time drew near his courage failed, and Tennyson came out alone. He was warmly praised by one set of critics, and as warmly ridiculed by another. "Blackwood" gave him a sound thrashing in its coarse way, and "The Quarterly" used him up very effectively. Hunt and the Lake school praised him. They could not well do otherwise, he had so much in common with them. He reminded them of Keats; not the Keats of the grand old fragment of "Hyperion,"

"That large utterance of the early gods;"

but the boy Keats, the sweet singer of "Endymion." He was a member of the same poetical family, a younger brother indeed, but one who walked the earth with his singing robes about him.

With the exception of some poems that he has since canceled, we have Tennyson's first volume pretty much as he wrote it. It opens the common edition of his poems, commencing with "Claribel," and ending with a "Sonnet to J. M. K.," making twenty-three poems in all. Five of these, "Claribel," "Lilian," "Isabel," "Madeline," and "Adeline," are fanciful and fairy-like portraits of woman, a young poet's *Book of Beauty*. "Madeline" and "Adeline" are beautiful exceedingly, and worthy of the Tennyson of to-day. The fourth poem of the collection is the weird and wonderful "Mariana," the idea of which Tennyson found in a line of Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure."

"Mariana in the moated grange."

From this slight hint he has built up one of the most suggestive poems in the world. He makes Mariana the type of a deserted wife, and places her in the perfection of desolation; in a land of mysterious gloom and shadows, "a fairy-land forlorn." Everything in the poem is in keeping with the central thought. It is an unbroken monotone of melancholy and despair. The spell of madness fills the chambers of the moated grange; to be imprisoned there is to die a thousand deaths. We are oppressed by the silence, appalled by the ruin and decay. "Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here," is written in the very air. Stifled, crushed, and heart-broken, we moan and weep with the wretched woman:

"I am aweary, aweary,
O God that I were dead!"

There are one or two trivial faults in "Mariana," and here and there an imperfect rhyme, but we wonder now how any sensible critic could fail to see a great poet in Alfred Tennyson. It is singular what mistakes the critics sometimes make. When any new thing comes before them they seem to understand its excellence as little as the booksellers. Nearly all the great books in the world were rejected at first by the booksellers, and nearly all the great authors have had to run the gauntlet of the critics. If these gentlemen only had settled and certain principles of criticism to guide them; if, instead of judging a book by their own likes and dislikes, they were able to give a reason for the faith that is in them, they might often spare themselves the necessity of eating their words, and at the same time spare the sensitive feelings of a man of genius.

But this is not their way. "This does not please us," they say; "*therefore* it is bad." Jeffrey, who was certainly a talented man, attacked Wordsworth and the Lakers year after year. "This won't do," said he, when "The Excursion" appeared. Gifford laid about him right and left, striking friend and foe alike. He sneered at Keats for writing "Endymion," and advised the apothecary's boy to return to his gallipots. I have not a file of "Blackwood" at hand, so I cannot say precisely what Wilson wrote about Tennyson's first book. But whatever it was it stung the young bard into penning a satirical poem against him. The poem is not included in the late edition of his works; but it was something about "Rusty, musty, fusty, crusty Christopher." Generally Christopher was sound in his literary judgments, for he had a large,

liberal, and Catholic mind; but on this occasion he was palpably in the wrong. Let us hope it was not Christopher himself whose poetic instinct was at fault, but a late roystering *Noctes* which muffled and obscured it. Peace to the memory of Kit North.

Besides "Mariana," and the poems already mentioned, the volumes published in 1830 contained the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," the "Ode to Memory," "Oriana," "The Merman," and "The Mermaid," all of which are among Tennyson's best poems. In 1832 he published a second volume. During those two years his mind had ripened marvelously; he was no longer a boy-poet, idly dreaming of unreal beauties, but a man among men, able to cope with and master a passionate and stormy theme. He had forced his way into the chaotic world of human passion, and wrought its stubborn and warring elements into two rare and beautiful creations, "Enone" and "The Miller's Daughter."

"Enone," the reader need scarcely be told, is a Greek poem, a suggestion from the "Iliad." It is the best Greek poem of modern times; more like what the Greeks themselves, the genial-minded, rich-thoughted, beauty-loving old Greeks would have written, than either Keats's "Endymion" and "Hyperion," or Tennyson's own "Ulysses." It is like the most beautiful passages in Homer, or like the freshest pastorals of Theocritus, and Bion, and Moschus. Not calm, and cold, and stern, but sweet, and passionate, and fiery, flooded with light and color, differing from "Hyperion" and "Ulysses" as a deep, broad meadow whose ledges are rich in flowers differs from a range of granite mountains, or as a warm, loving human body differs from a cold, passionless statue. "Ulysses" and "Hyperion" are statues; "Enone" is life.

"The Miller's Daughter" is a dainty modern idyl, a sweet pastoral of love in the nineteenth century. Familiar and even homely in some of its details, it is full of grace and beauty. Judged as a picture, it possesses the finest qualities of the Flemish and Italian schools of painting. Like the old Miller, it is

> "Healthy, sound, and clear, and whole."

What can be more charming, and at the same time more characteristic, than this stanza, which describes the old mill and its surroundings?

> "I loved the brimming wave that swam
> Through quiet meadows round the mill,
> The sleepy pool above the dam,
> The pool beneath it never still,
> The mill-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
> The dark round of the dripping wheel,
> The very air about the door
> Made misty with the floating meal."

It is to this poem, which the queen is said to admire greatly, that Tennyson owes his pension and the laureateship.

After his second volume, ten years elapsed before Tennyson appeared again as a poet. During all that time he was silent as regards the public. He published nothing; not even a stray copy of verses in the magazines or newspapers. But the public, or that small portion of it which is in the habit of reading poetry, were not so silent about him. Slowly and imperceptibly it began to dawn upon the thinking few that a new poet named Tennyson had arisen. But where, and who was he? and why had he ceased to sing? He answered that question by the issue, in 1842, of the two volumes of poems on which his fame chiefly rests. In addition to the pieces already alluded to as being in his juvenile volumes, the which pieces, by-the-by, he had carefully revised and altered, they contained, (I shall merely mention the best,) "The Palace of Art," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "The Lotus Eaters," "Mort d'Arthur," "The Gardener's Daughter," "Dora," "St. Simeon Stylites," "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," "Godiva," and the terrible "Vision of Sin."

However much they might have desired it, neither "Blackwood" nor "The Quarterly" dared to sneer at poems like these. There is a sort of grim retribution following hard after unjust criticism, and none knew this fact better than Gifford and Wilson. They frequently knocked themselves down by loading their guns too heavily. The new edition of Tennyson's poems was sold in a few months. Like Ulysses, he had become a name.

His next appearance was in "The Princess; a Medley." Then came "In Memoriam," and lastly "Maud," which was published in the summer of 1855. In the meantime Wordsworth had died, and the post of laureate becoming vacant, it was offered to Tennyson. Leigh Hunt

had appointed himself volunteer laureate by writing sundry odes on the birth of the queen's children; but he missed the post. The dignity and the dollars were destined for Alfred Tennyson, not for Harold Skimpole. Tennyson has been England's laureate four or five years; he has written, however, only two poems in that capacity —an "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and another on the famous charge of the Light Brigade. Both are noble in their way, but hardly what was expected from him.

The Crimean battle-ode is worthy of the old Scandinavian scalds, whose rough but vigorous war-songs it resembles. The Wellington ode was coldly received, and has fallen into neglect, a neglect which seems to me entirely undeserved. Tennyson's mode of treating the subject is beyond the comprehension of the mass, even beyond the comprehension of many poets. He regards the Great Duke as a calm, strong man, rather than as a renowned warrior, the conqueror of Napoleon, the saviour of Europe. To his poetic eye, which looks beyond the smoke and din of battles,

"The last great Englishman is low."

In the sixth stanza he pays a beautiful tribute to Lord Nelson,

"The greatest sailor since our world began;"

but it is too long to be quoted entire. I can only give the end of the ode:

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seemed so great—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him."

Could any end be better than that?

Tennyson has been married for some years, but no one seems to know anything of his wife. There is certainly a story connected with his past life, for "Love and Duty," and "Locksley Hall" must have had a foundation in truth, however slight. But these things are not for the world. Such gossip may be very pleasant to us, but it is often death to the parties concerned. There is a great disposition in modern readers to pry into the private affairs of authors.

"Keep nothing sacred; 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know."

Tennyson considers all such curiosity shameless. "No man," says he, "shall hold his orgies at my grave." Speaking of poets generally, and Keats particularly, he sings,

"My Shakspeare's curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest."

We will not provoke that curse.

Tennyson's present residence is in the Isle of Wight; so, at least, I judge from a poem in his last volume. It is dated January, 1854, and addressed to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, the godfather of one of his children.

"Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight.

"Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown,
All round a careless-order'd garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

"You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk, and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

"For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

And now for Tennyson's poetry. But before I touch upon it I must beg the readers of THE NATIONAL, among whom I trust he has scores of admirers, not to expect any lengthy or profound criticism from me. The plan of the Magazine scarcely admits of the space that I should require, to say all that I have to say on a subject so near to my heart. There are so many excellences in the poetry of Tennyson that all of them cannot be pointed out, and commented on, in a sketch like this. I shall merely indicate its most striking and characteristic qualities.

The question, "What is Poetry?" has often been asked, and as often been answered. Every critic has an answer ready, either the traditionary opinion of those who have preceded him, or one of his own making, the result of his personality, or mode of thought. No two critics have yet agreed in their definition of poetry

One thing, then, is certain, either that some of the critics are wrong; or that the question admits of a variety of answers. The first horn of the dilemma I conceive to be the true one: some of the critics *are* wrong. I will go further, and say the great body of them are wrong: they know nothing of poetry.

The classical critics tell us to go back to the ancients, and write like them. But how did the ancients write? what principles of taste guided them in composition? what set of subjects were they in the habit of selecting for their poems? The French poets, especially the dramatic ones, think that *they* write like the ancients! Corneille, Racine, Boileau—we are pointed triumphantly to these writers, as happy specimens of the revived antique. We bow and say nothing. *De gustibus est non disputandem*, particularly with a Frenchman. We read Homer and Æschylus, and Virgil and Horace, and fail to see there any similarity to the French versifiers. Gothic, as portions of them are, Shakspeare's Roman and Greek plays are permeated with the Greek and Roman spirit. Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" and Milton's "Comus" are fine antiques. French taste shrugs its shoulders, when we hint this, and goes back to its lifeless frigidities.

Pope and the versifiers of his day labored under the impression that they too wrote poetry. They were mistaken. Their verse is compressed and terse; witty and epigrammatic, often full of thought and wisdom, but it is not poetry. With one or two rare exceptions, such as Gray's "Elegy," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and passages of Cowper's "Task," there were no poems written in England in the last century. Poetry was dead, or sleeping. Thought is not poetry; neither is wit, nor terseness. It may have these qualities, but it is something apart from, and above them. They are merely its garments, its body; not its life and soul. The life and soul of poetry is beauty, ideal beauty, the abstractly beautiful.

"But what do you mean by the beautiful?" some may ask. To which I reply: If you do not already know, if you have not already a feeling of it in your soul, I fear I cannot make it plain to you. The beautiful is something which is complete and entire, and which fulfills the laws of its being. It is a fullness, a richness, a ripeness; the one ripe fruit among a thousand blossoms. It may exist in a train of thought, or a piece of verbal melody, or in the images and emotions which they conjure up in the mind. A sunset is beautiful: so is a woman, or a child. A noble human action is beautiful. Love is beautiful. Prayer is beautiful. And death, pale, patient, and restful death, is very beautiful.

> "If the sense is hard
> To alien ears, I do not speak to these."

Read Tennyson's poetry, carefully, thoughtfully, lovingly, and you will know what beauty is. I refer you to him. For myself, I never read him but with delight. He imparts to me the sense of beauty which haunts his own mind; it pervades all that he has written. I realize it in his themes, and in his manner of working them up. I admire their unity, and the wonderful perfection of their parts. As subjects, whether of story, picture, or thought, they charm and satisfy my taste: sweeter, daintier, richer subjects no poet ever had. Tennyson's best poems entrance me intensely when I read them; when I have finished them, they impress my memory; and when I have, as it were, forgotten them, when the passage and line that struck me is dim and obscure, I still retain a vague and misty remembrance of it, a shadow, a vision, a dream, in the deepest recesses of my soul It has become a part and parcel of my nature, like a glorious sunset seen years ago, or a strain of melancholy music heard once, and once only, in the paradise of childhood. It is the golden key that unlocks the heaven within me.

It is curious to trace in the literature of a nation, the rise and progress of any element of thought. The sensuous element, which is the chief feature of Tennyson's poetry, was introduced into English literature by Keats. We have glimpses of it, as of a thousand other things, in Shakspeare, and the Elizabethan poets; but no complete poems, of which it is the life, no great work modeled in this school of art alone. Sensuousness is the speciality and glory of the Greek poets; it created their epics, their tragedies, their lyrics, and, above all, their pastorals. Keats is Theocritus and Æschylus come back to earth again; Theocritus in "Endymion" and "Lamia," and Æschylus in the Titanic Torso of "Hyperion." He died, and left

his work unfinished. Tennyson came, and Greece became once more a power among men. Keats was the flower; Tennyson is the golden fruit. Both saw the innate richness and beauty of Greek history and mythology; both worshiped its heroes and gods. They have the wonderful artistic unity of the Greek poets, and their royal carelessness of mere morality. Not "What moral can be deduced from this story or song?" was their thought; but, "What loveliness can be detected in it? what beauty, and grace, and sweetness, will it embody?" They adored the beautiful. Keats opens "Endymion" with this line:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

And in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn," he draws this moral from that "unravished bride of quietness:"

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty: this is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

This proposition does not strike at morality, as narrow souls would have us believe; on the contrary, it defends and supports it; nay, it is itself the highest morality. "*No bad thing can be beautiful*," is the first and last maxim of the sensuous school. Are they wrong? I have yet to learn it.

Let me point out an example of beauty and purity in Tennyson, an example without a parallel in modern poetry. You know the old story of Godiva; how she rode naked through the streets of Coventry, to repeal an unjust tax? There are not many poets into whose hands we would willingly commit this dangerously beautiful legend. We would not trust Byron or Moore with it, or Pope, or any of his set. But see how delicately Tennyson manages it. He is undressing the Lady Godiva:

"Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim earl's gift: but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half dipp'd in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee,
Unclad herself in haste, adown the stair
Stole on, and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway: there she found her palfrey trait
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold."

Is not that beautiful, and as chaste as beautiful? There is a similar triumph of the purity of sensuousness in "The Eve of St. Agnes," where Keats undresses Madelaine in the light of the gorgeous stained window. But it does not linger on my mind like this *chef d'œuvre* of Tennyson. But I have not done with him yet. It was, you perhaps think, comparatively easy for Godiva to undress in her own chamber, and not shock us; but to make her ride naked through the streets of Coventry—there's the rub. It is difficult, I confess. Let us see how Tennyson has done it:

"Then rode she forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see; the barking cur
Made her cheek flame; her palfrey's footfall
shot
Light horrors through her pulses; the blind
walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and, overhead,
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall."

The reader will be kind enough to make his own comments on that; to me it is "a joy forever."

Tennyson is remarkable for his portraits of women. He excels in his delineations of female loveliness. There is a want of reality in the beauties of his first volume, in his Lilians, Isabels, and Adelines, which might have been expected from so young a poet—he was barely twenty then; but his later creations The "Miller's" and "Gardener's Daughter;" Olivia in "The Talking Oak;" "The May Queen," and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere;" "Dora and the Lady of Burleigh," and the incomparable "Princess Ida," are real flesh and blood; "perfect women, nobly planned." Not quite so earthly as Wordsworth's ladies, who are never too good

"For human nature's daily food;"

for they *are* too good, for all but princes and poets—but still true women.

Here is the Gardener's Daughter. Observe the exquisite grouping of the picture.

At the very start you take in the scene as a whole, you know not how. The details are magically blended.

"For up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,
That, flowering high, the last night's gale had
caught
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft,
Gown'd in pure white that fitted to the shape,
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.
A single stream of all her soft, brown hair
Pour'd on one side; the shadow of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss; and, wavering,
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—
Ah, happy shade!—and still went wavering
down;

But ere it touch'd a foot that might have danced
The greensward into greener circles, dipp'd,
And mix'd with shadows of the common ground!
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe-bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
She stood, a sight to make an old man young."

The picturesque is one of the most striking traits of Tennyson's poetry: whether he describes a figure, as in the passage just quoted, or a palace, or a landscape, or gives some vague and dreamy sensation form and color, he always keeps the picturesque before his mind's eye, and conveys a picture to the minds of his readers. He is essentially a painter; he has the painter's eye for form and color, and he knows how to arrange, and combine, and contrast them to the best advantage. His feeling of color is subtile and profound, based on the deepest principles of art. He paints in two schools, the Flemish and the Italian, fusing the homely detail of the first with the gorgeous tints of the last. Without being sharply painted, his pictures are distinctly defined. There are no angles in them; everything is rounded and fluent. They are just indefinite enough to pique your suggestiveness. You never take them all in at once, but return to them again and again, each time discovering new beauties. They are painted so as to "come out." Take this picture of a garden:

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it,
In sound of funeral, or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, washed by a slow, broad stream,
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster towers.
The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings."

An interior, a palace scene, and I have done with Tennyson's pictures. It is from "The Sleeping Beauty."

"Here sits the butler with a flask
Between his knees, half-drain'd; and there
The wrinkled steward at his task,
The maid of honor blooming fair:
The page has caught her hand in his:
Her lips are sever'd as to speak:
His own are pouted to a kiss:
The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

"Till all the hundred summers pass,
The beams, that through the oriel shine,
Make prisms in every carven glass,
And beaker brimm'd with noble wine.
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gather'd in a ring:
His state the king reposing keeps:
He must have been a jolly king."

Tennyson is unlike all other English poets in diction. Other poets have had theories of language—Wordsworth, for instance, was a stickler for what he considered simplicity—but none, in my opinion, have hit upon the pure language of poetry like Tennyson.

"If poetry differs from prose," he says, "the language of poetry must differ from that of prose." And he sets himself to work to discover the difference. He discards the prosaic and the commonplace, and reverently seeks out the beautiful. Obvious words, such as other poets use on all occasions; stereotyped phrases, which may have meant something once, but which are meaningless now; every-day expressions, conventional small talk—it offends him to the soul. He uses the sweetest, the richest, the most beautiful words; the choicest and rarest phrases; the most poetical expressions. His insignificant words are alive with beauty; they are always the best words that he can, under the circumstances, use. They are never hastily adopted; but patiently and thoughtfully chosen. They define his meaning exactly; give its innumerable lights and shades, and its form, and color, and music. His epithets are singularly beautiful and choice: they rank among the curious felicities of language. You can think over them until your sense aches with enjoyment. Critics talk of the compression of Pope. Tennyson compresses more poetry in one line than Pope in five. It is impossible to make the English language more compact. "The best words in the best places:" this is Tennyson's theory of diction.

Alfred Tennyson is one of the most poetical, if not *the* most poetical of English poets. Not the greatest, I grant, for he is neither Shakspeare nor Milton, but certainly the sweetest and purest. I love all that he has written, except "Maud." I wish he had not written that.

THE CLUB.

GOLDSMITH—HIS FORTUNE AND HIS FRIENDS.*

IN 1763 was established what many years later received the title of the "Literary Club," but which at first was called the "Turk's Head Club," from the name of the tavern where it met. It was settled by its founders, Johnson and Reynolds, that it should consist of such men that, if only two of them attended, they should have the ability to entertain one another. Goldsmith was among the nine original members, and owed this honor to the influence and recommendation of Johnson, who, in the same year, said of him to Boswell, "He is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right." But this opinion of his literary attainments was that of Johnson himself, and not of the world. What he had hitherto written had been published anonymously, and, if Hawkins is to be believed, when he was mentioned for the club the notion prevailed that he was a mere bookseller's drudge, incapable of anything higher than translating or compiling. Admitted at first upon sufferance, he was now become, by the publication of his poem, among the ornaments of the society. This notable club figures largely throughout the pages of Boswell. Boswell's own introduction to it is thus recorded by him:

"On Friday, April 30, I dined with Johnson at Mr. Beauclerk's, where were Lord Charlemont, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some more members of the Literary Club, whom he had obligingly invited to meet me, as I was this evening to be balloted for as candidate for admission into that distinguished society. Johnson had done me the honor to propose me, and Beauclerk was very zealous for me.

"The gentlemen went away to their club, and I was left at Beauclerk's till the fate of my election should be announced to me. I sat in a state of anxiety which even the charming conversation of Lady Di Beauclerk could not entirely dissipate. In a short time I received the agreeable intelligence that I was chosen. I hastened to the place of meeting, and was introduced to such a society as can seldom be found. Mr. Edmund Burke, whom I then saw for the first time, and whose splendid talents had long made me ardently wish for his acquaintance; Dr. Nugent, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. (afterward Sir William) Jones, and the company with whom I had dined. Upon my entrance, Johnson placed himself behind a chair, on which he leaned as on a desk or pulpit, and with humorous formality gave me a *Charge*, pointing out the conduct expected from me as a good member of this club. Goldsmith produced some very absurd verses which had been publicly recited to an audience for money. Johnson: 'I can match this nonsense. There was a poem called "Eugenio," which came out some years ago, and concludes thus:

> "'"And now, ye trifling, self-assuming elves,
> Brimful of pride, of nothing, of yourselves,
> Survey Eugenio, view him o'er and o'er,
> Then sink into yourselves, and be no more."

Nay, Dryden, in his poem on the Royal Society, has these lines:

> "'"Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
> And see the ocean leaning on the sky;
> From thence our rolling neighbors we shall know,
> And on the lunar world securely pry."'

"Talking of puns, Johnson, who had a great contempt for that species of wit, deigned to allow that there was one good pun in 'Menagi-

* Concluded from the September number.

ana,' I think on the word *corps*. Much pleasant conversation passed, which Johnson relished with great good humor."

The attention which Goldsmith now began to receive is shown in his amusing and characteristic speech when Kelly introduced himself to him at the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, and asked him to dinner. "I would with pleasure," said Goldsmith, "accept your kind invitation, but, to tell you the truth, my dear boy, my 'Traveler' has found me a home in so many places, that I am engaged, I believe, three days. Let me see—to-day I dine with Edmund Burke, to-morrow with Dr. Nugent, and the next day with Topham Beauclerk; but I'll tell you *what I'll do for you:* I'll dine with you Saturday."

Among other effects of his growing fame, it was now that he resolved his dress should be worthy of his reputation, and he appeared in purple silk smallclothes, a scarlet great-coat, and a physician's wig. He carried a gold-headed cane, the badge of his calling, in his hand, and a sword, which was never combined with this professional symbol, hung at his side. The weapon was so disproportioned to his diminutive stature, that a coxcomb who passed him in the Strand called to his companion to "look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it." Goldsmith not only descended to a retort, and cautioned the passengers against that "brace of pickpockets," but stepped from the footpath into the roadway, half-drew his sword, and invited the jester to a mortal combat. The fops slunk away amid the hootings of the spectators; and the story has been told as an instance of the manly valor of Goldsmith. Such a vaporing challenge in a crowded street where a duel was impossible, seems to us to be only a proof of his extreme indiscretion.

Goldsmith, in the early part of 1764, left his town lodging in Wine-Office Court, for Garden Court, in the Temple, where he shared his rooms with the butler of the society. Ashamed of their mean appearance, he observed apologetically to Johnson, "I shall soon be in better chambers, sir, than these." "Nay, sir," said Johnson, "never mind that. *Nil te quæsiveris extrą.*" When the sudden success of the "Traveler" changed his position in the world, he removed to more decent apartments in the same court. His labors during 1765, and a large portion of 1766, have left little trace, and, unless we had known that he was compelled to write to live, we should have inferred that he had resigned himself to the indolent enjoyment of his fame.

On the 27th of March, 1766, the "Vicar of Wakefield" appeared, and ran through three editions in the year. Its excellence, therefore, was recognized at once, but it was not at first what it has since become, one of the most popular books in the English language. Garrick said there was nothing to be learned from it; Johnson called it "a mere fanciful performance;" and Burke, in praising it, seems to have specified its pathos as its distinguishing merit. When Johnson said it was fanciful, he alluded, we presume, to the construction of the story, which is full of improbabilities. The accumulated miseries which befall the vicar and his family, and their strange and rapid return to prosperity, have often been mentioned as passing the bounds of ordinary experience. The majority, indeed, of the principal incidents arise from a series of chances, which, separately, were not unlikely to happen, but which in conjunction cease to be natural. When the vicar is supping with the servants at the fine mansion, and the master and mistress unexpectedly return, it saves him from discomfiture that they enter accompanied by the object of his son's attachment, Miss Arabella Wilmot. When the whole party go to witness the performance of the strolling players, this son stands before him as one of the actors. When he continues his journey, and stops at night at a little public house, he hears the landlady abuse a poor lodger in the garret, and recognizes his lost daughter in the supplicant's voice. Such wonderful meetings are set thick in the tale.

The pecuniary obligations of Goldsmith continued to increase with his years, and he was recommended to write for the stage, a successful play at that period producing far larger profits to the author than any other species of literary composition. He acted on the advice, and completed in 1767 his comedy of the "Good-natured Man."

At Covent Garden the play appeared on the 29th of January, 1768, and was opened by a prologue from the pen of Johnson, in which Goldsmith was designated "our little bard." The experiment was felt, on the whole, to be a failure. Goldsmith re-

tired with his colleagues of the "Literary Club" to sup at the "Turk's Head," joined gayly in the conversation, and, as he afterward related, when he and Johnson were the guests of Dr. Percy at the chaplain's table at St. James's, "to impress them more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity," sang his favorite song about "*an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon.*" "All this while," he continued, "I was suffering horrid tortures, and verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that; and so they never perceived my not eating, nor I believe at all imagined to themselves the anguish of my heart. When all were gone except Johnson here, I burst out a-crying, and even swore that I would never write again."

The credit he derived from his English and Roman Histories, coupled with his general fame, procured him, in December, 1769, the distinction of being nominated Professor of History in the newly-created Royal Academy of Painting, at the same time that Johnson was appointed Professor of Ancient Literature. There was neither salary nor duties attached to the office, and Goldsmith, in a stray letter to his brother Maurice in the January following, says, "I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honors to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt." A less vain and simple man would have reversed the phrase, and represented the appointment as a compliment from the institution to himself. To obtain the requisite shirt, he had entered into an engagement in February, 1769, with a bookseller, Mr. Griffin, to compile a Natural History in eight volumes, at the rate of a hundred guineas a volume, and in June, encouraged by the success of his "Rome," he contracted with Davies to finish in two years a "History of England" in four volumes, for five hundred pounds.

The habit of Goldsmith was to lay aside his labors when his purse was replenished, and give himself up, while he had a sixpence left, to convivial enjoyments, and attendance at the theaters, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall. His funds dissipated, he recommenced his drudgery, and paid for his brief excesses by protracted toil. All are agreed, notwithstanding the Man in Black, Sir William Thornhill and Honeywood, that much of his money continued to be bestowed upon artful impostors, or upon persons whose circumstances were not so bad as his own. Once, as Mr. Forster relates, when he had recently performed a piece of literary taskwork for the sake of two guineas, he made over seven and a half to a vagabond Frenchman as a subscription to a pretended History of England in fifteen volumes. Two or three poor authors and several widows and housekeepers were his constant pensioners. "He was so humane in his disposition," says Mr. Cooke, "that his last guinea was the general boundary of his beneficence." Nay, he carried it further still, for, when he had no money to bestow upon his regular dependents, he would give them clothes, and sometimes his food. "Now, let me only suppose," he would say with a smile of satisfaction after sweeping the meal on his table into their laps, "that I have eaten a heartier breakfast than usual, and I am nothing out of pocket." He borrowed a guinea when he was destitute himself to lend it to Mr. Cooke, and endeavored in his absence to thrust it under his door. His friend, in thanking him, remarked that somebody else might have been first at the chambers, and picked it up. "In truth, my dear fellow," he replied, "I did not think of that."

With all his recklessness of expenditure, no man had a store of cheaper tastes, or was more easily entertained. His favorite festivity, his holiday of holidays, was to have three or four intimate friends to breakfast with him at ten o'clock, to start at eleven for a walk through the fields to Highbury Barn, where they dined at an ordinary, frequented by authors, Templars, and retired citizens, for tenpence a head, to return at six and drink tea at White Conduit House, and to end the evening with a supper at the Grecian or Temple Exchange Coffee-house. "The whole expense," says Mr. Cooke, "of the day's fête never exceeded a crown, and oftener from three and sixpence to four shillings, for which the party obtained good air, good living, and good conversation." He had got weary of the hopeless attempt to keep up his dignity, and was again willing to be happy in the secondary society where he was alone at his ease. Mr. Forster has tracked him in particular to a club at the

Globe Tavern, called the Wednesday Club, from its day of meeting, and where a principal part of the pleasure was to sing after supper. The sort of company he met there, and the terms on which he stood with them, are amusingly exhibited in the fact that a pig-butcher was one of the members, and, piquing himself on his familiarity with the celebrated Goldsmith, always said in drinking to him, "Come, Noll, here's my service to you, old boy." Glover, an Irish adventurer, and who had been, in succession, physician, actor, and author, maliciously whispered to Noll, after one of these salutations, that he wondered he permitted such liberties from a pig-butcher. "Let him alone," said Goldsmith, "and you'll see how civilly I'll let him down." With this design he called out, at the first pause in the conversation, "Mr. B.. I have the honor of drinking your good health;" to which the pig-butcher answered briskly, "Thankee, thankee, Noll." "Well, where now," inquired Glover, "is the advantage of your reproof?" and the baffled Noll had nothing to reply, except that "he ought to have known before that there was no putting a pig in the right way." Trivial as are these anecdotes, they are worth repeating, because they throw light upon the character of the man, and explain why he was "the jest and riddle," as well as the "glory," of his friends.

His enjoyment in all societies where he could freely give way to his natural impulses was immense. "He was always cheerful and animated," says Mr. Day, "often, indeed, boisterous in his mirth." He loved to romp with children and join in their games. He would put the front of his wig behind to excite their merriment, play forfeits and blind man's buff, and any childish game. The younger Colman remembered that when he was five years old he had given Oliver a smart slap on the face for taking him on his knee. The little vixen was locked up by his father in a dark room, whither Goldsmith soon followed with a candle and wheedled Master Colman back to good humor, by placing a shilling under each of three hats, and then conjuring them all under the same crown. It was a gambol with his dog that suggested to him the pretty couplet in "The Traveler:"

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child."

But from sports like these he was summoned back to his desk, and, in addition to the bulky compilations he had undertaken, he was preparing "The Deserted Village" for the press. Mr. Cooke calling upon him the day after it was commenced, Goldsmith read him a fragment of ten lines, adding, when he had done, "Come, let me tell you this is no bad morning's work." From the time he took to complete the poem, he could rarely have accomplished so much at a sitting. His habit was first to set down his ideas in prose, and when he had turned them carefully into rhyme, to continue retouching the lines with infinite pains to give point to the sentiment and polish to the verse. Mr. Forster dwells with great force upon the loss to literature from the want of this care in the generality of authors. The bulky ore, he truly says, can seldom obtain currency, however rich the vein. Those who extract and collect the gold, no matter how thinly it may have been originally spread, will ever be the writers most prized by the world. It was owing to this care that "The Deserted Village," being published on the 26th of May, 1770, went through four editions before the end of June. An anecdote was told of his having returned a part of the hundred pounds which Griffin had paid him for the copyright, in consequence of his having discovered that it amounted to "near *five shillings* a couplet, which was more than any bookseller could afford, or indeed more than any modern poetry was worth." He soon added to his already oppressive engagements by agreeing, for a payment of fifty guineas, to abridge his Roman History. A slight sketch of Parnell, which contained two or three graceful paragraphs, was published in the summer with some success; and a "Life of Bolingbroke," to be prefixed to his "Dissertation on Parties," which, it was calculated, might obtain a fresh lease of popularity in the political heats of that fiery time, was now to be provided without delay. It was the first completed of his pending projects, and is one of the flimsiest tracts which ever proceeded from his pen—flat and feeble in style, as well as destitute of thought and knowledge. In August, 1771, came forth the "History of England," in four volumes, which has all the characteristics of his former compilations of the same kind.

The fame of "The Traveler" brought

Goldsmith into contact with his countryman, Mr. Nugent, who had now become Lord Clare. He was much with him at the close of 1770 at his seat of Gosfield Park, and in the spring of 1771 accompanied him to Bath. Oliver is said by Mr. Cooke to have been liable to fits of absence, and an instance occurred during the present visit, when he strayed into the house of the Duke of Northumberland, who lived next door to Lord Clare, and threw himself down on the sofa just as the duke and duchess, who were acquainted with him, were sitting down to breakfast. Conjecturing that he had made a mistake, they endeavored to put him at his ease, and inquired the news of the day; but it was not until they invited him to join them at the table that he awoke from his reverie, and explained, with many apologies and much confusion, that he was unconscious of the intrusion. After seeing, on his return to London, his "History of England" through the press, he hired a room in a farm-house on the Edgeware Road, and commenced "She Stoops to Conquer," for which he received £800.

"I have been trying," he wrote to Bennett Langton, September 7, 1771, "to do something, these three months, to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance."

On the evening of its first performance (March 15, 1773) a few of the principal literary friends of the author assembled at dinner; but Goldsmith was too agitated to swallow a mouthful, and too nervous to accompany the party to the theater.

Neither the £800 nor his other earnings sufficed to satisfy his past debts and present extravagance. "When he exchanged his simple habits," says Mr. Cooke, "for those of the great, he contracted their follies without their fortunes or qualifications. Hence, when he ate, or drank with them, he was habituated to extravagances which he could not afford; when he squandered his time with them, he squandered part of his income; and when he lost his money at play with them, he had not their talents to recover it at another opportunity."

An abstemious man himself, he was ostentatious in his entertainments, and in the last year of his life Johnson and Reynolds rebuked his profusion by refusing to partake of the second course of a too sumptuous dinner. He often repented his folly, but as often renewed it. Reynolds found him one morning kicking a bundle round his room. The poet said in explanation that it was a masquerade suit, and, being too poor to have anything useless about him, he was taking out the value in exercise, or, in other words, he was venting his vexation for his thoughtless conduct upon the dress. His accumulating debts made him melancholy and wayward. He would frequently quit abruptly the social circle, and creep to his own cheerless chamber to brood over his embarrassments. His happiest periods, as he acknowledged, were when, driven by sheer necessity from the city, he retired into the country to labor with unremitting toil upon his projects.

In the intervals between his other engagements Goldsmith had for some time been continuing in his farm-house retreat the "History of Animated Nature." Boswell, in company with Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad, went to see him at his country lodging in April, 1772. He was not at home, but they entered his apartment, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the walls with a black-lead pencil. Buffon was his principal store-house for facts, and much of the work is an avowed translation from the eloquent Frenchman. "Goldsmith, sir," said Johnson, "will give us a very fine book on the subject; but, if he can distinguish a cow from a horse, that, I believe, may be the extent of his knowledge of natural history." To observe for himself, and to recapitulate the observations of others, were such distinct operations that, in spite of his want of a practical acquaintance with the science, he might easily be equal to a view of the popular parts of the study. He was a little credulous of marvels, and if his guides had gone astray, he of necessity copied their errors; but the volumes teem with delightful information, and of the literary merits of the narrative it is enough to say that it was written by Goldsmith.

The purchase-money of the "History of Animated Nature" was spent before it was earned. The work was not finished till Goldsmith was within a foot of the grave, nor published till after his death, and throughout the interval which elapsed from its commencement to its conclusion

it continued to be one of his worst embarrassments. He had still to provide for the wants of the passing hour, and numerous were the schemes he attempted or proposed. He was in arrear to the younger Newberry, to whom he made over the copyright of "She Stoops to Conquer," in partial satisfaction of a debt which he had previously promised to discharge by another such tale as the "Vicar of Wakefield." The specimen which he furnished proved to be a narrative version of the "Good-natured Man," and was declined by the publisher. He undertook, as a companion to his "History of Rome," to compile for two hundred and fifty pounds a "History of Greece," which was unfinished when he died.

In the midst of these shifts and sorrows a trivial incident occurred which produced one of the happiest effusions of Goldsmith's pen, and afforded a fresh proof of the versatility of his talents. He insisted one evening at the Literary Club on competing with Garrick in epigram, and each agreed to write the other's epitaph. The actor exclaimed on the instant that his was ready, and he produced extempore the couplet which is as widely known as the name of Goldsmith himself:

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll."

Abashed at the laugh which ensued, "poor Poll" was unable to produce a retort. The company pursued the idea which had been started, and either then or afterward several of them wrote epitaphs upon their standing butt in a similar vein.

Goldsmith in the interim was not idle. He was carefully preparing his "Retaliation" in silence; and when he had advanced as far as the character of Reynolds, he showed it to Burke. He wished it to be a secret till it was finished; but having allowed copies to be taken, its existence became known to those who were the subjects of it, and he was obliged to read it at the Literary Club in its imperfect state. From the time that his talent for satire was discovered he was treated with greater respect, and the oddities which had hitherto been a theme for endless jest were spoken of as not entirely destitute of humor.

A few weeks after this game of epitaphs had been played out poor Goldsmith was in his grave. He was subject to strangury, produced or aggravated by fits of sedentary toil; and an attack of the disorder in March, 1774, passed into a nervous fever. On the 25th of the month he sent for an apothecary, and, in defiance of his remonstrance, persisted in taking "James's powder." Yet, much as the medicine reduced his powers, the worst symptoms of the disorder abated, and it was apparent that the sleeplessness which remained was induced by some other cause.

"Your pulse," said Doctor Turton, "is in much greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?"

"No," said Goldsmith, "it is not."

He was paying, in fact, with his life the penalty of his improvidence. He expired, after an illness of ten days, on the 4th of April, 1774; and on the 9th his remains, followed by a few coffee-house acquaintances, hastily gathered together, were laid in the burial-ground of the Temple.

"He died," wrote Johnson, "of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before? But let not his faults be remembered. He was a very great man."

It was suggested that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey, with a pomp commensurate with his fame; and Judge Day conjectured that the proposal was abandoned in consequence of his debts; but Mr. Cooke expressly states that the reason why the scheme was given up was because the greater part of the eminent persons who were invited to hold the pall, and whose presence could alone have conferred importance on the proceeding, pleaded inability to attend. Yet two at least of the number had a real and deep regard for the man. Burke, when he heard of his death, burst into tears; and Reynolds, who had never been known to suspend the exercise of his calling for any distress, laid down his brush, and painted no more that day. A monument now commemorates him in Westminster Abbey.

Goldsmith was short and thick in stature, his face round and strongly pitted

with the smallpox, his forehead low, and his complexion pale. The general cast of his countenance, according to Boswell, was coarse and vulgar; and Miss Reynolds states that he had the appearance of a low mechanic. He was once relating, with great indignation, that a gentleman in a coffee-house had mistaken him for a tailor; and his resemblance to the brethren of the needle was notoriously so strong that an irresistible titter went round the circle. One morning when Mr. Percival Stockdale was remarking to Davies, the bookseller, on this similarity of appearance, Goldsmith entered, and, with that curious infelicity which seemed always to attend upon him, said to Mr. Stockdale, who had recently published a translation of Tasso's Aminta, "I shall soon take measure of you."

His picture by Sir Joshua presents the face of a man unusually plain, yet Miss Reynolds mentions it as the crowning feat of her brother in portrait-painting that he had imparted dignity of expression without destroying the likeness. What that lady thought of him appears from her naming him for her toast when she was asked to give the ugliest person she knew; and Mrs. Cholmondeley, with whom she had some little difference at the time, was so delighted with the selection that she shook hands with her across the table. "Thus the ancients," said Johnson, "in the making up of their quarrels, used to sacrifice a beast between them."

His address, until he warmed into the good-humor which was natural to him, strengthened the unfavorable impression produced by his appearance. "His deportment," says Boswell, "was that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman." "His manner," says Davies, "was uncouth, his language unpolished, and his elocution was continually interrupted by disagreeable hesitation." "He expressed himself," says his friend, Mr. Cooke, "upon common subjects with a plainness bordering upon rusticity, and often in words very ill chosen." Some attempts have been made in recent years to prove that his talk was not unworthy of his fame; but the witnesses to the contrary are so numerous, and there is such a general agreement in their testimony, that it is idle to controvert it. Mr. Rogers asked Mr. Cooke what he really was in conversation, and Cooke replied, emphatically, "He was a fool. The right word never came to him. If you gave him back a shilling, he'd say, 'Why, it's as good a shilling as ever was *born*.' He was a fool, sir."

Against Horace Walpole's smart saying, that he was an "inspired idiot," Mrs. Piozzi wrote in her old age, "very true;"[*] and the point, we may add, of Garrick's epigram would have had no sort of force unless it had possessed a semblance of truth. It is easy to collect from the book of Boswell, who acknowledges that his folly had been greatly exaggerated, the real state of the case. Johnson, who did the amplest justice to his genius, remarked that he had no settled notions upon any subject; that his ready knowledge was very slight; that he was eager to shine; and discoursed at random upon questions of which he was almost entirely ignorant.

"If he were with two founders," said the doctor, "he would fall a-talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of." To this want of fixed opinions and extensive information was added what Boswell calls "a hurry of ideas, producing a laughable confusion in the expressing them;" and what Mr. Cooke terms "a strange, uncouth, deranged manner" of speaking.

Boswell asserts that he studiously copied Johnson's manner, on a smaller scale; and both Hawkins and Joseph Warton relate that he affected to use the great lexicographer's hard words in conversation. The consequent impression he left upon Warton was, that "he was of all solemn coxcombs the first; yet," he adds, "sensible." To be solemn was not natural to him; and it is evident that he often forgot to act his part, or deliberately laid it aside. This mimicry of Johnson, which reduced him to a comical miniature of the original, no doubt occasioned, as it renders more piquant, the insolence of Graham, who wrote the "Masque of Telemachus." When he had arrived at a point of conviviality to talk to one man and look at another, he said,

[*] Malone, on the other hand, says that he never could assent to Walpole's pointed sentence. "I always," he adds, "made battle against Boswell's representation of him, and often expressed to him my opinion that he rated Goldsmith much too low."

"Doctor, I shall be happy to see you at Eton," where he was one of the masters. "I shall be glad to wait on you," said Goldsmith. "No," replied Graham, "'tis not you I mean, Dr. *Minor;* 'tis Dr. *Major*, there." "Graham," said Oliver, describing him afterward, "is a fellow to make one commit suicide."

Another circumstance, which he used to mention with strong indignation, was the conduct of Moser, the Swiss, at an Academy dinner, who cut short his conversation with a "Stay, stay, Toctor Shonson is going to say something." On such occasions, Johnson tells us, he was as irascible as a hornet; was angry when he was detected in an absurdity; and miserably vexed when he was defeated in an argument.

Of the little ebullitions of temper which arose from mortified vanity, Boswell has preserved a single instance. He was about to interpose an observation in a discussion which was going on, and his sentence was drowned by the loud voice of Johnson, who had not heard him speak. Dr. Minor, who was standing restless, in consequence of being excluded from the conversation, hesitating whether to go or to stay, threw down his hat in a passion, and, looking angrily at Dr. Major, ejaculated, "Take it!" Toplady beginning to say something, and Johnson making a sound, Goldsmith called out, "Sir, the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour; pray allow us now to hear him." "Sir," rejoined Johnson, "I was not interrupting the gentleman. I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent." When they met in the evening at the club, Johnson asked his pardon, and Goldsmith, who was as placable as he was hasty, placidly replied, "It must be much, sir, that I take ill from you."

Of his vanity he gave many ludicrous examples. "He would never," said Garrick, "allow a superior in any art, from writing poetry down to dancing a hornpipe." "How well this postboy drives," said Johnson to Boswell. "Now, if Goldy were here, he'd say he could drive better." "If you were to meet him," said a journalist of the day, who was satirizing his well-known infirmity, "and boast of your shoes being well blacked, the doctor would look down at his own and reply, 'I think mine are still better done.'" In trying to show at Versailles how well he could jump over a piece of water, he tumbled into the midst of it. At the exhibition of puppets he warmly exclaimed, on their dexterously tossing a pike, "Pshaw! I can do it better myself;" and he broke his shins the same evening, at the house of Mr. Burke, in the attempt to prove that he could surpass them in leaping over a stick. When some of the club were loud in their praise of a speech of Mr. Burke, Goldsmith maintained that oratory was a knack, and that he would undertake to do as well himself. Being dared to the trial, he mounted a chair, and was unable to advance beyond one or two sentences. He was compelled to desist, but reiterated his assertion, and imputed his failure to his being "out of luck" at the moment. He possessed so little of the boasted knack, that when he attempted a speech at the Society of Arts, he was obliged to sit down in confusion.

A ludicrous manifestation of his jealousy occurred at an Academy dinner: when one of the company was uttering some witticisms which excited mirth, Goldsmith begged those who sat near him not to laugh, "for in truth he thought it would make the man vain." He openly confessed that he was of an envious disposition; and Boswell maintained that he had no more of it than other people, but only talked of it more freely. All are agreed that it never imbittered his heart; that it entirely spent itself in occasional outbreaks; and that he was utterly incapable of a steady rancor, or of doing an action which could hurt any man living.

Washington Irving expresses his belief that, far from being displeased that his weaknesses should be remembered, he would be gratified to hear the reader shut the volume which contained his history with the ejaculation, Poor Goldsmith! In our opinion nothing would be more distasteful to him. He had higher aspirations, a more heroic ambition. But what would have delighted him would have been to hear Johnson pronounce in oracular tones that "he deserved a place in Westminster Abbey, and every year he lived would have deserved it better;" to read in the epitaph which his great friend prepared for his monument, "that he was of a genius sublime, lively, and versatile; that there was no species of writing that he had left untried, and that he treated

nothing which he did not adorn;" to find posterity confirming the sentence, and ranking him as the worthy peer of the illustrious men whose fame he emulated, and whom he needlessly envied; to see that his works were among the most popular of British classics; that everything connected with him possessed an undying interest for mankind; that all the minutest incidents of his career had engaged the anxious researches of numerous biographers, and that the list was closed by the elaborate volumes of Mr. Forster. "Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman; weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness, for he was your brotber."

A CHAPTER ON SCYTHES.

CONNECTICUT has been long known throughout this sisterhood of states. Her name is ancient and honorable as the "Land of steady habits," the home of the free, the patroness of good institutions, the observer and enforcer of good laws, and the venerable mother of many good and noble men. Her very mountain tops wave with the genial breezes of liberty, the pure waters of her lakes and her rivers reflect its beauteous image, and her atmosphere is perfumed with its sweet fragrance, all fresh and delicious as the odor of a thousand spring blossoms. Her soil is generous, and, subdued and mellowed by the appliances of patient toil, bounteously yields the tempting wealth of golden harvests. The sweet bread of industry nourishes a frugal, free, and happy people, and the pure leaven of a correct and wholesome public opinion permeates every stratum of society.

Though to every intent an agricultural state, Connecticut is widely noted for the manufactories, which exist in every part of her territory, and thrive vigorously under the fostering care of her enterprising sons. Hardly a rill is permitted to leap down from the mountain, unimpeded by an obtrusive dam. Here springs up in some out-of-the-way locality an establishment for making wooden buttons, and almost in a night a brisk, stirring village, with its clean white cottages, its little smiling church, and its intelligent, reading community, starts into existence. There may be seen Yankee enterprise budding and blossoming into an "institution" where an endless variety of approved jack-knives can be "promptly furnished to order," and the nucleus of a bustling young town is established. Fall asleep on the banks of the stream that turns the wheels of yonder "clock factory," and the chances are of being suddenly waked by the rough screech of the locomotive whistle. Every demand of convenience may be satisfied, and every "notion" that ingenuity can devise or fancy suggest is already *packed* and *labeled*, ready to be exchanged for the quarters, the dimes, or the pennies of the customer. Tradition quite gravely informs us of certain versatile characters who, long ago, drove a smart speculation by making and vending wooden nutmegs, white-oak hams, and horn flints, but as I desire, for the present, to record only facts of which my own eyes have been witnesses, I will not stop to examine the data upon which the veracity of this report is founded.

In one of the most beautiful districts of this time-honored and venerable Commonwealth stands the rapidly-growing village of West Winsted. It is delightfully imbosomed in green hills, among whose waving summits its guardian genii seem to dwell. Mad River divides it in twain, and its waters, as they angrily leap and foam over the rocks, supply the requisite power for propelling scores of wheels and giving motion to hundreds of clattering hammers. All is life, and stir, and bustle; the animated voice and footstep of cheerful labor are heard, and from dawn till dusk is the air rent with the din of machinery which roars and rattles in every direction.

A principal occupation of many laborers, a rich source of wealth to capitalists, and an efficient promoter of the general enterprise, is the extensive manufacture of scythes, for which the unrivaled water privileges and the ready access to the leading markets afford the finest facilities.

It is very interesting to watch the various processes by which a rough plate of iron, "without form or comeliness," rapidly assumes the qualities and proportions of a keen, polished, and perfect instrument. The work of shaping or "forming" is almost entirely accomplished by the use of trip-hammers, of which there is a separate one for each operation, with a face corresponding in shape with the various peculiarities in the form of the

manufactured implements. These are all so nicely adjusted that the weight of the workman's foot upon a pedal instantly sets in motion, like a thing of life, any one he desires to use.

The finest quality of iron is selected, which usually comes in the shape of flattened bars or plates, ten or twelve feet long, two to three inches in width, and a half inch in thickness. After cutting the bars to the proper length, they are heated to whiteness in a fire of anthracite, and drawn beneath a ponderous hammer, which strikes not far from one hundred and twenty times each minute. The glowing iron yields to every stroke of the powerful instrument, as though it were softened clay or fresh mortar, and is rapidly reduced to the desired thickness. It is then re-heated and "doubled over," or laterally bent, under a different hammer, so that the opposite edges are brought together, as a sheet of paper may be folded to be cut into long narrow strips. Into the groove thus made a thin piece of steel is inserted, of equal length with the plate, and a half inch to an inch in width, and designed to form the cutting part. The interstices between the steel and the iron are then filled with borax, which immediately melts and forms a kind of *flux*, preventing oxydation, and greatly facilitating the union of the parts. In this state the plate is again heated and passed under the "welding" hammer, after which it is smoothed and straitened by a similar process. It is again subjected to the fire until the metal becomes so soft and pliant that a few moderate strokes upon the edge with the "flat" of a small hammer reduce it to the proper degree of curvature. In this operation no rule is followed, and no scale or other assistance employed, the eye of an experienced workman being sufficient to guide the hand, and properly direct the forming process. It is then passed under the large hammer until the edge is brought to its requisite level, or as nearly as so apparently clumsy an operation could be supposed to accomplish that object. Another heat, and the "backing-up" is done. Another "turn" in the fire, and the "beading" hammer breaks loose, whereby the twofold purpose of ornamenting and stiffening the blade is fulfilled. Again a partial heat, and in a twinkling the "heel" of the scythe is bent. In a moment more the "pointing" process is completed, and the instrument is raised to a dull red heat, plunged into cold water, and passed into the hands of the temperer. Each of the operations I have mentioned hardly occupies a minute, aside from the delay of heating, which is remarkably slight, when aided by the sevenfold intensity of an anthracite fire.

The tempering is very simple and interesting. The scythe is firmly grasped with a pair of tongs, and briskly drawn to and fro through the fire, until the steel upon the edge assumes a dark-blue, metallic luster. The workman then withdraws it, and dipping a little stick into water, flirts the drops all along upon the edge, from the point to the heel. If, in the language of the temperers, the water readily "hops" from the steel, a pretty good indication is afforded that the experiment has proved successful. If, however, it remains *hissing* and *sputtering* upon the surface, it proves that the temper has been reduced below the requisite degree, making the scythe too soft to "hold an edge." The only way of correcting this fault is, by again heating, dipping in the water, and more carefully repeating the operation. I have styled the tempering process very simple and interesting, and repeat the assertion, yet none should infer that it is consequently an *easy* task. There is no department from the rough, shapeless iron to the finished, glittering blade that involves so much difficulty, or so great a liability to failure as this: and none requiring so patient practice and profound skill. To decide upon the most important property of any cutting instrument—its temper—by the merest shadow of difference in the metallic luster, requires a keen and long-practiced eye, and only the acutest ear can detect any practical significance in the minute concussion with which the heated surface repels the water-drop. Yet the workman of experience performs his duty with surprising facility and accuracy, as will readily appear from the fact that in the establishment I am describing, not more than one scythe out of twenty or twenty-five is found defective. The manual labor required for all the operations I have mentioned is not severe, demanding no great outlay of physical energy. The chief inconvenience arises from the excessive heat of the fires, which causes the operatives to foam and swelter from morn-

ing to night with little relief, either in winter or in summer. Yet they all labor with "might and main," straining every muscle and nerve, until their faces glow and glisten like the sparkling iron upon the anvil. The important secret is that each one is amply paid, not according to the *time* he labors, but in proportion to the actual amount of work he accomplishes. The heat, the sweat, and the filth are all forgotten, in the prospects of the well-earned reward which honest industry is sure to achieve.

The next thing in order is to prepare the scythe for the hands of the grinder. For this purpose it is necessary that the edge be made perfectly straight. A few strokes with a light hammer are sufficient to remove any ordinary inequalities, which a glance of the eye along the blade will readily detect. If badly curved and distorted by the hard knocks it has received, (for it has been tumbled about with little ceremony,) an instrument, resembling a common fork, is applied to the edge, and wrenched one way or the other, as may be necessary, the blade, meanwhile, being firmly held by a small iron standard, like a vice, fixed in the top of the anvil.

We are now willing to be released from the deafening clatter of the forging room, which is so excessive that the workmen are obliged to stop their ears with cotton, to prevent premature deafness. Any one who doubts the wisdom of this precaution should go and stand for a half hour among twenty or thirty trip-hammers, all rattling furiously away in a distracting jargon of monotonous thumps. My word for it, this sort of incredulity will soon yield to the force of so *striking* a demonstration of the truth.

The grinding room is contiguous. Peering through the thick dust, which completely fills the apartment, we perceive a number of stalwart men, completely begrimed with sweat and dirt, each sitting astride a narrow bench, beneath which revolves, with tremendous velocity, a huge grindstone, five or six feet in diameter. The natural roughness, or *grit*, of the sharpest stone is insufficient to wear the scythe to an edge, with the rapidity which the pressure in the other departments demands, and so its efficiency is greatly increased by scoring the surface with a chisel or a hatchet. The workman tightly grasps the scythe at each end, lays it nearly flat upon the stone, with the edge toward him, and throws upon it as much weight as possible. To avoid bending the instrument, the grinder fastens it to a stiff, narrow strip of board. The instant the metal touches the stone, the disintegrated particles are ignited by the intense friction, and a long, fiery jet of hissing sparks pours out to a considerable distance. It is not agreeable to remain long in this apartment, for the loud scraping and roaring of the grindstones is intolerable to even the strongest nerves; the atmosphere is heated to an uncomfortable degree by the attrition of the machinery, and filled with the fine, sharp dust which is flying about in clouds, and settling upon every accessible object. The visitor is glad to leave the room and seek the open air, coughing, sneezing, and *weeping*, to expel the intrusive particles that have invaded the eyes, mouth, and nostrils. No department of the business of scythe-making is so unwholesome as the grinding, and he who closely confines himself to it can flatter himself with no reasonable hope of a very long life.

The next operation is that of polishing, by means of the "emery-wheel." This machine is formed by cutting from thick plank a wheel or disc, a foot, or so, in diameter, covering the peripheral surface with a thick coating of glue, and rolling it in a box filled with granulated corundum. When thoroughly dried, a rough, compact surface is formed, not unlike the familiar "sand-paper" of commerce. This wheel is made to revolve with great rapidity, and does the work effectively, but lasts only a short time, when a new coating of emery must be supplied.

The scythes are then taken to the finishing and packing room, where, first, the edge of each is carefully tested, by tightly pressing it upon the hardened face of the anvil, and slowly drawing it from the heel to the points. If it slides smoothly along, it is pronounced good; but if it seems to cling and stick to the anvil as it passes, a "soft spot" is at once betrayed, and the instrument is condemned and thrown aside. Every marketable scythe is then painted red, black, green, or blue, according to the fancy, and appropriately labeled; after which the packing completes the interesting, though somewhat complicated process. Each package contains twelve, of nearly the same length and curvature, and is secured by tightly winding with a *rope*

of straw. This rope is twisted by a machine with tube "flyers," and spindle about seven feet long. Of this contrivance the foot-wheel with which our worthy grandmothers spun flax in the olden time is an exact miniature. When the rope is twisted, it is wound upon a mammoth "reel" for use. The bunch of scythes is firmly fixed in an apparatus resembling a turning-lathe, and when the power is applied, the rope is as firmly and compactly wound as thread upon a spool, and as securely protects the package as though a box of wood or iron incased it; while the great additional expense of the latter method is avoided. The defectives scythes are seldom packed for market, but are sold out at a low price in various directions, and for a multitude of uses. A large number go to the paper-mills, where they are extensively employed in cutting and assorting the rags.

A short walk from the establishment I have described, leads to the Augur works, which are equally interesting with the former, but comprise fewer complications and difficulties in their operation. A sufficiently minute account of the manufacture of so important a utensil, shall occupy no more than a reasonable space, especially as the very nature of the subject renders one painfully obnoxious to the charge of a *bore*.

In the first place, a rod of iron is cut to the proper length, and the part that is to form the spiral "web" of the augur, hammered flat to a uniform thickness and width, according to the desired dimensions. The flattened portion is then heated, and a slit, half an inch deep, made with a "cold chisel," longitudinally across the end. Into this opening, a strip of steel, large enough to fill it, is inserted, after which the part is dipped into pulverized borax, again heated and hammered, until the iron and the steel are completely welded. This bit of steel is designed to form the "lips," or cutting edges, and the little conical screw in the center. Again the same part is heated, the "shank" placed in a vice, and the flattened part twisted two or three times round by a small iron crank for the purpose. This process forms the web, and now the instrument, for the first time, assumes a shape which readily indicates the design of the sooty workman. After a moment or two of straightening with a convenient apparatus, he throws from his hands what seems to be an old, worn-out augur, that has lost its handle, point, and cutting edges. The next step is to hammer out the point upon which a thread is to be cut. This is a nice operation, which an inexperienced hand would find great difficulty in successfully performing, yet the skillful workman (who does nothing else) strikes rapidly and accurately, lifting his hammer two or three feet from the anvil, and unerringly hits in precisely the right place. The man at his elbow files the cutting edges into their proper shape. The point is then turned in a lathe, by which process it becomes perfectly conical, after which the thread is cut, by means of a wheel, or disc, of hardened steel, whose edge has been carefully striated, parallel to the plane of its lateral faces, and then slightly cross-furrowed, to resemble a common file. This revolves with immense velocity. The steel point is held transversely against the edge of the disc, slightly inclined, so that each thread may join its next neighbor. The augur is slowly turned with the hand, and in less than fifteen seconds, a perfect "double-threaded" screw is formed. The grinding, polishing, and packing, being complete, the instrument is ready for the purchaser.

In this establishment a comparatively small amount of the work is done by machinery, while in the scythe manufactory, very little is performed in any other way. In both, the principle, called in political economy, "Division of Labor," is illustrated to a nicety. Every possible item of the business is vastly facilitated by its adoption. By confining himself exclusively to a single branch or department, each workman is enabled, beyond a doubt, to accomplish a third more of efficient labor than otherwise. The scythe temperer does nothing else; one welds; another curves the blade; another backs up and beads; another heels; another points; another grinds; another polishes, and another packs. In the same manner, one flattens the rod for the augur; another welds the steel; another, by twisting, forms the web; another hammers the point; another cuts the screw, and so on, through the entire catalogue. This nice arrangement insures the utmost rapidity and accuracy in performing the multiplicity of parts, which an establishment of this kind necessarily comprehends.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

IN my childhood nothing gave me greater delight than the rainbow, and though I have still much pleasure in seeing it, I have lost the juvenile faith I once had in my ability to find the end of it.

Many a time have I run across the pasture that fronted our eastern windows, frightening the simple sheep in my haste to gain the hill top, where I was sure the rainbow came to the ground, and as often have been disappointed, but not in the least disenchanted. Shining through the sunlit rain I could see it so distinctly, just a little way before me—if I could but climb to the green top of the wood I should, without doubt, be able to wrap about my head such a beautiful turban as never was seen—made, in fact, of the red end of the rainbow!

It was a harmless fancy, productive of much childish delight, indeed, causing me to dream dreams, and see visions that were beautiful exceedingly; for at the end of the rainbow I had no doubt but that a great bag of gold had a local habitation. What I should do with such a treasure puzzled my brain not a little, and I spent hours forming plans that were destined never to go into execution.

In the course of time I came to know that the end of the rainbow was not to be found on the hill in the sheep pasture, nor yet in the green top of the woods beyond; nowhere, in fact, this side of that gloomy river whose still ferryman we all dread so much. But I saw, meanwhile, with sorrowful surprise, men and women about me who had not outgrown their childish credulity, yearning and striving for happiness which this life does not contain, and so shutting up their senses to its real comforts. To be leaning and reaching after blessings, is a mistake fatal to all blessings; for while they evade the most diligent search, they come unawares to those who, in the earnestness of a good work, are forgetful of them.

Alas, alas! we take off our baby garment of faith in impossibilities, and hang it on the wall of truth with great reluctance; all of us, and for the most part indeed, keep it tied and strained around us, till, stumbling over some great, ugly fact, we actually burst out of it.

Day after day our thoughts go traveling "round about this pendent world" in search of treasures no less fabulous than the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, and night after night they come back to us wearied out with the profitless journey, and we go to bed, less to have our eyelids touched by "nature's sweet restorer," than to dream of divining rods, and of "fairies who speak pearls."

Sabbath after Sabbath our preachers pray for blessings to be showered down upon the congregations, till Heaven, exhausted of patience, seals up its hearing, and the vain words become a mumble in the mouths of the petitioners. And no wonder Heaven is tired of the much saying, "God be merciful," and the never saying, "God be praised."

"Lo, he goeth by me, and I see him not: he passeth on also, but I perceive him not. Which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea. Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades, and the chambers of the south. Which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number."

The seasons are his handmaids, and we say to them, "Ye come only by chance." Winter lays down at our feet her great white book, and we give it to the sunbeams to take back, without having written on its pages, "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." Spring plants the fertile valleys with herbs, and violets, and hollyhocks, and wheat and corn, with furrows of needful waters between, and we go into barren places and ask for miracles. Summer sweetens the air with apple-blossoms and hay-fields, wild roses and mint, and we call on the far isles to drift to our windows their spicy odors. The fall comes with new corn, and yellow pears, and melons, and red peaches; lighting up all the hills with the splendor of its woodlands—calling the cheerful cricket to the hearth, and our families to the thanksgiving table, where we give, really, but miserable thanks. We groan out our complaints to one another of the hardships and trials of life, and reach down through the blessings that surround us like the common air, to fetch up out of the darkness all the disappointments we have had to encounter—all the crosses we have had to bear.

For my part, I wonder we are not oftener than we are forced out of the socket of accustomed happiness, and *made* to feel how more than good God has been to us.

We sit under the weight of blessings until they become a burden, and suffer the fruitful branches of our vines to darken our understandings till Providence breaks them off in their greenness and lets in the light.

We greatly more need to pray for wisdom than happiness; the wild ass's colt can enjoy, but men and women should be able to live without happiness, save, indeed, that best happiness of all that comes in our conflicts with evil and our victories over it; that steadies up the soul in the time of temptation, and finds place in the heart that is obedient to God, however crowded with miseries it may be.

If we accustomed ourselves to take up the realities of life, and strip them of their delusions, we should find a great augmentation of real comfort; we should not be making profitless journeys after the end of the rainbow, as so many of us are doing now.

We expect too much of this world; the inevitable disappointment chills and discourages us, and we say life is not worth living. The roses we bind up in our arms have briars among them; tares will grow with our wheat, and blight fall upon our corn; the path of duty will sometimes grow hard and bare, and pain that we cannot shoulder aside, fasten itself upon us as we go along, and our only hope is to bear it bravely. Sighs and lamentations are of no avail to lighten suffering, much less to detach it from our souls, a part of whose inheritance it is.

Life is, indeed, a sharp struggle, and unless we arm ourselves betimes, and battle bravely, we shall be borne down. Outside of ourselves, and the strength that flows into our souls through Divine truth, there is little help for us. We must not be so much looking for something on which to lean, as learning to stand alone. Who can say to our consciences, Be still? Who can help us through death, or answer for us at the judgment?

Beauty, and honor, and authority, may be stripped from us at any moment, and our poor selves be left naked and helpless, unless nothing shall be able to divide us from that rectitude that fears not, even that searching light that shines up over the steep sides of the pit. With all the beauty of its springtimes, the glory of its harvests, and the splendor of its winters; with all the delights of its courtships, the joy of its marriages, and the comfort of its homes, earth is not heaven, and rainbows cannot be set over our lintels as they are in the clouds.

But while this knowledge presses upon us from every side, we shut up our understandings against it, and think when we have hidden our eyes that we have destroyed the sunshine, or the plague-spot, as the case may be.

It is well to keep before us a cheerful daystar of hope, to trust to our friends to visit us when we are sick, to clothe us when we are naked, and to bury us when we die, but never to weaken this reasonable trust by impositions on their kindness while we are able to help ourselves. It is well to cherish a healthful faith in the protection of Providence, and extremely foolish to weaken it by going after soothsayers, or cheating ourselves into the belief that the red shadow of the evening is another sunrise, or the patch of millet on the next hill-side is the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow.

THE PETS.

BY WILLIAM RODERIC LAWRENCE.

Skipping round among the clover,
Hiding 'mid the fragrant grass,
Through the hazels, under, over,
By the stream we often pass—
'Mid the verdure richly green,
Our twin pets may oft be seen.

When they hear the gentle footfall
Of Leonora down the lane,
Or fair Nellie, with her bird-call,
Oft they list, and list again;
With their long ears raised on high,
Pointing to the echoing sky.

Then they ponder, as if musing,
Whether they be friends or foes;
Daintily the clover choosing,
Now the white, and now the rose—
Sitting up, intent to listen,
How their eyes, dilated, glisten!

Now they hide them in the grass,
'Neath the clover, 'neath the fern;
And as we in silence pass,
To their dainty meal return;
Tender, harmless pets of ours,
Living 'mid the fragrant flowers.

Skipping round among the clover,
Hiding 'mid the fragrant grass;
Through the hazels, under, over,
By the stream we often pass—
'Mid bright flowers and verdure green,
Our twin pets may oft be seen.

SYDNEY SMITH'S RELIGION.

WHAT a biography of a Christian minister is the Memoir of the late Sydney Smith! What a laughable or lamentable conjunction of words—"The REVEREND *Sydney Smith!*" That "Reverend" should never have stood a prefix to the name of Sydney Smith. The ludicrous association reminds us of a dry boy, who, when his pious father asked him one Sunday what book he was reading, answered that it was the Life of the Reverend Peregrine Pickle. The boy was permitted to read on. Peregrine was as good a Christian as Sydney, and as well deserved the sacerdotal sign to his name. He (Sydney) might have been General Smith, or Sir Sydney, or Admiral Smith, and there would have been no incongruity to make mankind merry or sad. But as the case actually stood, we think of it as we think of a bull in a china shop. "The inconsistency is perfectly obvious," as an English traveler in America said, when he saw one of the free and enlightened gouge out the eye of another for voting in the opposition. Sydney would have made a better actor, a better clown, a better parliament man, a better anything than a Christian minister. When Swift hinted to Calvinistic William a desire for preferment, the bilious king quietly offered him a captain's commission in the army. It was both a joke and a satire, with just enough of seriousness in it to show the suitableness of the offer. Pity it was not accepted. Sydney Smith has often been compared with Swift, and the comparison to an extent is just. They were both clergymen. They were both wits. They were both politicians and men of the world. But Swift was "*a nice man*," according to his own peculiar definition of the phrase—"*a man* of *nasty ideas*." We shall not offend our readers with samples. That would be like knocking them down merely to illustrate the pugilist's manner in the ring. The information would not balance the damage. Sydney, (and here is the great difference between him and Swift,) Sydney was a clean man. He said the sharpest and wittiest things that ever a man said. He wrote the keenest satires that ever a man wrote. He cut into the bone and then fell to sawing, and never stopped till the marrow of his victim felt the steel; yet there is not one of these exhausting sarcasms—not a satire, nor a rough joke that fell from his lips or pen, that might not safely be repeated before a full assembled boarding-school of either sex. We mean that his wit was remarkably free from obscenity. No high encomium on a clergyman surely!

But how came he by a parson's gown and cossack? "His own inclinations led him to the bar." So says the memoir. But his father, who had educated one of his sons to the law, was not able to give Sydney a law education, and therefore wished him to enter the Church. Sydney entered the Church to gratify his father. That is the whole story. But then, before he preached he told the bishop, and he told the Church, that "he trusted he was *moved by the Holy Ghost* to take upon him the office and work of the ministry." Sydney Smith loved truth, and yet he said this. We should like to know by what subtle process he persuaded himself that he was telling the truth. Did he infer the Spirit's motion from the fact that he was then receiving ordination from the bishop's hands? Thus: "Whoever is ordained by the bishop must be called by the Spirit." But the bishop ordains me; *ergo*, I am called or moved by the Spirit. Perhaps he thought it a mere matter of form, only that it was essential to a curacy or a vicarage. Or, which is most likely, perhaps he thought nothing about it, and answered the question as in duty bound, because the bishop asked it, and thus lied to the Holy Ghost through

"Pure heroical defect of thought."

At any rate, Sydney's whole life afterward said, as plainly as a man's life can say, that he "had not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." True, he accepted a parish, and, to use a genuine English phrase, "did duty" with about the same idea of the word as Nelson's men had when they manned a topsail or let off a gun at Copenhagen or Trafalgar. It was done with spirit, but with no spirituality. He preached, and he never joked in preaching either. Not perhaps because he considered it a species of profanity, but because he had too much good sense to allow it. It takes a *very religious* man to give the faithful a substitute for theatrical amusement and keep a congregation in a roar of laughter. Sydney was not *pious* enough for that kind of pulpit *labor*. He would probably have thought it too

Methodistic, or at least better becoming the freedom of Dissenters. He preached, we have said. But what did he preach? The Gospel? Not he. He knew nothing about it. But this: "*Govern your hearts.*" Very good. That sounds well. But stop. All he meant by it was—keep your temper; be good humored; don't get mad, for that will do you no good, but only make you miserable, and all around as miserable as yourself. "*Don't swear*," for besides its profanity, which is a consideration to be weighed, it is decidedly in bad taste. Real gentlemen never swear. "*Tell the truth.*" It will advantage you much. You will get a reputation for integrity, and that will bring you employment, and you can keep your places longer. It will also be a benefit to you who have bad memories; for you know the adage about liars and good memories. Therefore tell the truth and shame the devil, if there is a devil, and it will be no matter to you whether there is or not. "*Don't poach.*" Not that I am in favor of the game laws, but poaching will one day get you into trouble, and a trip to Botany Bay will awaken no pleasant recollections of a few game dinners.

Besides all this "*dry clatter of morality*," as another great wit called it, he preached on Toleration, and doubtless beat Locke himself in advocating the great principle. But really the man had not religion enough to tempt his generous nature to bigotry, as some men have not spirit enough to get angry. Religion has nothing to do with their passiveness. It had nothing to do with Sydney's zeal for toleration. It was a mere matter of humanity and good taste. While his heart would have sickened at the sight of a stake for heretics, his humor ran wild at the idea of "sticking a knife into a Dissenter," or "roasting a Quaker alive." Either *act* would simply have been too serious a joke for so good a man to perpetrate. He was not less facetious about the missionaries who fell a prey to the cannibals in the South Sea islands. He talked of "cold curate and roasted clergyman" with a gusto that might have set even a man-eater's table in a roar. By the way, Sydney was no enemy to Christian missions, for "though all was not done that was boasted of, yet wherever Christianity was taught, it brought with it the additional good of civilization, and men became better—[what do you think, reader, is coming, next?]—better *carpenters*, better *cultivators*, better everything." Perhaps this "better everything" may have an oblique reference to some spiritual improvement, and possibly the idea of a heathen's salvation may be included in it; but that is at least doubtful.

Let us see how he bore himself as the parish pastor. He went among the flock right sociably, joked with the poorest of his parishioners, gave them medicine when sick, and something more agreeable when starving. A box of sugar-plums which he carried in his pocket made him a favorite with the children. To a little fellow dying with croup he gave a dose of castor oil, then baptized him, and went home and told his family that he had prepared him for both worlds. In addition to all this, he taught the rustics how to make gardens and raise a good many more potatoes than was their wont. In short, he was just such a pastor as the Vicar of Wakefield, with a great deal more practical sense, which he turned over to the temporal benefit of his flock. The souls of his parishioners gave him as little concern as a shepherd's dog feels for the last sheep that left the field for the shambles. Indeed, it is questionable whether in the course of his long ministry he ever thought of a soul, excepting when it engaged his attention, as a botanist studies a flower. Bodies he believed in, despite the Berkeleyan theory; and to these he was as useful as that ancient dame of every village who has a decided "turn for doctoring;" but as to souls, they were only curious subjects for metaphysical inquiry. The understanding, will, memory, and imagination pertaining to them gave him large scope for learned discourse on mental philosophy. But if any one either in or out of church, had seriously mentioned a soul in its relation to God, heaven or hell, it would have sounded worse than a harsh discord to the sensitive ear of a music-master. These volumes contain the record of a single conversation on religion with a family of his parish. Hear him:

"I went to visit ———, whom I found unchanged, except that they are become a little more Methodistical. I endeavored in vain to give them more cheerful ideas of religion; to teach them that God is not a jealous, childish, merciless tyrant; that he is best served by a regular tenor of good actions; not by bad singing, ill-composed prayers, and eternal apprehensions. But the luxury of false religion is to be unhappy!"

Exactly so. The extract reminds us of Paine's improved version of the prophet, "Do justly, love mercy, and *do good to thy fellow-creatures!*" A religion that has as little to do with the heart as possible is the very thing for men who are strangers and enemies to the higher exercises of an immortal spirit. The love that casteth out fear; the joy unspeakable and full of glory, and the peace that passeth understanding, are to all such mere apostolic hyperbole and rant. The soul "*disquieted*" and "*cast down*," or "*distracted*" by the "*terrors of the Lord*," is quite beyond the comprehension of downy doctors, who think all those ecstatic or sorrowful experiences might be conveniently substituted by "a *regular tenor of good actions*." The picture is Scriptural to be sure, and implies a vast amount of feeling, heart-agony, heart-rapture, heart-struggles, about which Sydney Smith knew nothing, and, if possible, cared less. In matters merely temporal he was enthusiastic enough, if intense sensibility has anything to do with the meaning of the term; for no man could be more sorrowful, or joyful, or angry, when his child died, or another guinea swelled his fortune, or the interest on Pennsylvania bonds remained unpaid. But, in religion, every expression of feeling was to him the language of fanaticism and cant. Had one of his friends gone to him exclaiming, "O wretched man that I am," he would probably have administered the consolation of one of his best jokes, with a comical exhortation to drive dull care away. If King George, instead of King David, had passionately cried, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth," &c., Sydney would have set it down for a poetical exaggeration, or concluded that his majesty was growing decidedly weak. Here is the advice which he gave to Lady Grey; not that her ladyship was becoming serious, or likely to be under such ghostly counsel:

"And so, dear Lady Grey, God bless you! *Read cheerful books, play at cards, look forward two hours*, and believe me always yours,
"SYDNEY SMITH."

Short and sweet, that; illustrative, too, showing that the stream never gets above the fountain!

The deeply spiritual and forcible language of the Scriptures, which has always invigorated and pointed the style of effectual preaching, he thought should not be used in the pulpit. Hear him again:

"There is a bad taste in the language of sermons evinced by a constant repetition of the same Scriptural phrases, which, perhaps, were used with great judgment two hundred years ago, but are now become so trite that they may without any great detriment be exchanged for others: 'Putting off the old man,' and 'Putting on the new man,' 'The one thing needful,' 'The armor of righteousness,' &c."

Here you have it, reader. The word of God transferred into preaching might have done very well two hundred years ago, but now-a-days it would be in as "*bad taste*" as the ruff of old Elizabeth on the neck and shoulders of a modern belle. The English of it is, If any man speak, let him speak *not* as the oracles of God, but in a style that will give the least possible offense to mawkish delicacy and polite irreligion. It is no novel subterfuge of the devil to make men believe that they are not enemies to spiritual good, because they admire it in others who lived "two hundred" or two thousand years ago. The farther off the better. The very men who built the tombs of the prophets thirsted for the blood of their successors. This memoir, and the accompanying letters, give proof enough that Sydney had no relish for the very class of texts which he named, "Putting on the new man" and "The one thing needful." We say it with sorrow, but it ought to be said, that his aversion was manifestly to the things signified.

When we took up the book it was with some hope of finding that the greatest of clerical wits contrived somehow to mingle a serious, if not a decidedly religious element in his character. And what did we find? *Presto*, that he mortally hated man-traps, spring-guns, and cruelty of all kinds; that he was an indignant enemy to oppression and misrule, at the cost of place, power, and wealth. If ever in this world a man "did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, but not with a perfect heart," that man was Sydney Smith.

No Sadducee ever betrayed less of advertence to the Divine will, less of the *spiritual* in his views, feelings, and acts. He had not one particle of reverence for it. Compared with him, Johnson should be canonized, and even Boswell, now drunk, and now at prayer, ought not, ac-

cording to the Methodist phrase, to be "*turned out.*" A man's heart is apt to slip into some one of five hundred and sixty letters to his friends. Out of its abundance he is about as sure to write as to speak. What, then, do these letters say? Plainly that he had no more idea of spiritual things and a spiritual world than of Drew's Zamiff. This was not the worst. At seventy, and beyond it, where religious men

"Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean they must sail so soon,"

Sydney joked about death and heaven, as if one meant the Straits of Dover, and the other the gay land of France. Let us quote:

"I hear Morpeth is going to America, a resolution I think very wise, and which I should decidedly carry into execution myself *if I were not going to heaven.*"—LETTER 456.

This is flippant enough, but four months afterward he outdid it in a serio-comic letter to a lady:

"The death of Lord Holland is, indeed, a great loss to me, but I have learned to live as a soldier does in war, expecting that on any one moment the best and the dearest may be killed before his eyes."

This is both seriously and elegantly said, but, as if repenting of such solemnity, he immediately breaks into his natural vein, and ends with a laugh, thus:

"Promise me in the midst of these afflicting deaths that you will remain alive; and if death does tap at the door, say, 'I can't come; I have promised a parson to see him out.'"—LETTER 465.

He grew worse as he grew older:

"Mr. —— is going down hill, trusting that the cookery in another planet may be at least as good as in this; but not without apprehensions that for misconduct here he may be sentenced to a thousand years of tough mutton, or condemned to a little eternity of family dinners."—LETTER 478.

The following (to Lady Holland) is quite in the style of Swift. The unnatural union of sense and nonsense, gravity and levity, just reflection and impious persiflage, will make wise men melancholy, and can give merriment only to fools:

"It is a bore, I admit, to be past seventy, for you are left for execution, and are daily expecting the death-warrant; but it is not anything very capital we quit. We are at the close of life, only hurried away from stomach-aches, pains in the joints, from sleepless nights and unamusing days, from weakness, ugliness, and nervous tremors; but we shall all meet again in another planet, cured of all our defects. —— will be less irritable; —— more silent; —— will assent; Jeffrey will speak slower; Bobus (his brother) will be just as he is; and I shall be more respectful to the upper clergy."—LETTER 482.

One more extract will complete the evidence that not even on life's last shore did this great man, this clergyman, yield to the influences that spiritualize, and give solemn tranquillity to the heart, the proof and foretaste of heavenly rest. It was written within eight months of his death:

"I am seventy-four years of age, and, being canon of St. Paul's in London, and rector of a parish in the country, my time is divided between town and country. I am living among the best society in the metropolis, and at ease in my circumstances; in tolerable health, a mild Whig, a tolerating Churchman, and much given to talking, laughing, and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country, passing from the sauces of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man; have found the world an entertaining world, and am *thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it.*"—LETTER 549.

Thankful for what? Perhaps he meant with St. Paul, "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." But as the use of Scripture language is in bad taste, even in sermons, and of course much more in familiar letters, he preferred a style not liable to the suspicion of fanaticism. We are glad, however, that he did not affect the sacred style, for this "*entertaining world*" would have laughed at the incongruity with a merrier ring than ever. In any mode of expression these thanks have a most fantastical sound, coming as they do from an old clergyman whose evening of life was spent in "talking, laughing, and noise," with an occasional deviation into his parish for the purpose of administering, not the Gospel, but calomel and castor-oil!

Men die as they live. Sydney Smith died as he had lived. And his death-scene was full as free from the fanaticism of Christianity as his life. True, he was kind to the last. The natural virtues of his character suffered no eclipse; but there was nothing in the final struggle that revealed a Christian spirit, either

trembling or triumphant on the verge of immortal life; no faith that like an arch spans the last flood; no hope that sings in the vale; no rapt communion with God, which alone gives joy to the hour when man dieth and wasteth away. Henceforth he will be known to the few as a philosopher and critic; but the world in general will remember him not for his wisdom, but his wit. And this is the least enviable of all intellectual distinctions. Applauded for the entertainment it gives, like a harlequin, it is despised when the play is over.

In a clergyman it is held to be something midway between a foible and a vice. The world laughs at the incongruous exhibition, but silently condemns. In this instance the judgment of the world is just. Of the great names in theology, those only are remembered with pious respect that left nothing behind them but the memorials of their solid virtues, united to talents as solid. While such comets as Swift and Smith run their zigzag course, shedding a dubious or disastrous light as time hastens their escape from the moral heavens, the Baxters, the Doddridges, the Wesleys, and a host of others, as fixed stars of the first magnitude, are seen far above them, shining brighter, and shining ever.

IMMORTALITY IN THE FLAMES.

BY A POET'S SISTER.

FROM his sixth year, my brother Davie manifested undoniable symptoms of the divine afflatus, but it was not until fifteen that he commenced his immortal poem, "The Vengeance of Bernardo Caspiato." He was a delicate, pretty, fair boy, with a spiritual countenance, a noble brow, and abundance of silky brown hair; quite the poet to look at, and very like my dear mother, as we all daily observed. It was expected that he would cover the name of Cleverboots with a halo of glory: unlike some families, we were the first to believe in our hero, and the most constant in our faith in his splendid future. At the epoch referred to, Davie began to tie his collar with a black ribbon, to wear his white throat exposed, and his beautiful hair very long; his appetite did not fail him in private, but at our little reünions he always partook of dry toast and strong green tea; was very silent, abstracted, and averse to men's society: the women petted him, and called him "all soul." He was very kind-hearted and sweet-tempered, and rather vain, which was nothing more than natural, considering how he was flattered.

He had a little room at the top of the house which looked over the town, where the immortal poem was commenced. I remember he began it on a wet evening, and it opened dismally, with a storm; he had me up there with my plain sewing to listen to the first stanzas; and he consulted me about one or two difficult rhymes: he was not sure whether "horror" and "morrow" were correct. I thought not; and, his birthday falling three days after, I presented him with a rhyming dictionary. Subsequently, the poem made rapid progress.

Cousin John had just begun to study law, and my father wished Davie to become a lawyer too. This did not chime in with his taste at all; he stated that it was his wish to follow the profession of letters. We did not quite understand this at the time. Cousin Jack said it meant that he wanted to be the idle gentleman. I had my doubts on the matter. Davie brought my mother over to his way of thinking. "I shall be very poor, but very happy, mother," he used to say; "if you put me to anything else, I shall be miserable and do no good." So Davie got his own way; and, as a preparation for his profession of letters, he stayed at home and finished "Bernardo Caspiato." It was a splendid work. I have wept over it often. The heroine having been executed for witchcraft, her lover, Bernardo, devotes his life to avenge her; and, after committing a catalogue of murders, ends by disappearing mysteriously in a flash of blue lightning to rejoin her in the spirit-land. My mother objected to the morality of the conclusion; but she acknowledged herself, at the same time, ignorant of the laws and license of poetry.

With this great work, and some minor pieces of equal if not superior merit, my brother Davie went up to the great city on foot, with ten dollars in his pocket, and seventeen years of experience on his head. Cousin Jack had taken comfortable lodgings for him at a small baker's shop, kept by a widow woman with a daughter named Lucy. The dear lad wrote us word that

he was quite suited, and that, after a few days to look about him, he should carry his immortal poem to a publisher. His hopes were sanguine; his visions of fame magnificent.

To our surprise and grief, Bernardo Caspiato was declined with thanks. Nobody was inclined to publish it unless the author would bear all the expenses. Davie would not suffer my father to do this; he would earn money for himself. We wondered how he could do it; but Cousin Jack lent him a hand, and somebody who had something to do with a newspaper bought his minor pieces. He lived, at all events, by his own exertions. At this time, Lucy began to figure in letters to me marked "private." It would be literally impossible to give the whole story as therein developed, but I will endeavor to epitomize it as afterward heard from his own lips.

He fell enthusiastically in love with Lucy, whose beauty he raved about as ethereal, heavenly, unsophisticated: before I heard of her at all he was evidently far gone in the tender passion; and Lucy had listened so often, and with such a graceful interest, to his literary struggles, that he fancied he had every reason to believe that his affection was returned. One morning, however, all these sunny hopes were rudely dispelled. He had seen once or twice a young man of rustic appearance in the shop; he had also known him to take tea in the back parlor with Mrs. Lawley and her daughter, without attaching any significance to his visits. As Davie sat at breakfast on this particular day, this individual drove to the door in a buggy, and was pleasantly received by the landlady. He wore quite a festal appearance, and for the first time a suspicion entered Davie's mind which changed quickly to a certainty. After speaking to Mrs. Lawley for a minute or two, the young man ran out to stop the driver of a wagon loaded with sacks of grain, and, while holding him in talk, the poor poet from the up stairs window took an inventory, as it were, of his rival's personal graces. He was of a very tall, straight, and robust figure, with a very broad, comely face, ruddy complexion, and curly brown hair. His voice was like the roll of an organ, and his laugh the very heartiest of guffaws; altogether, a very proper man, as Davie, but for his jealousy, must have acknowledged. The stranger's rollicking air of gayety added present insult to previous injury; and to get out of the hearing of his rich "ha ha," which seemed to pervade the whole neighborhood, Davie snatched up his hat, intending to walk off his spleen. He pushed half way down the stairs, but there paused: just below, in the passage by the back-parlor door, was the obnoxious rustic, with bonny Lucy. Davie, greatly discomfited, retreated to his room, and made cautious surveys before venturing to leave it again. He quite hated Tom, who was a fine, single-minded young fellow, guilty of no greater sin against him than having won blue-eyed Lucy's hand and heart.

When Mrs. Lawley came up stairs to remove her lodger's breakfast things, she looked glowing with importance, and, after a short hesitation, confided to him the great family secret: Mr. Tom Burton had offered for Lucy, and they were to be married that day week. "You'll have seen him, sir, maybe?" said the proud mother; "he's been here as often as twice a-week; and, when I told him it behooved him to stop at home and attend to his farm, he'd tell me that corn would grow without watching; and I soon saw what he meant. So, as Lucy was noways unwilling, I bade 'em have done with all this courting and courting, and get wed out of hand. Perhaps, Mr. David, you'll be so good as go out for the day, and let us have your room for breakfast; or, if you would have no very great objection, we should be proud of your company, sir."

The poor poet almost choked over his congratulations, but he got them out in a way. Soon after, he saw the lovers cross the street, arm-in-arm, spruced up for the occasion, and looking as stiff as Sunday clothes worn on a week-day always make rustic lovers look; everybody who met them might know what they were. Tom had a rather bashful and surprised expression; as if he were astonished to find himself part owner of such a fresh, modest, little daisy of a sweetheart, and was not quite sure that it was her cottage bonnet just below his great shoulder, for so long as Davie had them in sight he kept looking down into it to make sure Lucy was there. Davie's feelings were almost too much for him, but he made a magnanimous resolve that as Lucy had been so good and attentive to him, he would make her a p

and, that he might endure the deepest pangs, that present should be the wedding dress and bonnet. He went off accordingly, post haste, to a great millinery establishment, and purchased a dove-colored silk dress, and the most sweetly pretty white bonnet, with orange blossoms, that could be had for money. When Lucy and Tom returned from their walk, he called her up stairs and presented them to her. She contemplated them with surprised delight, blushing and clasping her hands over them: never was there anything so beautiful.

Davie bade her try the bonnet on, to see how it would fit, and, without an atom of coquetry, she put it on, tied the strings under her chin, and rose on tip-toe to peep at herself in the glass over the chimney-piece.

"I must let"—Lucy was going to say "Tom," but she substituted "mother" instead—"I must let mother see it!" and she ran out of the room, leaving the door open, with that intent. Davie instantly slammed the door, and sat down to compose his feelings by inditing a sonnet on "Disappointed Love." When it was finished—the lines being flowing and the rhymes musical—he felt more placid and easy in his mind; but, before the wedding, he withdrew himself from the house, and went into country lodgings to hide his griefs. In process of time he rhymed himself into a belief that he was the victim of a disappointed passion, the prey of a devouring sorrow; that his heart was a wreck, a ruin, dust, ashes, a stone, dwelling alone; that life was stale, an unfinished tale, a hopeless, joyless pageant: all because blue-eyed Lucy had married Tom Burton.

This was the early love-romance which furnished my brother Davie with his cynicism, his similes of darts, flames, and wounds that are scattered everywhere through his verses. Some of the productions of his troubled muse, after he fled to Highgate, shall be quoted. What would have been Lucy's astonishment could she have heard herself apostrophized in such burning numbers! her orbs of sunny blue would have dilated until she would have looked, indeed, a round-eyed Juno. Here is one of Davie's effusions from a little manuscript book, bound in white vellum, the confidante of his poetical woes at this mournful era:

Thou hast come like a mist o'er my glorious dreaming,
Thy image stands up 'twixt my soul and the sun!
O! why, when youth's noontide of gladness was beaming,
Hast thou darken'd all that it shone upon?

To see thee, to love thee, ay, love thee to madness,
To know that thou ne'er couldst be aught to me!
To leave thee! and read in my spirit's lone sadness,
That the love was all hopeless I center'd in thee!

The muse appears at this junction to have been quite troublesome with her declarations. The following was written one evening instead of going to dinner like a Christian gentleman to Uncle Sampson's on Christmas day. It stands entitled, "I Love Thee!" and is written with a neatness that says little for its spontaneity:

I love thee! O, never did summer sea
Greet sunshine more gladly than I greet thee!
Like dew to spring flowers, like stars to dusk night,
Art thou with thy glances of liquid light!

I love thee, as only those hearts can love
Whose burning devotion is hard to move!
Life, beauty, and hope, thou art all to me—
A voice and an echo of melody!

It seems rather as if sense were made subordinate to sound in some of these lucubrations, but they are not so bad for seventeen. Davie came back to Milverston for a little while at this season, and cultivated his grief, to the great disorder of our regular household. One night he stayed out so late that my father went in search of him, and found him by the mere, seeking inspiration from the stars. On this occasion he produced eight more lines, which seem to have been the utmost his muse could bring forth at one time. It is called, in the vellum book into which it is carefully transcribed, "Tell me, my Heart:"

Tell me, my heart, the reason of thy sadness,
Why peoplest thou thy solitude with dreams?
Why dost thou shun the scenes of mirth and gladness
To find thy echo in the lonely streams?

Alas! my heart, that thy poor love should wander,
Where it can meet with naught but cold disdain!
Sad that its treasures thus my soul should squander
Where it can reap but tears and griefs again!

Good little Lucy would have been sorry indeed if she could have known into what a limbo of anguish Davie was thrown by her marriage; but let us hope, as she might have done, that the best half of the tortures were only fancy. I know he had at the worst an excellent appetite for lamb and asparagus, to which he was very partial. Dear Davie, to read these effusions, tender imaginations may think of him as fine porcelain fractured with the world's hard usage, whereas he is stout and bald, and wears green spectacles. The law does not undertake to deal with poetry composed under false pretenses, or many would be the sighing Strephons and doleful Delias brought up for judgment.

Last summer we had Davie at home for a month, and during that time occurred the grand incremation of Bernardo Caspiato. I shall ever regard it as a most cruel sacrifice, and Cousin Jack, who instigated it, as an illiterate character. Davie brought it forth one evening when we three were together, and read parts of it aloud: Jack unfeelingly remarked that it was not like good wine, it did not improve with keeping; that, like fruit plucked immaturely, it was green and tasteless; it had not acquired mellowness and flavor, and if stored up for another twenty years it would not taste better. Davie half coincided with him; but I did not; so grandly majestic as was the march of the lines, so delicate and true the rhymes, so thrilling the noble catastrophe. It exasperated me to see Jack, first yawn to the full extent of his jaws, then snatch the manuscript from Davie, and toss it up to the ceiling, retreating afterward in feigned fear lest he should be crushed by its leaden fall. An ignoble fate was thine, immortal Bernardo! Convicted of the respectable sin of dullness, which none pardon, thou wert condemned to be burned! Davie did not act with undue precipitation; Jack urged an immediate execution, but the poet took a week to consider of it, and many a pang it cost him. Those who have written immortal poems and destroyed them will appreciate his feelings; none else can. Let anybody of experience call to mind the last time he has read through the letters from his first love, just before she was married to somebody else; or the letters from that particular old friend, which it is of no use to keep because he is dead, or you have quarreled beyond hope of reconciliation, and then some faint idea will be conceived of the poet's sensations at this immolation of his first love, his particular friend, and his pet child—all in one.

It was the summer season, and warm; I found it very warm; there was no fire in the grate, and the match-box on the writing-table was empty. Jack supplied the want eagerly from his smoking apparatus, and Bernardo Caspiato shrank into a pinch of tinder. I wept.

"There!" said poor Davie, with a profound sigh, "it took two years to write and two seconds to destroy—just like an eternal friendship, an undying affection, or anything of that kind which half a dozen indiscreet words are at any time enough to annihilate!"

"Have a cigar, old boy; never mind moralizing," said Jack, to whom a cigar would be consolation for the death of his grandmother; "have a cigar; the business can't be helped."

"Poor Bernardo!" said Davie, as feelingly as if he spoke of a brother, "poor Bernardo! He gave me many an hour's delightful occupation. I feel as if I had lost a friend to whom I had been in the habit of confiding my sentimental vagaries. I'm not sure that it was right to burn him."

"Have a cigar," reiterated Cousin Jack. Davie accepted the offer with a pensive sigh, put on his green spectacles, and went out for a walk in mournful mood. It is a serious thing burning immortal poems. Nobody can tell what losses the world has had in that way—nobody!

VARIETY IN THE HUMAN FACE.—What inextricable confusion must the world forever have been in but for the variety which we find to exist in the faces, the voices, and the handwriting of men! No security of person, no certainty of possession, no justice between man and man, no distinction between good and bad, friends and foes, father and child, husband and wife, male and female. All would have been exposed to malice, fraud, forgery, and lust. But now every man's face can distinguish him in the light, his voice in the dark, and his handwriting can speak for him though absent, and be his witness to all generations. Did this happen by chance, or is it not a manifest as well as an admirable indication of a Divine superintendence?

DWARFS AND GIANTS.

HAS there ever been, and can there be, a *race* of dwarfs? Properly to define what a dwarf is, in scientific language, will be to settle the question at once in the negative. But although we have no evidence of a race, we have abundant evidence respecting individuals, and a sketch of the more remarkable specimens will be the most interesting introduction to the present inquiry. For obvious reasons we pass over the dwarfs of antiquity, our object being here to set down facts for which evidence exists. Our first sketch shall be of the dwarf known to all readers of Scott—the dwarf who is made to play a part in *Peveril of the Peak*, and who was even more surprising in reality than he appears in the fiction. Jeffrey, or Sir Jeffrey Hudson, as he was called, after Charles I., in a frolic, had dubbed him with knighthood, was born in 1619. When eight years old, he was presented by the Duke of Buckingham to the Queen Henrietta Marie in a pasty! Absurd as this seems, it becomes less so when we learn that his height at thirty years old was only eighteen inches. The queen was so charmed with the little fellow that she appointed him one of her pages, and of course the courtiers made him their pet. One reads with regret that the wits of the day made him the butt of their cheap and cruel wit. Davenant made him the hero of a mock epic called *Jeffreidos*, in which the dwarf fights a single combat with a turkey-cock, an account of which, in doggerel rhymes, is given in the romance of the great Wizard of the North above referred to.

Jeffrey was excessively vain and consequential—a not unnatural result of his size, and the notice it attracted. His temper was quick, and it was incessantly ruffled by the teasings of persons about the court. He was always squabbling with a gigantic porter of the palace, who one day amused the crowd by taking the dwarf out of his pocket.

When the Civil War broke out, Sir Jeffrey was appointed a captain in the royal army. In 1644 he followed his royal mistress to France, and there, having been insulted by the Honorable Master Crofts, he challenged his antagonist to a duel with pistols. Crofts laughingly accepted, and appeared on the field of battle armed with—a squirt. But Sir Jeffrey was not to be thus galled and played with quietly; a real duel followed this second insult, and Crofts fell, mortally wounded, at the first shot. In 1682, Jeffrey was arrested on the charge of being concerned in the popish plot. The dwarf was a martyr; he died in his prison, aged sixty-three.

Jeffrey Hudson had an enormous head, and large hands and feet, otherwise there was nothing disagreeable in his appearance; on the contrary, he would have been counted handsome had he been taller. He wore very long moustaches, taking pride in the manly tokens. But the most remarkable fact we know of him is the sudden and rapid increase of growth after he had reached the age of thirty. Up to that age his height was eighteen inches: from that age he rapidly grew to the height of three feet nine inches, that is to say, more than double the height he had attained at thirty. In normal cases men do not grow half an inch in height after thirty. But strange as Jeffrey's case assuredly is, it is not without a parallel still more remarkable. One of the best attested cases on record is that of Joseph Boruwlaski, the Polish dwarf, who was the delight of our grandfathers, and who, after the age of *seventy*, suddenly found himself able with his hand to raise the latch of a door which, up to that period, he had always raised with a stick; how many inches he grew is not recorded, but the fact of his growth is sufficiently astonishing, and is only paradoxical so long as we continue to hold the general opinion that "men do not grow after reaching maturity;" whereas in strict language we must admit that they *grow* as long as they live, but do not normally *surpass* the standard of maturity; growth continues, but only enough to supply the waste, not enough, as in childhood, to supply the waste and furnish *surplus* for increase.

Count Joseph Boruwlaski is in many respects the most interesting dwarf of whom we have accurate records, and he has written his own memoirs to complete our interest. Few persons are likely to have seen these Memoirs, and we shall therefore draw upon them liberally, both for the reader's entertainment, and for the facts necessary to our argument. He has given us his height at various epochs as follows:

	ft.	in.
At one year old he measured	0	11
At three " "	1	2
At six " "	1	5
At ten " "	1	9
At fifteen " "	2	1
At twenty " "	2	4
At twenty-five "	2	11
At thirty " "	3	3

Here he stopped until he was seventy.

He was born at Chaliez, in Russian Poland, November, 1739, of noble parents, who were richer in pedigree than in land or money. They were both well-formed, healthy, and of the ordinary size; yet of their six children three were dwarfs; and to add to the singularity, the dwarfs *alternated* with well-formed children. Thus the eldest son, who was sixty years of age when Joseph wrote the Memoirs, grew only to the height of three feet six; he was always healthy and vigorous, and in spite of his size, manifested such intelligence that his patroness, the Chatelaine Jnowloska, made him her intendant and steward. The second son was of a delicate constitution, but he grew to a height above that of ordinary men, and died at six-and-twenty, then being five feet ten. This comparative giant was succeeded by another dwarf, our hero. He was, in turn, succeeded by three others, alternately full-sized and dwarfed; among them a girl, who died at two-and-twenty, of the small-pox, being then only two feet two inches, but of admirable proportions. She, poor thing, had a heart as large as that of the tallest and tenderest of her sex, and at twenty was captivated by the graces of a young officer. With the heart of a woman and the form of an infant, her love was necessarily hopeless of return. Very touching it is to think of her adoring this young officer in secret, and on learning that he was poor, contriving a mode of assisting him without seeming to do so; she induced him to play piquet with her, and as gambling was the fashion of the time, she could without remark play for high stakes, and always lose them. What a heart the man must have had to consent thus to win money from the tiny creature! It was doubtless a happy thing that small-pox came to save her from awakening out of the illusion she had formed.

We hear no more of the family, but of Joseph we have the full story. He was eight inches in length when born, yet perfectly well formed, and he sucked with infantile success, walking and talking at about the usual age. On reaching his ninth year he lost his father, who left a widow and six children very ill provided for. Luckily a friend of the widow, a Madame de Caorliz, adopted Joseph, and with her the boy spent four happy years. His benefactress then married, and this event produced a change in his fortunes. A dwarf so remarkable was naturally enough an envied possession; and the Countess Humieska, *grand porte-glaive de la couronne de Pologne*, a very great person indeed, felt the desire natural in so great a person, to have this among her curiosities, and she effected her object.

Domiciled with the great countess, Joseph began to taste the splendors and luxuries of courts. They traveled through Poland, Germany, and France, and everywhere he was the lion of the hour. At Vienna he was presented to Maria Theresa, then battling against Frederic, and just glowing with the triumph of a victory, upon which her courtiers were never tired of complimenting her.

From Vienna they proceeded to Munich, and from thence, after endless *fêtes*, they went to Luneville, the court of Stanislas Leckzinski, titular King of Poland. Fresh *fêtes* and compliments here, too; but we may pass them over, to fix our attention on a figure more especially interesting to us at present, namely, that of the dwarf Bébé. Before giving Joseph's account of his rival, we will sketch the history others have recorded of him, and thus add to our gallery of dwarfs.

Nicholas Ferry, celebrated under the name of Bébé, was born in November, 1741, in the Vosges. He was a seven months' child. His parents were both well formed, and all his numerous brothers and sisters were well formed likewise. He measured, at birth, seven or eight inches, and weighed less than a pound. At eighteen months he began to talk; at two years he began to walk. When five years old, the physician of the Duchess of Lorraine examined him with care, and reported that he then weighed nine pounds seven ounces, and stood twenty-two inches high. At this period Bébé was taken to the court of Stanislas, where he lived until his death, at the age of twenty-two. Stanislas made a great pet of him, and so, of course, did all the court ladies; but although the object of their constant att-

tion, his intellect was but feebly developed. It was found impossible to teach him to read, or to impress any religious ideas upon him. The extent of his accomplishments was dancing, and beating time with tolerable accuracy. One proof of his undeveloped intelligence is, that when his mother came to see him after a few weeks' absence, he did not remember her. Like the dwarfs exhibited a few years since in New-York as pretended Aztecs, he was excessively vivacious and restless in movement; very passionate and very jealous. One day a lady of the court was caressing a dog in his presence, which so roused his jealousy that he flung the dog out of the window, exclaiming, "Why do you love it more than me?" At this point we may insert the account given by Boruwlaski, which is curious as the verdict of one dwarf upon another:

"With this prince lived the famous Bébé, till then considered the most extraordinary dwarf that was ever seen; and who was, indeed, perfectly well proportioned, and with a pleasant physiognomy, but who (I am sorry to say it, for the honor of us dwarfs) had all the defects in his mind and way of thinkings which are commonly attributed to us. He was at that time about thirty,* his height two feet eight inches; and, when measured, it appeared that I was much shorter, being no more than two feet four inches. At our first interview he showed much fondness for me; but on perceiving that I preferred the company and conversation of sensible people, and, above all, when he perceived that the king took pleasure in my society, he conceived the most violent jealousy and hatred of me; so that I escaped his fury only by a miracle. One day we were both in the apartment of his majesty, who caressed me, and asked me several questions, testifying his pleasure and approbation of my replies in the most affectionate manner. Then, addressing Bébé, said to him, 'You see, Bébé, what a difference there is between him and you. He is amiable, cheerful, entertaining, and instructed, whereas you are but a little machine.' At these words I saw fury sparkle in his eyes; he answered nothing, but his countenance and blush proved how violently he was agitated. A moment after, the king having gone into his cabinet, Bébé availed himself of the opportunity to execute his revengeful projects; and, slily approaching, seized me by the waist, and endeavored to push me on to the fire. Luckily, I laid hold with both hands of the iron prop which sustains the tongs and poker, and thus prevented his wicked intention. The noise I made in defending myself brought back the king to my assistance. He afterward called the servants, and ordered Bébé corporeal punishment. In vain did I intercede."

* Joseph is in error here; Bébé was two years his junior, but precocity of development made him appear to be thirty, though really only about seventeen.

We will finish the story of Bébé before resuming that of his rival. On reaching the age of fifteen,* which with him was that of puberty, the crisis in his physical development produced an unhappy change; his health rapidly declined; his face lost the charm of its expression; his figure lost its symmetry, and became slightly deformed. All the signs of premature old age presented themselves. He died, aged twenty-two years six months; his height being thirty-three inches.

To return to Joseph: On quitting the court of Stanislas he visited that of Versailles, where the queen, the Duke of Orleans, and other distinguished persons, made as much of him as vanity could desire. The Count Oginski, finding he had a taste for music, began to instruct him in it, and gave him a master for the guitar. At the table of this nobleman he one day allowed himself to be concealed in a large vase, which was placed amid the dishes, and to which the attention of the guests was directed till their curiosity was fairly roused, expecting some rarity surpassing all the delicacies of the already sumptuous banquet; and then Joseph suddenly stood up, amid shouts of surprised laughter. From Paris he went to Holland, and thence back again to Poland. His travels had made him celebrated, and his reception in Warsaw was accordingly enthusiastic; and as travel and reading had given both polish to his manners and culture to his intellect, his society became sought after for something more than mere curiosity. He now fell in love with a French actress, who was sufficiently amused and flattered to pretend to return his passion, and for a while he was deliriously happy; but an unlucky discovery of her having talked about his passion with mockery, cruelly dispelled this brief dream. But the heart once having known the "bitter sweet" of love, will not long be kept from it; and Joseph soon fixed his affections on a *protégée* of the Countess Humieska, who, living under the same roof with him, was much astonished to observe that he allowed every *other* lady to take him on her lap and caress him; she accused him of not liking her, because to her only he was reserved and shy. The truth is, he had more than the lover's timidity; the remembrance of the French actress haunted him with fears lest, on the first manifestation of his feelings, he should meet with

a ridicule which would kill him. For one whole twelvemonth he continued loving in silence, in doubt, and trouble. His health suffered; at last passion triumphed over fears:

"One evening, when I had been sadder than usual, chance, or rather the attraction of Isolina, made me stay last with her in the *salon*. I formed the resolution of declaring myself; and this gave me an air of such trouble and perplexity that she could not help exclaiming, 'What is the matter, Joujou?' with a marked expression of interest and compassion. 'What is the sorrow consuming you, which you so carefully conceal? Is there no one in whom you have sufficient confidence to pour out your heart? You are unjust to your friends.'

"'Do you make this reproach,' said I, with warmth; 'you, the sole cause of all my grief?' I tried to continue, sobs choked my utterance; and letting my head fall upon her knees, I could only stammer out the words—love—passion—unhappiness. I wept bitterly. The first impulse of Isolina was pity; but soon recovering from the surprise, the absurdity of the scene struck her. 'Really, Joujou,' she said, 'you are a child, and I cannot help laughing at your extravagance. Did I ever forbid you loving me? Did I not always, on the contrary, upbraid you for your indifference?' I confess this was not the answer I expected. It humbled me. I tried to convince her that I was no child, and would not be loved like a child. She burst out laughing, told me I knew not what I said, and left the room."

It was indeed a ludicrous situation, if the tragic aspect of it were not seized: a young and lively woman receiving a passionate declaration from a being not taller than a child of three or four years old, may be excused if her sense of the ludicrous prevented her understanding the seriousness of the passion she inspired. Joseph was hurt, but not altogether dissatisfied. The secret no longer pressed its uneasy burden on his mind. She knew of his love; she could now interpret his reserve, his melancholy, his silent adoration. In time she might be touched. For the first few days, indeed, there seemed little hope of such an issue. She bantered him incessantly, and the more he tried to speak to her as a man, the more she persisted in treating him as a child. The effect of this was a serious illness; for two months he was in danger. He recovered, and she from that time was more serious; not, however, giving him any encouragement. But the womanly heart is easily touched; and Joseph's devotion was at last victorious. The countess was furious, and she discharged her *protégée*. Joseph was not to be daunted by that, or by any other opposition to his wishes; he quitted the service of the countess, received a small pension from the king, married Isolina, and thus began a new life.

The change was every way considerable. From his childhood he had been accustomed to live in great magnificence, and he had now taken upon himself a wife, with barely enough to find the necessaries of existence.

The new aspect given to his affairs, made it necessary he should think of some means of providing for his family. A tour of Europe was suggested; and the tour was made; concerts and beneficent donations being the sources of income on which he relied.

Among the memorable persons with whom he came in contact was a "stupendous giant, eight feet three or four inches high," who was then exhibiting himself. This must have been O'Byrne, the Irish giant, whom we shall notice presently. "Our surprise," says Boruwlaski, "was mutual; the giant remained a moment speechless with astonishment; then stooping half way, he presented his hand, which could easily have contained a dozen of mine, and made me a very pretty compliment."

Joseph says no more of his colossal friend; yet they resided together some time at the Epping Inn, and old inhabitants still remember the strange picture these two presented, when walking out together, as they often did. Mathews, the comedian, was also a friend and admirer of our dwarf, and Mrs. Mathews, in the *Memoirs* of her husband, has preserved some anecdotes which may be quoted here:

"In 1825 the count came to London, (that is returned,) and was invited occasionally to visit us. This elegant and fascinating person was the delight of all who ever knew him; full of accomplishments and good sense, playful as an infant, and altogether the most charming of companions. . . He had written his *Memoirs*, which he earnestly desired to present in person to his Majesty George IV., who had graciously desired, many years before, that they should be dedicated to him."

The *Memoirs* here alluded to were published in 1788, and are those we have followed in the present article. M. Isidore Geoffrey St. Hilaire had not seen them; hence several inaccuracies in his account of Boruwlaski. The *Memoirs* are written in good French, accompanied by a very bad translation, and headed by an impos-

ing list of aristocratic subscribers. Mrs. Mathews narrates how her husband contrived to get an interview arranged between his majesty and the count:

"At the appointed hour my husband and his little charge were ushered into the presence of their sovereign, who was seated in his domestic circle. On the announcement of his expected visitors the king rose from his chair, and met Boruwlaski at the entrance, raising him up in his arms in a kind of embrace, saying, 'My dear old friend, how delighted I am to see you!' and then placed the little man upon a sofa. But the count's loyalty not being so satisfied, he descended with the agility of a schoolboy, and threw himself at his master's feet, who, however, would not suffer him to remain in that position for a minute, but raised him again upon the sofa. When the count said something about sitting in the presence of his sovereign, he was graciously told to 'remember for the time there was no sovereign *there*.' . . . In the course of the conversation, the count, addressing the king in French, was told that his English was so good it was quite unnecessary to speak in any other language; for his majesty, with his usual tact, easily discerned that he should be a loser in resigning the count's prettily-broken English, which (as he always thought in his native language, and literally translated its idioms) was the most amusing imaginable and totally distinct from the imperfect English of other foreigners. The king, in the course of conversation, said, 'But, count, you were married when I knew you: I hope madame is still alive, and as well as yourself.' 'Ah, no! majesty; Isolina die thirty year! *Fine* woman! *sweet, beauty* body! You have no *idea*, majesty.' 'I am sorry to hear of her death. Such a charming person must have been a great loss to you, count.' 'Dat is very true, majesty; *indid, indid*, it was great sorrow for me!' Just at this moment he recollected that it might be improper to lay further stress on so melancholy a subject on so pleasing a visit. Resuming, therefore, a cheerful tone, the count playfully observed that 'he had throughout been *great* philosophy,' and quoted the epitaph upon *his* departed wife:

'Ci-gît ma femme! ah qu'il est bien,
Pour son repos, et pour le mien!'

which surprised the king into a hearty laugh, while everybody present doubtless felt that such an allusion to wives might have been made at a more safe moment. Boruwlaski afterward confessed to my husband that he was himself conscious, though too late, of the impropriety of it at that particular juncture. . . . His majesty then inquired how old the count was, and on being told, with a start of surprise, observed, 'Count, you are the finest man of your age I ever saw. I wish you could return the compliment.' To which Boruwlaski, not to be outdone in courtesy, ludicrously replied, 'O! majesty, *fine* body! *indid, indid; beauty* body!'"

The king, on accepting the book which the count wished to present, turned to the Marchioness of Conyngham, and took from her a little case containing a beautiful miniature watch and seals, attached to a superb chain, the watch exquisitely embossed with jewels. This he begged the count to accept, saying, as he held the *Memoirs* in the other hand, "My dear friend, I shall read and preserve this as long as I live, for your sake; and in return I request you will wear this for mine." The king said to Mathews, in the absence of the count, "If I had a dozen sons, I could not point out to them a more perfect model of good breeding and elegance than the count; he is really a most accomplished and charming person." He also inquired if the count were really at ease in his circumstances, and was glad to be informed that this was the case. For we have omitted to mention that, after many years of ineffectual concert-giving, the count, having no Barnum to manage his affairs, and make a fortune out of his figure, had finally resolved on a visit to America, when two charitable ladies of Durham, named Metcalfe, made up a sum which purchased an annuity for him, thus securing him an independence for the remainder of his life. And here Mrs. Mathews again comes to our aid with excellent anecdotes:

"A wealthy tradesman of Durham had, upon the count's settling in that city, received from him a sum of money, to be sunk for a life annuity. The grantor believed that he had entered into a very advantageous undertaking, speculating as he did upon the then advanced age of the annuitant, and the general fact that dwarfs are seldom long-lived. But after a time the grocer waxed old, (though much the count's junior,) and saw himself increasing in infirmities, while the little grig he had speculated upon burying long before, had outlived the capital upon which his income was secured; and, strange to say, gave no signs of decay. The unlucky old tradesman watched him from year to year with a jealous eye, and found him unaltered, and apparently unalterable. Knowing the count to be a great alchemist, he began probably to suspect that he had acquired by his studies the *elixir vitæ*. . . In short, the grantor of this annuity, believing that the count bore a 'charmed life,' gave up the struggle to outlive him, and died, leaving the little encumbrance, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, upon the shoulders of his successor. . . Mr. Mathews was staying in Durham many years ago, and was walking out one morning with the count's little hand in his, when he found himself led into a shop where an almost imbecile old person was seated. The count gayly inquired, 'Ah! how you do?' A slow shake of the head told an unfavorable tale in return; and the aged man rather dryly asked the count how he felt himself. To which he answered, with all the glee and vivacity of eighteen, 'O, *never* better!'

quite vel!' and he ran out of the shop from the gaze of the aged man, scarcely able to restrain his merriment till he got out of hearing. He then told Mr. Mathews, during his convulsions of laughter, that the person they had just seen was the grantor of his annuity. 'Ha! ha! ha! O Mathew, I cannot help! O *poor body*, poor *hold* body! It *macks me laffing*, poor *hold hanimal!* O he say prayer for me die, often when he *slip!* O you may *de*pend—ha! ha! ha! but Boruwlaski *never* die! He *calcoolated dat* dwarf not live it long, *et* I live it forty years to *plag* him. O he is in a *hobbel!* I *tellee dat!* He fifty year *yonger den* Boruwlaski; *mintime* he dead as soon as me. O yes, you may be sure *dat*—*dat* is my *opinnon*. Boruwlaski never die,' playfully nodding his little head, 'you may *de*pend.' Mr. Mathews asked him if the old man had any family, (feeling some compassion for his hard case,) to which the count cried out, 'O he have it *shildren* twenty, like a pig, poor *body! mintime* he *riche* body! O he have it *goold et wast* many bank *nott*. *Bote* he have it *greet prepencity* to keep him fast hold, poor idiot! *It macks me laffing!*'"

We have little more to record of this singular being, who lived to the extraordinary age of ninety-eight; a great age for an ordinary man, and quite without example in the history of dwarfs. He died at Bank's Cottage, near Durham, on the 5th of September, 1837, and his remains were placed near those of Stephen Kemble, in the nine altars of Durham Cathedral. It is stated in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (October, 1837,) that the cottage was a gift of some of the prebendaries of Durham, who also allowed him a handsome income. They may have given him the cottage, but the income came, as Boruwlaski himself informs us, from the Misses Metcalfe. If the reader attentively considers the story we have narrated, he will perceive that the count, although an anomaly in respect of size, was in all other respects a perfectly formed man, and is distinguished from most other dwarfs by longevity, paternity, and intelligence. The anomaly, therefore, could not have been deeply-seated. He was a perfect copy of nature's finest work, printed in duodecimo.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* (1751–52) we have the case of a dwarf named Hopkins, who at fifteen years of age stood only two feet seven, and weighed between twelve and thirteen pounds. He had all the signs of old age. He was bent, deformed, and troubled with a dry cough. His hearing and sight were bad; his teeth almost all decayed. He was very thin, and so weak as scarcely to be able to stand. Till the age of seven he had been gay, healthy, and active; nor at that age did he show any indications of arrested growth. He was well formed, and weighed nineteen pounds, that is, six pounds more than he weighed at fifteen. From that period his health declined, and his body wasted. He came from healthy parents of ordinary stature, and was the second of six children, another of whom was also a dwarf. This case, which is by no means without parallel, is curiously contrasted with those of Jeffrey Hudson and Boruwlaski, and shows how much more aberrant the anomaly of structure was. And still more aberrant is that of Dantlow, the Russian dwarf, who was only thirty inches high; he was without arms, and had only four toes on each foot. With his feet he made pen-and-ink sketches, rivaling etchings, and knitted stockings with needles made of wood. He ate with his left foot, learned with great facility, and was eager to learn.

We will only mention two other examples, which belong to our own day, and which are in important respects typical.

One of these was a German girl, exhibited in Paris in 1816; she was of parents above the average height, who had, however, previously produced a male dwarf. At eight years old she weighed no more than an ordinary new-born infant; her height was eighteen inches. In temper she was gay, restless, and excitable. Her pulse normally was at ninety-four.

The second example is Thérèse Souvray, a *compatriote* of Bébé, and destined to be the bride of that dwarf, to whom she was solemnly affianced in the year 1761; but death snatched the bridegroom from her, and as the *fiancée* of this celebrated man, she was exhibited in Paris during the year 1821. She was then seventy-three years of age; gay, healthy, lively, and danced the dance of her country, in company with her sister, two years her senior, and measuring only three feet and a half.

Leaving this part of our subject, we must dwell a few minutes on its counterpart. The Bible tells us of days in which there were giants, but the literature of giantology is more ample than instructive, writers having been somewhat too diligent with the fables of antiquity, and too negligent of investigated facts. There can be no necessity for our pausing

here to examine the once much-mooted question of a race of giants supposed to have existed in ancient times. The same reasons which forbade the belief in a *race* of dwarfs forbid the belief in a race of giants: a race of anomalies being a much greater physiological than verbal contradiction; and in reference to giants it has this further difficulty, that they are, without known exception, always sterile. Many persons, however, will present the question in another and more plausible form, asking whether the normal standard has not been gradually degenerating, so that by mounting sufficiently high in the records of antiquity, we should meet with a standard so enormously surpassing our own as to constitute a race of giants.

That a race can be degenerated we see in the Spanish nobility, not to mention various animals; but even if the question were affirmatively established, there would be no race of *giants* for us to believe in, but simply a race of men whose stature enormously exceeded our own, who were not *anomalies* at all, any more than the mastiff is an anomaly compared with the terrier. Nor is this a verbal distinction only; the scientific idea of a giant is something rigorously precise, which altogether excludes identification with a larger race. It will presently be seen what constitutes a giant in scientific language; meanwhile, the reader will perhaps be obliging enough to accept our affirmation. Yet even that is needless, for although we have admitted that there is no intrinsic improbability in the supposition of a larger race having formerly existed, we are forced at the same time to admit that there is not a tittle of evidence in its favor. Our evidence respecting past races is scanty indeed, but we have absolutely *none* in favor of the degeneracy of the human form.

As far as the evidence of monuments, armor, implements, tombs, &c., enables us to form any opinion, we are forced to declare that the men who lived before Agamemnon, strong though they were, were not of nobler stature than the men who now speculate about them. The geologist has not found a single bone belonging to those pretended giants; not even a single portion of bone, from which some great constructive intellect could show us the probable structure of these ancestral giants. True it is that, for many years, the bones of elephants, rhinoceroses, mastodons, whales, &c., were exhibited as proofs of human degeneracy, and as remains of the pre-historic giants; but who now believes in these proofs? We need not read Cuvier's *Ossemens Fossiles* to know what credit such evidence deserves. A mere glance at one or two of the most illustrative examples would suffice.

Very well known to fame is the Sicilian giant, whose skeleton was found at Trapani, in the fourteenth century, which was at once pronounced to be the skeleton of Polyphemus, dear to all readers of Theocritus. It was calculated that his height must have been three hundred feet, a moderate allowance for a Cyclop. But the erudite believers who thus established the proportions of the giant, seem never to have been puzzled by the fact that only thirty feet was the height of the cave in which he was said to have been found seated, with a "mast of some high ammiral" for a walking-stick. Some skeptics, indeed, pointed out that the bones were very different in form from human bones; but this objection was set aside as frivolously flippant. *Why* should Polyphemus, who differed so enormously in stature, not *also* differ in form from our puny race? He was sixty times as high as the skeptics; why should he closely resemble them in other respects? Did not St. Augustine find the tooth of a giant, in Utica, large enough to make a hundred miserable modern molars?

Still more celebrated was King Teutobochus, whose remains were discovered in the Dauphiné, not far from the Rhone, in 1613. A surgeon, named Mazurier, brought them to Paris, declaring them to have been found in a tomb thirty feet long, bearing this inscription, "*Teutobochus Rex.*" Now, then, might all Paris, in exchange for a trifle of silver, behold the veritable remains of the Cimbrian warrior slain by Marius; and, to prove his identity, fifty coins bearing the effigy of Marius were found inside the tomb. No one ever saw these coins; but some people are so curious! Paris paid its money liberally, and gaped in wide-mouthed wonderment. A few skeptical physicians, especially the great Riolan, wrote fiercely against the imposture, but others as fiercely espoused the giant's cause, and this paper war stimulated public curiosity.

The bones were the bones of a mastodon. In a word, all the fossils hitherto discovered, and supposed to belong to giants, have, on inspection, been proved to belong to brutes. All the evidence by which a colossal race of men was once accredited disappears; and no one scientifically educated now believes that giants ever existed as a *race*, although individual giants have been far from rare. Men of seven feet are not so rare but that many readers must have seen such.

Among the osteological curiosities of the collection made by the London College of Surgeons stands the skeleton of the Irish giant, O'Byrne, *eight feet* high; and beside it stands the skeleton of Mademoiselle Crachami, only *twenty-three inches* high: two striking types of the giant and dwarf, not belonging to fable, not liable to the skepticism which must ever hang over the reports of travelers, but standing there in naked reality, measurable by a prosaic foot-rule. We read, indeed, of eight feet and a half, and even of nine feet, having been attained; but here, at any rate, is O'Byrne, a solid, measurable fact, admitting of no doubt. That one must generally doubt all reported measurements of wondrous types, is illustrated, even in the case of O'Byrne. The *Annual Register*, in its obituary for June, 1783, vol. xxvi., p. 209, gives this account of him:

"In Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, aged only twenty-two, Mr. Charles Byrne, the famous Irish giant, whose death is said to have been precipitated by excessive drinking, to which he was always addicted, but more particularly since his late loss of almost all his property, which he had simply invested in a single banknote of £700.

"Our philosophical readers may not be displeased to know, on the credit of an ingenious correspondent who had opportunity of informing himself, that Mr. Byrne, in August, 1780, measured eight feet; that in 1782 he had gained two inches; and after he was dead he measured eight feet four inches.

"Neither his father, mother, brother, nor any other person of his family, was of an extraordinary size."

Nothing can be more precise than the measurements here given: eight feet four he is said to have been, and such Boruwlaski reports him to have been, in the passage formerly quoted; yet there stands his skeleton, measuring eight feet in a straight line from the vertex to the sole. This is, of course, only the height of the skeleton; and we must allow about two inches more for the scalp and hair, and the soft cushion below the heel, which gives us eight feet two inches as the absolute height of the living man.

Here closes our descriptive notice of those dwarfs and giants of whom we have accurate details. The examples cited are sufficiently typical to enable us to understand all the general phenomena of these marvelous creatures; and on another occasion we may endeavor to offer something like a physiological explanation of these aberrations from the normal standard.

A SPRING MORNING.

THERE is calm upon the ocean; with a low and gentle motion
Rise and fall its heaving billows, like a sleeping Titan's breast,
With the wild winds playing round him, where before the dawn they found him
Sleeping on his rocky pillow, and the father is at rest.

And his gray and hoary tresses, as the loved earth he caresses,
Fall around her with a murmur, and his face is bright with smiles;
And his wooing breath plays o'er her, as his might is hushed before her,
For he lieth in the bosom of the Mother of the Isles.

Fresh and glorious is the morning, in its gay and brave adorning,
And the keen and arrowy sunbeams shoot across the mountain-height
As the golden-tress'd Day-giver, from his ever-filling quiver,
Pours them flashing all around him, in the glory of his might.

From the lake the breeze is sweeping o'er the waters silent sleeping—
Sweeping through the broad-leaved lilies—sweeping through the tangled reeds;
Then across the wide plain speeding, in the distance dim receding,
Perfume-laden from the blossoms, freighted with the ripen'd seeds.

Leaps the wild roe on the mountain; bursts the brooklet from its fountain;
From the forest comes the murmur of a million waving leaves;
Down the rocks the goat is springing; all the woods break forth in singing;
In the furrows lies the promise of a thousand golden sheaves;

And the honey-bees are humming, for the fair-hair'd spring is coming
With the sound of plashing waters, and the light of sunny skies—
With the dew of fitful showers on her crown of starry flowers,
And the warmth of summer glowing in her deep and violet eyes.

A RUSSIAN INHERITANCE.

IT is not many years since, that among the commercial circles of St. Petersburgh, no name was mentioned with more respect than that of Andreas Diebitsch, as a good man, an honest trader, and an energetic man of business; combined qualities that had not only filled his warehouses with goods, but also his coffers with gold, and made him the owner of bonds and securities, and many other valuable properties. Still he relaxed not in his efforts, but went on adding and still adding, as if he feared want might overtake him before the death that his white hairs might have whispered was drawing very near.

And to inherit all this wealth he had but two grand-children, the orphan daughters of his only son; two sweet, gentle, soft-eyed girls, whose hearts were bound closely together in the concentrated affection there were so few to share; wearing their costly robes, and dwelling in their luxurious home, with the simple unconsciousness of those who have never known aught else; and, unthinking of the large dowries their grandfather was so diligently increasing, living happily among the flowers in their summer garden, and the birds by their winter stove.

Without other companionship, Petrowna and Mata Diebitsch had grown to womanhood; for they had from their childhood been motherless, and their grandfather had never introduced them to the amusements that brightened the youth of others of their sex. In their simplicity they never missed them; but within the high walls that shut them out from the world, they lived lives as calm and beautiful as their flowers, and their hearts were light as their birds when they poured forth their morning song. Beyond those walls they never went, except to mass, or sometimes for a summer sail on the moon-lit Neva, or in winter for a drive over the snow in their sledge.

In this tranquil life years had passed on, and already Petrowna was twenty-two. It was her birthday, and in honor of the occasion the sisters were to drive twelve miles out of St. Petersburgh, to visit Petrowna's nurse, carrying with them a whole sledge full of gifts. It was a beautiful morning, and the sun shone almost as brightly as he was wont to do on their annual summer excursion to visit Mata's nurse. Wrapped in warm furs, they hardly felt the cold air as they were drawn over the snow with almost railroad speed by their high-bred English horses; while on the clear frosty air rang pleasantly out the musical chimes of the bells which decorated their horses' harness, and were the only tokens of their otherwise silent approach.

On they went with their merry music over the firm snowy roads, between the lofty snow-banks; through the villages, with their snow-covered cottages, and snow-incrusted trees; and across frozen rivers whose very existence was hidden in snow, until they arrived at the cottage of nurse Nichola, with its rugged wooden walls, gay with bright-colored pictures painted on bark, and its abundant sheepskins, that were more comfortable than sightly; while in holiday costume beside the stone, sat the rosy-cheeked old dame, awaiting this annual visit. But it must needs be a brief one, for already the sun was stooping over the pine forests to the southwest, and the short day would soon be ended; and leaving behind them the gifts that hardly consoled Nichola for their departure, they sprang into their sledge, and were whirled off with all the speed of three horses, scarce conscious of the light, well-poised vehicle behind them.

Onward the horses dashed, as if rejoicing that each step brought them nearer home; over the snowy hills, and down the icy declivities they bounded with the same fleetness; while the sisters laughed gayly, as the trees and cottages seemed flashing past them, and the driver's eyes sparkled with the excitement of their race-like speed. At length, in descending a steeper hill than ordinary, the sledge gave an unexpected slant, lost its balance, and fell over, burying the whole party in the snow, while the horses, entangled among the traces, kicked violently.

An overturn among the snow is generally more ludicrous than a distressing accident; but they had fallen from some height, and that tells, even though the resting place be snow, and not only was the driver's arm broken by a kick from a horse, but Petrowna lay insensible, from a blow received from some projection of the sledge. Mata, and the maid who had accompanied them, knelt by her, almost in despair, while the uninjured man-servant was fruitlessly endeavoring to catch the head of the foremost horse, when the distant tinkle of sledge-bells came floating

over the snow. With what stilled, anxious hearts they listened, lest the sledge should not be coming that way. But louder and louder grew the welcome sound, and in a few minutes the sledge appeared over the top of the hill. At once it drew up, and its occupants, a gentleman and two servants, came to their aid.

With this new assistance, the horses were soon got on their feet, the sledge replaced, and, with more difficulty, Petrowna restored to consciousness. The stranger watched in silence her sister and servant bathing her temples and hands with some strong spirit he had given them; his eyes dwelt earnestly on the delicate features, now almost as white as the snow around her, the dark brown silken tresses, swept back from her brow, and the little hands crossed unconsciously upon her breast—perhaps he thought how much she resembled a blighted lily. At length she gave a deep sigh, while the eyelids quivered, and opened on a scene she could not comprehend. For a moment, the gentleman, whom his servant addressed as Count Arickoff, retired, but the next he returned, to carry Petrowna to his sledge, for their own was too much injured to be fit for their reception, though one of the count's servants was to remain with their own to arrange it for bringing home the wounded man.

Thenceforward the lives of the sisters was far less lonely, for rarely did a day pass that brought not Count Arickoff to their house; first to inquire for Petrowna, (who was for some time an invalid,) and then on a variety of excuses, so slight that the sisters could scarcely remember what they were, yet sufficient to procure his admission to those who were so unconscious of etiquette as these unworldly girls, and their scarce more worldly grandfather, though it is but doing the merchant justice to say that he never suspected the young noble had any motive in his visits, (unless it might be to drink his fine wines,) for in his eyes his grand-daughters were still two children, who could not by any possibility influence the actions of any.

But there was one more clear-sighted—Alexis Federoff, a young clerk of the merchant, who, being an orphan, had lived in his house from his youth. With a lowering brow and suspicious eye did he note each visit of the count, and from the retired corner where he sat, apparently occupied with a book, did he watch his every word and look. But soon the young clerk's brow cleared and his eye grew calm, as he perceived that all the count's attention was bestowed on Petrowna, and that Mata, in his eye the fairer and gentler, sat by almost unnoticed. And, half unconsciously to herself, Petrowna learned to prize this homage, and to watch as the usual hour came round for the young count's step. And rarely did he fail her, but, with some song or flower for her, or newly-arrived tidings from the seat of war for the merchant, he made his daily appearance.

"He was a good youth and a kind," said the old man, and his grand-daughter's young heart echoed the words. They lived too far apart from the usual circles of Count Arickoff to hear the rumors that were rife among them; that he was a spendthrift and a gambler; that there was nothing left to need locking in his ancestral coffers; that he had exhausted well-nigh every mode of raising money, and that enormous debts were pressing upon him. Had Andreas Diebitsch heard this, he might have remembered the large fortunes of his grand-daughters; had Petrowna heard it she would have wept herself to sleep, instead of sinking placidly into it with the echo of Arickoff's softest tones murmuring in her ear.

Time passed on, and brought changes with it. Alexis Federoff no longer sat in his usual place, for he was gone for a year to Copenhagen to look after a business transaction. Before he went he bowed himself down in lowly reverence before Mata, and confessed the love that had filled his heart for years; a love that dared ask for no return; and, pressing his lips on Mata's hand, he went forth on his journey, leaving her in tears. A few weeks more, and the old merchant closed his eyes on his gold, and was borne to his last resting-place with all the pomp of wealth. The sisters mourned deeply for their aged relative, who had been so tender of them, and so kind. He reaped the reward in the tears shed on his grave; and it was long ere even Petrowna could be consoled, though Count Arickoff was not wanting in kindness and sympathy.

By Andreas Diebitsch's will, trustees were appointed for the winding up of his affairs. As his grand-daughters were of age, no guardians were required for them; and in their hands, according to his will,

were placed all his private papers, which the trustees recommended their examining at once. It is a painful task, this opening the unknown thought-chambers of those who have passed away, and looking on things that were perhaps never meant to meet our eyes—relics of bygone days they thought they had destroyed. With hearts awed and trembling, Petrowna and Mata entered on the duty. But ere long their cheeks faded to an ashy hue, and their hands clasped each other; while each looked on her sister's face with eyes of stony despair.

For hours they sat motionless, as if petrified by sudden calamity. The sun shone down gladdeningly on their fair faces, but they were unconscious of his smile; the roses tapped against the window, and the birds sang from their golden cages in the garden; but they heard them not. At last a servant came to say that Count Arickoff was waiting in their morning room.

"Say we cannot see him; tell him what we are doing," said Petrowna hastily; and the servant retired.

The spell was broken, and they threw themselves into each other's arms, with a violent burst of weeping. "We are alone now in the world!" they cried; and they clung almost wildly to each other.

In those few hours were concentrated for the two young girls more than the grief of many a lifetime. A blighting horror, that no time could ever remove, had settled upon them; a thick darkness, such as they knew had enveloped many others, yet never thought could reach themselves, had overwhelmed them without hope of escape—they, the wealthy, the refined, the gently-nurtured, were bondswomen—serfs, the property of a master whose will they must obey! No wonder their young hearts almost broke beneath so terrible a revelation.

With what agonized astonishment did they read the tale of how their serf grandfather had, according to a custom frequent in Russia, on payment of a small annual quit-rent to his owner, Count Valousky, been permitted to engage in trade on his own account, and by his energy and intelligence risen from a very humble position to wealth and consideration, each year paying with his increased means a larger tribute. As time went on, he married a poor, but free woman, who passed away without ever discovering that, by her marriage, she had become a serf. She left a son, serf born, like his father, and in his turn he married a free woman, a Dane; and both had gone down to their graves, leaving to their children this fearful inheritance.

"Many times have I entreated to be allowed to purchase my freedom," wrote the old merchant to his grand-daughters, "but in vain; neither my old master, nor his son, the present count, would hear of it. Nevertheless, write to him yourselves, my beloved ones; he is an old man now, and perhaps in the thought that death is drawing near he may have mercy on your youth and innocence."

At once the sisters wrote, offering any sum their owners liked to ask, for their redemption; for what would have been poverty to them so that they were but free? And when the letter was gone they wandered about the garden, clasped tightly hand in hand, as if to strengthen their failing courage; now and then, in their sisterly love, speaking some word of hollow hope, that came not from the heart, while at every rustling leaf, and opening door, they trembled in fear of the answer for which yet they pined. They saw no one; even Arickoff, dear as he was, Petrowna could not meet him, with that secret on her heart; and Mata remembered sadly that there was an immeasurably greater abyss than ever between her and Alexis Federoff; and that he stood, as compared to her, on a lofty elevation, from which he could only descend at the price of peace and liberty.

At length the reply came. Their petition was refused. "I cannot free you," wrote the old count, whose hand trembled from age. "I have made a vow never to liberate a serf, and I cannot break it. But I will never oppress you, only pay me the same tax as your grandfather did, and you may enjoy his wealth in peace. God bless you, my children!"

There was then no hope, they must remain bondwomen. The very gentleness and kindness of the words with which their proprietor sought to soften the matter by the manner, showed that he would never be brought to rescind his unholy vow. Until the denial came, they did not know how much they had hoped for success; and even the promise that they should be permitted to live unmolested

had little power to soften their disappointment.

They spoke to each other of resignation, and of thankfulness that their lot was not worse; and they strove to reason themselves into it; but they pined and drooped, like flowers deprived of air and water, and a blight fell upon them left by the expiring breath of their extinguished hopes. Count Arickoff's visits, too, which they could no longer avoid, brought with them another pang, to Petrowna so distressing, that a severe nervous illness attacked her. The poor girl hoped that her sickness was not unto death; that the great God would loose the bonds in which man had so tightly bound her; and, though Mata wept bitterly, she scarce could grudge her beloved sister the boon of release. But it pleased God otherwise, and after a time, by the strong aid of youth, she began to recover, and then, as soon as possible, they left St. Petersburgh for Helsingfors, with the avowed object of seeking change of air, but the far stronger secret one of avoiding Count Arickoff, who, on his part, was anxiously awaiting Petrowna's restoration to health; for his difficulties were becoming daily greater.

One day there came an unexpected messenger to Count Arickoff, to apprise him of the death of a distant relative, whose heir he was. How he rejoiced in his heart, while he affected regret with his lips, and without one thought of Petrowna, he hastened from St. Petersburgh to take possession of his new inheritance, though his joy was considerably damped by finding it much beneath his expectation, and quite inadequate to remedy the ruin wrought by years of prodigality and immense losses at the gaming table. So he resolved to search if there was not some way of making his possessions more equal to his necessities; and it was not long before his fertile mind discovered an expedient.

Meanwhile, hearing Arickoff was gone, the sisters returned to St. Petersburgh, sad, subdued, but calm, and prepared to submit patiently to their strong, though unseen chain. But one day there came to them a messenger with the tidings that their old master was dead, and that his successor required their presence at his estate, and that he would himself appoint persons to look after their affairs.

Of all the thoughts of Petrowna and Mata since the discovery of their serfdom, all their imaginings of the various sorrows it might bring upon them, none had equaled this terrible reality; for, inexperienced as they were, they at once perceived that the measure of liberty that their father and grandfather had enjoyed was not to be their portion, but that they were to taste the reality of slavery; and somehow there came into their minds the suspicion that the wealth their grandfather had amassed was the cause of all.

And for them there was no redress—no sanctuary; the life they had hitherto led was by favor, not by right. The children of bondage, they must submit unmurmuringly to their master's will; and silently, though with many tears, they left the sumptuous home to which they should never return, and entered the rude cart that was to convey them to their destination. During that long and weary journey, the sisters asked no question, made no complaint of the manifold hardships for which their previous life had so little fitted them, nor spoke, unless spoken to; but sat silently side by side, clinging to each other as they had done in all their previous misfortunes—a mutual comfort and yet sorrow in the thought of the dear one's sufferings.

At length they arrived at their owner's estate; and there their misery met with one of the greatest aggravations of which it was capable, by finding that it was to Petrowna's devoted lover they owed this new calamity. Petrowna was almost stunned by the discovery. Had it come at an earlier period, it might have caused her another illness; but the sisters were already grown old in sorrow, and though it wounded the young girl most deeply, it was borne patiently as a portion of her burden.

Count Arickoff did not remain to face his victims; he had already returned to the capital; and when attired in peasant's dress the delicately nurtured Petrowna and Mata were placed in the count's dairy to toil beneath the eye of a serf taskmistress, he was himself lawfully paying his debts with the wealth Andreas Diebitsch had gathered, and lulling his conscience with fresh draughts of pleasure in the luxurious city of St. Petersburgh.

Twelve months passed, and with the same resignation with which they had met their change of fortune, the serf-sisters continued to labor among the rugged, un-

tutored beings to whose level they were now reduced, and whose rude jests and rough manners added much to their sufferings. Two or three times in the interval the count had visited the estate, but they had neither seen him nor heard of his coming; it was even rumored among the domestics that he was soon to be married to a wealthy lady; and still the sisters remained in ignorance of it.

One day Petrowna had been dispatched to the house—from which the dairy was at some distance—with a cheese. As she was returning her eye fell on rather an uncommon wild flower that had been a favorite of hers in former days, and that as such had often formed part of the bouquets that Count Arickoff used to bring her. She plucked it and clasped it to her heart as an old friend, and shed a flood of tears over it, as if relating to it her sorrows. But soon the emotion passed, and she went on quietly, though her hands still clasped the flower with which so many remembrances were entwined.

Wrapped in thoughts of the past, Petrowna had almost forgotten the present, when at a sudden turning in the path some one almost came against her. She started back in surprise, and so did the stranger, and Petrowna Diebitsch and Count Arickoff stood face to face. How deeply the poor girl colored at this meeting with her unworthy lover, as deeply almost as if her bondage had been her crime; while, with some inarticulate words, the count hurried past. But strive as he would, the remembrance of that drooping, wasted form, those pale cheeks, and the soft eyes with their expression of unutterable sadness, haunted him, and would not be exorcised even by large draughts of wine; and when morning came he hastened away, after delivering certain orders to his steward.

All Russia was expecting with dread the promulgation of a ukase, commanding a new conscription, both free peasants and serf owners looking upon the men drafted off as lost to them for ever. It was this matter that brought Count Arickoff to his estate, to arrange with his steward for the marriages of all the more valuable of his male serfs, or souls, as they are termed, so that there should remain only a few of the more idle and worthless ones available for the conscription. As there were more serf-maidens on the estate than bachelors, and as neither party were allowed to raise any difficulty, these marriages would be easily arranged; and great was the laughter and jesting among the heedless young serf-girls as to whether they were to be of the marrying party, and if so, wonders as to whom fate—that is to say, their master—would bestow them on.

"I should not mind marrying Timaphe, the wheelwright," observed one among them, "for he is tall and bright cheeked. Who wouldst thou choose, Mata, and thou, Petrowna, if ye were asked?"

The sisters turned even paler than usual as they bent over their tasks without reply, while one of their giddy companions exclaimed, laughing:

"I am sure thy choice would not be Petrowna's, for when Timaphe looks at her at mass she turns her back."

Those around laughed merrily, while Mari scowled darkly at the speaker, but held her peace.

But the jesting gave place to tears, when next day the partners in marriage were declared; for though the men's wishes had been consulted, the maidens' had not, and few were they to whom fell the lot they would have chosen. Peter, the gardener, the beloved of Mari's silencer, was to become Mari's husband, while Timaphe, the wheelwright, was adjudged to Petrowna, and Jackka, the blacksmith, to Mata.

This shock, the heaviest that had fallen upon them since the discovery of their bondage, almost paralyzed the sisters, and they sank into their unfailing refuge, each other's arms, in despairing silence. But soon the weeping and bitter complaints around restored them to thought and energy. The patient endurance with which they had borne all their previous humiliations vanished before this cruel malignity, and they sought the steward, and with prayers and tearful entreaties begged that they might be spared this surpassing misery. The man in authority shook his head, and roughly bade them go back to their work.

"Only speak to Count Arickoff first," entreated Mata, humbly; "he knows how differently we have been brought up, and I am sure he would not ask this terrible sacrifice."

The steward laughed mockingly.

"It was your master's special orders that you and Petrowna should be married, and sent to live at the east end of the

estate, where we are going to build workshops. Your questions are answered, so now go."

The unhappy girls needed no second bidding; but Mata had to lead poor Petrowna along their homeward path, as if she had been a weak child. The affection that in happier days had filled her heart for Count Arickoff had long since died away beneath his treachery and cruelty; but this crowning act of tyranny seemed to find a spot in her heart yet unhealed, and there it tortured her almost beyond endurance.

While Petrowna wept that night, Mata sat by her side and pondered whether, though all mankind had deserted them, by God's aid they might not be able to deliver themselves; and before morning broke, she aroused Petrowna to listen to a plan of escape; a hazardous and little hopeful one, it was true, but still possible of succeeding; and if they failed and were brought back, their lot could not be worse than was now intended.

The next night—it was Saturday night, and on the morrow they might not be missed—the sisters crept out of their little hut, stole silently across the estate, and went out on the wide steppe, without knowing or thinking whither their steps might lead them, and only solicitous to avoid the trodden paths and the neighborhood of man. With this desire they toiled on through gloomy woods, around the rugged bases of mountains, and across dreary morasses and steppes, weary, footsore, but light-hearted; for so far they had escaped the pursuit that they doubted not was abroad. Unmurmuringly they slept in the hollows of the trees or rocks, and eked out the two days' bread they had brought with them, with barberries, wild plums, and the eggs of birds that made their nests on the ground.

At length they came to the banks of a rapid river, and cheered by its merry murmuring and plashing, they journeyed by its side. As they advanced, the voices of men were borne on the breeze from behind them, and in great alarm they hastened on. Still the strangers gained upon them, and at length the fugitives fairly ran. At a sudden bend in the river they saw a small boat lying by the bank, and without a thought, save of escape, they sprang into it and pushed it from the shore.

To whom the voices belonged, the sisters never knew, for ere they came in sight the swift stream had swept them round another bend in the winding course. And now they found themselves afloat on a strange element, without the power of getting back to land, or of guiding their boat while they were in it. Still their hearts faltered not; there could be no dangers before them equal to those they left behind; and day after day, they sat in the skiff, as it bore them on along the widening river, drinking of its waters and eating sparingly of the little store of biscuits they found on board; and when night came, lying down beneath the stars in peaceful trust in His mercy who had preserved them through so many dangers.

Five days after they floated out on a broader water covered with ships and boats, as they had seen in their native Neva; but here the water was wider, and when they would have drank of it they found it bitter; and then they knew they were upon the sea. Under other circumstances, it would have been a fearful position for those two unskilled girls on the sea in that fragile boat; but now they had no terrors save from the land, and He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, chained it for these forlorn ones, and the waves dashed not against their bark too roughly.

On the third day there was no wind, and the sea currents floated them nearer and nearer a little vessel that lay becalmed, until at length they were nearly alongside. Suddenly Mata uttered a scream of joy: there, leaning over the side of the vessel, and looking wonderingly at the little boat, was Alexis Federoff. Then he recognized them, tanned, wasted, and travel stained as they were, for the grand-daughters of his old employer, to discover whom he had made so many and such fruitless efforts, and for whose sake he was even now returning to Copenhagen, to endeavor to enlist their mother's family in the pursuit.

But now that need was over; and for the sisters there should be no more sorrow, no more bondage; but they must endeavor to find peace and happiness in the free Danish land. Alexis Federoff's home was humble, but Mata must forgive that for the love's sake that would fain have brought her to a palace; and the brother and sister's love that would there surround her, must make it a happy home

to Petrowna too, until some future day when she might find a dearer.

Such were Alexis Federoff's words, as a few hours after they sped across the Baltic before a favoring breeze; and they all came true, save that Petrowna never found that dearer home.

MY GUESTS.

Various the aspects that they wear,
Or sad or soft, or dark or bright,
Yet are these captured forms of air
To be my guests to-night.
The weary present shall retire,
The past my friends shall usher in,
While I, beside my well-trimm'd fire,
Commune with what hath been.

My earliest guest! and be it long
Before I lose the solemn ray
Of silver'd locks that still belong
To what hath pass'd away.
The furrow'd brow, that beareth still
The signet-stamp its childhood wore:
A trustful heart, through good and ill,
Down to the grave he bore.

Though treachery's cruel shaft had sped,
Full oft that generous faith to blast,
(For noblest hearts have oftenest bled,)
It crown'd him to the last!
The earnest eyes, whose truth-lit gaze
Nor time could dim, nor age could chill;
Image redeem'd from other days,
I see my Father still!

A younger form, to sorrow known,
Sweet sister, by my side remain,
And in the well-remember'd tone
Renew the past again.
I know the grief that makes it low,
That fills with tears thy speaking eye;
And was it, then, so long ago?
But thou wert young to die.

Come to my arms, bright fairy thou,
With streaming locks of gold, that lay
Like trembling sun-light on thy brow;
How soon it pass'd away,
With lips of rose—the rose hath fled,
That warm, soft cheek, how pure and cold!
Yes, thou wert number'd with the dead,
Our little "three-year old."

Sweet Susan! with that gentlest mien,
And cheek suffused, and modest grace;
Ah! seldom hath the gazer seen
A rarer, lovelier face.
Thou, in thy beauty's dawning light,
Flushing and glowing like a gem—
The rest had pass'd from human sight,
And thou didst sleep with them.

My vanish'd guests! the fire is dim,
That shadowy throng hath pass'd away,
And now my heart looks up to Him,
Who guards their sleeping clay,
And prays that on that happier shore,
Where death comes not, nor sorrows blight,
Far, far beyond the tempest's roar,
We may at last unite!

PREACH-PENS.

THE readers of the "National" have read with interest the recent series of articles on Church Architecture, with the striking illustrations. But that series did not do justice to the subject indicated in our title. A word as to that title: Isn't it taking? Everybody will turn from the table of contents to this page to see what it *can* mean. We cannot claim the glory of its origination—*that* belongs elsewhere, and "honor to whom honor is due." A bright-eyed little hoosier boy, about five years old, entered a country church, which gloried in the possession of an old-fashioned pulpit, high, wide, deep. It was made *solid*, with ample Bible-board, much projecting; it was ascended by steps, and when the minister entered it, he was "no more among men," for the massive door was closed, and he was "alone in his glory." This it was, upon which our little friend gazed with wondering eyes, and called "the preach-pen in the meeting-house." That boy is a sage, and the name he originated will be remembered when the professor's architectural articles are forgotten.

It is one of the mysteries past finding out, whence came the notion that a preacher, when out on exhibition, must be "boxed up," thrust alive into a horrid preach-pen.

The lawyer cites more authorities, and uses more books, yet he stands upon the floor while addressing court or jury. A distinguished member of the bar has said, that he should never win a case if he had to stand in a box.

The politician, who in these piping times moves such masses, would scorn to be boxed up. The senator never uses the box. (?) Is the preacher considered especially dangerous, and therefore, like a tiger or leopard, exhibited in a cage? If this be the reason, we can assure the dear people that, whatever may have been the habits of the *genus* anciently, the modern ones are usually quite harmless. The race is so thoroughly domesticated that they seldom roar, and still more rarely do they *bite*. Once in a while one shows his teeth, but the sight of a little cotton renders him docile and tractable.

Or, are preachers considered so delicate and tender in their composition, that they must be boxed to avoid breakage? If so,

we suggest that, in addition to boxing, they be labeled,

"This side up—handle with care—keep dry;"

though the last direction is superfluous, as most of them are already so *dry* they fairly rattle.

Or, to advance one more hypothesis, are they so awkward, that they alone of all orators must be hid from observation by pine or poplar plank?

If we may venture a theory, we suppose these preach-pens originated in the days of reading sermons, and hence one nuisance demanded the creation of another; so true is it, that vices never come singly.

The things are still retained in the country, from ignorance and force of example. A new church edifice is built. The pulpit is the theme of much discussion, and it is resolved that one shall be made which shall do credit to the trustees and architect.

And now for the *modus*. A lofty platform is made; it must be several feet from the floor, or it is not orthodox. Upon this stands the preacher, his head swimming in the fetid atmosphere which has been inhaled by, and exhaled from, some hundreds of lungs, till it is pure poison; and being *so light* of course by natural affinity, it takes its place in *upper ten*. In this moves the parson's head—poor fellow! Yet it has this redeeming effect—breathing and speaking in so poisonous an air, soon removes from his face the vulgar glow of health, which gives such a plowboy, plebeian appearance, and sicklies over his face with a pale, languid, intellectual look, and that will render his sermon *so* impressive. Of course there must be some unexplained repugnance between piety and oxygen to justify so absurd an elevation.

Look up—UP—there he stands!

Between him and his audience there is a great gulf fixed. On either side, and before him, are walls of wood, massive and immovable. At such a height, and in such a cage, he is not one of the people. At such an elevation, and in such a limbus, he can be natural neither in position, look, voice, nor gesture. At such an absurd distance from the audience, there is no magic control in the eye, and no use for the softer and gentler intonations of the voice. Speaking in a hogshead were fun to that. Look how red grows the sallow face; the arms move like royal cross-trees, (is that correct? I wish to be precise in nautical allusions,) and the breast heaves like the surges of the "raging Canawl." No wonder he "fights uncertainly, as one that beateth the air!" No wonder his audience sleeps. No wonder none "are convinced of sin." Can any man conceive of Paul before Felix and Drusilla, preaching *in a box*, and causing the proud young ruler to tremble? Could Peter have preached that Pentecost sermon in a box, just under dingy rafters? We think not.

This abominable institution is not confined to the country. In your own city, *Mr. Magazine*, and in fashionable churches, are some most horrid preach-pens. Some of them ascend by winding stairs—round we go, round and round, till we enter the "pen," which swings on a post. There is yet a greater shame: some of your churches, as if to show the people have no sympathy with the parson, nor he with them; that he belongs to another race of mortals, make for him a recess in the end of the building, a deep, damp, dark, gloomy recess; in this they build a "pen," and into this they thrust the unfortunate minister, and yet coolly profess to honor his office! Who can preach in such a hole? If we were to go there, we can now remember but one text applicable; namely, "From the belly of hell I cried." There may be something specially philosophical in throwing an arched ceiling over a speaker's head to scatter, cross, and mingle the lines of sound; but to our Western taste it seems simply ridiculous. One we saw in Brooklyn, a year or two ago, which had been thus constructed, but the minister had shown his good sense by having it planked up with good oak-flooring.

Is there any use in a pulpit?

Two things must be provided: a support for the Bible and Hymn Book, and for lamps; (gas-works are not common in the country.) Let there be a small platform of simply sufficient elevation to give those in the rear a full view. Upon this place a small reading-desk, or, what *we* prefer, a richly-finished narrow table, with a screw top, which can be adjusted to the height of the speaker. Let there be no inclosure, no boxing; let the minister stand up on this (the platform, not the table) in sight of all the people, as though, in truth, he is "not ashamed of the Gospel." Arrangement for lamps should be provided at

either side, yet in the rear of the table. But this is too great an innovation all at once. Pulpits of some sort there must be, "for a little season." People will put some kind of preach-pens in their houses. Cannot some benevolent man give us drawings of neat, cheap pulpits, for village and country churches, together with the proper elevation from the floor for churches forty, fifty, and sixty feet in length?

One plan is this: we would give a "sketch," but we can't draw the outlines of a chicken-coop, so that it can be recognized. The pulpit should consist of three simple columns; the one about one-third wider front than those at the sides, and surmounted with a neat cap, large enough to receive an open quarto Bible. Those at the side capped, but only large enough to receive comfortably the base of a good lamp. Let all between these be open; carpet the pulpit and platform, and seat with a sofa, or cane-bottomed settee, and then you have a plain, yet rich-looking pulpit for less money than the lumber in an old-fashioned preach-pen. This we consider the best style of pulpit, because there is the least of it. It has, however, these additional recommendations: It is open and airy. It affords no breast-work behind which to hide unblacked shoes, or to chew tobacco in the house of God—villainous habit! no plank on which to pound; no barrier behind which to stand cross-legged, or upon which to lean and loll.

Yet this is subject to an inconvenience which inures to all pulpits. It must be placed in the rear of the platform left for sacramental services and revival prayer-meetings. With this we cannot dispense; yet how it divides the preacher and his auditory? The closer these are, the more powerful the sympathy—the mightier the control. There is power in the eye—in its tears and its glances of fire. There is power in the colloquial style, and the tremulous whisper. But for all these the preach-pen is unfitted; the eye may nearly as well be shut, and the voice must utter sublime sing-song tones to reach the "people that are afar off."

Why is the same man usually more effective on the platform than when he ascends the pulpit? In the pulpit he *preaches*, on the platform he *speaks*. On the platform there is more ease, more naturalness, more gracefulness, for there is no boxing-up of soul and body; voice and eye, and hand and foot, can all speak. In the *pen* there is no room, and little need for any gestures, save pounding and stamping.

But enough of this. We are aware that we have been very naughty and heretical in these scribblings of ours. We shall take any reasonable punishment with due decorum; but, as the reader has already perceived, we are decidedly classical; hence we shall add,

"Strike, but hear us."

This is our motto during the campaign: Hurrah for the "*platform;*" down with the "preach-pen!"

INTELLECTUAL FLEAS.

THE following article, the truthfulness of which we do not vouch for, is copied from a late number of "Dickens's Household Words:"

We have lately discovered an individual who, for the last twenty years, has devoted his life to the intellectual training of fleas. He carries on his operation in a little room in Marylebone-street, London: we enter—there are fleas here, fleas there, fleas everywhere: no less than sixty fleas are here imprisoned and sentenced to hard labor for life. All of them are luckily chained or fastened in some way or other, so that escape and subsequent feasting upon visitors is impossible. A little black speck jumps up suddenly off the table whereon the performance takes place—we walk up to inspect, and find that it is a monster flea attired "à la convict;" he is free to move about, but, wherever he goes, a long gilt chain, tightly fastened round his neck, accompanies him.

Occasionally he tries to jump; the chain soon brings him down again, strong as he is. We were told, that if a flea be fastened to the end of an unbroken wheat straw, he will be strong enough to lift it right off the table on which it is placed. This discovery was first made by the flea-proprietor, and made him turn his attention toward utilizing the race. One would think it were easy enough to procure troops of fleas, and to train them to perform; but it appears that neither is an easy matter. It is not easy to procure a lot of able-bodied fleas, and it is not every sort of flea that will do. They must be human fleas: dog fleas, cat fleas, and bird fleas,

are of no use; they are not lively enough nor strong enough, and soon break down in their training. Human fleas, therefore, must be obtained, and our friend has created a market for them. The dealers are principally elderly females, who supply the raw material; the trade price of fleas, moreover, (like the trade price of everything else,) varies, but the average price is threepence a dozen. In the winter time it is sixpence; and on one occasion, the trainer was obliged to give the large sum of sixpence for one single flea. He had arranged to give a performance; the time arrived; he unpacked the fleas; one, whose presence could not be dispensed with, was gone. What was to be done? the vacancy must be filled. At last, an ostler, pitying the manager's distress, supplied the needful animal; but he required sixpence for it, and sixpence he got.

While we were looking at the performance, there came in a fresh supply of fleas; a swarm of them, in a vial bottle, huddled all together at the bottom. We gave them a shake, and immediately they all began hopping about, hitting their little horny heads against the sides of the bottle (which was held sideways) with such force that there was a distinct noise, as if one had gently tapped the bottle with the nail. They were not very good friends, for they were perpetually getting entangled in masses, and fighting with their tiny but powerful legs, and rolling over and over as if in mortal combat. It was not, however, a case of life and death; for we did not see one that was looking injured or tired after the melee.

We then observed one fact, which gave us great pleasure; namely, that fleas are at enmity with bugs. There was one bug in the bottle, surrounded by many fleas; the poor bug rushed continually from one end of the bottle to the other, running the gauntlet of the assembled fleas; every flea he came near attacked him, and retreated immediately as though half afraid of him; the bug, overwhelmed by numbers, had the worst of it, and beat an ignoble retreat into a bit of flannel.

Fleas are not always brought to market in vial bottles. A flea-proprietor told us that he got all his best fleas from Russia, and that they came over in pill-boxes packed in the finest cotton-wool. These fleas were big, powerful, and good workers. We wonder whether the Custom-house authorities thought it worth while to examine the contents of these pill-boxes. When our friend in Marylebone makes his annual tour into the provinces, his wife sends him weekly a supply of fleas in the corner of an envelope, packed in tissue-paper. She is careful not to put them in the corner where the stamp goes, as the post-office clerk would, with his stamp-marker, at one blow smash the whole of the stock.

A flea cannot be taken up from its wild state and made to work at once; like a colt or a puppy, it must undergo a course of training and discipline. The training is brought about as follows: The flea is taken up gently in a pair of forceps, and a noose of the finest glass-silk is passed round his neck, and there tied with a peculiar knot. The flea, unfortunately for himself, has a groove or depression between his neck and his body, which serves as a capital hold-fast for the bit of silk; it can slip neither up nor down, and he cannot push it off with his legs; he is a prisoner, and is thus tied to his work. This delicate operation is generally performed under a magnifying-glass; but, after a time, the eye gets so accustomed to the work that the glass is not always used. In no way is the performing flea mutilated; his kangaroo-like springing legs are not cut off, nor are his lobster-like walking legs interfered with; a flea must be in perfect health to perform well.

The first lesson given to the novice is the same as that given to a child, namely, to walk. To effect this he is fastened to the end of a slip of card-board, which works on a pin as on a pivot; the moment he feels himself free from the hands, or rather forceps, of the harnesser, he gives a tremendous spring forward; what is the consequence? he advances in a circle, and the weight of the card-board keeps him down at the same time. He tries it again with the same result; finally, he finds the progress he makes in no way equal to his exertions; he therefore, like a wise flea, gives it up, and walks round and round with his card-board as quietly as an old blind horse does in a mill. To arrive at this state of training requires about a fortnight; some fleas have more genius than others, but a fortnight is the average time.

There is another mode of training fleas: to shut them up in a small glass box which

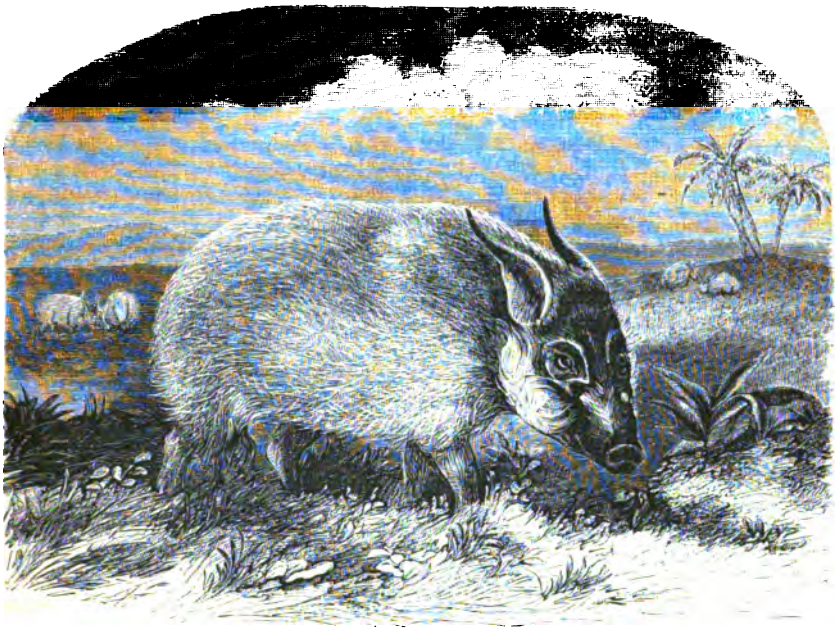
turns easily between two upright supporters. The flea, when first put in, hops wildly about, but he only hits his head against the top of the box, and at the same time gets giddy with the turning round of his prison. We are not aware which system of training has proved the most successful.

Among the trained fleas already at work, we noticed the following: there was a coach with four fleas harnessed to it, who draw it along a pretty good pace; and we should be inclined to back the coach in a race with a common garden-snail. It is very heavy for the little creatures to drag along, for one pane of glass in the coach is equal to the weight of one hundred fleas. There is a large flea, whose daily task is to drag along a little model of a man-of-war; it is amusing to see him push and struggle to get it along; but get it along he does, although it is two hundred and forty times his own weight. Again, there are two fleas secured, one at each end of a very little bit of gold-colored paper. They are placed in a reversed position to each other; one looking one way, the other another way. Thus tied, they are placed in a sort of arena on the top of a musical-box; at one end of the box sits an ochestra composed of fleas, each tied to its seat, and having the resemblance of some musical instrument tied on to the foremost of their legs. The box is made to play, the exhibiter touches each of the musicians with a bit of stick, and they all begin waving their hands about, as performing an elaborate piece of music. The fleas tied to the gold paper feel the jarring of the box below, and begin to run round and round as fast as their little legs will carry them. This is called the Flea's Waltz.

Tightly secured in a tiny chair, sits a flea facing a tiny cannon. Several times a day this unfortunate insect fires this cannon, and in this wise: One of the little slips which form the feather of a quill pen is fastened on to one of his legs, and a little detonating powder placed on its tip; the exhibiter then presses the wand down on to the cannon, and scratches the detonating powder; it goes off with a sharp report, making the lookers-on jump, but it astonishes nobody more than the flea himself; he flourishes the burnt remains of his firing wand madly about in the air, his numerous legs kick about violently, his little head bobs up and down; altogether he shows as many symptoms of alarm as it is possible for a flea to exhibit. The individual flea that we saw in this state of trepidation, did not seem to have got used to his work, though the poor thing had been firing his cannon about thirty times a day for a month.

The fleas are not always kept in harness; every night each flea is taken out of his harness, is fed, and placed in a private compartment in a box for the night; before they go to bed they have their supper, and in the morning also their breakfast, upon the hand of their owner; sometimes he has nearly all his fleas on the back of his hands at the same moment, all biting and sucking away. For more than twenty years has he thus daily fed his fleas without any detriment to his health, the quantity of blood each flea takes away being imperceptibly small; one drop of blood, he considers, would feed a flea many weeks; but it is the itching sensation caused by the flea cutting the skin which is unpleasant. This feeling of itching he felt painfully when he first began to submit himself to the tender mercies of his little performers; now he is so hardened that he feels them not at all, whether biting or sucking. When, however, there are many on his hands at the same time, he suffers from a sensation of great irritation all over his body, which passes away when their supper is over. He has remarked that fleas will not feed if his hand be not kept perfectly motionless; the act, therefore, of feeding and harnessing is troublesome, and he is obliged to give up two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon to it. His fleas generally live a long time, provided they are properly fed and taken care of. He once had a flea, a patriarch, who for eighteen months was occupied in pulling up a little bucket from a well: this flea lived longer than any other flea he ever had, and he believes he died finally from pure old age; for he was found dead one day, faithful to his post, with his bucket drawn half-way up the well.

He whose heart is not excited upon the spot which a martyr has sanctified by his sufferings, or at the grave of one who has largely benefited mankind, must be more inferior to the multitude in his moral, than he can possibly be raised above them in his intellectual nature.—*Southey.*



THE PAINTED PIG OF THE CAMAROON.

A VISIT TO THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

IN the London Zoological Gardens is to be found, in the enjoyment of all the luxuries of which his porcine nature is capable, *The painted Pig of the Camaroon.* The pretty creature—beauty is relative—the Camaroon pig is the prettiest, the gaudiest of the race—the pretty creature, we repeat, is of a fine bay red, made to look more bright from the circumstance of the face, ears, and front of the legs being black, while the red is relieved, and the black is defined, by the penciled lines of white which edge the ears, streak over and under the eye, and ornament the long whiskers, another long white line traversing the middle of the back; a very attractive combination of color, the painting of "Him who made the world," and one which must make the Potamochœrus penicellatus—such is his swineship's Latin title—most conspicuous, among the bright green shrubs and dark marshes of the rivers of equinoctial Africa, on whose banks the race has been planted. The present specimen was taken, when a "piggie," by a trading captain, as it was swimming across the Camaroon River. It was then, four years ago, a round, comfortable, kind-looking creature, which one might almost have fondled as a pet. The Pig now looks rather a dangerous beast, and its beauty is not increased by its face having grown longer, and by the bump and hollow on each cheek being larger and deeper; nor is its mouth so attractive or innocent, now that its tusks—those ivory daggers and knives of the family of Swine—have grown longer. So much for his pigship.

The next attraction we meet is the great maned ant-eater, than which no animal could be more acceptable to the zoologist, as it is the first of its species ever brought to Europe. Scarcely had it arrived at the Zoological Gardens, been safely housed, and regularly installed as a member of the incorporated society of the animal kingdom assembled there, than we felt ourselves bound, being then in London, to pay homage to the illustrious stranger, and take our stand before it with a salaam. The animal held its court in an apartment adjoining that wherein a juvenile chimpanzee, the captive scion of a powerful sept or clan on the banks of the Quorra, holds his daily levée. As we entered, our olfactory nerves at once apprised us that the great

Brazilian was by no means perfumed with attar of roses. If the truth is to be told, the odor which saluted our nostrils was overpoweringly offensive, requiring a profusion of eau de Cologne in order to render it a little less intolerable. There was a crowd of spectators, and continual use was made among them of handkerchiefs, scented or unscented. For ourselves, we were ready to exclaim, in the words put by a great genius into the mouth of one of his characters, "An ounce of civet, good apothecary!" This odor was that of the natural cutaneous exudation of the animal.

On a bed of clean straw, in one corner of the apartment, lay the destroyer of ants, taking its mid-day siesta. Its appearance was indistinct, but reminded us of a large gray or grizzled Newfoundland dog, asleep in his kennel. On a closer scrutiny, the body seemed to be covered by a *panache* of long flowing hair; but this *panache* proceeded from the reverted tail, and was such as to form a good defense against the rays of the sun on the one hand, or the heavy shower on the other.

After waiting with commendable patience for half an hour, and observing no signs of restoration to a state of activity, we betook ourselves to the aquatic vivarium, which, to our great satisfaction, we found crowded with visitors, among whom exclamations of delight and astonishment were in constant repetition. There we passed a pleasant hour, made many notes, and reveled in the contemplation of ocean's animated wonders.

At length we thought it best to return to the main object of our visit, hoping that the slumbers of the "mound-leveler" were passed away. But no, there the animal lay somnolent as before, and not a muscle moved. We began to get impatient, but plucked up good courage, and determined to wait even to the latest moment. Our resolution happily was soon rewarded. Leisurely, as if irresolute and scarcely thoroughly awake, up rose the stolid beast, the dread even of the terrible jaguar, and after sniffing the air—not with broad nostrils like the stag painted in the "Lady of the Lake," but through little orifices at the end of a long, slender, tapering snout, for such it at first appeared, it moved forward into full view. Then it was that the contour and proportions of this stranger from the swampy forests of Brazil were revealed to our sight, and that a murmur of surprise greeted its appearance. And well it might be so, for strange and eccentric was its aspect; it was such as would have enchanted Fuseli. Let us, however, before entering into details, here record our first impressions.

Before our eyes stalked forth, with heavy and deliberate steps, a creature of large size, taller or quite as tall as a very fine Newfoundland dog, but much longer in the proportion of the body to that of its height. Its covering was coarse, long, grizzled hair; a broad, black stripe, narrowing as it proceeds, passed obliquely from the chest over each shoulder. The head, covered with close hair, looked in its *tout ensemble*, from the thick deep neck to its apex, like a long slender tube or proboscis, in strange contrast with the stupendous massiveness of the limbs. The eyes were small; the ears, in a direct line and about one inch above them, were very close and rather rounded, but so little elevated that their precise form was not immediately obvious. A mane of very long hair rose over the withers. The tail—how shall we describe it? No Newfoundland dog, no setter, no retriever, ever boasted of such a caudal appendage; no, not even the famous dog of Alcibiades. It was as long or longer than the whole body, and was evidently stout and robust in bone and muscle at the base. As the creature moved along, it was held in a line with the body, sometimes a little depressed, and at others a little elevated; but, even when raised, its *panache* (*plume* does not express the meaning) of densely-set, long, wiry hairs, from the base to the apex, swept the floor. The very weight of this alone, carried from the base to the extremity of the lever, evidently indicated the vast development of the lumbar and supra-caudal muscles. No light feathery plume was it; but a massive, drooping, heavy fringe, capable of being thrown like a thatch over the body during repose.

The fore feet of the animal were armed with enormous hooked claws; but these, being doubled up close on the thick pad of the sole, were not at first visible, so that the fore feet looked like mere stumps rather than like fully formed feet, as did those of the hinder limbs. The gait was heavy, but by no means slow or crawling; indeed, the animal is said to be capable of moving along with considerable celerity. The whole contour exhibited an appearance of great massiveness and enormous muscular

power, especially in the neck, chest, shoulders, and fore limb, while the claws were well fitted for grappling, wrenching, and for rending asunder the solid sun-baked mud walls of the pyramids of the termite. Such were the generalities which forced themselves upon our notice. We will now proceed to a few details. Of the stature of the animal we have said enough. Let us begin with the head. The skull of this strange creature is modeled on the tubular principle. From the *occiput* (that is, the *back portion* of the *frame-work* of the head) runs out a long trumpet-like projection, composed of the bones of the cranium and the jaws. This long and slender trumpet, or proboscis, incloses in its singular development all the organs of the senses, even that of tact, or especial feeling; for the nose, in this as in other instances, is the organ of tactivity.* The eyes of the animal were small, on a line with the cranial projection, and, as it appeared to us, very inefficient by daylight. The iris, as we saw it, seemed very narrow, and of a dark hazel-brown, and the pupil minute; but, when the shadows of evening descend over the wooded swamps of Brazil or Guiana, may not that pupil expand into a dark orb, bounded only by the little eyelids? Looking at the eyes with consideration, we registered them in our mind as organs formed for twilight or nocturnal vision. Little use, indeed, did the animal make of them when perambulating its apartments, as we shall soon demonstrate.

Now for the organs of hearing. We have described their external figure and position, close above the little eyes; but what shall we say of the animal's hearing power? If sensibility to invocations loudly uttered could have awakened the sleeper through this medium, he must have responded to the call. "Seven sleepers" are recorded in the works of the olden time; surely this somnolent Brazilian, taking its siesta, might be put down for the eighth: it slept as an athlete. When aroused, however, it seemed even then almost dead to sounds and exclamations; at least it noticed them not, and they passed by it as the idle wind.

THE ANT-EATER.

If sight was defective and hearing obtuse, the contrary appeared to be the case with the sense of smell—a fact which indeed might be inferred even from a consideration of the extension of the olfactory organs, carried along the upper portion of the tubular head from the space between the ears to the two little narrow terminal slits which represent the nostrils. Ever and anon the animal elevated its snout and sniffed the air, and when its keeper, a most careful and obliging man, brought in a pan of milk, it followed him about with a stumping, bear-like gait, evidently directed rather by the sense of smell than of vision to the vessel which he carried in his hand. Moreover, it evidently knew its attendant, and indicated, by projecting its snout to him when he at first entered the apartment without anything in his hands, that the recognition chiefly depended upon the sense of smell. The animal allowed him to pat it, and seemed pleased with his notice; but it uttered no noise or cry so long as we stayed to observe it. This, however, proves nothing: it is said to utter, when pleased, a peculiar whine, and we have the highest authority for this fact.

From the sense of smell to that of taste the transition is direct. Let it here be

* Tactivity means feeling, in contradistinction to simple sensitiveness. For example, our hands are endowed with tactivity; our whole cutaneous surface with sensitiveness.

premised that the ant-eater has no teeth; it is, therefore, strictly *edentate*, as naturalists term it. The jaw-bones are long, slender, and feeble. The mouth is a little aperture at the end of the snout, and merely fitted for the protrusion of a long, rapier-like, glutinous tongue from its sheath; as the natural food of this animal consists principally of termite ants and their pupæ—the latter more especially—this long viscous tongue is a most efficient instrument for such a purpose. For the crushing of such food teeth are not needed, as it is swallowed without mastication, and doubtless with a copious flow of saliva. But we have yet to describe the animal's tongue as it presented itself to our personal observation. We were contemplating the ant-eater while it sat up on its haunches, like a great dog, with its long snout elevated; suddenly from its mouth a thin, dark, purplish glossy stream, like that of treacle, seemed to flow, certainly to the extent of more than two feet. In this stream a slight vibration was perceptible, and then, as if its current suddenly retrograded, it glided upward and rolled back through the mouth into its hidden fount. This stream was the tongue. Many times, both while the animal rested and while it traversed its apartment, was this exhibition repeated, and always with sufficient deliberation for the eye to follow out the whole movement. We are assured, however, that when employed in active service, a breach in the wall of an ants' mound having been effected, the movements of

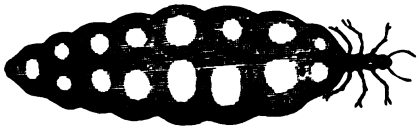
DWELLINGS OF WHITE ANTS.

DWELLINGS OF WHITE ANTS.

this organ are incalculably rapid, which we can readily believe.

As we have said, our Brazilian stranger followed the keeper, bearing in his hand a vessel of milk. In a short time, having at our especial desire tested the olfactory sense of the animal, he indulged it with a good draught of the coveted beverage. We expected to see it lap the fluid up by some action of the tongue; perchance, dog-like; perchance like that displayed when the organ is inserted into the sinuosities of the termites' mounds, and is drawn back laden with the luscious food. Not so, however: it simply applied its tiny mouth to the milk, and sucked it up gradually and quietly, with the least possible perceptible sound. Not more delicately does the horse sip its water from the trough, than did the ant-eater its milk from the pan. A thought crossed our mind at the time: how would the ant-eater manage with boiled marrow-bones of beef? would not the remarkable tongue be then displayed in full action? For once, at least, the experiment might be worth a trial, if only for the sake of witnessing the action of this organ.

It may seem at first surprising that an animal so bulky and massive as the ant-eater, cannot only subsist, but keep up its muscular strength and condition on such diet as that afforded by white ants or termites. The same observation applies with even more force to the Greenland whale; but, in each instance, we draw our deduction from erroneous premises: we do not take into account the extremely nutritious quality of the food, and the fact of its making up weight by the aggrega-



THE WHITE FEMALE ANT.

tion of a multitude of minute units, so as to counterbalance that of mass in solidity. Myriads upon myriads of tiny beings are daily devoured both by the whale and the ant-eater.

Termite mounds characterize the haunts of the ant-eater, and we have described its structural fitness for demolishing these insect fastnesses. It makes short work in opening a breach, and then its tongue is brought into full play. Soon, however, the startled termites, in order to escape the fate of the myriads which first fell a sacrifice, take refuge in the deeper and smaller galleries of the ruined edifice. But vain are their efforts; their enemy tears off huge fragments of the galleried walls with his strenuous claws, holds them firm with his left paws, and leisurely breaks them up with the right, the tongue in the meantime performing its office with celerity. When satiated, the ant-eater ceases the work of destruction. It would appear that a considerable quantity of the earthy materials of the ants' dome is swallowed along with the insects themselves, and Dr. Schomburgk supposes, perhaps correctly, that this material aids digestion.

Though generally deliberate in its movements, the ant-eater can push its pace into a peculiar trot, or long gallop, and is then not easily overtaken; indeed, it will keep a horse on the canter for upwards of half an hour, and by no means tires readily itself.

The female possesses two pectoral teats, and produces only one young at a time, which soon clings firmly to her back, and, thus attached, is carried about with her during her rambles. It remains under her care for the space of a year, and then shifts for itself. When pursued with her young one on her back, the mother seeks safety in flight, and holds on her course till fairly overtaken; she has, indeed, been known to keep a horse on the full canter for half an hour. When hard pressed, she assumes a posture of defense, raises herself upon her haunches, and, resting on one fore paw, strikes with the claws of the other at her enemy, changing from the right to the left limb, and *vice versa*, as the latter alters his position of attack. The force of these blows is tremendous. Should the danger increase, she throws herself upon her back, and strikes with both claws at her enemy. To the last moment the young one clings to the mother. It is in this manner that she receives her fierce opponent, the jaguar. Those who have witnessed the fight, described it to Dr. Schomburgk as being very characteristic. There is no yielding on the part of the ant-eater, and it frequently happens that both combatants remain dead upon the spot, or that one does not survive the other many hours. Dr. Schomburgk says:

"The force of the ant-eater is astonishing, and I have no doubt that it is well able to rip up the belly of its assailant. If the ant-eater should succeed in throwing its arms round its enemy, and fixing its claws in the flesh, nothing can disengage it from its embrace; the muscles grow stiff, and, as I have been told, without being able to vouch for its veracity, in this situation both animals die."

When young individuals are captured, they at first try to hide themselves, but, if approached, put themselves into a resolute posture of defense, growling at the same time like an irritated puppy. That the ant-eater is capable of climbing has been abundantly proved by Dr. Schomburgk, who witnessed this operation most adroitly performed both by young ones and adults, the fore limbs being used alternately, and one secured by means of the claws before the other is advanced. From witnessing the agility thus displayed, Dr. Schomburgk expresses his conviction that, should circumstances require it, these animals would climb trees with the greatest readiness. Of the docility both of adults and young, in a short time after their capture, the following extracts from Dr. Schomburgk's paper, in the "Proceedings of the Zoolog-

GALLERIES OF AN ANT'S NEST.

ical Society," relative to another specimen of the ant-eater which came under his notice, may not be uninteresting:

"It appeared to be of a very cold nature; not only the extremities, but the whole body felt cold to the touch, although we kept it wrapped up in a blanket. It preferred, however, to be nestled and to be taken up, and on putting it down it emitted a whining, but not unpleasant sound; when it did not succeed in attracting attention, and was not taken up again, the whining sound was raised to a harsh and grating noise. In following a person, it directed its course more by the smell than by sight, and carried its snout close to the ground. If it found itself at fault, it wheeled round at right angles upon the hind legs, and snuffed the air in all directions until it found the right scent again. Of the dimness of its sight we had various proofs; it hurt itself frequently against objects that stood in its way, not observing them till it came in contact with them. Its power of smelling was exquisite, and it could discover its nurse, or any person to whom it had taken a liking, at a considerable distance. Upon these occasions it would commence the whining sound so peculiar to this animal. It was an expert climber. It happened that I was one of its favorites, and while writing at my table it used to come softly behind me, and, as soon as it was sure it had found me out, it climbed up my legs with great dexterity. Out of amusement we frequently held up its blanket, and it climbed up its whole length.

"When the Indian woman was not present, or otherwise occupied, and did not pet the young ant-eater, she used to throw some of the clothes she had worn, or her own blanket, before it, in which it wrapped itself, and was pacified. This effect could not be produced by any other person's clothes. It showed its attachment by licking, and was very gentle and even sportive: we all prized it highly. It slept a great deal. We had it for nearly two months, and as it began to feed itself, we had great hopes of rearing it; unfortunately we were unable to procure milk, and whether in consequence of the change of food, or some other cause, it gradually declined. I found it sometimes as cold as ice, and stiff; and, though I recovered it repeatedly, it died one day during my absence."

Having so far detailed the results of our personal observations relative to this extraordinary specimen, (introduced into the gardens of the Zoological Society at the cost of £200, through the exertions of the indefatigable secretary of the Institution,) it is our duty to express our thanks to the chief superintendent of the vivarium, for his kindness in affording the writer every facility for a leisurely survey of this singular creature, and for his compliance with our wishes in more than one instance.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT DELICATE WOMEN.

HOW essential is it to the well-being of a family that the wife and mother should be cheerful, active, and healthy! Yet, looking at those classes of the community a little above what may be termed the laboring class, how frequently we find that the women are ailing, nervous, and irritable; or, as they would call themselves, "delicate!" How is this?

"Why," answers one, "some are the children of unhealthy parents, and the inheritors of their diseases." Where this is the case the fullest sympathy and consideration are due; but the number of such would be only a few in comparison to the class we speak of. We must look further for the cause.

"O," suggests another, "is not the fact of being a wife and mother, and having the care and management of a family and household, with, perhaps, very limited pecuniary resources, quite enough to make women weak and ailing?"

We think not. Such circumstances are trying; but with some women they have been the means of drawing out unwonted cheerfulness and energy of character. Allowing, however, that some women are so tried and harassed by the circumstances of married life that their health and energy give way; still, their number would be comparatively few, and we must find some other cause for the fact that there are so many females who call themselves "delicate."

Is it that they have an impression that there is something amiable in being delicate?

Do they think it lady-like to be delicate?

Is not this delicacy cultivated by some as a means of drawing more largely on sympathy, especially the husband's sympathy?

Are not idleness and inactivity often excused or hidden under this convenient cloak of delicacy?

We think that each of these questions may be correctly answered in the affirmative, and that the commencement of these errors, with all their attendant evils, may be traced to the education of the girl.

Years ago, Fanny was a healthy, active, and unaffected child, when her parents sent her to a boarding-school. For the first few days, feeling herself among

strangers, and away from home, she was pensive and quiet; but this soon wore away, and she became cheerful and happy again. She had taken a skipping-rope with her to school; and one evening when she was in the full enjoyment of the use of it, the evening bell rang for the scholars to retire for the night. When Fanny went to say "good night" to the governess, she was surprised to hear her say to the matron: "You will be so good as to give Miss Fanny a dose of calomel: she is in too robust health; see her cheeks are like a milk-maid's." So Fanny had to take calomel; and the next day she was languid and listless, or, as the governess seemed to consider, "lady-like." Another time, when playing with a companion somewhat actively in the playground, they were stopped by a teacher saying: "Young ladies, are you not ashamed of yourselves! That is not the way to conduct yourselves in this establishment. Why, what would be thought of you? Pray let me see you walk like young ladies."

Fanny wished then that she was not to be called a "young lady" if she might not play and romp about a little, for she was sure it made her happy to do so. But it is astonishing what changes may in time be effected by teaching and example. During the remainder of her stay at school, Fanny had occasional doses of calomel when too robust health began to show itself; and she had learned to believe that to be at all respected by her fellow-creatures, she must be considered a young lady, and that all young ladies were of delicate constitutions, and that it was very unlady-like to be healthy and active.

Poor Fanny! she had not only imbibed these notions, but she had also lost a great deal of her vigor of constitution, and had become inert and inactive. When she left school she returned to the home of her childhood, where family arrangements were such that her assistance would frequently have been acceptable to her parents. But when anything was requested of her it was attended to in a manner so unwilling and languid that they soon ceased to ask anything of her, grieving and wondering what was become of their cheerful and active Fanny.

Not being aware of Fanny's ideas about ladyism, and not perceiving that the mind wanted curing more than the body, her parents consulted the family doctor, who said that he could not perceive that there was much the matter with her; he, however, recommended fresh air and exercise, and suggested that perhaps a few weeks by the sea-side might do her good. Now, this latter advice Fanny liked very much; it added to her importance as a lady that she should be taken to the sea-side because she was in delicate health. However, as Fanny meant to be delicate, she was as much so on her return as before, until at last it became an allowed fact in the family that Fanny was "so delicate" that she was left to do pretty much as she pleased.

Time passed on, and Fanny became a wife; and, with a vague idea that she was to secure to herself the affections of her husband, just in proportion that she made demands upon his sympathy, her elegant ailings became more numerous than ever, and she has fully established her claim to be classed among "delicate women."

Perhaps the custom of giving calomel to destroy health, as if it were a weed too rank to be allowed to grow, is not very much practiced; but other injurious customs are taught and practiced which as certainly injure health.

The custom of confining the body in tight stays, or tight clothes of any kind, is exceedingly hurtful to the health of both body and mind. A girl has learned a very bad lesson when she has been taught that to gain the admiration of her fellow-creatures she must, even to the endangering of health and life, distort her figure from that which nature has made, to something which fashion presumes to dictate as more admirable.

The custom of preventing the active use of the limbs, and free exercise of the body generally, and restricting every movement to the artificial notions of boarding-school propriety, is attended with mental and physical evils of all sorts. While a child is forbidden to take the bodily exercise which Nature would impel her to do, the humors grow thick and stagnate for want of motion to warm and dilate them; the general circulation is impeded; the muscles stiffen, because deprived of their necessary moisture; obstructions take place, which produce weakness in every animal function; and nature, no longer able to discharge the morbid matter which constantly accumulates from all her imperfect opera-

tions, gradually sickens, and the child is either carried to a premature grave, or continues an existence of physical and mental languor and listlessness; and another is added to the class of "delicate women."

We cannot be far from right in saying that almost all the mental and physical ailings of "delicate women" may be traced to a defective education. And those who are now engaged in training girls, whether at home or in schools, cannot too seriously consider the weight of responsibility resting upon them. Upon their management depend much of future health, and, consequently, the usefulness and happiness of those committed to their charge.

As requisites to the promotion of bodily vigor, we will mention:

A strict attention to personal cleanliness, which children should be taught to cultivate, because it is healthy and right that they should be clean, and not because "it would look so, if they were dirty!"

The use of well ventilated apartments.

Frequent and sufficient active bodily exercise in the open air.

Entire freedom from any pressure upon the person by the use of tight clothes.

A sufficiency of nourishing and digestible food.

And, in winter, the use of such firing as is needed to keep up a healthful warmth.

All those will tend to promote health, but we shall have no security against "delicate women" unless there be also added the cultivation of mental health.

For this, it is necessary that girls should be taught to cultivate *mental purity and mental activity*, by sufficient and well-regulated exercise of the mind.

Habits of benevolence, contentment, and cheerful gratitude should be inculcated, both by precept and example, to the exclusion of selfishness.

And, above all, should be strongly impressed upon the mind the necessity of the strictest integrity, which will lead to the abhorrence of every species of affectation, which is only a modified sort of deceit.

Girls should also be early taught that they are responsible beings; responsible to God for the right use of all the mercies bestowed upon them; and that health is one of the chief of earthly blessings, and that it is their duty to value and preserve it.

But much is learned from example as well as from precept; therefore, let no affectation of languid airs in a teacher give a child the idea that there can be anything admirable in the absence of strength. We do not wish that girls should cultivate anything masculine; for an unfeminine woman cannot be an object of admiration to the right judging of either sex. But a female has no occasion to affect to be feminine; she is so naturally, and if she will but let nature have its perfect work, she will, most likely, be not only feminine, but also graceful and admirable.

To those who are already women, and are unfortunately classed among the "delicate," we would say: For the sake of your husbands and all connected with you, strive resolutely to lose your claim to such an unenviable distinction. If you are conscious of the least feeling of satisfaction in hearing yourself spoken of as delicate, be assured it is a degree of mental disease that allows the feeling. If you ever suppose that you gain your husband's sympathy by weakness, remember you might gain more of his esteem and satisfied affection by strength. Fifty years ago it was well said that, "To a man of feeling, extreme delicacy in the partner of his life and fortune is an object of great and constant concern; but a *semblance* of such delicacy, where it does not really exist, is an insult on his discernment, and must ultimately inspire him with aversion and disgust." It is not for us to say how many put on the semblance of delicacy as a covering for idleness, or from any of the weak motives that prompt such an affectation—conscience will whisper where this is the case—and happy will it be for the husband of any one who can be roused from such a pitiable state.

Could woman only know how many husbands are bankrupt because their wives are "delicate;" how many children are physically, mentally, and morally neglected and ruined, because their mothers are "delicate;" how many servants become dishonest and inefficient, because their mistresses are "delicate"—the list would be so appalling that possibly we might hear of an Anti-delicate Ladies Association, for the better promotion of family happiness and family economy.

Meanwhile, let each listen to her own conscience and the dictates of her better judgment, and remember that health is a gift of God, and we cannot slight a gift without also slighting the Giver.

The National Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—It is not the province of THE NATIONAL to urge upon its readers the claims of any candidate for office. We are not partisans, nor was this magazine established for the furtherance of any political tenets. In common, however, with all who love our country and its free institutions, we have a deep interest in the result of the approaching election for President of the United States; and we would urge upon all our readers who have the right to vote, the importance of performing that duty.

It is said of Solon, that he caused a law to be enacted, that every citizen who remained *neutral* on any question relative to the great interests of the Athenian republic, should be put to death. It was a harsh enactment, but had its foundation on the true principle that equal privileges imply equal duties. If one man may claim exemption from the troublesome task of forming and giving utterance to an opinion on any proposed measure, or on the relative merits of two or more candidates for office, so may any other and every other; and, in that case, what becomes of the Commonwealth? Without formally claiming to be exempt from a duty which, by the genius of the republic, is devolved upon every qualified citizen, there are many, perhaps some among our readers, who never vote. For, say they, of what consequence can it be whether I vote or not? can one ballot make any difference in the result? Now, not to dwell upon the direct affirmative answer that may be given to this latter question, (for one vote has frequently decided an election,) suppose we admit that one ballot will make no difference in the result, what then? Does that justify you in withholding yours? If it does, your neighbor may, on the same plea, withhold his, and he has precisely as good a right to withhold it. If one vote will make no difference, by what aristocratic plea do you insist upon it that that unnecessary vote shall be yours?

But one ballot will make no perceptible odds in the great aggregate? Will two? three? fifty? how many? Do you say forty-nine will not, but fifty may? How, then, do you know but that fiftieth is yours? And if it is, your withholding it is a dereliction of a plain duty. It is most certainly setting an example which, if universally followed, will inevitably destroy the republic; and everybody has the same right to follow, as you have to set the example.

Religious scruples are pleaded in justification of neglecting a duty which, as a good citizen, every man owes to his country. The rabble go to the polls, the brawling demagogue, the intemperate, the profane, the profligate, and the abandoned of every hue. Yes, verily. And is it, therefore, wrong for the sober, the decent, the truly patriotic, the devoted follower of Christ, to go to the polls also? Have they nothing at stake? Or is it a sufficient reason for a good man to neglect his duty that bad men attend to theirs?

It is certainly not incompatible with any requirement of Christianity, that a man be a good citizen, and discharge all the duties that, as such, devolve upon him. But he is not a good citizen who habitually neglects to exercise the elective franchise. He does that, or rather abstains from doing that, which, if everybody else did, our fair political fabric would be destroyed. If Christianity justifies *him*, be he a clergyman or a layman, it justifies, nay, requires the same neglect from every one else; and the consequence is, that Christianity and a republican form of government are incompatible: a result too monstrous to be tolerated for a moment.

He who came to teach man his duty to his Maker, enforced the necessity of discharging political as well as other obligations, faithfully and honestly. To render unto Cesar (the civic power) the things that are Cesar's, is certainly no less imperative in a republic where we make our own Cesars, than in a land where political supremacy is the result of fortunate birth or successful war. He who neglects the ballot-box, especially at a crisis like that now impending, does not render unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's; and so far violates the express command of Christ. Tried by that standard, he is neither a good citizen nor a good Christian. Vote, then, we do not say for whom, but—vote.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.—You will find, says Gerald Massey, that it requires the utmost imagination to reproduce the truest real, and that where the hand of genius most exquisitely touches the human heart, plain matter-of-fact statement is united to the unspeakable beauty. Think of that, you who are always maundering about the ideal beauty! It is only the greatest imagination that can produce the utmost real; and this is the utmost that man's kingliest faculties can accomplish. Let us take a few illustrations from poetry, to show what is meant by the utmost real. Leigh Hunt has been before us here, and supplied some illustrations to hand. He quotes the words of Lear, "most matter-of-fact, most melancholy:"

> "Pray do not mock me;
> I am a very foolish, fond old man,
> Fourscore and upward:
> Not an hour more or less; and to deal plainly,
> I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

Scores of instances might be quoted from Shakspeare, to prove that these touches of matter-of-fact reality are the most precious jewels in the crown of all poetry. So of Homer; but we must quote one, and pass on. It is the passage where old Priam kneels before Achilles, and implores him to give up the dead body of Hector. The tide of his great grief gathers as he pleads piteously on, and at last bursts in these lines:

> "I have borne
> What never mortal bore, I think, on earth:
> To lift unto my lips the hand of him
> Who slew my boy!"

There is also a touch of this kind in the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray:"

> "My faither urged me sair, my mither didna speak,
> But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break."

Then those two incomparable lines of Marlowe:

"O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

And Spenser's Una, lighting the wood with her loveliness, and making

"A sunshine in a shady place."

And Keats's

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Also the picture of Madeline drooping to rest—

"As though a rose should shut and be a bud again."

And Tennyson's grand

"Nor canst thou show the dead are dead."

And so, in all these climaxes of beauty that touch you into tears, or give you a soul-ache of deliciousness, as Leigh Hunt has said of our first two quotations, "in these passages there is nothing but what a matter-of-fact person might have said, *if he had thought of it.*" And all these intense *realisms*, which are the priceless preciousness of poetry, are the result of the highest efforts of the imagination. These pearls, which the imagination wins in its furthest reaches, are in the deeps of human nature, and not in some limbo of idealism. They lived in feeling, *even where they have never passed into thought.*

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ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT.—The Abbé Mullois, who styles himself *Missionaire Apostolique*, has recently published, at Paris, a work on popular pulpit eloquence, (*Cours d'Eloquence Sacrée Populaire*,) which, with a great deal that is suited only to French taste and manners, contains some things worthy of all acceptation. We append an extract. Speaking of the preacher in the pulpit, he says:

"He must state his subject in the most simple terms, and pursue its discussion in the most direct way. He has no time for starting imaginary difficulties, and then hunting them down; no time to raise ghosts for the mere purpose of laying them again; no time for unraveling Gordian knots: he must cut through them in curt, imperial fashion. One arrow aimed straight at the bull's-eye is worth a hundred launched at random by a blind man. While there must be a governing order in the preacher's discourse, it is neither necessary nor desirable that he always cleave a truth into two or three pieces, and then chop each of these into two or three other subsidiary pieces, a mince *à la Soyer*, instead of a joint *au naturel*. Some subjects will not admit of this method, and those which do, demand variety of treatment, else hearers will weary of the uniformity, and will look anxiously forward to 'And now, finally, the last of the last.' The preacher had better, in most cases, keep his method to himself, presenting at the same time distinct enunciations of truth here and there, and making natural pauses, where required. Those teachers are tiresome beyond endurance who always treat their hearers to *three things worthy* of their attention. Christianity should rarely be argued, because it is a thing that depends neither upon the talent of the orator nor the good-will of the audience. It is a thing *ab extra* and Divine. It is presented for the acceptance of faith, and not for the disputation of reason. Besides, many speakers cloud by demonstration, what was obvious on simple enunciation. They announce, for instance, some dogma, the truth and beauty of which are recognized at once. They go on to prove it, and darken its intelligibility, and almost extinguish it with doubts. To preach much about infidelity, or address one's self much to unbelievers, is neither politic nor evangelical. There is much less infidelity than zealous Christians believe, and the infidels are not those who would attend your sermons, even if that style of address were likely to do them good. Did such a class of minds attend the ministry of the word from any motive whatsoever, the safer way would be, to attack the fortress on the most assailable side—the heart. Any objection which may demand an answer, answer forthwith, and in as few words as possible—a single sentence, not a treatise. Spare its life not a moment; dally not with it in imitation of judicial procrastination; but plunge the dagger of a prompt and biting reply at once into its heart. The objection is made in few words; let the answer and exposure be as curt and decisive, while it is as strong as logic, common sense, and truth itself can make it. And having treated a simple evangelical subject in a direct, plain, forcible, and earnest manner, let your winding-up be warm, not the warmth of vociferation or the excitement of a weak brain, but the warmth of a tender and feeling soul. Let the peroration quiver all over with feeling, while instinct with intellectual force. Let it be boiling up with the sap and energy of sensibility and thought. Let it abound in strong ideas, clothed in epigrammatic or proverbial forms, familiar, and yet striking and memorable. Let them be such as will haunt the recollection like a strain of remembered music. Let them be such that the hearer will say of your impressive close, 'If I were to live a hundred years, I could never forget it.'"

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DEATH AT WILL.—We all die in good time, in the natural course of events, and most of us expect to find that "good time" come quite soon enough; but it appears that there *have* been individuals who, to oblige their friends, have died *somehow*, and to please themselves have come to life again—also *somehow*—many times before *finally* "throwing off this mortal coil." The following is a case of this kind, given in the *Night Side of Nature*, by Mrs. Crowe, who says:

"He (Colonel Townsend) could, to all appearance, die whenever he pleased; his heart ceased to beat, there was no perceptible respiration, and his whole frame became cold and rigid as death itself; the features being shrunk and colorless, and the eyes glazed and ghastly. He would continue in this state for several hours, and then gradually revive; but the revival does not appear to have been an effort of will, or rather we are not informed whether it was so or not. . . . I find, from the account of Dr. Cheyne, who attended him, that Colonel Townsend's own way of describing the phenomenon to which he was subject, was, that he could 'die or expire when he pleased;' and yet, by an effort, or *somehow*, he could come to life again. He performed the experiment in the presence of three medical men; one of whom kept his hand on his heart, another held his wrist, and the third placed a looking-glass before his lips; and they found that all traces of respiration and pulsation gradually ceased, insomuch that, after consulting about his condition for some time, they were leaving the room persuaded that he was really dead, when signs of life appeared, and he slowly revived. He did not die while repeating the experiment, as has been sometimes asserted."

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MORTGAGING THE DEAD.—If a literal be also a legitimate use, in its present application, of the word *mortgage* (a *dead* pledge,) we have classical authority for stating that *mortgaging* the dead was a legalized mode, among the Egyptians, of giving *security* for money borrowed: a poor indemnity to the creditor in case of non-payment. The embalmed body of the deceased relative accompanied a guest to the feast, where, if money was required, the sacred possession was deposited by the borrower *in pledge*, and it was a strictly legal transaction. For *non*-redemption there was a severe penalty, which one might imagine the peculiar doctrine ingrafted on that of the soul's immortality would rarely allow an Egyptian to incur. The parties *not* redeeming were denied the right of interment themselves, and the privilege of giving their relatives and friends burial. In such cases the coffinless body was carefully preserved at home, *without burial;* but the de-

scendants of the deceased and *excluded* debtor might honorably bury, provided compensation was first made for the crime, (if such had been committed,) or the debt refunded. It has been conjectured, and with great probability, respecting this law, mentioned by Herodotus, (lib. ii. s. 136,) that its object was to discourage the borrowing of money; rendering it peculiarly infamous by entailing on those who practiced it a revolting traffic, and forfeiture of what the debtor was accustomed to regard as his dearest and most sacred treasure.

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ESCAPE FROM AN AUSTRIAN DUNGEON.—Felice Orsini, who for fifteen months was imprisoned in one of the Austrian dungeons in Italy, the castle of St. Giorgis, for a slight political offense, where, during the greater portion of the time, he was treated with the utmost cruelty by order of his murderous persecutors, eventually escaped, and under circumstances almost too wonderful to be true. In fact, we could scarcely credit the statement were it not authenticated by the most reliable authority. It appears that by studied conduct he succeeded in gaining the confidence of some of the jailers, and certain indulgences were gradually allowed to him. Means were contrived for opening up communication with his friends outside the walls, who supplied him with small saws, conveyed probably in the bread and other articles which he was permitted to purchase. He says:

"Having thus far paved the way, I commenced sawing through one of the bars nearest the wall. The position in which I was obliged to stand, on tip-toe on the top rail of the chair, increased the difficulty of the operation, as I was obliged to make the same movement with my feet as with my hands, in order to keep my balance. My saw was excellent; but after having used it a couple of hours or so it grew blunt, partly because I was not used to handling tools, and also from the use of water, which I adopted to prevent noise. However, in four days I had cut through the first bar; but from having used the saw without a handle, holding it at either end in my hand, it broke in two, and I then set my wits to work to make a handle for the others.

"I sawed away some wood from underneath the table, and dividing it into two portions, fastened one with wax either side the saw, only leaving sufficient of the latter to cut through the iron bar, in order to renew it with a fresh piece when the first should be worn out. Having broken and destroyed all the strings of my wearing apparel, I procured some tape, under pretense of repairing them. Waxing it well, I bound it tightly round the two pieces of wood at the end of the saw, and backward and forward from one to the other. By these means I manufactured an excellent handle, and the saw no longer bent or moved about. In order to re-close the bars after they were cut through, I made a cement of wax and burned bread-crumbs the color of the iron.

"Nevertheless my work made but slow progress. At every moment I had to stop and clean my saw, and as often to listen for any noise without. Some days I could not work at all for fear of interruption, and often I was obliged to desist on account of the terrible fatigue and the pain arising from the distention of the muscles. Often my feet and right hand were benumbed; I could scarcely write my own name. According to the position of the bars depended the difficulty of cutting through them; while working at the highest I so wounded my elbow by pressing it against the side that I could hardly lean on it alone.

"At times, despite the calmness and courage with which I nerved myself, my patience was utterly exhausted; so prostrated was my physical strength that I have sunk on the bed utterly hopeless of completing my design. Then it was that the thought of my country, of my children, returned to my aid. I must behold my little ones again—must once more combat for my fatherland! and, fired with the thought, I sprung to my chair, and labored with redoubled zeal, saying to myself, 'Onward! onward! courage!' (*Avanti! avanti! corraggio!*) each time I felt my energy flag."

In spite of the physical obstacles, and the watchful vigilance of the keepers of the prison, thirteen visits being paid to each cell every twenty-four hours, Orsini finished his sawing of the outer as well as the inner grating of the window, and also removed some bricks to enlarge the aperture. The window was above a hundred feet from the ground. A cord was made by stripping the sheets and towels which he had latterly possessed, and after several abortive attempts he made the perilous descent on the night of the 29th of March.

"When I had descended about eighty-four feet I felt my strength giving way; the tension of the muscles of the arms was too painful for endurance. I again felt about with my feet, and soon discovered a white marble cornice, which surrounded the castle; but while I strove to rest my right foot upon it, the cord slipped from between my legs, and after making vain efforts to recover it, I looked below, and fancying myself not more than six feet from the ground, I stretched out my arms, and let myself drop in such a way that my feet should first touch the ground, but that I should fall on all fours. This calculation was the work of a second; but what a time elapsed before I reached the ground I shudder now to recall! I had fallen twenty feet! There was a quantity of mud and broken pieces of brick and cement at the bottom of the fosse, and against this I struck first my knees and then my feet. The blow was tremendous. I turned round almost mechanically, and for a few moments lost all consciousness."

On recovering from the first effects of the fall, the perils of his situation were too apparent. Desperation gave ingenuity and strength, and at length he reached the last obstacle, the outer wall that surrounds the fortress. While he lay in the fosse, bruised and wounded, and unable to ascend, two peasants passing to the city helped him over the wall by letting down a cord, and generously conducted him to a place of concealment. It was a quarter to six A. M. when he was outside the wall, and at six the turnkeys entered his cell and discovered his flight! The alarm soon spread all over the town, and great efforts were made to recapture him, large rewards being offered for that purpose. He was not betrayed, however, and by the aid of a few noble friends he was safely brought beyond the reach of the cowardly Austrian authorities.

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AN ADVENTURE ON THE RIVER NIGER.—Dr. Baikie, a traveler of experience, was one of a party who went on an exploring expedition up the Rivers Kwóra and Bínue, (commonly known as the Niger and Tsádda,) in 1854. He started from Fernando Po in June of that year, with twelve Europeans and fifty-three colored men, for the mouth of the great river Pleiad, which they entered in July, passing low grounds and swampy flats at first, and soon found themselves in a regular routine of Niger or Kwóra life. The doctor passes the dwellings of the most extraordinary looking savages; takes observations as he passes along; during which monstrous alligators keep their eyes open for him, till he at length came to a flooded village, the savages of which seemed to be living after the fashion of otters. But he shall tell the story himself:

"How the interiors of the huts of these amphibious creatures were constructed, I cannot conjecture, but we saw dwellings from which, if inhabited, the natives must have dived like beavers to get outside. We pulled in speechless amazement through this city of waters, wondering greatly that human beings could exist under such conditions. We had heard of wild tribes living in caverns and among rocks, we had read of races in Hindoostan roosting in trees, of whole families in China spending their lives on rafts and in boats in their rivers and their canals; we knew, too, of Tuáriks and Shánbah roaming over vast sandy deserts, and of Eskimo burrowing in snow retreats, but never had we witnessed or even dreamed of such a spectacle as that of creatures endowed like ourselves, living by choice like a colony of beavers, or after the fashion of the hippopotami and crocodiles of the neighboring swamps. A little distance from us we espied a large tree, round the foot of which was a patch of dry land, toward which we pulled, but grounding before reaching quite to it, Mr. May and I waded to it, instruments in hand, to take observations. We were barely allowed to conclude, when nearly the entire population of the place, half wading, half swimming across a small creek, came upon us, and stared at us in wild astonishment. A hurried set of sights being taken, we carried our things back into the boat, and as we wished to get another set about three quarters of an hour after noon, we tried to amuse ourselves and to spend the intervening time as we best could. We were now able to look a little more attentively at our new friends, who in large numbers crowded round, and who, male and female, were nearly all equally destitute of a vestige of clothing. One young man understood a few words of Hánsa, and by his means we learned that this was the Dúlti of which we had heard at Djin, and that the inhabitants were of the same stock as at the other villages; but they were by far more rude, more savage, and more naked than any of the other Baíbai whom we had encountered. A canoe came near us, lying in the bottom of which was a curious large fish, of which I had just time to make a rough eye sketch, when I had to retreat to the boat, and Mr. May, who had been exploring in another direction, also returned. The behavior of these wild people now attracted our notice; the men began to draw closer around us, to exhibit their arms, and to send away the women and children. Their attentions became momentarily more and more familiar, and they plainly evidenced a desire to seize and plunder our boat.

"A sour-looking old gentleman, who was squatting on the branch of a tree, was mentioned as their king; but, if so, he made no endeavors to restrain the cupidity of his *sans culottes*. Part of a red shirt belonging to one of our Krúmen was seen peeping out from below a bag, and some advanced to lay hold of it, when suddenly my little dog, who had been lying quietly in the stern sheets, raised her head to see what was causing such a commotion. Her sudden appearance startled the Dúlti warriors, who had never seen such an animal before, so they drew back to take counsel together, making signs to me to know if she could bite, to which I replied in the affirmative. Matters were beginning to look serious; our crew, as usual, were timid, and Mr. May and I had only ourselves to depend upon in the midst of three or four hundred armed savages, who were now preparing to make a rush at us.

"There was no help for it; we had to abandon all hopes of our remaining observations, and of so fixing an exact geographical position. As at Djin, I seized a few trinkets, and handing them hastily to those nearest to us, we shoved off while the people were examining these wondrous treasures. Still anxious, if possible, to get some further observations not far removed from the spot where the former ones were taken, we pulled about among trees and bushes, but without any success. At length we shoved in among some long grass, hoping to find dry land, but after having proceeded until completely stopped by the thickness of the growth, we still found upward of a fathom of water.

"At this moment Mr. May's ear caught a voice not far behind us; so we shoved quietly back, and found a couple of canoes trying to cut off our retreat. Seeing this we paddled vigorously back, there not being room for using our oars, and the canoes did not venture to molest us. We were quickly paddling across the flooded plain, when suddenly a train of canoes in eager pursuit issued out upon us. There were ten canoes, each containing seven or eight men, and they were sufficiently close to us to allow us to see their stores of arms. Our Krúboys worked most energetically, and we went ahead at such a rate that our pursuers had complete occupation found them in paddling, and could not use their weapons. At this moment we were about a couple of hundred yards from the river, toward which we made as straight a course as possible.

"Not knowing how matters might terminate, we thought it advisable to prepare for defense, so I took our revolver to load it, but now, when it was needed, the ramrod was stiff and quite immovable. Mr. May got a little pocket pistol ready, and we had, if required, a cutlass, and a ship's musket, which the Krúmen, by this time in a desperate fright, wished to see prepared, as they kept calling out to us, 'Load de big gun! load de big gun!' Could an unconcerned spectator have witnessed the scene, he would have been struck with the amount of the ludicrous it contained. There were our Krúboys, all as pale as black men could be, the perspiration starting from every pore, exerting to the utmost their powerful muscles, while Mr. May and I were trying to look as unconcerned as possible, and to lessen the indignity of our retreat, were smiling and bowing to the Dulti people, and beckoning to them to follow us. Their light canoes were very narrow, and the people were obliged to stand upright. The blades of their paddles, instead of being of the usual lozenge shape, were oblong and rectangular, and all curved in the direction of the propelling stroke. It was almost a regatta, our gig taking and keeping the lead.

"Ahead we saw an opening in the bush, by which we hoped to make our final retreat; but we were prepared, should the boat take the ground, to jump out at once and shove her into deep water. Fortune favored us; we reached the doubtful spot, and with a single stroke of our paddles, shot into the open river. Here we knew we were comparatively safe, as if the natives tried to molest us in the clear water, all we had to do was to give their canoes the stem and so upset them; our only fear had been that of being surrounded by them while entangled among the bushes. Our pursuers apparently guessed that we had now got the advantage, as they declined following us into the river, but turning, paddled back to their watery abodes, and so ended the grand Dúlti chase."

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GROSS SUPERSTITION.—We clip the following from an English paper, and call the attention of our readers to it, believing it to be a specimen of the worst kind of heathenish superstition. Palmer, the person spoken of, was executed a few months since for poisoning a friend of his named Cook, with whom he had some betting transactions; and it was generally believed that he had dispatched no fewer than fourteen persons in this way, among whom were his own wife and brother:

"Will it be credited that thousands of people have, during the past week, crowded a certain road in the village of Melling, near Ormskirk, to inspect a sycamore-tree which has burst its bark, and the sap protrudes in a shape resembling a man's head? Rumor spread abroad that it was the reappearance of Palmer, who 'had come again, because he was buried without a coffin!' Some inns in the neighborhood of this singular tree reaped a rich harvest."

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HUMAN LEATHER FOR BOOK BINDING. — A portion of the skin of a murderer, named Smith, who was executed at Newcastle-on-Tyne, December 3, 1817, underwent the process of tanning, and a piece of it was sold so recently as May, 1855. This occurred at the sale of a part of the library of a well-known collector, in London. In the catalogue of the sale the lot is thus described:

"Lot 10. A most curious and unique Book, being the particulars of the Trial and Execution of Charles Smith, who was hanged at Newcastle for Murder, containing a piece of his skin tanned into leather for the purpose."

The tanned skin of a man's arm was exhibited in Preston, England, by a gentleman named Howitt, in a temporary museum got up for a charitable purpose in the year 1840. It

was the color of a new saddle, and much resembled the "basil" so much used in leather work; and at the public library at Bury St. Edmunds is exhibited a book bound in a tanned piece of the skin of Corder, the murderer.

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PERSIAN CEREMONIAL OF WELCOME.—Lady Shiel says:

"On approaching a village, an unfortunate cow in the midst of the crowd, close to the roadside, was held down by the head and feet; when we came within a yard or so of the miserable animal, a man brandished a large knife, with which he instantly, before there was time for interference, severed its head from its body. He then ran across our road with the head, allowing the blood to flow on our path in torrents; and we passed on, to encounter a repetition of the same cruel rites performed on various sheep. This ceremony was called *korban*, or sacrifice; these poor creatures having been immolated in order that all the misfortunes, evils, and disasters which might overtake us, should fall on them; and fall on them assuredly they did."

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BOUTS RIMES.—"Bouts Rimes," or "ends of rhyme," afford considerable amusement. Their history is as follows: One Dulot, a French poet, had a custom of preparing the rhymes of sonnets, leaving them to be filled up at leisure. Having been robbed of his papers, he was regretting the loss of three hundred sonnets. His friends were astonished that he had written so many of which they had never heard. "They were blank sonnets," said he, and then explained the mystery by describing his "Bouts Rimes." The idea appeared ridiculously amusing, and it soon became a fashionable pastime to collect some of the most difficult rhymes, and fill up the lines. We give an example:

"Nettle, pains, mettle, remains,
Natures, rebel, graters, well."

You have now to fill up the rhymes, as, for instance:

"Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures;
Use them kindly they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well."

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ANTIQUITY OF TOBACCO.—According to the *Chronicle* of the Quiché tribes of Guatemala, when Jepeu, the Creator, began the creation of living animals, after an unsuccessful attempt to make the animals bow to the deities, they were destroyed; *wooden men* were tried with no better success, and also destroyed. Various other attempts at creation were made, but always unsuccessfully. The *Chronicle* says:

"The destruction of several 'Criadores,' arrogantly mutinying against the sun and moon, though, properly speaking, neither of the two was in existence, is narrated at some length. The destruction planned for these demi-gods is of various kinds. Two of them are enticed into the infernal regions, *where they are treated with cigars* by the Princes of Hell, (senores del inferno.) At all events, the smoking of tobacco must be a very old invention, if the Central Americans considered it to have been indulged in at the time of the creation of man."

The Quiché, we learn, migrated to Guatemala, and founded their state about the twelfth century; if they came from Mexico, it is likely this legend came thence. The holy city of Tula, in Mexico, was founded 558 A. D. If this is the farthest point back ascertainable, then we may suppose that at the beginning of the Christian era the custom of smoking tobacco, and using it in the shape of the cigar, was common, and had been perhaps known and used time immemorial. If this be too great an assumption, at the building of Mexico in 1141 A. D., this was true; and it certainly was so in 1200 A. D., when the Quiché founded their empire. In any case, *this*, even the last date, is the farthest back-period to which this custom can be traced as yet. Mr. Trübren says of the *Chronicle*, that the legends are the work of Indian priests; and are, upon the whole, to be looked upon as genuine. If the mixture of astronomy with the Brahminical religion, and of the compass with that of China, be considered the most undeniable proofs of the very remote period at which the study of astronomy was first begun in India, and of that at which the polarity of the magnetic needle was first discovered in China, the existence of this tobacco-legend in the sacred books of the Central American Indians must impress on us the very remote period at which this "Indian weed" was first gathered and consumed by the American tribes.

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HOW TO WRITE AN AGREEABLE STYLE.—Dryden found himself one day after dinner in company with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Rochester, and Lord Dorset. The conversation turned upon the English language, on the harmony of numbers, and the elegances of style, which merits each of the three lords believed himself to possess in the highest degree. After a good deal of disputing, it was determined to refer the matter to Dryden. The proof was to consist in each writing an article on the first subject that presented itself, and the pieces of paper having been placed under the candlestick, Dryden was to draw them out and determine which was the best. The three lords set to work, and while Rochester and Buckingham were exerting their brains to invent some sparkling epigram or happy turn of thought, Dorset was observed to write a few lines carelessly, and without the least hesitation. Dryden having examined the papers, gave his judgment. "Gentlemen," said he to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Rochester, "your style is excellent, and has pleased me extremely, but I am perfectly delighted with that of Lord Dorset. I leave you to judge; listen." Dryden read:

"On the 1st of next May, I will pay to John Dryden, or order, the sum of five hundred pounds sterling, value received. 15th April, 1686.

(*Signed.*) DORSET."

Lord Rochester and the Duke of Buckingham confessed that they could not write like that, and that Lord Dorset's style was the best they had ever heard of.

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A FOUNTAIN OF FIRE.—Put fifteen grains of finely granulated zinc and six grains of phosphorus, cut into small pieces, under water, in a conical wine glass. Mix in another glass a drachm by measure of sulphuric acid, with

two drachms of water. Then take the two glasses into a dark room, and there pour the diluted acid over the zinc and phosphorus in the other glass. In a short time beautiful jets of bluish flame will dart from the surface of the liquid, the mixture will become quite luminous, and a column of beautiful luminous smoke will rise from the glass. This experiment is a splendid one, and very easily performed.

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ENVY.—The boy upon foot cannot bear to see the boy who is riding. And so it is with envy of a larger growth. We are always crying out, "Whip behind!" in the miserable hope of seeing some hanger on more fortunate than ourselves, knocked off his perch.

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THE FRENCH PEOPLE.—M. De Tocqueville, in his recent great work "On the State of Society in France before the Revolution of 1789," comes to the general conclusions that many modern institutions of France, commonly considered as dating from the Revolution, had a much older existence; that the practical executive machinery of the government of Louis XVI. was very different from the ostensible one; that the burden of the people had been considerably lightened before the meeting of the States General; and that the outbreak of 1789 was preceded, as that of 1639 was in England, by several years of unusual plenty and prosperity—as the smooth flow of the rapid leads to the uproar and crash of the cataract. M. de Tocqueville supports the prevalent and popular ideas as to the real object of the Revolution, and in spite of Voltaire and the economists, asserts that the frenzied attacks that were made upon the Church were in the main directed against the political institution, and not against the doctrines of Christianity. However much, as Americans, we may differ from him on this point, we cannot but coincide with him in the following characteristic passage, which contains a deliberate judgment on the character of the French nation:

"When I consider this nation in itself it strikes me as more extraordinary than any event in its own annals. Was there ever any nation on the face of the earth so full of contrasts and so extreme in all its actions; more swayed by sensations, less by principles; led, therefore, always to do either worse or better than was expected of it, sometimes below the common level of humanity, sometimes greatly above it; a people so unalterable in its leading instincts that its likeness may still be recognized in descriptions written two or three thousand years ago, but at the same time so mutable in its daily thoughts and in its tastes as to become a spectacle and an amazement to itself, and to be as much surprised as the rest of the world at the sight of what it has done; a people beyond all others the child of home and the slave of habit, when left to itself, but when once torn against its will from the native hearth and from its daily pursuits, ready to go to the end of the world and to dare all things; indocile by temperament, yet accepting the arbitrary and even the violent rule of a sovereign more readily than the free and regular government of the chief citizen; to-day the declared enemy of all obedience, to-morrow serving with a sort of passion which the nations best adapted for servitude cannot attain; guided by a thread as long as no one resists, ungovernable when the example of resistance has once been given; always deceiving its masters, who fear it either too little or too much; never so free that it is hopeless to enslave it, or so enslaved that it may not break the yoke again; apt for all things, but excelling only in war; adoring chance, force, success, splendor, and noise, more than true glory; more capable of heroism than of virtue, of genius than of good sense, ready to conceive immense designs rather than to consummate great undertakings; the most brilliant and the most dangerous of the nations of Europe, and that best fitted to become by turns an object of admiration, of hatred, of pity, of terror, but never of indifference!

"Such a nation could alone give birth to a revolution so sudden, so radical, so impetuous in its course, and yet so full of reactions, of contradictory incidents, and of contrary examples. Without the reasons I have related the French would never have made the Revolution; but it must be confessed that all these reasons united would not have sufficed to account for such a revolution anywhere else but in France."

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PUNCTUATION.—A country schoolmaster, who found it rather difficult to make his pupils observe the difference, in reading, between a comma and a full point, adopted a plan of his own, which, he flattered himself, would make them proficients in the art of punctuation; thus, in reading, when they came to a comma, they were to say *tick*, and read on, to a colon or semicolon, *tick, tick;* and when a full point, *tick, tick, tick.* Now, it so happened, the worthy dominie received notice that the parish minister was to pay a visit of examination to his school; and, as he was desirous that his pupils should show to the best advantage, he gave them an extra drill the day before the examination. "Now," said he, addressing his pupils, "when you read before the minister to-morrow, you leave out the *ticks*, though you must think of them as you go along, for the sake of elocution." So far so good. Next day came, and with it the minister, ushered into the school-room by the dominie, who, with smiles and bows, hoped that the training of the scholars would meet his approval. Now it so happened that the first boy called up by the minister had been absent the preceding day, and, in the hurry, the master had forgotten to give him instructions how to act. The minister asked the boy to read a chapter in the Old Testament, which he pointed out. The boy complied; and, in his best accent, he began to read, "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, *tick*, Speak unto the children of Israel, *tick*, saying, *tick*, and thus shalt thou say unto them, *tick, tick, tick.*" This unfortunate sally, in his own style, acted like a shower-bath on the poor dominie, while the minister and his friends almost died of laughter.

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COLOR OF PAPER FOR READING AND WRITING.—Many afflicted with weak eyes suppose that writing on white paper strains the eyes more than paper of a green or blue color. They also suppose that books printed with black ink on a white ground are more difficult to read than if the paper were colored green or a light blue. This notion is a mistaken one. Chevreal, in his great work on color, states that black and white contrasted, as black letter on a white ground, are the most favorable to distinct vision. He says: "Black letters on a white ground present the maximum of contrast of tone, and reading is made in a perfectly distinct manner, without fatigue, by suffused daylight." Gray tinted paper is the most unfavorable to distinct vision for printing on. Next to white paper, on which to print

black characters, light yellow and light green are the best colors for distinct vision; the green paper is better than the yellow for reading by candlelight, but the latter is the best for reading by day.

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THOUGHTS ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.—How simple the announcement, such a person was born at such a day and such an hour; and yet how significant and solemn the statement! What comparison between the birth of a sun—a vast mass of mere light, heat, and perishable matter—and the birth of a being who can weigh, measure, love, laugh at, adore, or despise that orb—kiss his hand and worship, or cry, "Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams!" and who is to survive the proud luminary, and to return one day the smile shed by the Day-star on his death-bed and grave, and shall see *him* snatched from his sphere while holding on his own immortal journey! What a key-note is struck when the tidings are told, "Behold, there is a man-child brought forth"—a key-note which is to ring and reverberate through eternal ages! This thought is very seldom in men's minds, when they hear of or witness a birth. They see only the poor paltry threescore and ten years of mortal life that are to follow, and not the awful roll of cycles of innumerable centuries! Perhaps men never feel less, or are less certain of the immortality of the soul, than when they watch the puny creature as it enters the stage, "wawling" and shrinking from the chill air of an inhospitable world. "*That* child live forever? that poor shrunken worm become a winged angel?" Besides, the fact of birth is so common, that to many it loses all its charms, and all its poetic interest. While parents, in general, think too much of their offspring, and act and speak as if they were the creators of the spirits as well as the begetters of the bodies of their children; and, to use the quaint language of a friend long since dead, dress up their young sinners, and bring them to be baptized, as if they were newly-arrived angels, many people go to the other extreme, and are apt to pooh the baby, and to wonder what parents see about their brats, and why *they* should be expected to kiss and fondle them. To me a child has always had a deeper significance; and I have always regarded it with a warmer interest; not, indeed, looking on it as an angel, but as a candidate for a life higher than the angelic, or for one lower than the demoniac—a drop of dew, destined either to be exhaled by the sun of heaven, or to be mixed with that miry stream which flows through this world down to the chambers of death; and have felt this thought invest a cradle with greater grandeur and an interest far more thrilling and profound, than, I candidly repeat it, had I seen a sun struggling up through chaos and fire-mist toward its finished and orbed magnificence.

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ELOQUENCE.—When the moon shines brightly, we are apt to say, "How beautiful is this *moonlight!*" but in the daytime, "How beautiful are the trees, the fields, the mountains!" and, in short, all *objects* that are illuminated: we never speak of the sun that makes them so. Just so, the really greatest orator shines like the sun, making you think much of the *things* he is speaking of; the second-best shines like the moon, making you think much of *him* and his *eloquence*.

SMALL CHANGE.

FIN FIDGETS.—Follow the Following Felicitous Flight of Fancy:

"A Famous Fish-Factor Found himself Father of Five Fine Flirting Females—Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and Fenella. The First Four were Flat-Featured, Ill-Favored, Forbidding-Faced, Freckled Frumps, Fretful, Flippant, Foolish, and Flaunting. Fenella was a Fine-Featured, Fresh, Fleet-Footed Fairy, Frank, Free, and Full of Fun. The Fisher Failed, and was Forced by Fickle Fortune to Forego his Footman, Forfeit his Forefather's Fine Fields, Find a Forlorn Farmhouse in a Forsaken Forest. The Four Fretful Females, Fond of Figuring at Feasts in Feathers and Fashionable Finery, Fumed at their Fugitive Father. Forsaken by Fullsome, Flattering Fortune-hunters, who Followed them when Fish Flourished, Fenella Fondled her Father, Flavored their Food, Forgot her Flattering Followers, and Frolicked in Frieze without Flounces. The Father, Finding himself Forced to Forage in Foreign parts For a Fortune, Found he could afford a Fairing to his Five Fondlings. The First Four were Fain to Foster their Frivolity with Fine Frills and Fans, Fit to Finish their Father's Finances; Fenella, Fearful of Flooring him, Formed a Fancy For a Full Fresh Flower. Fate Favored the Fish-Factor For a Few days, when he Fell in with a Fog, his Faithful *Filley's* Footsteps Faltered, and Food Failed. He Found himself in Front of a Fortified Fortress. Finding it Forsaken, and Feeling himself Feeble and Forlorn with Fasting, he Fed on the Fish, Flesh, and Fowl he Found, Fricasseed and Fried, and when Full, Fell Flat on the Floor. Fresh in the Forenoon, he Forthwith Flew to the Fruitful Fields, and not Forgetting Fenella, he Filched a Fair Flower: when a Foul, Frightful, Fiendish Figure, Flashed Forth, 'Felonious Fellow, Fingering my Flower, I'll Finish you! Go, say Farewell to your Fine, Felicitous Family, and Face me in a Fortnight!' The Faint-hearted Fisher Fumed and Faltered, and Fast was Far in his Flight. His Five Daughters Flew to Fall at his Feet, and Fervently Felicitate him. Frantically and Fluently he unfolded his Fate. Fenella, Forthwith Fortified by Filial Fondness, Followed her Father's Footsteps, and Flung her Faultless Form at the Foot of the Frightful Figure, who Forgave the Father, and Fell Flat on his Face, For he had Fervently Fallen in a Fiery Fit of love For the Fair Fenella. He Feasted and Fostered her till, Fascinated by his Faithfulness, she Forgot the Ferocity of his Face, Form, and Feature, and Frankly and Fondly Fixed Friday, Fifth of February, For the affair to come off. There were present at the wedding, Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and the Fisher. There were Festivity, Fragrance, Finery, Fireworks, Fricasseed Frogs, Fritters, Fish, Flesh, Fowl, and Furmety, Frontignac, Flip, and Fare Fit For the Fastidious; Fruit, Fuss, Flambeaux, Four Fat Fiddlers and Fifers; and the Frightful Form of the Fortunate and Frumpish Fiend Fell From him, and he Fell at Fenella's Feet a Fair-Favored, Fine, Frank, Freeman of the Forest. Behold the Fruits of Filial affection."

Thus, also, with the same letter, the inveterate Hood plays off his almost interminable jokes upon the poor dramatist:

"All Fume and Fret,
Fuss, Fidget, Fancy, Fever, Funking, Fright,
Ferment, Fault-Fearing, Faintness—more F's yet:
Flush'd, Frigid, Flurried, Flinching, Fitful, Flat,
Add Famish'd, Fuddled, and Fatigued to that."

—

A SWIMMING STORY.—The following story about "Bob Crandell's" swimming is pronounced by "Bob" himself to be a fact:

"Bob Crandell visited England last summer. While stopping in the metropolis, he happened to drop into a coffee-house, where a lot of cockneys were speaking about the swimming powers of different individuals.

One gentleman said his friend William could swim five miles in forty minutes. Another allowed that Tibbets could do more than this. Just here, Bob asked if he might 'offer a remark.' 'Yes, certainly,' replied they. On this being decided, Bob opened: 'Your friend Tibbets is some swimmer, gentlemen, but his performance would be considered nothing in America. On the Mississippi men swim with such rapidity that they go ahead and pilot steamboats.' 'Nonsense.' 'No nonsense at all. To show that I am not joking in this matter, I'm willing to make a bet with any person who will take me up.' 'What is it?' 'That I can outswim any man in England, and give him an hour's start.' 'For what sum, sir?' 'Anything—from fifty pounds to a California gold mine.' 'We'll take that bet, sir, and stake a hundred pounds that you can't beat Mr. Mullins, and give him that start.' 'Very good; I will take the bet, gents, and here's twenty sovereigns to bind the bargain.' 'When will the swim come off?' 'Now—this instant.' 'That's preposterous; the day is too far spent.' 'Day? Why, my dear sir, I intend to swim a whole week. In the United States it is considered nothing to swim that length of time.' 'Possible?' 'Yes, sir. Harry Slocum, of New Orleans, once swam from Charleston to Cuba. But this is wasting time. Let us proceed to business.' 'Where do you wish to start from?' 'Land's End.' 'Why there?' 'I intend to swim around the island, and want lots of sea-room.' The idea of swimming around Great Britain was something that cockneydom never heard of. 'Such a pull would kill a 'orse,' said Mullins, but Bob was used to such things. Mullins persisted, however, in his refusal to undertake anything so absurd; in consequence of which, Mullins's friends had to come out with a forfeit. During the remainder of Bob's stay in England, he was looked upon as 'the 'Merican prodigy—the man who talked of swimming from Lunnun to Nova Scotia.'"

—

A TEMPTING OFFER.—An advertisement which appeared in one of the daily papers, a short time since, ran thus:

"Stolen, a watch, worth a hundred dollars. If the thief will return it, he shall be informed where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

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CONFUSION OF METAPHORS.—A certain minister, after returning thanks in prayer for the "spark of grace" vouchsafed to his congregation, with fervent confusion of metaphor entreated Heaven "to be pleased to water that spark."

—

TO A BABELET.—A lady, many years beyond her "teens," and who, although she is not as particular as most maidens of forty, yet has a decided objection to hear babies cry, having heard an urchin, who was undergoing the *weaning process*, exercise his lungs in the most vigorous manner, addressed to the *squaller* the following sonnet:

"O babelet, why that tearlet,
A gleaming in thy eyelet,
Thy heartlet—babelet—dearlet,
Should never know a sighlet,
A smilet on thy liplet
Should glisten, little lovelet,
Of Joy's cup take a siplet,
Don't cry, my pretty dovelet."

—

SAREY IS BITT.—The following bug letter was actually written by the mother of a boarding-school miss, to her mistress, on the occasion of her complaints that she was bitten by those insects, of whose habits a writer treated so learnedly a short time since in the pages of THE NATIONAL:

"HONRED MADDAM:—As I have a good edication myself, I am greeved for to see in what manor witch our Sarey is bitt by the buggs. And it is my witch for she to slepe in the bed she always do, and not for to go to sleep all around the beds in the house, for to bite all the buggs in the country, Honred Maddam: witch is not rite, as you must no, nether oft she to be witched so to do. And so no more at present from,

"Honred Maddam, your humble servant,

"October 8. — S. GRIBBEL."

HAMS.—Here's something savory, which may particularly interest hotel-keepers:

"On one occasion a German, residing in the country, came into Buffalo with hams to sell. Among the rest, he sold a dozen or two to a German hotel-keeper, who afterward, in demonstrating the acuteness of his countrymen over the Yankee, said: 'You may talk pout your Yankees scheeting, but a Dutchman scheeted me much petter, as a Yankee never vas. He prings me some hams—dey vas canvass nice, so petter as you never see. I buy one, two dozen, all so nice—and if you believe—de scheet was so magnificent that I eat six, seven, eight of dem hams, before I found out dey vas made of wood!"

—

THE TOLEDO COMMERCIAL has a friend whose acquaintances call him Solomon, partly because Solomon was a very good man, and partly because his name was Solomon. "Yer see," said the gallant Solomon, "I was out in the woods one day, and I stepped on something which rattled! I looked down and saw my foot was on a tremenjious big rattle-snake. And," said Mr. Solomon, in a bold voice, "*if yer ever seed a scared critter, 'twas that ere rattle-snake.*"

—

Here's a neat little thing which we find floating about under the head of "A Tête-a-tête with the Milkmaid:"

"Becky, see the sunset glowing,
O'er the fields a radiance throwing,
Golden, pure, and steady;
O, its beams illume our spirit,
(That's our cow-bell—don't you hear it?
Get the milk pans ready!)

"Yes, dear Sally, look and listen!
How the dew begins to glisten—
Hark! the night-bird's sonnet!
What a balmy breeze is blowing!
(Head the brindle-cow—she's going—
Run—I'll hold your bonnet!)

"Becky, does the twilight hour,
By its bland and soothing power,
With sweet musings fill you?
Peace hangs round us like a mantle—
(Soh! now, Sukey, come, be gentle!
Stop that kicking, will you?)

"With music earth is overflowing—
There, the hungry calves are lowing!
(How those tins do rattle!)
But I fain would wander, Sally,
To some green and quiet valley,
Minus horned cattle.

"Becky! life's a fleeting hour;
Joy brings grief—e'en cream will sour—
Yet 'tis vain complaining;
Mortals now get milk and honey
Only by hard work and money!
(Set the pans for straining!)

—

CANDID.—An editor out West exhibited the other day an astonishing instance of absent-mindedness, by copying from an exchange one of his own articles, and heading it, "Wretched attempt at wit."

—

A RARE ANIMAL.—"This animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again, making in all twenty-eight feet. He cries in the woods in the night season like a human being in distress, and then devours all that come to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature."

OVERBOARD.—The editor of a paper in Schenectady, in describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says that when the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whisky rolled overboard.

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PEDANTIC.—A dabbler in literature and the fine arts, who prided himself on his language, came upon a youngster a few days since, sitting upon the bank of a river, angling for gudgeons, and thus addressed him:

"Adolescence, art thou not endeavoring to entice the finny tribe to ingulph into their denticulated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurement?"

—

"HOW DID YOU LIKE MY SERMON?" asked a young licentiate of one of his hearers, who at first declined to give a direct answer to the question. Being urged, however, he replied:

"O! the sermon was very well, what there was of it."

"How, how," asked the preacher rapidly, "wasn't there enough of it?"

"Well—yes," replied the other. "There was enough of it—such as it was."

THE DUKE'S NOSE.

"'Pray, why does great Wellington's nose
Resemble Venice?' Duncombe cries.
'Why,' quoth Sam Rogers, 'I suppose
Because it has a Bridge of size (Sighs).'"

By the way, talking of nasal protuberances, how expressive is the poet's address

TO HIS NOSE.

"Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey! the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
Which my nose knows?
O, nose! I am as fond of thee
As any mountain of its snows!
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
A Roman knows!"

—

The following is an epitaph on the death of a young lady engaged to be married:

"The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding-dress provided;
But ere the wedding day arrived
She sickened and she die did."

In a similar strain sings the sighing swain:

"I light my segar, and when the smoke rises
Up to my eyeses,
I think of my true love,
And then I sighses!"

Recent Publications.

Religion in America; or, an Account of the Origin, Relation to the State, and Present Condition of the Evangelical Churches in the United States, with Notices of the Unevangelical Denominations. By Robert Baird. This is a new and enlarged edition of a work published originally in Edinburgh in 1843. It was translated, soon after its appearance, into the German, French, Swedish, and Dutch languages. It has been almost entirely rewritten, and now presents a very complete abstract of the statistics, ecclesiastical polity, and distinguishing peculiarities of the various religious denominations in the United States. The information contained in its pages will be, of course, more important in Europe, but as a book of reference it is not without its value in this country.

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The Life of George Washington, by J. T. Headley, is made up of a series of articles, written for Graham's Magazine, and now collected into a well-printed and copiously-illustrated volume. Mr. Headley's style is florid, occasionally to excess; but the main incidents in the career of Washington, more especially the various battles in which he was engaged, are described with dramatic skill. The author has had access, he tells us, to papers and documents which escaped the notice of previous biographers, and his volume will be quite acceptable to the general reader.

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The Fourth Annual Report of the New-York Young Men's Christian Association is a document of more than usual interest, and we take pleasure in laying before our readers a brief abstract of its contents, with a statement of the object and aims of the society, prepared for these pages by an active member of the association. It was organized on the 28th of May, 1852, with a membership of one hundred and seventy-three. In the preamble to the Constitution the founders declare themselves "actuated by a desire to promote evangelical religion among the young men of this city [New-York] and its vicinity, and impressed with the importance of concentrated efforts to aid in accomplishing that object, and desirous of forming an association in which they might together labor for the great end proposed." The object of the organization is "the improvement of the spiritual, mental, and social condition of young men."

There are five kinds of members: Active, Associate, Counseling, Life, and Honorary. Any man under forty years of age, who is a member, in good standing, of an evangelical Church, may become an active member by the payment, in advance, of two dollars annually. Active members only have the right to vote and hold office. Any man of good moral character may become an associate member by paying the same amount as an active member. Members of evangelical Churches in good standing, who by reason of age are excluded from active membership, may be elected counseling members on payment of five dollars annually in advance; or life members, by paying twenty dollars at one time. The present membership of the association is distributed as follows: Honorary, 12; Life, 116; Counseling, 8; Associate, 201; Active, 520. Total, 857.

It is the duty of the members of this asso-

ciation "to seek out young men taking up their residence in New-York and its vicinity, and endeavor to bring them under moral and religious influence by aiding them in the selection of suitable boarding places and employment, by introducing them to the members and privileges of the association, by securing their attendance at some place of worship on the Sabbath, and by every means in their power surrounding them with Christian associates." It is still further their duty "to exert themselves to interest the Churches to which they respectively belong in the object and welfare of the association, and labor to induce all suitable young men of their acquaintance to connect themselves with the association."

In the Board of Directors, six evangelical Churches are equally represented, namely, the Baptist, Congregational, Dutch Reformed, Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian. The same is the case with the Standing Committees of the association, which are as follow: On the Sick; on Churches; on Employment; on Boarding-houses. These committees are expected to report at the regular meetings of the association, which are held on the fourth Monday evening of each month, in the chapel of the New-York University.

The association "provides for the delivery of public lectures and sermons upon subjects adapted to the spiritual and mental improvement of young men, and also suitable essays or reviews, to be read at the monthly meetings."

The association at present occupies the north-eastern angle of the University building, known as No. 32 Waverley Place. The rooms are open daily (Sundays excepted) from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. "The library numbers 1,887 volumes; and the reading-room is supplied with periodicals and journals, both religious and secular, from all parts of the Union as well as Great Britain."

From October to June, the association has a Bible-class, under the direction of Professor Howard Crosby, every Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock; and a devotional meeting every Wednesday evening, at 8½ o'clock. These meetings are held in the reading-room, and are occasions of great spiritual profit.

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It was a happy thought of the Methodist Tract Society to publish a *Social Hymn Book*, which is just issued by Messrs. Carlton & Porter, in handsome style, and at a low price. The compilation was made by the Rev. Stephen Parks, and the volume is thus happily introduced by Dr. J. T. Peck, under whose editorial supervision it has passed through the press:

"Every Church needs a social hymn book. Standard collections of sacred hymns, for public worship, must be adjusted to a stern and elevated literary taste. They contain, of course, excellent devotional hymns, and can never be superseded; but there is a demand universally felt for something additional, which, in simplicity and freeness, shall speak out the religious sentiment of all classes, without responding to a severe and exacting criticism.

"Methodism sings in its heart. The spirit-harmonies of a free and a full salvation would make hymns and tunes if there were none. The outgushing joys of the inner life express themselves in the simple, familiar strains of native melody, and though they do not reject the highest styles of correctness and elegance, they give paramount influence to pathos and spiritual power.

"To meet this demand, and perhaps to take advantage of it, individuals have published numerous social hymn books for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but they have generally given currency to a light and irreverent style of singing, tending to vitiate the taste, and dissipate rather than inspire true devotion.

"We have therefore deemed a choice selection of social hymns, avoiding the extremes of a severe literary standard, and of undue levity, but giving free utterance to the feelings of a living evangelical piety, a desideratum in our Church; and we believe it well supplied in this beautiful hymn book, compiled by a brother of good taste, and sent out under the auspices of the Tract Society."

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"*The Modern Whitefield.*" *The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, his Sermons, with an Introduction and Sketch of his Life.* By E. L. Magoon. We have met with nothing recently so utterly repugnant to good taste as Mr. Magoon's introduction to these sermons. It is a specimen of unmitigated balderdash. Thus he introduces the volume:

"In perusing the present volume of Sermons, the reader will nowhere find their author rising in a chilling fog of lugubrious cant, or simpering out inane formalism after the following mode: 'Dearly beloved brethren, and my esteemed and respected friends: Permit me to invite your serious and solemn attention to that portion of celestial truth which you will find recorded in the one hundred and seventy-seventh verse of the sixty-ninth chapter of Saint Ichabod's sixteenth epistle to the Simpletons.'"

Of Mr. Spurgeon's earlier days, and his lack of literary advantages, Mr. Magoon says:

"He was no pet of indulgent fortune, familiarized with golden spoons, and fondled in the lap of effeminate ease. Nor was he cautiously secluded in the hot-house of supercilious pedantry, to eat and sleep out a regular course of *hic, hæc, hoc*, with the plus excellence of sines and cosines, under the auspices of some erudite ignoramus, whose potency for turning the world upside down himself, and whose aptness to teach others how such work is done, consists mainly in a diminutive quantity of antique roots in a perfumed head, a pair of green spectacles on a pimpled nose, and two lily hands buried near dyspeptic bowels. . . . Such an alumnus, we think, graduates with pretty high honors, and goes forth to his life-battle limited to the efficacy of no puny pocket-pistol of one barrel, loaded and discharged only by routine, and of too small a caliber to either kick or hit hard. Turks inscribe the choicest sentences of the Koran upon their swords, that the most important maxims of their religion may be illustrated in the closest alliance with effective blows. What right have you to boast of your sheepskin diploma, and claim precedence in the ranks of honor on account of college privileges, if your parent or patron, who paid dearly for the same, can say of the result only as Aaron once lamented with vain regret: 'I cast gold into the fire, and there came out this calf?' All honor to the generous founders and accomplished teachers of colleges; but let no one, in or out of them, claim respect any further than, with his own brains and heart, he proves himself to be respectable. How much *can do* stands in your boots? If any, go ahead; but if none, then shut up."

That will do for Mr. Magoon. In the sermons themselves the reader will look in vain for the reasons of this young preacher's wonderful popularity. His discourses are not remarkable for felicitous arrangement, nor for elegance of language, nor for pungent application. He is, indeed, occasionally quaint in his expressions; uses strong language; quotes a great deal of poetry, mostly stanzas from well-known hymns; and now and then tells an old anecdote or relates a startling incident. Here are his divisions of a sermon on the text, "I have written to him the great things of my law, but they were accounted as a strange thing," (Hosea viii, 12):

I. Who is the author of the Bible? *I have written.*
II. The subjects of the Bible? *The great things of God's law.*
III. Its common treatment? *A strange thing.*

The words of the text, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," are thus elaborated:

I. An invitation given. Come.
1. Because it is the tomb of your best friend.
2. Because angels bid you.
3. For it is a pure and healthy place.
4. Because it is a quiet spot.

II. Attention requested.
1. It is a costly tomb.
2. It is an honored one.
3. One wherein no other man had ever lain.

III. Emotion excited.
1. Emotions of deep sorrow.
2. Of joy and gladness.
3. Of solemn awe.

IV. Instruction imparted.
1. Of Christ's Divinity.
2. Of thine own acquittal.
3. The doctrine of the resurrection.

As a fair specimen of the preacher's style take the conclusion of his sermon on the Church of Christ:

"Is there not something you can do? It is all very well to talk about what you have done; but what are you doing now? I know what it is with some of you; you shined brightly once, but your candle has not been snuffed lately, and so it does not shine so well. May God take away some of the worldly cares and snuff the candles a little! You know there were snuffers and snuffer-trays provided in the temple for all the candles, but no extinguishers; and if there should be a poor candle here this morning, with a terrific snuff, that has not given a light for a long while, you will have no extinguisher from me, but I hope you will always have a snuffing. I thought the first time when I came to the lamps this morning it would be to snuff them. That has been the intention of my sermon—to snuff you a little—to set you to work for Jesus Christ. O Zion, shake thyself from the dust! O Christian, raise thyself from thy slumbers! Warrior, put on thy armor! Soldier, grasp thy sword! The Captain sounds the alarm of war. O sluggard! why sleepest thou? O heir of heaven, has not Jesus done so much for thee, that thou shouldst live to him? O beloved brethren, purchased with redeeming mercies, girt about with loving-kindness and with tenderness,

'Now for a shout of sacred joy,'

and after that, to the battle! The little seed has grown to this: who knoweth what it shall be? Only let us together strive, without variance. Let us labor for Jesus. Never did men have so fair an opportunity, for the last hundred years. 'There is a time that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' Shall you take it at the flood? Over the bar, at the harbor's mouth! O ship of heaven, let thy sails be out; let not thy canvas be furled; and the wind will blow us across the seas of difficulty that lie before us. O! that the latter day might have its dawning even in this despised habitation! O my God! from this place cause the first wave to spring, which shall move another, and then another, till the last great wave shall sweep over the sands of time, and dash against the rocks of eternity, echoing as it falls, Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

We can imagine this to have been far more effective in the delivery than it can be, by any possibility, in the perusal. Indeed, there can be no doubt that much of Mr. Spurgeon's popularity depends upon his elocution—the tones of his voice, his gestures, his juvenile appearance, and his manifest earnestness. Immense multitudes throng to hear him whenever he preaches, and sinners are awakened under every sermon. He tells us that he has "ascertained upward of twenty cases of conversion as the result of one discourse, to say nothing of those instances of a saving change wrought on his hearers, which will be unknown, until the world to come has made its important and unexpected revelation." We must give a specimen or two of his appeals to sinners. Here is one from a sermon on Christ crucified:

"Know thou this, moreover, O man, that one day, in the halls of Satan, down in hell, I perhaps may see thee among those myriad spirits who revolve forever in a perpetual circle with their hands upon their hearts. If thine hand be transparent, and thy flesh transparent, I shall look through thy hand and flesh, and see thy heart within. And how shall I see it? Set in a case of fire—in a case of fire! And there thou shalt revolve forever with the worm gnawing within thy heart, which ne'er shall die—a case of fire around thy never-dying, ever-tortured heart. Good God! let not these men still reject and despise Christ; but let this be the time when they shall be called."

Here is the conclusion of a discourse entitled "Thoughts on the last battle." The appeal to Gabriel is not original, but was, in the delivery, no doubt startling:

"As the Lord liveth, sinner, thou standest on a single plank over the mouth of hell, and that plank is rotten. Thou hangest over the pit by a solitary rope, and the strands of that rope are breaking. Thou art like that man of old, whom Dionysius placed at the head of the table; before him was a dainty feast, but the man ate not, for directly over his head was a sword suspended by a hair. So art thou, sinner. Let thy cup be full, let thy pleasures be high, let thy soul be elevated, seest thou that sword? The next time thou sittest in the theater, look up and see that sword; the next time thou art in a tavern, look at that sword; when next in thy business thou scornest the rules of God's Gospel, look at that sword. Though thou seest it not, it is there. Even now, ye may hear God saying to Gabriel, 'Gabriel, that man is sitting in his seat in the hall; he is hearing, but it is as though he heard not; unsheathe thy blade; let the glittering sword cut through that hair; let the weapon fall upon him, and divide his soul and body.' *Stop, thou Gabriel, stop!* Save the man a little while. Give him yet an hour, that he may repent. O, let him not die. True, he has been here these ten or a dozen of nights, and he has listened without a tear; but stop, and peradventure he may repent yet. Jesus backs up my entreaty, and he cries, 'Spare him yet another year, till I dig about him and dung him, and though he now cumbers the ground, he may yet bring forth fruit, that he may not be hewn down and cast into the fire.' I thank thee, O God; thou wilt not cut him down to-night; but to-morrow may be his last day. Ye may never see the sun rise, though you have seen it set. Take heed. Hear the word of God's Gospel, and depart with God's blessing. 'Whosoever believeth on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved.' 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' 'He is able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto him.' 'Whosoever cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out.' Let every one that heareth say, 'Come; whosoever is athirst, let him come and take of the water of life freely.'"

Mr. Spurgeon is a Baptist, and rather hyper-Calvinistic in his doctrinal peculiarities. He proclaims them with all frankness, but is not, we think, always very happy in their elucidation. In one of his sermons he says:

"'*Unto us who are called.*' I received a note this week asking me to explain that word, *called;* because in one passage it says, 'Many are called, but few are chosen,' while in another it appears that all who are called must be chosen. Now, let me observe that there are two calls. As my old friend, John Bunyan, says, the hen has two calls, the common cluck, which she gives daily and hourly, and the special one, which she means for her little chickens. So there is a general call, a call made to every man; every man hears it. Many are called by it; all you are called this morning in that sense, but very few are chosen. The other is a special call, the children's call. You know how the

bell sounds over the workshop, to call the men to work—that is a general call. A father goes out to the door and calls out, 'John, it is dinner-time'—that is the special call. Many are called with the general call, but they are not chosen; the special call is for the children only, and that is what is meant in the text, 'Unto us who are called, both Jews and Greeks, the power of God and the wisdom of God.' That call is always a special one. While I stand here and call men, nobody comes; while I preach to sinners universally, no good is done; it is like the sheet lightning you sometimes see on the summer's evening, beautiful, grand; but whoever heard of anything being struck by it? But the special call is the forked flash from heaven; it strikes somewhere; it is the arrow sent in between the joints of the harness."

Mr. Spurgeon has some squeamishness, however, about the doctrine of reprobation. He prefers a softer phrase, "preterition"—"God's wondrous preterition." Herein he reminds us of the poet's nice distinction:

"He did not do the deed,
Some have more mildly raved;
He did not damn them, but decreed
They never should be saved."

But listen to Spurgeon:

"It is said, 'Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him.' You know what is sometimes meant by 'the world'—those whom God in his wondrous sovereignty passed over when he chose his people: the preterite ones; those passed over in God's wondrous preterition—not the reprobates who were condemned to damnation by some awful decree; but those passed over by God, when he chose out his elect. These cannot receive the Spirit."

The "modern Whitefield" is very severe upon the Arminians. He classes them with Puseyites and papists. Sometimes he ridicules them, but his satirical touches are harmless, pardonable when we remember his youth and inexperience. In a sermon on the Personality of the Holy Ghost he gives utterance to a wish that, if sincere, we suppose might have been gratified. Perhaps it is only a rhetorical flourish:

"But before closing this point, there is one little word that pleases me very much, that is 'forever.' You knew I should not miss that; you were certain I could not let it go without observation. 'Abide with you forever.' *I wish I could get an Arminian here to finish my sermon.* I fancy I see him taking that word 'forever.' He would say, 'for—forever;' he would have to stammer and stutter; for he could never get it out all at once. He might stand and pull it about, and at last he would have to say, 'The translation is wrong.' And then I suppose the poor man would have to prove that the original was wrong too. Ah! but blessed be God, *we* can read it—'He shall abide with you forever.' Once give me the Holy Ghost, and I shall never lose him till 'forever' has run out; till eternity has spun its everlasting rounds."

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The Martyr of Sumatra is the title of a well-written memoir of Henry Lyman, a young man who was sent out as a missionary by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and who was put to death by the Battahs in Sumatra. He was a devoted soldier of the cross, and gave promise of doing great things for Christ far off among the Gentiles. The great Head of the Church, however, had higher work for him, and permitted him to be hurried home by the hand of violence on the 28th of June, 1834. He was but twenty-four years of age. "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." (*Carter & Brothers*, 12*mo.*, *pp.* 437.)

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Notes on the Gospels, Critical and Explanatory, incorporating with the Notes, on a new plan, the most approved Harmony of the four Gospels, by Melanchton W. Jacobus, professor of Biblical Literature in the Western Theological Seminary at Alleghany City, Pa. Of these notes we have seen those only on the Gospel of Saint John, which are printed in a neat duodecimo volume of three hundred and fifty pages. They are full, plain, and practical. The author, having availed himself of the labors of his predecessors, and drawn upon his own resources, more especially his personal observations in the Holy Land, has succeeded in preparing a volume worthy of his own reputation as an eminent Biblical scholar, and well-deserving a place in every family library. (*Carter & Brothers.*)

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T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, is publishing in beautiful style the fictitious writings of Charles Dickens. We have *The Pickwick Papers*, with forty-eight illustrations, in two well-printed volumes; and, in the same style, *Nicholas Nickleby*, also in two volumes, and embellished with thirty-nine illustrations on steel, from designs by Phiz and Cruikshank. This is beyond comparison the best American edition of these well-known fictions, and it is the intention of the publisher to print the other works of the author in the same style.

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Africa's Mountain Valley; or, the Church in Regent's Town, West Africa. By the author of "Ministering Children." (*Robert Carter & Brothers.*) Augustine Johnson was born in Germany, but emigrated to England when a young man, where he married and earned a scanty living as a day laborer. He was converted through the instrumentality of a Moravian minister, and sent as an assistant missionary to Sierra Leone. In this neat little volume we have an account of his labors, his sacrifices, and his success in the Lord's vineyard. 'Tis a pleasing tribute to his memory, well written, and full of hopefulness for the benighted land in which Johnson was permitted to toil but for the short period of seven years. We commend it to all friends of the missionary enterprise, and especially to those who pray for Africa's regeneration.

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One of the best books of the season for the young of both sexes is, *Tales of Sweden and the Norsemen*, from the press of *Carter & Brothers*. The stories are eleven in number, well told, patriotic, and full of interest. The volume is embellished with several engravings.

The same publishers have reprinted from the English edition *Walter Binning, the Adopted Son; or, Illustrations of the Lord's Prayer*, a little volume well calculated to impress moral truths upon the reader, and to inculcate the duties of Christianity.

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Of new books for Sunday Schools we have also from the press of *Carlton & Porter*, *The Inquisition in Spain and other Countries*, a well-written historical narrative; *The Little Water-Cress Sellers*, an English story; and *The Sunday Shop*, a tale designed to illustrate the duty of keeping holy the Sabbath day.

Our acknowledgments are also due to the Baptist Publication Society for an interesting original tale entitled *Jennie White; or, the Lovely Fruits of Early Piety.* It is worthy of a place in every Sunday-school library.

Literary Record.

The first and tenth volumes of the "Life and Works of John Adams," edited by Charles Francis Adams, have just been issued. They complete the series. Of the writings of our revolutionary worthies, none have been presented to the public with as much ability, care, and good faith, as those of John Adams. John Quincy Adams began to prepare them for the press, and wrote the earlier part of his father's biography; but the main portion of the labor devolved on Charles Francis Adams, who has devoted to it several years, and has set an example of thorough research and sound judgment which cannot be too highly commended. We understand that, in consequence of the unexpectedly large amount of material, of a public nature, which Mr. Adams has deemed it necessary to include in these ten volumes, much of the more private and familiar correspondence of his illustrious grandfather, addressed to his family and most intimate friends, is reserved for two or three additional volumes, to be issued in the same style, as soon as they can conveniently be prepared. These will be remarkably interesting as exhibitions of character and manners.

The long announced concluding volumes of the "Life of Alexander Hamilton," by John C. Hamilton, which, it is understood, have been delayed that the author might have access to the writings of his father's great rival in the federal party, will be published immediately.

We have now in print the works of Washington, in twelve volumes; of Hamilton, (exclusive of "The Federalist,") in seven; of Jefferson, (very incomplete,) in nine; of Adams, in ten; and of Franklin, in ten. Those of three of their cotemporaries—Samuel Adams, John Jay, and James Madison—are also demanded. The papers of Adams are mostly in the possession of Mr. Bancroft, who contemplates, we believe, their publication. Of Jay's, we apprehend that the public will get no more at present than are included in the excellent memoir by Judge Jay, of Bedford. Congress, at an enormous expense, published three volumes of "The Madison Papers," which are now entirely out of print; and Mr. M'Guire, of Washington, has had printed, for private circulation, a handsome quarto volume of the correspondence of the Sage of Montpelier.

The fourth volume of Irving's "Life of Washington" is nearly finished. The work was at first announced to be completed in three volumes, but no one who has read the portion of it already published, will regret that it is to be extended to five. It must be admitted that Mr. Irving has thus far executed this crowning labor of his life in a most admirable manner.

It is more than twenty years since Mr. Tucker, for many years a professor in the University of Virginia, published the "Life of Thomas Jefferson," of whom he was a disciple and a very intimate personal friend. Mr. Tucker has completed his long contemplated "History of the United States," to appear in four octavo volumes. The first is printed and in the bookstores, and the distinguished historian is now busily occupied in Philadelphia with the proofs of the other three, which will follow as fast as he can superintend the press.

The "Private Correspondence" of *Daniel Webster*, in two octavo volumes, uniform with Mr. Everett's edition of his works, will appear next month.

A Revolutionary biography is in preparation, which will attract more than a common degree of attention. It is a "Life of Baron Steuben," by Mr. Frederic Kapp, one of the most accomplished German citizens of New-York, who has investigated with great care the subject of our indebtedness to Germany during the war for independence, as well as the history of the Hessian contributions to the British army during the same period.

Prince Alexander Labanoff, of St. Petersburgh, is such an intense admirer of the unfortunate *Mary Stuart*, that he has passed great part of his life in studying her history, and in collecting materials connected with it. About twelve years ago he published seven volumes of her letters, and recently he has brought out a Notice, in two hundred and twenty-six pages, of the numerous portraits of her which he possesses, and which he has got together after infinite pains and expense. These portraits are one hundred and thirty-six in number, namely, twelve paintings and one hundred and forty-four lithographs or engravings. He also possesses twenty-nine engravings of events in which the queen figured, and a great many portraits of cotemporary statesmen and sovereigns.

Colonel Benton, since the Missouri election, has been busily engaged upon his "Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, from 1789 to 1856," to be completed in fifteen volumes, octavo, double columns. It will embrace all that is essential of what is now to be found only in a hundred volumes, some of which are very rare as well as expensive and cumbersome.

Some hitherto unpublished letters of Mr. Jefferson have just been brought out by Mr. J. W. Randolph, of Richmond, in the "Early History of the University of Virginia," a volume of nearly seven hundred pages, containing the correspondence of Mr. Jefferson with Mr. Joseph C. Cabell, Mr. Jefferson's Bill for a Complete System of Education, &c.

The literary world will be delighted to know that we are at length to have a good translation of Plutarch. Mr. A. H. Clough, one of the best Grecians of our day, and a capital English writer, has been engaged upon the work many years, and it will be issued in Boston this fall, in four large volumes.

A curious advertisement lately appeared in the Paris papers. It offered for sale, by private contract, "the historical manuscripts, autograph and unpublished, of the late *King Louis Philippe I.*, forming three volumes in folio, with arms and escutcheons," and declared that "all explanations and guarantees would be given to

the purchaser as to the legal and legitimate possession of these manuscripts, as well as to the authenticity of them." It added, that they did not form part of those which were stolen from the palace of the Tuileries, when it was invaded by the mob in the revolution of February, 1848.

Mrs. Farnham, author of "Life in Prairie Land," has written a new work, under the title of "Life in California, as Noticed and Noted by a Lady," which is now going through the press in this city.

The Hon. Mr. Clemens, of Alabama, has in press "Bernard Lile, a Historical Romance, embracing the Periods of the Texan Revolution and the Mexican War."

The "Public and Private Correspondence of Charles, first Marquis of Cornwallis," is announced in London, and will, without doubt, be reprinted here. His lordship's distinction in history was mainly acquired in this country during our Revolutionary war, though he was afterward Governor General of India, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Embassador Extraordinary to France, &c. His correspondence while he commanded in the Carolinas, and down to his surrender at Yorktown, will be very interesting to American readers.

The "Songs of Summer," from the pen of our contributor, R. H. Stoddard, some of which appeared in *Putnam's Monthly*, have just been issued in a neat volume.

There will be few illustrated works especially designed for the holidays, but there is one announced of unusual magnificence, "The Court of Napoleon, or Society under the First Empire, with Portraits of its Beauties, Wits, and Heroines," by Frank B. Goodrich. This will be in quarto, in the style of "The Republican Court," and it is stated that the first edition will cost over $30,000.

A new edition of "The Republican Court," revised and enlarged, with several additional portraits, engraved in the most admirable manner, will be published during the present month.

Mr. W. S. Chase, of Paris, is now engaged preparing an article on American Literature, for "L'Encyclopedie du XIX. Siecle," and calls on American publishers to send him such works as *they would wish* to have noticed.

A treaty for the mutual protection of literary and artistic property, between France and the city of Hamburgh, has recently been promulgated by the French government.

Colonel H. Yorkum, a graduate of West Point, and formerly of the army, but now a member of the Texas bar, has written a "History of Texas, from its First Settlement to the Annexation," which is on the eve of publication in two large octavo volumes.

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington, has received from the government of Austria a unique work, called *Physiotypia Plantarum Austriacarum;* or, "The Natural Self-printing Process, in its application to the vascular plants of the Austrian Empire, with especial regard to the nervations and the surface organs of the plants, by Constantine Von Ettinghansen and Alois Pokhorny." It is in five volumes, and contains five hundred folio and thirty quarto engravings of the plants of the Austrian Empire, all of them perfect *fac-similes* of the originals, and executed in the best style of modern art. The plan by which the beautiful and exact copies of these plants, with their leaves, flowers, and roots, is thus effected, is simply this: the plant is placed upon a sheet of pure lead, which is very soft, and on it is laid a copper sheet of similar size; both sheets are then pressed powerfully together, so as to impress the print of the plant on the lead. The electrotyping process is then applied, and the plate is printed.

The London *Athenæum* has recently had sent to it a number of American novels to notice, among which were "Zoe; or, the Quadroon's Triumph;" "The Good Time Coming;" "The Old Homestead;" and "Wolfsden." On all it is very severe, but more especially on the first; over which "triumph," the editor says, he has "groaned in spirit;" and concludes by adding, that "if American authors, of a certain class, would only study 'plainness of speech,' it would improve their books, and be a great blessing to their readers."

The fourth part of the Dutch translation of Macaulay's "History of England" has just appeared at the Hague.

Mr. Everett is preparing a third volume of his learned and brilliant "Orations and Speeches." The two volumes issued in 1850 contain each about seven hundred large octavo pages, and the new one will probably be of the same size. It will doubtless contain his historical discourse pronounced last year at Dorchester; his eulogium upon Washington, and his recent noble performance at Albany, on the history, condition, and prospects of astronomical science.

William Tell.—Some new materials for the history of William Tell and his times, have just been discovered in Zurich. They were found in "the Oldest White Book," (*das aeltteste weisse Buch,*) written in the fifteenth century, which contains, besides copies of the oldest federal letters, a short chronicle of the earliest history of "the Three Cantons," and the story of William Tell of an earlier date than that of Melchior Russ. This is most probably the source of Gilg Tschudy's version, which he made use of and embellished.

Bad Poetry.—Out of one hundred and fifty-six poems in the French language, forwarded for competition for two prizes given by Monsieur de Decker of Brussels, the jury could not find one worthy of either first or second class reward: it was, however, insisted that their business was not to find out the really good, but the comparatively good, or rather the least bad. A Monsieur Hymans proved the successful competitor.

The Rev. W. R. Gordon, D.D., a writer of very decided abilities, has in press "A Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism." This gentleman is absurd enough to treat this nonsense as a species of diabolism. It is no longer, we think, denied by any one that certain very curious physical phenomena, such as table-moving, &c., are of every day occurrence; but to suppose that

such things are done through a supernatural agency, is ridiculously absurd. Indeed, it is generally admitted that "Spiritualism" is the creed of tricksters and fools. The undoubted facts of rapping, tipping, &c., separated from all the juggleries in this line practiced by mountebanks, are deserving of serious consideration; and it may well be doubted whether the recent convention of men of science at Albany did not err in declining to appoint a committee to report on the subject at a future meeting.

Herder's literary remains are about to be given to the public; they consist of unpublished letters of Herder, and his correspondence with Göthe, Schiller, Klopstock, Lens, Jean Paul, Claudius, Lavater, Jacobi, Mendelssohn, and several other distinguished men.

Mr. David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia, has nearly completed the printing of "The Forum," two large octavos of gossip and criticism of the Pennsylvania bench and bar, from the earliest period. There is an abundance of rich material for such a work in New-York.

The Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind Methodist clergyman, who was recently chaplain to the House of Representatives, and is known as one of our most brilliant lecturers, has in press "The Rifle, the Ax, and the Saddle-Bags," a medley of American character and manners.

Dr. Doran, whose "Knights and Their Days," "Habits and Men," &c., have been widely popular, has sent to his American publisher the advance sheets of a new work entitled "Monarchs Retired from Business."

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, canon of Canterbury, and author of a well-known life of Dr. Arnold, has written two octavos, on "Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History," which English critics with one accord pronounce the most masterly work yet produced on the lands of the Bible. It will be republished in this city this month.

Arts and Sciences.

Monuments in America.—Monuments to our great men are in process of erection all over the country—from Bunker Hill to the battle-ground of New-Orleans. About three years since a grand celebration of the departure of the May Flower from Delft Haven, on the 1st of August, 1620, was holden at Plymouth, and the steps initiatory to the erection of a monument to the Pilgrim Fathers were taken at that time. We now learn that the trustees of the fund raised for this purpose have accepted a design by Mr. Harnmatt Billings, a Boston architect. The design is thus described:

"The design for the national monument to the forefathers, to be erected at Plymouth, consists of an octagon pedestal, on which stands a statue of Faith. From the four smaller faces of the pedestal project buttresses, upon which are seated figures emblematic of Morality, Education, Law, and Liberty. Below them, in panels, are also reliefs of 'the Departure from Delft Haven,' 'the Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower,' 'the Landing at Plymouth,' and 'the First Treaty with the Indians.' Upon the four larger faces of the main pedestal are large panels, to contain records of the principal events in the history of the Pilgrims, with the names of those who came over in the Mayflower, and below are smaller panels for records connected with the society and the building of the monument. Within the pedestal is a chamber with a stairway leading to the platform, upon which stands the figure of Faith, from which may be seen all the places of interest connected with the history of the forefathers. The whole monument will be about one hundred and fifty feet high and eighty feet at the base. The statue of Faith will be seventy feet high, and the sitting figures thirty-eight feet high, thus making it in magnitude the greatest work of the kind in the world, while as a work of art it will be a subject of pride to every American citizen."

Recent French newspapers give an account of the finding of some Roman remains in excavating for a railway station at Narbonne. The most remarkable of them are a statue in white marble of Silenus, and six inscriptions, three of them in Hebrew, three funereal ones in Latin. One of the latter is of a man named Dometius, who is recorded to have died under the Consulate of Basileus Mavortius, who flourished in the first half of the sixth century, and who is remarkable from having possessed the copy of Horace from which the most ancient manuscript of the poet's works now existing was copied.

The State of Virginia has ordered from Crawford a statue of Washington, which is finished, and which will be brought to Norfolk by one of our national ships. The grounds in front of the President's house are ornamented with an equestrian statue of Jackson, and the battle-field of New Orleans has been similarly decorated. King's Mountain, the Thermopylæ of the Revolution, has its monument—the captors of Major André have a suitable memorial on the heights of Tarrytown—a pillar commemorates the gallant deeds of the Minute Men on the plains of Lexington — a monument marks the spot in Concord where the first British soldier fell in the Revolution, and the city of New-York has appropriated twenty-three thousand dollars for a monument to one of her bravest sons, Major General Worth. These and many more are recent works, and give bright promise for the future.

Highly interesting archæological discoveries have been made lately in Jerusalem. An immense quantity of earth has been wheeled away from the "Via Dolorosa," and excavations made to a considerable depth below the natural level. In the course of these operations the workmen came to several chambers formed of solid square blocks of stone, and ornamented with Mosaic floors. A grotto has been exposed, hewn out of the living rock, with five columns supporting the roof. It is supposed, from traces found in it, to have served as a place of worship to the

earliest Christians, though probably the grotto itself was of a considerably anterior date. A beautiful Corinthian capital of a column, and large fragments of Verde antique marble have already been brought to light, and the laborers (one hundred in number, and principally Arabs) come almost daily on fresh treasures.

Professor Rietschel has finished his colossal group of Göthe and Schiller, and is exhibiting it in his studio at Dresden. It will be transported shortly to the foundry in Munich, where it is to be cast in bronze, and finally erected in Weimer.

It is proposed to erect in Chamounix a monument to the memory of De Saussure, and the other scientific pioneers in the ascent of Mont Blanc. Subscriptions are, we understand, already promised from America, France, England, Switzerland, and Italy.

There is every prospect of the further exploration of Northeastern Africa being vigorously carried out. Lieutenant Burton and his companions are about to start soon on their renewed Berbereh expedition; and the pasha has ordered preparations to be made for an ascent of the Nile, under the conduct of M. le Comte d'Escayrac de Lauture, author of a work on Soudan, and of other African books. This expedition is intended to leave Cairo this month.

Herr Fodor, a chemist, has just discovered a new composition, to supersede the rosin usually used by violin players. It is applied by means of a camel hair brush, remains good during one hundred hours' playing, and has no evil effect upon either the strings of the instrument or the hairs of the bow, and, it is asserted, gives a clearness to the tone.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the celebrated traveler, who is at present in Paris, has been admitted a Member of the Geographical Society of France. She has caused an announcement to be made to the Society that she intends going to Madagascar, with the intention of exploring the interior of that island, which is almost perfectly unknown to Europeans.

The uncovering of the monument of *Cesare Balbo* took place last month at Turin. The historian is represented sitting, at the moment when he interrupts his reading, in order to meditate. The open book, with his flat hand upon it, rests on his knee; the right hand, dangling down over the back of the chair, holds the folded spectacles; the thoughtful yet kind face is bent forward a little. The likeness is said to be great, and the work in all its parts admirable. On the pedestal there is nothing but the following simple inscription: "To the memory of Cesare Balbo, born in Turin 1789, died in Turin 1853—his fellow citizens."

Baron Klodt, the St. Petersburgh sculptor, has begun the preliminary works for the erection of his statue of the late *Emperor Nicholas*. It is to stand on the *place* of the Blue Bridge, between St. Isaac's Church and the Palace of the Grand Duchess Marie. It will be an equestrian statue, raised on a pedestal; the four sides of which are to represent, in bassi-relievi, the most memorable events in the life of the Czar.

An archæological discovery of some interest has recently been made at Verdes, department of the Loire et Cher, in France. It consists of a mosaic, bricks, pieces of glass, &c., which are evidently the remains of one of the numerous villas which the Roman authorities built for themselves in France when it was under Roman domination. The mosaic and bricks are scorched or burned, so that it is assumed the villa was destroyed by fire. The bones of a number of men and animals were found buried close to the ruins.

From Italy we learn that an original sketch of a Holy Family, painted by Raphael for Francis the First of France, has just been discovered in Florence. The possessor of this treasure is an Italian refugee.

An Exhibition of Ornamental Art is being prepared for 1858, in London. It will contain those "works of Ornamental Art produced since the establishment of the Schools of Art as articles of commerce, which either in their original design, or in their entire or partial execution, have been carried out by those who have derived instruction from the Schools of Art." The articles are to consist of carvings in all materials, furniture, decorations, metal working of all kinds, jewelry and goldsmith's work, pottery, glass, and decorative woven fabrics.

According to a Milan newspaper, the Rev. Father Secchi, Director of the Observatory of Rome, has succeeded in taking photographs of the moon, and among them one in which the mouth of the volcano Copernicus is distinctly represented.

During some recent repairs of South Burlingham Church, Norfolk, England, a curious mural painting was laid bare by the scraping of the walls. The subject is Becket's murder, a very popular one in ancient ecclesiastical edifices in England. The painting is a fresco, and of much better execution than ordinary. From the costume in which the figures are represented, it appears to have been executed in the reign of Richard II., the characters, as was the practice with our ancestors, and, indeed, throughout Europe in the middle ages, being drawn in the costume of the day. Becket is depicted kneeling before an altar, on which stands a chalice. A cross-bearer, probably the faithful attendant, Edward Gryme, holds a processional cross in one hand, while the other is held up in horror at the sacrilegious outrage. Becket, in full attire for the mass, is assailed by his murderers, who are all attacking him at once. One stabs the prelate with his sword, another is inflicting a gash with the edge of his weapon. He is armed also with a shield, charged with a bend engrailed between two crescents, all within a bordure engrailed. A third figure strikes the victim with an ax, his left hand grasping a dagger. This personage, by the *bear* on his shield, is clearly Fitz-Urse. A fourth figure is drawing his sword, a circular buckler hanging by his side. Two of the knights have vizors, and their hauberks of mail show beneath their tightly-fitting japons. Their feet have long pointed steel sollerets, and their hands are defended by gauntlets. The swords are suspended from richly ornamented baldrics.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1856.

THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.

THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

A JOURNEY is a miniature life; it includes the three classical unities, the beginning, the main action, and the close.

It would be utterly impossible for me to bring the reader at once to the banks of the Mississippi, without noticing the steps *in transitu;* as impossible, as it is for the unsophisticated witness, in a court-room, to give in his testimony, without bringing in a thousand particulars interesting to himself, but about which the court might not care a fig. We were *en route* for "the great West," with an indefinite idea of extent, and of danger, of Indians, wild buffaloes, and prairies. But there must be a first time to an Eastern man going West.

We did not delay in Philadelphia, but sped on to Baltimore. 'Twere long to tell what novelties we met there, what kind faces we saw, the memory of which is pleasing still; how we visited the crotchety old man at Washington Monument, and, for a shilling, took his lantern and walked up through the dark winding passage to the top; how we looked down, and wondered that the few stones should hold us up there, so high; how we watched the men and horses below, creeping around like mice, and saw the broad Chesapeake, and nearly all creation.

To me, however, thinking of New-York, Baltimore could not aspire to be a city. It seemed only a big town. But the name of Baltimore is dear to thousands. Here, on the evening of the 13th of May, we went to church, listened to a good sermon, and on the following evening started in the night express for Wheeling. Before

retiring for the night to our railroad nap, we looked out on Harper's Ferry, but nothing but an abyss of darkness was visible. No moon or stars revealed the grandeurs of nature, for which this place is celebrated. Toward morning, on Thursday, we were pointed by an appreciative brakeman to a wild glen, where the view was lost in a maze of forests. Here, no doubt, might be found the "lodge in some vast wilderness," that so kindled the longing of the melancholy poet.

All now is excitement: we look forth on the Ohio. With what awe we gazed on the stream, that borrows a charm and a mystery from its connection with the great Father of Waters! At Belair, the hills of Ohio frown angrily over upon the Old Dominion. A curiosity of a steamboat was puffing by, toward Wheeling, with a large paddle-wheel at the stern, realizing the Dutchman's idea of a saw-mill in full operation, moving off, wheel and all, down the river. Everything here is different from what you see at the East. A man, just now, came with a string of fish from the river. The catfish were of a different color, a dark yellow, like the mud they inhabit. There was also what the fisherman called a sturgeon, with a three-cornered head like a cocked hat, and its mouth on the under side, thus forming, probably, a curious mud-plow.

At Zanesville, we fell in with an old friend from the East, located on one of the finest farms of rolling Ohio land. But we could only tarry long enough to be refreshed, amid the attractions of the place, and to call up old reminiscences.

After hasty greetings, we were soon on our way northward, through the most extensive prairies we had yet seen. The first sight of a prairie is an era in a lifetime. My eye never tired in ranging these great American plains. I was reminded of the magnificent hymn of Bryant:

"These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch,
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fix'd,
And motionless forever. Motionless?
No, they are all unchain'd again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk, that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have play'd
Among the palms of Mexico, and vines
Of Texas, and have crisp'd the limpid brooks,
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fann'd
A nobler, or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work!
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smooth'd these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers, whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills."

One must have some catastrophe on a long journey; and so, as if for our special discipline, a bridge between Chicago and Michigan city, on the Michigan Central Road, was burned down. The approach to this, in the night, was likely to create some gloomy apprehensions. But once at the place, the danger dwindled down to the marring of trunks, or the smashing of bandboxes, while whole car-loads of baggage were transferred across a plank to a train in waiting. Soon, however, the whole company had passed the straits, and the stately march of the great cars of the Michigan Central once more began. At length we reached Chicago, long after midnight, and groped our way to a hotel. The great Western city surprised us for the better. We had heard of its population, increasing beyond all parallel, and of its lake commerce, but we were hardly prepared to see so much order, intelligence, and piety. There are some beautiful marble residences here, one of which is gratefully remembered, whose generous occupants look out upon the waves of Michigan, the changeful, wild, capricious Michigan. Here, too, must learning feel the breath of Western activity. When the people of this country shall wield a still more potent, intellectual sway, the Northwestern University at Evanston shall be an honored name.

Again, we are on our flight to Galena, which place we reached late in the afternoon, and hurried on to the terminus of the railroad at Dunleath. Here, after obtaining a state-room, we had leisure to look

around on the crowd of human beings who were rushing on board. An opposition boat was near by, with a band of music playing, but we preferred the regular line.

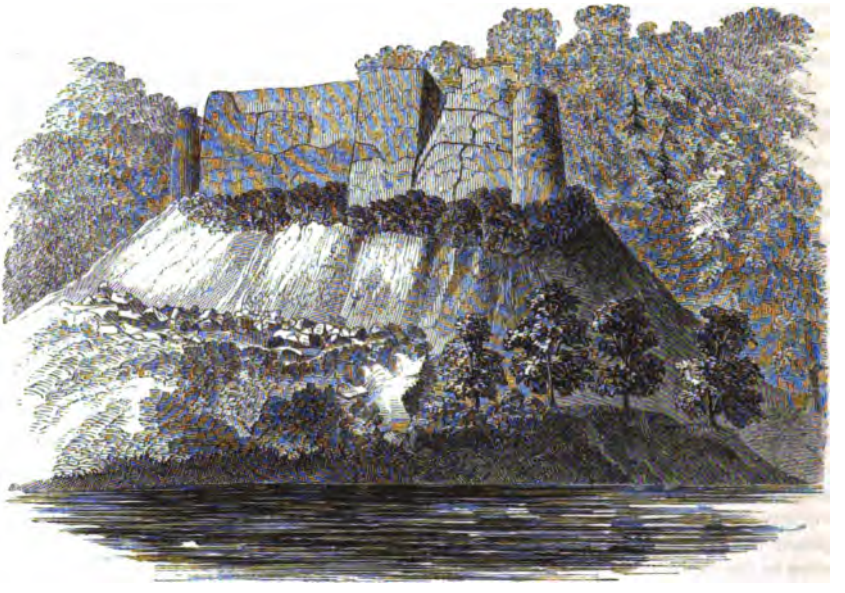
Evening came before we left the landing. The boat shot boldly out upon the Mississippi on the way to Minnesota. But how shall I describe the pleasant disappointment I experienced, in the panorama of nature's living beauty that passed before us? It was a delightful moonlight night. The last of the May verdure was just blushing into June. Everywhere before us the mighty river, in spring tide, kissed the foliage of the shores, and murmured around innumerable islands. I can give no better idea of the number and beauty of these islands, than by asking the reader to imagine them scattered along the broad river for four hundred miles, in diversified position, and varying light and shade, all the way from Galena to St. Anthony. No sooner had we passed one group, than we were in the midst of others. I wondered often how the pilot could find his way through them. Meeting the islands at almost every turn, gave the pleasant illusion of a sail through innumerable picturesque lakes. Sometimes we were gliding by angry bluffs that frowned on either hand. I had taken my impressions of the Mississippi scenery from the descriptions of the river below St. Louis, where the banks are generally depressed and monotonous. But nothing can surpass the grandeur of the Upper Mississippi. Is it then strange that I was fascinated while floating through these Western paradises, over which the moon shed her soft, shadowy light, and where the notes of the whippowill rose and died far away, as I had heard them in my boyhood's home, where they still sing among the mountains that surround Wyoming?

But these bluffs, to be appreciated, must be seen by day. Then their red cliffs, wreathed with foliage, are very beautiful. The rocks mostly have this red color, and are shaded often like the finest painting. The form, in the engraving on the next page, is accurate, though the tint of the old red rock it is impossible to give. The American need not envy the Old World the castles of the Rhine, when he has these grand and enduring monuments of God.

There are brisk towns springing up, as by magic, along these shores. Winona, two hundred and twenty-nine miles from Galena, is a growing place. The freight landed there was astonishing, and whole families appeared to have come on to make this spot their home. There were two or three hundred people around the landing, where the steamboat torches, by the light of which they were landing freight, shone wildly on what appeared to be an exodus from all nations.

Long after midnight I remained on deck to get a sight at Lake Pepin, which would be famous from its alliance to the great Father of Waters alone, but is also interesting for its own sake. Lake Pepin is about forty miles long, by from two to five wide. It is said to be very deep, and to have no perceptible current. The shores of the lake are covered with logs and drift-wood, which the river has brought from above. This lake is essentially northern. You find yourself in the land of hemlocks, pines, tamarac, and cedar. Near the head of Lake Pepin is Maiden Rock, that lifts itself boldly above the water to a great elevation. Here tradition fixes an Indian tragedy. While a group of passengers were gazing at the rock, in the first gray light of morning, the pilot was giving an apocryphal edition of the story to a simple youth. Young America seemed very much gratified, when the pilot observed that a young lady, whom he knew very well, jumped off there a short time ago, and he could show precisely where she was buried. The reader will, however, be better satisfied with the account given by E. S. Seymour, in his "Sketches of Minnesota:"

"About half a century ago, an Indian female, whose name was Winona, of the tribe of Wapasha, formed an ardent attachment for a young hunter, by whom her attachment was reciprocated. Her parents, however, preferred to have her unite her hand with a young warrior who had signalized himself in battle against the Chippewas. The warrior's suit being rejected by the daughter, the father threatened that she should be united to him on that very day. The family were then accompanying a party on an excursion up this lake, and were encamped near this rock. The maiden ascended to the summit, and with a loud voice upbraided her friends below for their cruelty to the young hunter, whom they had driven into the forest, and cruelty to her, for opposing her union to the only man whom she loved, and endeavoring to make her faithless to him, by compelling her to marry another. She then commenced singing her dirge, and regardless of the entreaties of her friends and of her parents, who promised to relinquish all compulsory measures, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell a lifeless corpse."



EAST SIDE ABOVE CASSVILLE.

A very similar legend exists, connected with a high, precipitous mountain near Great Barrington, Mass.; and the genius of Bryant has given, in one of his poems, an imperishable tablet to perpetuate the name of the unfortunate maiden. Let Mahaiwee be remembered with Winona.

We pause at Red Wing, three hundred and thirty-three miles from Galena. Here is located the Hamline Institute, the nucleus of a seminary, to which a liberal donation was made by the ex-bishop, whose name it bears. Prescott is three hundred and sixty-one miles from Galena, situated where Lake Saint Croix joins the Mississippi. The Saint Croix leads up into an interesting region, and here forms the boundary line between Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The Mississippi is now growing narrower, the current swifter, and we near St. Paul. This is what might be called a live town, three hundred and ninety-seven miles from Galena, and is destined to become a great city. The gilt letters of the steamboat agencies catch the eye of the traveler, and the boats are going and coming almost every hour.

As we were bound for the Falls of St. Anthony, about eleven miles distant, we took stage immediately, and were soon riding over a fine rolling prairie. We saw, on our way, a specimen of Western character: we met a wagon load of "the boys" in their red flannel shirts. They had been out in their shantees, on their claims, with, probably, only a rifle and a hatchet for their companions. It was true of them as Wordsworth says of Peter Bell:

> "A savage wildness round him hung,
> As of a dweller out of doors;
> In his whole figure and his mien
> A savage character was seen,
> Of mountains and of dreary moors."

At St. Anthony we met some old companions of our childhood, with whom we spent a short time, conversing on our boyhood's days. But on this subject we will not dwell.

A day may be spent in looking about St. Anthony's, in examining the large hotel, now in process of erection, the site of the state university that is to be located here, the islands, the stores, and the churches. Then you may cross to Minneapolis, just opposite, by a wire suspension bridge. Here is a water power equal to that of Lowell, and already in the hands of an enterprising company. The situation of both of these towns is delightful, being on the lofty bank of the river, on level ground, with an indefinite expanse of fertile prairie gently rolling away from them to the distant horizon.

The climate in this latitude is remarkably clear and steady. In the winter the thermometer sometimes falls below our ordinary range in New-York, but they say the climate is so clear and even, one does not experience any inconvenience from the cold. The winds are sometimes high, and the storms terrific. One evening, with a friend, I went to walk by the river shore, when a dreadful gale came up, which lasted for some time, after which we had a few drops of rain; but the lightning was awfully sublime. The forked tongues played fitfully through the dark clouds; then, like a volcanic eruption, the flame seemed to burst from the bosom of the prairie. The impression of that scene will never be effaced from my memory. The thunder and lightning in Minnesota, like everything else, are on a grand scale.

Four of us made a pleasant excursion to Fort Snelling in a wagon drawn by mules. Fort Snelling contains a garrison of United States troops, and has in its stables some powerful horses. This post is on the Indian frontier, which is every year receding.

Prairie du Chien, further down the river, ninety-five miles from Galena, is mostly interesting as a pioneer post, and an important name in our early geography.

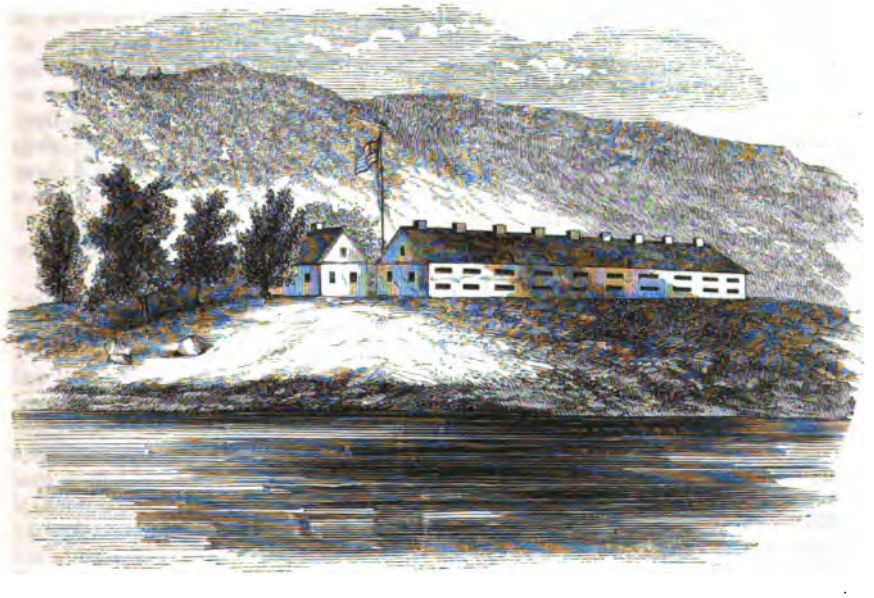
Returning from Fort Snelling, we stopped at "Brown's Falls," recently made famous as the Falls of Minnehaha in Longfellow's "Hiawatha." We give on the first page a sketch taken on the spot.

The following is the description given by Seymour:

"Following the road that leads to the Falls of St. Anthony, we arrived in three miles from the fort, at a very pretty cascade, known by the name of Brown's Falls. A small stream, about five yards wide, the outlet of the Lake of the Isles, Lake Calhoun, Lake Harriet, and other lakes, precipitates itself from the verge of a precipice, of about fifty feet in height, into a basin below, forming a curved sheet of water, which presents features, not of grandeur, but of great beauty. The rays of the sun reflected by the spray produced a beautiful rainbow. The action of the spray upon the soft rock had excavated an arch in the rear of the cascade beneath the bed of the stream, under which we entered. We followed this stream down half a mile, and found it full of rapids or cascades. Its total fall from the crossing of the road to its junction with the Mississippi is probably not much less than one hundred feet."

Here lived "The old Arrow-Maker," whose beautiful daughter, Minnehaha, or Laughing Water, Hiawatha wooed and won. Hiawatha kills a deer in hunting, and placing it on his strong shoulder, brings it in and lays it at the feet of the beautiful Minnehaha, who gives the simple greeting,

"You are welcome, Hiawatha."



PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

At the proper time the youthful warrior begins his plea to the old sachem in the presence of the maiden, and asks him for the hand of his lovely daughter, to whom Mr. Sachem refers him. As in duty bound, the lady blushed, and took the young Indian "for better or for worse," as all who have read Longfellow's "Hiawatha" are aware.

Our party concluded to return to St. Anthony by Lake Calhoun, leaving Lake Harriet to the east. We bathed in Lake Calhoun, saw two wild ducks, which, together with one live Indian, were all the untamed animals we met. We did desire to visit a larger and more splendid sheet of water, Lake Minnetonka, some miles to the south; but want of time compelled us to hasten on. The distance navigable between the different rapids above St. Anthony is set down at about three hundred miles. Far to the north the banks become lower, and the stream meanders through tamarac swamps and forests of cedar and fir. Take your map, and behold the network of lakes and rivers between the sources of the Mississippi and Lake Superior. A traveler speaks of seven small lakes strung along one river, like beads upon a string. In Minnesota, Nebraska, and Iowa are wonderful geological remains, as may be seen by referring to "Owen's Geological Survey" of these regions.

Again we are on the Mississippi, on the fine steamer "Ocean Wave," homeward bound. No sloops appear, as on the Hudson, but only the puffing, high-pressure steamers that navigate these waters. Now one of them, the "War Eagle," more like a bird of prey, or dragon of the deep, has shrieked her salute, which reverberates among the bluffs, and she plunges on among the Western solitudes. The boats make the downward trip in half the time, owing, to the rapidity of the current, and the fact of their having less freight. Having plenty of time to meet the cars at Galena, we passed Dunleath, and went up the Fever or Galena River. A more crooked stream I never saw. Our boat was running to all points of the compass. Galena, Chicago, and Indianapolis are reached in rapid succession.

Even steam is slow to the rushing thoughts and wishes of one long absent from home. So it seemed to me, till my feet touched New-York. My friend and I had parted company at Indianapolis, and now, alone, I was hurrying, by the Hudson River cars, to Newburgh. O, ye sublime old mountains! forgive me if I have ever said or thought that those Mississippi bluffs were grander than you. And ye beauteous waters, clear and bright, and foliage green, and rippling fountains, with joy I see you once again.

LAURENT CLERC.

SKETCHES OF HUMANE INSTITUTIONS.—No III.

AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

IN the family of an eminent physician in Hartford, Connecticut, in the year 1807, there were deep anxiety and sorrow. A little daughter of uncommon loveliness and promise, whose winning smiles and innocent prattle had, during the two short summers of her life, filled that household with joy, now lay upon a sick and apparently a dying bed. The spotted fever, a new and fearful epidemic, was ravaging the city, and the little Alice had been smitten by its pestilential breath. Long and patiently did those fond parents watch over that little couch. Never was child nursed more tenderly; and at last their anxious care seemed repaid; the parched lips grew moist, the fevered brow became cool, the mutterings of delirium ceased, and after a long and quiet slumber, the little one awoke to reason and to life. Fervent and heartfelt were the thanksgivings which gushed from the hearts of those parents; but suddenly, as her convalescence continued, a new terror seized them. Though gleeful and happy, their questions, their exclamations, their words of endearment, called forth no response; and at times they noticed on the countenance of the child, as she gazed in their faces while they spoke, a look of blank amazement, as if she could not understand their wishes. The conviction at last forced itself upon their unwilling minds that their little Alice was hopelessly deaf, and, becoming deaf at so early an age, that she would be dumb also.

The thought was appalling, and it was

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

long before they could fully realize that she, whose sweet voice had filled her parents' heart with delight, and whose budding intellect was already beginning to develop under a mother's loving care, was to be shut out henceforth from all the melodies of nature, from the sweet harmonies of song, the pleasure of conversation, and the participation in the worship of God in the sanctuary and at the family altar.

As years passed on the little Alice grew in stature and loveliness; but it became evident that though possessed of intellectual faculties of a high order, and surrounded by all the appliances which parental affection and ingenuity could suggest, the mental development did not keep pace with that of the body. Though blessed with other children, Alice's intelligence and amiability, not less than her misfortune, endeared her greatly to her parents; and when Dr. Cogswell learned that in Europe deaf mutes were taught, and their intellectual and moral faculties developed, his heart yearned to provide for her, and for the hundreds of others whose equally sad fate he had learned to commiserate, similar advantages here.

Among those whose sympathies for these afflicted parents had been most active and cordial was a young neighbor, whose cultivated intellect and genial disposition had led him to take a deep interest in the lovely child, thus deprived of the ordinary means of intercourse with her fellows. With great tact he succeeded in conveying to her mind many ideas, and had won her confidence and attachment.

Having completed his course of professional study at Andover, Mr. Gallaudet, for it was he who had become the friend of little Alice, had returned to his home at Hartford with somewhat impaired health, intending ere long to settle as a pastor. Alice Cogswell was now ten years of age, and her father, who had for nearly eight years been revolving in his mind plans for her instruction without sending her across the Atlantic, had ascertained by circulars addressed to clergymen and others, that there were at least eighty deaf mutes in Connecticut, many of them of an age to be benefited by instruction, and felt that it was time something should be done for their relief. He accordingly invited to his house on the 13th of April, 1815, a few prominent gentlemen of the city, and among the number Mr. Gallaudet. Ten persons were present, and, after full discussion, it was resolved to send some one to Europe to acquire the art of deaf mute instruction.

Dr. Cogswell and Ward Woodbridge, Esq., were appointed a committee to obtain subscriptions for this purpose, and also to obtain a suitable person to undertake the required duty. The funds were speedily secured, and after the most earnest solicitation, Mr. Gallaudet consented to go. He accordingly sailed on the 25th of May for Liverpool. Having arrived in England, he immediately addressed himself to his work of becoming qualified to instruct deaf mutes. He was met, however, at the very outset by a serious difficulty. As we have stated in a former article, the instruction of the deaf and dumb was at this period entirely in the hands of the Braidwood family and their relatives and pupils.

Mr. Gallaudet applied at first to the London Institution, and, after repeated and vexatious delays, was at last offered tuition there if he would bind himself to remain as an assistant three years, and to take one of Dr. Watson's assistants, or the younger Braidwood, then in America, as an associate teacher. Declining these terms as inconsistent with his relations to the parties who had sent him out, and as arbitrary in their character, Mr. Gallaudet sailed for Edinburgh, in the hope of being able to attain his object at the deaf and dumb institution there, at that time under the care of Rev. R. Kinniburgh. He was again foiled, as Mr. K. was under bonds to the Braidwood family of £1,000 not to communicate the art to any other person for seven years; and they, on Mr. Gallaudet's appeal to them stating his objects in desiring to acquire knowledge on this subject, refused to remove the restriction in his case.

Thus thwarted in his purposes, Mr. Gallaudet spent some four months in Edinburgh in the study of mental philosophy under Dr. Brown and Dugald Stewart, and in February went to Paris, and in the Abbé Sicard, whom he had previously met in London, found a man in whose view the welfare of a large body of the human family, deprived by misfortune of ordinary intercourse with society, was of too much importance to be confined within the bounds of a patent or monopoly. The abbé devoted a large

portion of his own valuable time to his instruction, gave him opportunity for the most unrestrained intercourse with his assistants, Massieu and Clerc, and when, after three months' acquaintance, Clerc desired to accompany Mr. Gallaudet to this country, the venerable abbé, in a manly letter which shows conclusively the struggle which it must have cost him, gave his consent. They accordingly sailed from Havre on the 18th of June, 1816, and arrived in New-York early in August.

In the whole of this movement thus projected no one who believes in an overruling Providence can fail to see the guiding hand of God.

In hundreds of other households in city and country there were children perhaps as fondly cherished, to whom the gifts of hearing and speech were denied; in other cities there were men of noble liberality who would have contributed freely had their attention been called to this object; elsewhere, too, were young men whose talents and education would have fitted them for such a work; but He who

> "Moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform,"

had selected the means and instruments best adapted to work out his purpose of love to the poor mute. The loveliness of the child, the deep affection of the parents, the earnest practical philanthropy and high social position of the father; the promptness with which the community responded to the appeal; and, above all, the peculiar training and natural adaptation of Mr. Gallaudet for this work, all indicate, as clearly as any event in history, that the providence of God had directed the whole. And, in the disappointment of Mr. Gallaudet's plans in England and Scotland, his subsequent instruction by the Abbé Sicard, and the emigration to this country of Mr. Clerc, we see further evidence of the wisdom of God's providential dealings.

The process employed for deaf mute instruction in all the British schools at that time was mainly that of articulation; and it is reasonable to suppose that had Mr. Gallaudet received his instruction from Dr. Watson or Rev. Mr. Kinniburgh, he would have been prejudiced in favor of this method, and thus thousands who, through his instrumentality, have been taught by the language of signs, far more rapidly and thoroughly the truths of science and religion, would have left the institutions for their instruction, with very inadequate notions of either, and able only to converse with others in those unpleasant guttural tones so generally used by deaf mutes who attempt articulation.

But, to return to our narrative. Messrs. Gallaudet and Clerc, on their arrival in this country, at once entered upon the work of exciting a more general interest in the instruction of the deaf and dumb in several of the larger towns and cities of New-England and the Middle States, and in soliciting aid for the establishment of an asylum at Hartford. In these efforts they met with a good degree of success, the eloquence and enthusiasm of Mr. Gallaudet, and the intelligence and courteous manners of Mr. Clerc, winning everywhere the confidence and good-will of the communities they addressed.

On the 15th of April, 1817, the school was opened in the building now forming a portion of the City Hotel, with six scholars. In the course of the year the number increased to thirty-three. The autumn previous the Legislature had donated to this asylum (which had been incorporated in the spring of 1816 under the name of the "Connecticut Asylum for the Instruction of Deaf and Dumb Persons") the sum of $5,000, which was afterward expended in the instruction of indigent mutes in the state. This was the first instance of legislative aid being granted for such an object in this country.

The number of pupils was constantly increasing, and in 1818 the directors resolved to erect suitable buildings for the use of the asylum, and accordingly purchased the Scarborough estate, about half a mile west of the center of the city, being the present site of the institution.

Application was made during the ensuing winter to Congress for aid, on the ground that the institution was national in its character, and had already pupils from ten states. Congress granted a tract of land in the then new State of Alabama of a little more than twenty-three thousand acres. This grant, though not immediately available, has by careful management produced an endowment of more than $278,000, the interest of which being applied to the reduction of the current expenses of the asylum, enables the directors to furnish board and tuition at

the very low price of $100 per annum for each pupil.

Mr. Gallaudet remained at the head of the institution till 1830, introducing from time to time improvements upon the system of Sicard, especially in the more thorough intellectual and moral development of his pupils,* and by his energy, tact, and skill, so elevating the character of the asylum that it was regarded by the European institutions as a model school, and in 1823 the directors of the Birmingham school, England, (one of those from which Mr. Gallaudet had been excluded in 1815,) invited Mr. William C. Woodbridge, one of Mr. Gallaudet's assistant instructors, to take charge of their school, so fully had they become convinced of its superiority to their own.

The cares, anxieties, and labors connected with the management of such an institution proved too severe for Mr. Gallaudet's health, which had always been delicate, and in 1830 he resigned his post, and was succeeded by Lewis Weld, Esq., a former assistant, but at that time the principal of the Pennsylvania Institution. He continued, however, one of the directors until his death, in 1851.

Mr. Gallaudet is justly entitled to the credit of having done more for the cause of deaf-mute instruction in this country than any other man. In the organization of the American Asylum, in the wise development and improvement of the methods of the Abbé Sicard, in the thoroughly systematic arrangements of the plan of instruction, and in the deeply religious tone of his character and teachings, he was preëminently fitted for the work to which he was called. But we have neither the space nor the ability to do justice to the character of this truly good man. Happily, that pleasing duty has been performed by a far abler pen, and in a manner which leaves little to be said.†

Most ably was Mr. Gallaudet seconded in all his efforts for the deaf mute by his faithful friend and associate, Laurent Clerc, who, after more than forty years of service in Europe and America, still, in a green old age, devotes himself to the relief of his mute friends. To him many of the deaf mute institutions in the country are indebted for the thorough training of their superintendents. His life has been one of constant toil for the good of his fellow-men, and while his whitened locks and infirm step remind us that ere long he too, the last living link which connects the instruction of the deaf and dumb in the two hemispheres, shall pass away, that the genial countenance and the loving heart which animates it, shall be borne away to the land of forgetfulness, we cannot but feel that heaven will be the richer and earth the poorer for his departure. The toils of these pioneers in the instruction of the deaf and dumb have not been expended upon ungrateful hearts.

On the 20th of September, 1850, deaf mutes from most of the Northern and several of the Southern states assembled at the American Asylum to put in execution a design conceived by one of their number, and promptly responded to by the rest; the presentation of two services of plate, the one to Mr. Gallaudet, the other to Mr. Clerc. The exercises on the occasion were deeply interesting, and must have forcibly reminded the recipients of the time thirty-three years previous, when they commenced their labors with six poor ignorant children, the first pupils of a deaf and dumb school in this country. Little did those who thus assembled think that in one year from that time the form of their beloved teacher, Gallaudet, would be laid in the grave.

But their love for him did not cease with his death. That noble monument, which adorns the grounds of the asylum, was designed and reared by the graduates of the asylum he founded.

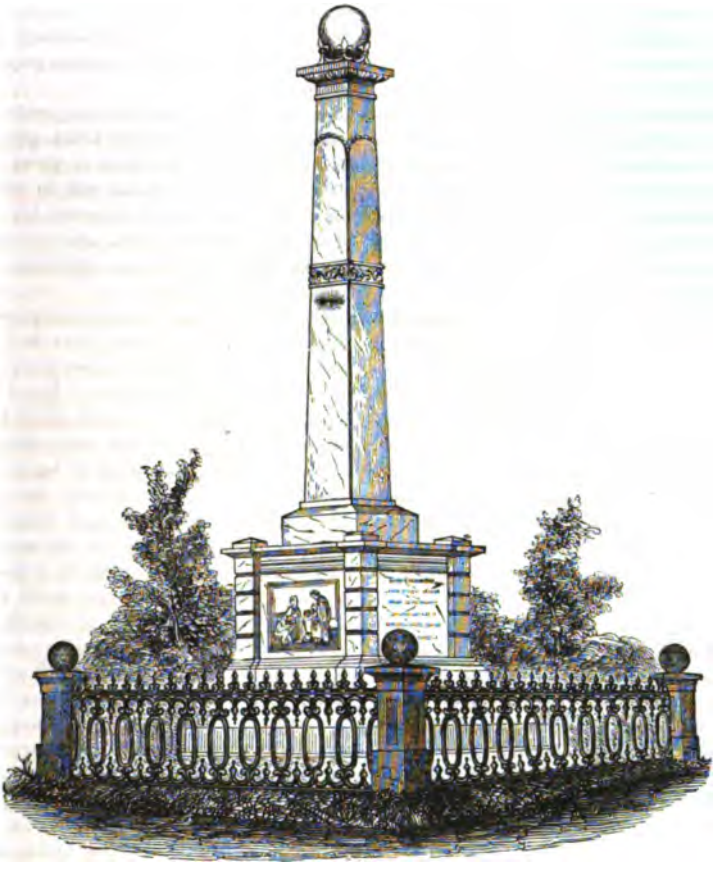
The monument consists of a platform and plinth, both of Quincy granite, a marble base, and die of four panels, the south one containing an exquisitely sculptured bas-relief representing Mr. Gallaudet teaching the manual alphabet to a group of children; the name Gallaudet in the letters of the manual alphabet is inscribed on the north panel; the east panel has the following inscription:

THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET, LL.D.,

Born in Philadelphia, December 10, 1787;
Died in Hartford, September 10, 1851,
Aged Sixty-four Years;

* Mr. Gallaudet introduced at a very early period the practice of conducting the devotional exercises in the sign language, which has since been adopted in most of the institutions in this country and England.

† Tribute to Gallaudet, by Henry Barnard, LL.D. Hartford, 1852.



MONUMENT TO GALLAUDET.

And the west the following:

Erected to the Memory of

REV. THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET, LL.D.,

By the Deaf and Dumb of the United States,
As a Testimonial of profound gratitude to their earliest and best friend and benefactor.

The *die* is surmounted by a *cap*, upon which rests the *base* of the *column*, which rises to the height of eleven feet. Upon the south side of the column, surrounded by radii, is the Syrian word, "*Ephphatha.*" The *band* which connects the two blocks of the main column is encircled with a wreath of ivy, the type of immortality; and the column itself is crowned with an ornate *capital*, surmounted by a *globe*. The whole height of the monument is twenty feet and six inches. It is inclosed with a handsome iron fence with granite posts. The completion of this monument was celebrated on the 26th of September, 1854, by appropriate exercises and addresses. The principal address was by Professor Clerc, Mr. Gallaudet's early coadjutor, and embraced a eulogy on the deceased. Three hundred and ninety deaf mutes from sixteen different states were present on the occasion.

Mr. Lewis Weld, who was unanimously elected principal of the asylum on the resignation of Mr. Gallaudet, in 1830, had been one of the earliest instructors in the institution, and for eight years previous to his election as principal of the American Asylum had presided with distinguished ability over the Pennsylvania Asylum. Fully imbued with Mr. Gallaudet's spirit and methods of teaching, and possessing a high degree of ability

and tact in the management of the institution, its career under his twenty-three years' superintendence was one of constant progress toward perfection.

Mr. Weld was a graduate of Yale College, and had chosen the clerical profession; but, being called at the close of his college course to act as an instructor of deaf mutes, he soon became convinced that a door of usefulness as wide as the ministry was offered to him in the intellectual and moral training of the deaf and dumb, and when once convinced of the path of duty, he adhered to it with that unwavering firmness which constituted a marked trait in his character.

Himself an eminently devoted Christian, he contributed by his holy example not less than by his daily instruction in leading his pupils to Christ, and in cultivating in them that high sense of Christian purity and duty which ever marked his own character.

In 1844, in consequence of reports of great improvements made in the methods of teaching in the European schools, especially in the matter of articulation, it was deemed advisable by the directors of the American Asylum, in conjunction with the New-York Institution, to send a deputation to Europe to investigate the processes there adopted; to acquire a knowledge of any improvements they had made, and to profit by their experience. The deputation consisted of Mr. Weld and the Rev. George Day. They visited most of the European schools, and obtained a large amount of valuable information, which was embodied in the subsequent reports of their respective institutions. The result of their investigations, however, was conclusive, that, so far from the European schools being in advance of ours in the intellectual and moral improvement of their pupils, they were, in reality, very greatly behind them; and that, while a few pupils who had been able to speak before becoming deaf, had acquired a more perfect and less unpleasant articulation than pupils similarly situated here, from the greater amount of care which had been bestowed upon them; the time devoted to articulation by all the pupils in the German schools, could be much better employed in extending their knowledge of the sign language.

This visit, however, led eventually to other improvements in the American Asylum, with a view of extending still further the course of instruction by the organization of the Gallaudet High Class in 1852, and the reception of younger pupils in 1855.

After suffering for several years from enfeebled health, during which period it had required the exertion of great fortitude and a most resolute will to perform his duties, Mr. Weld resigned his office early in December, 1853, and on the 30th of the same month his sufferings were terminated by death.

On his resignation, the present principal, the Rev. W. W. Turner, who had been connected with the institution since 1821, was elected to fill his place. Mr. Turner had originated the Gallaudet High Class, intended to give to the more advanced pupils the advantages of a high school education, and was its first instructor. He possesses, in an eminent degree, the qualifications necessary for the important and responsible post which he holds, and we hope may long be spared to fill it.

We have dwelt thus at length upon the history of the American Asylum, because it is the parent of all the other deaf and dumb institutions in the country. Even at the present day, forty years after its organization, a large proportion of the principals and instructors of the other institutions in the country received their first training, either as pupils or teachers, within its walls; and its modes of teaching have been adopted without any important modification by every institution in the country. The "American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb," the recognized organ of the deaf mute institutions in this country, originated here in 1847; and though receiving contributions from all the institutions in the country, is still published here.

The "New-York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb" was incorporated in April, 1817, by the Legislature of the state; but the school was not opened till May, 1818, with a class of seven pupils, and the Rev. A. O. Stansbury, who, for a year previous, had been the steward of the institution at Hartford, was appointed principal. Mr. Stansbury attempted, but with indifferent success, instruction in articulation and reading on the lip. He resigned in 1819, and was succeeded by Mr. Horace Loofborrow, who assayed, though with an imperfect knowledge of his pro-

cesses, to introduce the system of the Abbé Sicard. The state, from and after the year 1822, provided for the support of thirty-two pupils in the institution; but in 1827, so completely was the public confidence lost in the methods pursued, that the Legislature directed the superintendent of common schools, the Hon. A. C. Flagg, to visit the institutions at Hartford and Philadelphia, and report what improvements were necessary to secure greater efficiency in the New-York Institution. Mr. Flagg fulfilled his mission, and made a detailed report, which resulted in the directors securing, in 1831, the permanent services of Harvey P. Peet, Esq., then one of the most experienced and able instructors in the American Asylum. About the same period the services of Mr. Leon Vaysse, an eminent teacher from the Royal Institution at Paris,* were procured. Under the superintendence of Mr., now Dr. Peet, the New-York Institution, has gone forward in a continuous and rapid course of improvement, till it may be regarded as one of the finest deaf and dumb institutions in the world. During the past summer they have completed, and now occupy, their new edifice, which in cost, extent, beauty of location, and perfection of arrangements, is unsurpassed by any similar asylum on this continent. The number of pupils in the institution is nearly three hundred; the corps of instructors is large and highly educated.

An effort has recently been made in the city of New-York, to found a church for deaf mutes, where those mute-worshipers who visit or reside in the city, may assemble and participate in religious exercises, all conducted in the sign language. The enterprise is likely to prove successful. The services are those of the Episcopal Church, and Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, a son of the lamented founder of the American Asylum, is the rector.

The Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, situated at the corner of Broad and Pine streets, Philadelphia, was first originated as a private enterprise by Mr. David Seixas, a Jew of Portuguese descent; and we may be permitted to observe in passing, that in several instances the world has been indebted to the Jew for noble contributions to the relief of the deaf mute, the blind, and the insane.

Mr. Seixas gathered a few poor deaf mutes (several of whom he fed and clothed) into a school, in the city of Philadelphia, in the spring of 1820. A society, composed of some of the most eminent citizens of that city, adopted this school the same year, and it was incorporated in 1821. The Legislature supports ninety-three pupils in the institution, at an annual expense of one hundred and sixty dollars for each pupil. Pupils are also supported by the States of New-Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware.

The school was organized in 1821 by Laurent Clerc, who remained there six months, and returned to Hartford on the election of Mr. Weld as principal. When Mr. Weld was recalled to Hartford, in 1830, Mr. Abraham B. Hutton was elected principal, and still fills that position. The whole number of pupils is about one hundred and sixty.

The Kentucky Asylum, located at Danville, Mercer County, was incorporated in the winter of 1823, and opened for pupils the ensuing spring. Its first and only principal, Mr. John A. Jacobs, received his preliminary training at the American Asylum, and by his zeal and ability as a teacher, has brought the institution to a high degree of efficiency. Congress endowed this asylum, in 1826, with a township of land in Florida. Their present number of pupils is eighty-one. The Ohio Institution, though not incorporated or organized at so early a period as the Kentucky Asylum, was in part the result of a movement made as early as 1821 at Cincinnati. In that year an association of gentlemen was formed at Cincinnati, for the purpose of establishing a school for the instruction of deaf mutes in the Western country. They selected the Rev. J. Chute as principal of the institution, and sent him to Hartford to qualify himself for the position. He remained at Hartford but four months, a period altogether too short to acquire a practical knowledge of the system of instruction, or of the language of signs. The association applied the following winter for incorporation, but were unsuccessful, objection being made to their location. Under this repulse the school was given up. But the attention of the Legislature and of philanthropists had been called to the subject of deaf mute

* Mr. Vaysse subsequently returned to Paris, and is now, or was recently, connected with the Imperial Institution there.

NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

education, and it was not suffered to be long diverted. In 1822–3, a census of the deaf and dumb in the state was ordered; and in 1826–7, a successful effort was made to establish an institution. In this work, the Rev. James Hoge, D.D., of Columbus, was the immediate agent, and to his zeal and devotion the deaf mutes of Ohio are greatly indebted. A liberal charter was obtained, and Mr. Horatio N. Hubbell was selected as principal. Mr. Hubbell repaired to Hartford in March, 1828, and remained there a year and a half in the zealous prosecution of his preparatory studies. In the autumn of 1829, the school was opened in Columbus, under circumstances sufficiently discouraging; although the opening of the school had been widely advertised, and legislative grants had been made for their gratuitous education, yet there were but three pupils present, and those from the immediate vicinity; of these one was idiotic, and another soon after became hopelessly insane. Soon, however, their numbers increased, and the school has been for many years one of the most efficient in the West.

In February, 1851, Mr. Hubbell, to whose ability, energy, and faithfulness, the success of the institution was mainly owing, tendered his resignation, to take effect at the close of the year. The Rev. J. Addison Cary, who had been connected for nineteen years with the New-York Institution, was chosen to succeed him. Mr. Cary's health was impaired when he accepted the office, and on the 7th of August, 1852, he was removed by death.

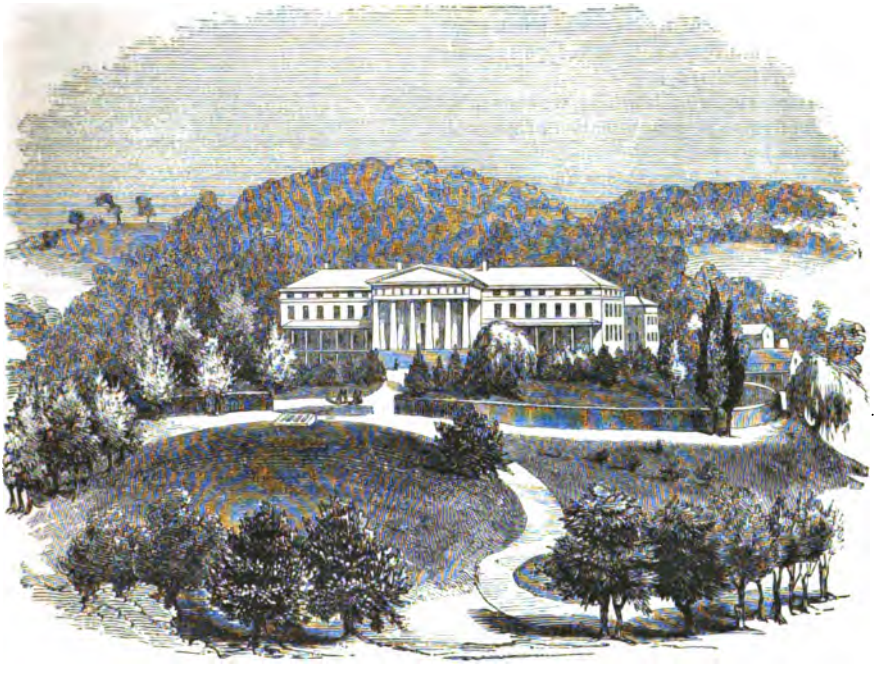
The present incumbent, the Rev. Collins Stone, had been connected with the American Asylum since 1833, and had given evidence of signal ability as a teacher.

Ohio deserves the credit of being the first to provide amply for the education of the deaf and dumb, as a matter of plain and acknowledged duty.

The present number of pupils is about one hundred and fifty, nearly all of whom are supported at the expense of the state. Appropriations have recently been made for the erection of new and enlarged buildings, as their present edifice is inadequate for the number of pupils in attendance.

The Virginia Institution at Staunton was opened in 1838, under the instruction of Joseph D. Tyler, who had been an assistant instructor in the American Asylum. It is pleasantly situated, is supported by the state, and has sixty-six pupils. Mr. Tyler died in 1852, and was succeeded by Dr. J. C. Mérillat.

The Indiana Asylum for the education of the deaf and dumb is located at Indianapolis. It originated from the efforts of Mr. William C. Bates, of Vermilion County, and Mr. Coffin, of Parke County, through whose earnest representations the Legislature was induced, in 1843, to lay a tax of two mills on each hundred dollars for the support of a deaf and dumb asylum. A school was opened by Mr. William Willard, an intelligent deaf mute, at Indianapolis, in the following October. In 1844 a board of trustees was appointed by the Legislature to superintend the proposed asylum; and on the 1st of October of that year, they appointed Mr. James S. Brown, an experienced teacher of deaf mutes, principal of the asylum. In 1846 the asylum was permanently located at Indianapolis; and although it was at the period of her greatest financial embarrassment, when it almost seemed that bank-



VIRGINIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

ruptcy was before her, yet her Legislature, without a dissenting voice, provided by direct taxation for all her unfortunate inhabitants, the *indigent* deaf mutes, blind, and insane; and in 1848, "the doors of all her asylums built at public expense for mutes, for the blind, and for lunatics, were thrown open for all; that their blessings, like the rains and dews of heaven, might freely descend on these children of misfortune throughout the state, without money and without price."

Of the other institutions for the deaf and dumb; namely, those in Illinois, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia, South Carolina, Missouri, Michigan, Louisiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Alabama, and Mississippi, it is only necessary to say, that all of them have gone into operation since 1845; and that they are all conducted on the same general plan with those already described. None of them are as yet large, the Illinois school numbering, in 1855, only ninety-nine pupils, and none of the others over seventy; but all are well managed.

The present provision for the instruction

of deaf mutes, though greater in this country than elsewhere, is entirely inadequate for the education of the whole number who need instruction. The whole number of deaf and dumb reported in the last census, was in round numbers ten thousand; and this estimate was notoriously below the truth. It is certainly not an unfair estimate, that there are in this country fully three thousand who are of proper age to be instructed. Of this number, less than sixteen hundred were in attendance upon the asylums of the country the past year. It is to be hoped that the noble example of Indiana will be followed by every state in the Union. The whole number of institutions for deaf mutes in Europe is about two hundred; but many of them are very small, and supported only by private charity.

In concluding this article, we cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers to the constantly-extending influence of a deed of benevolence in our world. Neither that philanthropic physician who, touched by the privations of his little daughter, sought the establishment of a school, where she and her unfortunate companions might be taught the rudiments of science; nor the thoughtful and far-reaching mind of Gallaudet, or his liberal-minded coadjutors, when, in 1817, they gathered their little group of six ignorant children around them, could have looked forward to the triumphant results of their benevolent labors at the present day. Forty years have passed, and the beloved physician, and his interesting daughter; the able and enthusiastic instructor; the eloquent preacher, who gave his influence and abilities to the promotion of the good work; the liberal and generous men who cherished and sustained the project, are in their graves; but their noble charity lives on, and is destined in coming generations to accomplish an untold amount of good; it has raised the deaf mute from a condition but little superior to idiocy, to an equality with his fellows in the avocations and duties of life. It is now giving him opportunities of high intellectual culture, and in the world of bliss above thousands will bless that era, when the light of life illumined their darkened hearts; when in the embrace of the *wounded hand*, fit symbol of the Saviour's love and compassion, they found peace, joy, and the blissful hope of heaven.

BIRDS; OR, RECREATIONS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

CHAPTER SIXTH, CONCLUDED.

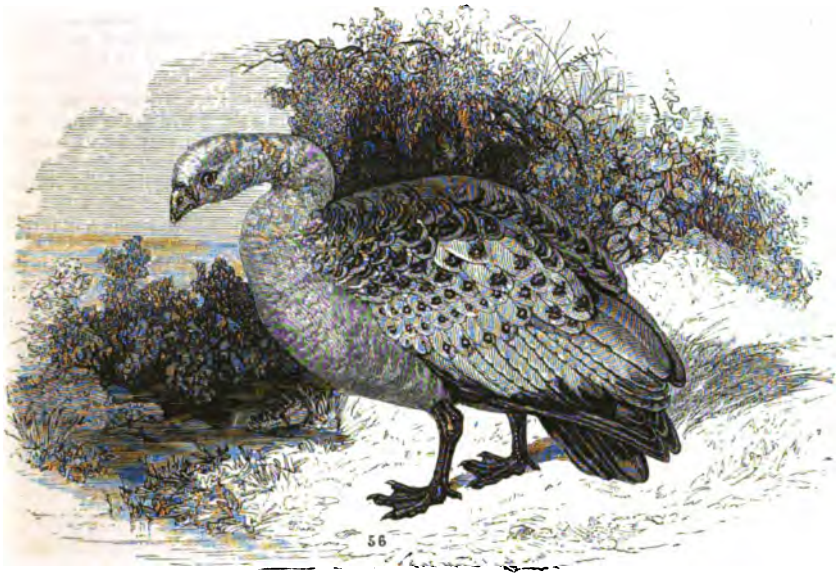
SWIMMING BIRDS.

NEXT in order to the Duck, comes naturally the *Goose*, of which, in a wild, as well as in a tame state, many interesting tales are told. Like some of the world's greatest benefactors, the goose has been slandered, and multitudes run away with the idea that he is not as sensible as he might be; they think him, indeed, little better than a fool, and speak of a goose contemptuously. Now the fact is, there are very few more sensible, affectionate, and well-behaved creatures, and the following account of a Canadian goose is given by Mr. Sharpe, who assures us that all his neighbors will vouch for its truth. He says:

"Though Canada geese are generally of a rambling disposition, this one was observed to attach itself in the strongest manner to the house-dog, and would never quit the kennel, except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog; but never presumed to go into the kennel, except in rainy weather.

"Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite his heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog: but this the dog, who treated his faithful companion with some indifference, would not suffer. This bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force; and when, in the morning, she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard-gate, but sit there the whole day, in sight of the dog. At last orders were given that she should no longer be molested, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked. Being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night, and whenever the dog went out of the yard and went into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings; and in this way of running and flying, followed him all over the parish.

"This extraordinary affection is supposed to have originated from the dog having saved the goose from a fox, in the very moment of distress. While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day or night, not even to feed; and it was feared that she would have been starved to death, had not orders been given for a pan of corn to be set every day close to the kennel. At this time the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's or her own food. On the death of the dog, the goose would still keep possession of the kennel;



and a new house-dog, resembling in size and color the one that was lost, being placed there, the poor bird was unhappily deceived; and going into the kennel as usual, she was seized and killed by the new occupant."

Differing in several respects from the goose, but so nearly allied to the family as to deserve mention in this connection, is the *New Holland Cereopsis*, (figure 56.) Its name indicates its native regions, and it is to be found acclimated and domesticated in the London Zoological Gardens, where they breed freely, and are said to be in their dispositions more inclined to become familiar than the ordinary wild goose.

The *Great Northern Diver* (57) is about two feet and three quarters long. Its plumage, in the upper parts, is black spotted with white; the head and neck glossy black, intermingled with brilliant green; the lower parts are white. Dr. Richardson says, "That though this handsome bird is generally described as an inhabitant of the ocean, we seldom observed it either in the Arctic Sea or Hudson's Bay; but it abounds in all the interior lakes, where it destroys vast quantities of fish." It is rarely seen on land, its limbs being ill fitted for walking, though admirably adapted to its aquatic habits. It can swim with great swiftness, and to a very considerable distance under the water; and when it comes to the surface, it seldom exposes more than the neck. It takes wing with difficulty, flies heavily, though swiftly, and frequently in a circle round those who intrude on its haunts. Its loud and very melancholy cry, like the howling of a wolf, and at times like the distant screams of a man in distress, is said to portend rain.

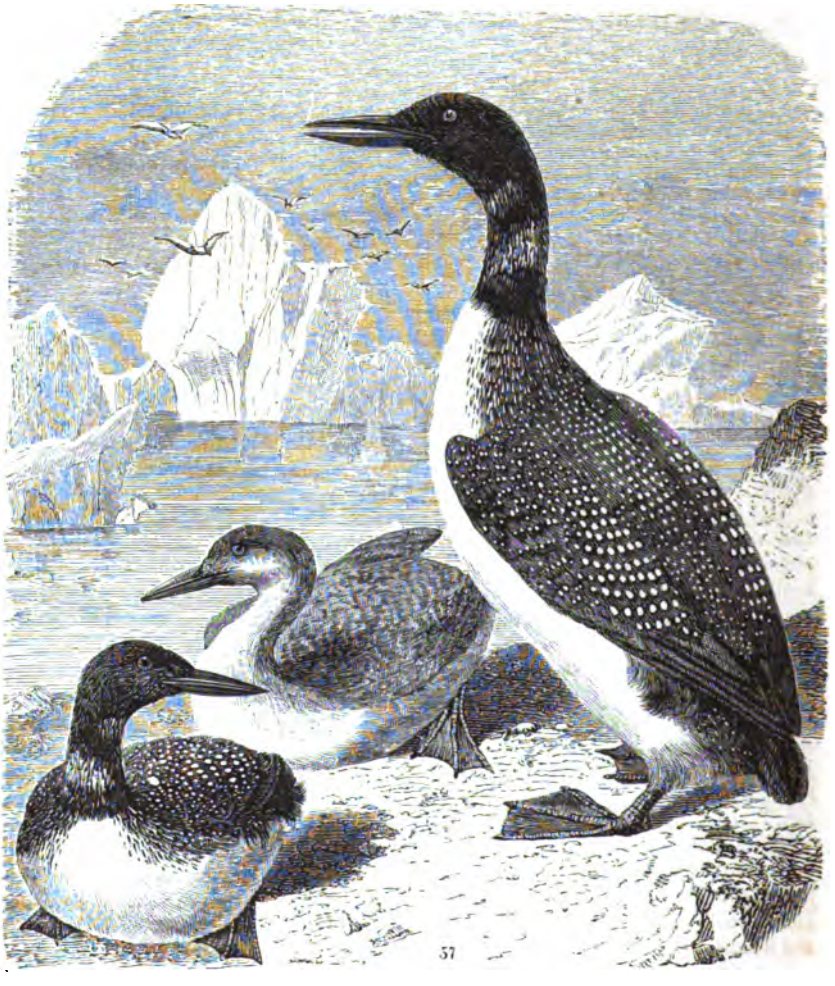
Our next engraving (58) is that very singularly-formed creature, the *Puffin*. In its contour it is round, thick, and ball-like. In length it is about thirteen inches. The bill is deeply furrowed and bluish-gray at the base, the middle part orange-red, which deepens into bright red at the tip. "Perched," says Cassell, "on the cliff of the craggy precipice, the puffin looks down with eager gaze on the sea beneath, and skillfully throws itself into the abyss. Here it expertly swims and dives; its food consisting of the smaller fishes, and especially the young of the sprat." Colonel Brooke tells us how these birds are captured among the rocks of Norway. They sit together, he says, in prodigious numbers in deep holes and clefts of the highest rocks. A little dog, being sent in, seizes the first by the wing. This, to prevent being carried away, lays hold with its strong beak of the bird next to it, which, in like manner, seizes its neighbor, and the dog continuing to draw them out, an extraordinary string of these birds falls into the hands of the fowlers.

Of the habits of the puffin we have the following admirable account from the pen of Audubon:

"There is," he says, "on the coast of Labrador, a small island, known to all the cod-fishers, and celebrated for the number of puffins that annually breed there. As we rowed toward it, although we found the water literally covered with thousands of these birds, the number that flew over and around the green island seemed much greater, insomuch that one must have imagined half the puffins in the world had assembled there.

"This far-famed island is of considerable extent; its shores are guarded by numberless blocks of rocks, and within a few yards of it the water is several fathoms in depth. The ground rises in the form of an amphitheater to the height of about seventy feet, the greatest length being from north to south, and its southern extremity fronting the Strait of Bellisle. For every burrow in the island previously visited by us, there seemed to be a hundred here; on every crag or stone stood a puffin, at the entrance of each hole another, and yet the sea was covered and the air filled by them. I had two double-barreled guns and two sailors to assist me, and I shot for one hour by my watch, always firing at a single bird on the wing. How many puffins I killed in that time I take the liberty of leaving you to guess. The burrows were all inhabited by young birds, of different ages and sizes; and clouds of puffins flew over our heads, each individual holding a 'lint' by the head.

"This fish, which measures four or five inches in length, and is of a very slender form, with a beautiful silvery hue, existed in vast shoals in deep water around the island. The speed with which the birds flew made the fish incline by the side of their neck. While flying, the puffins emitted a croaking noise, but they never dropped the fish; and many of them, when brought down by a shot, still held their prey fast. I observed with concern the extraordinary



affection manifested by these birds toward each other; for, whenever one fell down or tumbled in the water, its mate or a stranger immediately alighted by its side, swam round it, pushed it with its bill, as if to urge it to fly or dive, and seldom would leave it until an oar was raised to knock it on the head, when, at last, aware of the danger, it would plunge below in an instant. Those which fell wounded immediately ran with speed to some hole, and dived into it, on which no further effort was made to secure them. Those which happened to be caught alive on the land bit most severely, and scratched with their claws at such a rate that we were glad to let them escape.

"The burrows here communicated in various ways with each other, so that the whole island was perforated as if by a multitude of subterraneous labyrinths, over which one could not run without the risk of falling at every step. The voices of the young sounded beneath our feet like voices from the grave, and the stench was extremely disagreeable, so that as soon as our boats were filled with birds, we were glad to get away. During the whole of our visit the birds never left the place, but constantly attended to their avocations. Here one would rise beneath our feet; then, within a few yards of us, another would alight with a fish, and dive into its burrow, or feed the young that stood waiting at the entrance. The young birds were far from being friendly to each other, and those which we carried with us kept constantly fighting so long as we kept them alive. They used their yet extremely small bills with great courage and pertinacity, and their cries resembled the wailings of young whelps. The smaller individuals were fed by the parents by regurgitation, or received little pieces of fish which were placed in their mouths; the larger picked up the pieces of fish which were dropped before them; but almost all of them seemed to crawl to the entrance of the holes for the purpose of being fed. In all the burrows that communicated with others, a round place was scooped out on one side of the avenue, in the form of an oven, while in those which were single, this oven-like place was formed at the end, and was larger than the corridor. The passages were flattish above, and rounded beneath as well as on the sides. In many instances we found two birds sitting, each on its own egg, in the same hole."

Our next specimen is a bird of very different appearance and habits; indeed, very unlike any that has passed in review before us. It is called the *Snake Bird*,

or Darter, and is accurately delineated in figure No. 59. Buffon calls it a reptile grafted on the body of a bird. It is an inhabitant of the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, and Louisiana, and is also found frequently in Brazil and Cayenne. It seems to have derived its name from the singular form of its head and neck, which, at a distance, might be mistaken for a serpent. In those countries where noxious animals abound, we may readily conceive that the appearance of this bird, extending its slender neck through the foliage of a tree, would tend to startle the wary traveler, whose imagination had portrayed objects of danger lurking in every thicket. Its habits, too, while in the water, have not a little contributed to its name. It generally swims with its body immerged, especially when apprehensive of danger, its long neck extended above the surface, and vibrating in a peculiar manner. The first individual that I saw in Florida, says Menard, was sneak-

ing away, to avoid me, along the shore of a reedy marsh which was lined with alligators, and the first impression on my mind was that I beheld a snake; but the recollection of the habits of the bird soon undeceived me. To pursue these birds at such times is useless, as they cannot be induced to rise, or even expose their bodies.

Wherever the limbs of a tree project over and dip into the water, there the darters are sure to be found; these situations being convenient resting-places for the purpose of sunning and preening themselves, and probably giving them a better opportunity of observing their finny prey. They crawl from the water upon the limbs, and fix themselves in an upright position, which they maintain in the utmost silence.

There is also a variety of the darter found in Africa, of which Le Vaillant says that those who have only seen it issuing from the water, twisting about above the herbage and among the foliage, would easily mistake it for a snake.

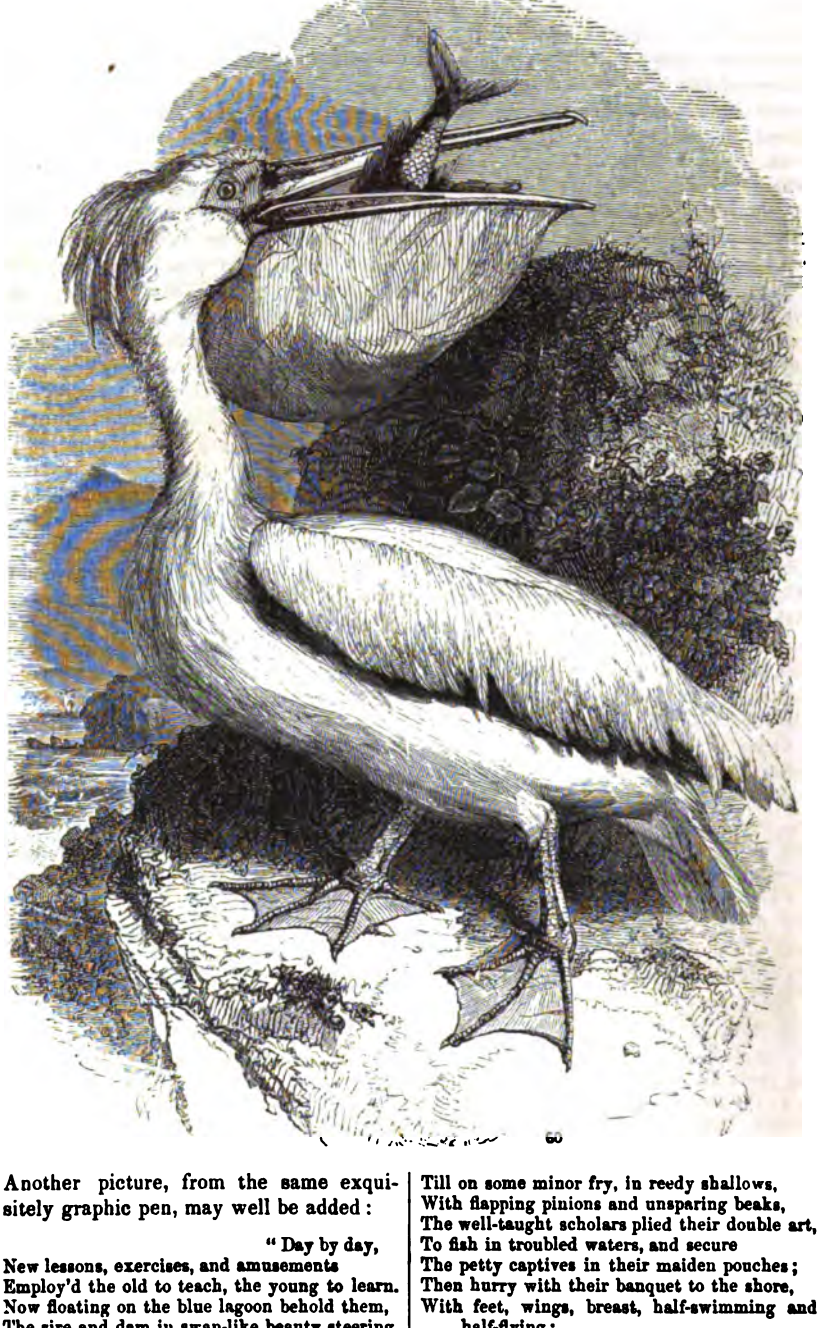
The last bird among the swimmers which we shall notice, and with which we bring our ornithological recreations to a close, is the *Pelican*, (figure 60,) of which many stories have been told, now known to be fabulous. The pelican is found in the Oriental countries of Europe, on the rivers and lakes of Hungary, and on the River Danube. They are found also in Asia, and are mentioned among the unclean birds of Scripture. They feed on fish, and sometimes devour small quadrupeds and reptiles. They are capable of rapid flight, and have an extraordinary power of rising upward. When they see from an elevated position a fish, or fishes on the surface of the water, they dart down with inconceivable rapidity, and, flapping their large wings so as to stun their prey, fill their pouches, and then retire to the shore to satisfy their voracious appetite. The fish thus carried away in the pouch undergo a sort of maceration before they are received into the stomach, and this grinding process renders the food fit for the young birds.

The male is said to supply the wants of the female in the same manner as the parent birds make provision for the nestlings. The under mandible is pressed against the neck and breast to assist the bird in disgorging the contents of its capacious pouch; and during this action the red nail with which the upper mandible is provided appears to come in contact with the breast. This singular process probably laid the foundation for the fable of the pelican nourishing her young with her blood, and for the attitude adopted by painters in portraying the bird with the blood spirting from the wounds made by the terminating nail of the upper mandible into the gaping mouths of her offspring.

The subject of Montgomery's beautiful poem, the "Pelican Island," was suggested by a short passage in Captain Flinder's voyage to Terra Australis, in which he describes one of those numerous gulfs which indent the coast of New-Holland, and are thickly spotted with small islands. "Upon two of these," he says, "we found many young pelicans unable to fly. Flocks of the old birds were sitting upon the beaches of the lagoon, and it appeared that the islands were their breeding-places; not only so, but from the number of skeletons and bones there scattered, it should seem that, for ages, these had been selected as the closing scene of their existence. Certainly none more likely to be free from disturbance of every kind could have been chosen, than these islets of a hidden lagoon of an uninhabited island, situate upon an unknown coast, near the antipodes of Europe; nor can anything be more consonant to their feelings, if pelicans have any, than quietly to resign their breath, surrounded by their progeny, and in the same spot where they first drew it."

The following is one of the poet's pictures of the training of the young:

"On beetling rocks the little ones were marshal'd;
There by endearments, stripes, example, urged
To try the void convexity of heaven,
And plow the ocean's horizontal field.
Timorous at first they flutter'd round the verge,
Balanced and furled their hesitating wings,
Then put them forth again with steadier aim;
Now gaining courage as they felt the wind,
Dilate their feathers, fill their airy frames
With buoyancy that bore them from their feet,
They yielded all their burden to the breeze,
And sail'd and soar'd where'er their guardians led.
Ascending, hovering, wheeling, or alighting,
They search'd the deep in quest of nobler game
Than yet their inexperience had encounter'd:
With these they battled in that element,
Where wings or fins were equally at home.
Till conquerors in many a desperate strife,
They dragg'd their spoils to land, and gorged at leisure."



Another picture, from the same exquisitely graphic pen, may well be added:

"Day by day,
New lessons, exercises, and amusements
Employ'd the old to teach, the young to learn.
Now floating on the blue lagoon behold them,
The sire and dam in swan-like beauty steering,
Their cygnets following through the foaming wake,
Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects,
Or catching at the bubbles as they brake;
Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows,
With flapping pinions and unsparing beaks,
The well-taught scholars plied their double art,
To fish in troubled waters, and secure
The petty captives in their maiden pouches;
Then hurry with their banquet to the shore,
With feet, wings, breast, half-swimming and half-flying;
And when their pens grew strong to fight the storm,
And buffet with the breakers on the reef,
The parents put them to severer proofs."

CHATEAU OF GRIPSHOLM.

RETURN TO STOCKHOLM.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

THE morning after our arrival at Mora we took a small boat, and after rowing perhaps half an hour, landed near the cellar of Tomtegard. A small wood building covers the place; the cellar is still entered by a trap door as in the days of Gustavus Wasa. A good-natured and talkative old woman has charge of the place, who reminded me somewhat of the garrulous personage who long years ago did the honors of Shakspeare's house at Stratford on Avon. The old woman of Tomtegard seemed disposed to do the honors of the establishment in as truly hospitable a manner as had good dame Larsson of old. By way of preliminary she offered us at once a glass of her last brewing. A tallow candle was soon lighted, the trap-door opened, and down broken and precipitous stone steps we entered the cellar which had sheltered the hero. It was a dark spot; not a ray of light entered it. The flickering blaze of the tallow candle showed only rude walls, and an empty, solitary place silent as the grave; "but there lives in it a great memory, the memory of a hero who was concealed in its dark vault, with his misfortunes, his great plans, and Sweden's future welfare in his heart. What feelings, what thoughts have there not lived within these subterranean walls!"

The tyrant had issued a proclamation throughout the province of Dalecarlia to the effect that whoever afforded shelter or food to the houseless Gustavus Wasa should suffer death; while, on the other hand, an immense sum in gold was offered as the reward of his apprehension. Still the homeless wanderer passed from one humble hearthstone to another, protected by the honest Dalesmen. The sum offered for his arrest would have brought the smiles of plenty to many an humble habitation, where starvation was only avoided by a most laborious existence in contact with a severe climate and ungrateful soil.

As the story is related an humble peasant woman sat once in the doorway of the house which then covered this rude cellar and sang as she worked the song of the Dalesmen:

"God strengthen and gladden the people who dwell
By river on hill and in Dalom."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

It was in the early summer, the glad season to the people of the North, when nature awakes from her long sleep, and every heart seems raised in thankfulness to God that he has made a world so beautiful as that which bursts suddenly upon their sight, in the magic change which the green leaves, the opening flowers, the laughing sunshine, and dreamy beauty of the night brings to the people of the North. But dame Larsson is startled, her song ceases, she looks no longer upon the beautiful lake and its green hill-sides. A body of Danish soldiers approach; she is pale with fright.

"Alas! what can they want?" said the Dalwoman, trembling as she gazed; "their haste bodes no good."

"They are in pursuit of me," said a voice at her side. "Will you give me shelter? I am Gustavus Wasa."

"Gustavus Wasa!" exclaimed the astonished peasant. "Come this way, sir; if I can save you I will."

The noble fugitive was hurried down the broken stone steps into the cellar. The trap-door was closed, and a brewing tub placed over it, and good dame Larsson reseated at her spinning wheel before the soldiers had time to enter.

"We will search every cottage," said the officer; "perhaps we shall find him in this one. I am convinced he is lurking near."

Dame Larsson, rising calmly from her spinning, said, "You are welcome to search my poor hut, sirs; it is not much you will find here." The calmness of the woman saved the hero. The soldiers seemed satisfied, after a hasty glance about the premises, and one of them remarked, "He cannot be here; the woman would never be so calm."

"Tell me," said the officer to the Dalwoman, "if a fugitive rebel like Gustavus Wasa came to you for shelter, would you admit him?"

"I have never yet turned away any one from my door, or refused hospitality to a stranger," replied the peasant calmly; "and this reminds me I have not offered you a cup of my last brewing. Let me do so now." The officer took the proffered draught, and then departed, calling out as he galloped off with his party, "Remember! if I find you ever extend your hospitality to Gustavus Wasa, nothing shall save you from instant death!"

The parsonage of Mora is not on as extensive a scale as the one I have described at Leksand. It is, however, a large establishment and beautifully situated. My companion, who called at the parsonage to leave an introduction which I had brought from Stockholm, returned and told me that the *prostina* (priest's wife) had a mustache as heavy as his own, but that it was gray. When I saw the lady I did not find the mustache quite as formidable as I had been led to suppose; but it was, at all events, sufficient to identify this lady as the original of Miss Lotta described by Miss Bremer in her "Parsonage of Mora." Miss Lotta, it will be remembered, on account of this appendage, was jestingly called "the Major."

From the good parson I learned that Miss Bremer had indulged in some personalities in this novel. Among others, an upper servant in the house had imagined herself caricatured, and had taken *mortal* offense. I should not have been surprised had this been true of the good *prostina*, as I could not view the description of Aunt Lotta and her mustache in any other light than *rather* personal.

From Mora I returned upon the border of the lake to Leksand, and continued my journey by a different route toward the south. It was with regret that I left the beautiful Lake of Silja, and the noble race of peasantry living upon its borders. This vicinity, says Miss Bremer, is "the quintessence of Dalecarlia." Here, to use her own language in describing it to me, "I found a land and a people yet in their primeval simplicity and beauty, not spoiled by civilization or the cares and refinements of cultivated life." Of the Dalecarlians in the parsonage of Mora, she says:

"Their life is hard. For them ripen no melting fruits; none of the comforts of improvement sweeten and ameliorate their condition. In contact with a severe climate and thankless soil, they secure with difficulty their crops, and mix not seldom their bread with the bark of the fir-tree. Cut off from the rest of the world, except by travels abroad, during which, however, they congregate together and incessantly long after their homes; closely shut up in their valleys, they would stiffen in soul and sense, if they had not families and religion. With sincere affection they bend themselves down to their children, and with deep faith they look up to heaven. Even into the dogmatism of religion they love to penetrate; and many a subtle dogma, which to the

educated, but so multifariously dissipated men of the world, appears incomprehensible, is grasped by their simple and profoundly penetrating minds with equal ease and clearness. To their pastors they are devoted with child-like affection, when they do not prove themselves unworthy of such attachment; and they are proud of their churches, and contribute freely to their embellishment. 'You expend a great deal upon your churches; I wonder that you find means to do it,' said a traveler to a Dalman as he contemplated the church of Mora and its new glittering copper roof. 'We expend all the less on our own houses,' replied the Dalman gravely.

"As the Dal Elf runs through Dalarne, a great and bright thought through a solemn and troublous life, so runs the life-pulse of religion through the laborious existence of the Dal people, and centuries have passed over them without leaving any rust. They are still in their manners, in appearance, in costume, what they were in the days of Engelbrecht and Wasa. Labor and prayer have preserved their health and youthful vigor. Lowly are the dwellings of the people. They stoop their necks at the doors of their huts, but never have they bowed them to the yoke of the oppressor."

KOMTILLMOTTA STATION.

This is a small inn and station-house, situated upon a triangular piece of ground, the road passing on three sides of it. As we arrived, the moon was just coming up, and appeared in her full like an immense ball of fire as her dazzling rays broke through the fringed outline of the hills, which formed the line of the horizon. From the wooded hill-sides fires were blazing here and there, looking like stars in the distance. Now only one was visible, then three or four, stretching along the hill-side for the distance of some miles. I had observed these some time before arriving at the station-house, and was quite perplexed in determining their object. The post-boy could give me no information. At first I took them for signal fires, when I could only discern two, but as they seemed to multiply and sparkle in every direction I was still more at a loss. But the mystery is solved; they are not signal fires, nor do they indicate any revolutionary movement among the Dalesmen, as they might have done had they been seen in the reign of the Northern Nero; but simply that the peasants are clearing off the wood from the whole of this side of the mountain at the same time, and these fires indicate the places where they are at work.

A charming country is that between Leksand and this station; wood, hill, lake, and the golden harvest-fields, as we passed, were beautifully intermingled. Here was a miniature lake with a background of mountain, its clear waters reflecting the somber hues of a Northern forest, where every tree stood out in as distinct relief from its unruffled surface as on the wooded heights about. The middle ground was occupied by fields rich with the golden harvest; others presented a picturesque line of stacks, with here a peasant's cart gathering the sheaves, and there a group of peasants in their striking costumes; the women in their quaint red and white head-dresses giving just the relief to the picture which an artist would desire. Add to the above scene a picturesque little church situated upon a bold promontory jutting out into the lake, the whole landscape lighted up by one of those peculiarly strong effects of sunset produced by a mass of clouds hanging just above the sun, not obscuring its rays, but rather concentrating them, while every object upon the mountain height, every tree top, the church tower, and every sheaf of grain seems gilded with the glow, and you will have completed a picture combining some of the finest points of interior Swedish scenery. It was such a scene as I have here endeavored faintly to describe, which held me spell-bound for a time near the little church of Gagnef.

Those who can only find enjoyment in scenery of the most stern and gigantic character, that which seems to overpower the soul, and crush one as it were under its mighty weight; where frowning heights and yawning chasms, with roaring torrents, make up the sum of nature about them, would find little in Swedish scenery to excite their admiration. In Dalecarlia dame Nature "seems a face of smilingness to assume," and her frowns are not sufficiently rigid or prolonged upon her brow to hide the dimples in her cheeks. Surely these little gems of lakes scattered here and there, usually at a considerable depth below the mean surface of the country, these tiny indentations filled with water pure and clear as crystal, I may not inappropriately term dame Nature's dimples. Speaking of Northern scenery, I shall never lose the impression left upon my mind of a tour to the extreme north of the Scandinavian peninsula, passing some hundred miles along the Arctic coast, and

THE DALE OF SATER.

then to the interior of Lapland. In the southern and central portions of Norway there is sufficient of the commingling of the smiles of nature with her frowns to relieve the mind somewhat from the crushing weight which one experiences in the more Arctic regions. There all is savage, bare, and desolate; for hundreds of miles you pass at times without the scene being relieved by the least cultivation. Here you lose sight even of those dark and gloomy forests which it now seems would afford great relief to the mind. Continuous mountain rocks, with an occasional dwarf tree, or rather straggling shrub, and mountain tops glistening with snows which have been the accumulation of years, present an ensemble the effect of which is extremely depressing.

GAGNEBRO STATION.

The road from Komtillmotta to this station does not present as much variety in scenery as the previous stage. But this charming spot abundantly makes up in beauty for what a portion of the road has fallen short. A little distance from this place the road strikes the Dal Elf, which wends its course through scenery of uncommon beauty. Our host seemed quite delighted on our arrival to learn that I was an American. He was a gentlemanly person, who had been unfortunate in business. From the previous station we had received an account, by no means favorable, of this establishment. My companion, priding himself on understanding Swedish character particularly well, quite astonished me with the string of titles which he used in addressing the landlord. No people, by the way, are more fond of titles than the Swedes. The *ci-devant* merchant was, therefore, addressed by my companion as Herr Landed proprietor, merchant, and magistrate, all of which, if not actually demanded by him, did not seem to come amiss. Our host informed me that he had a brother settled in the United States, who had passed through various vicissitudes of fortune, now roughing it in the extreme West, and then joining the American forces in Mexico. At last fortune seems to have smiled upon him, and he is now settled in one of the Eastern cities in very prosperous circumstances. This is the first person of whom I have heard in this vicinity who has emigrated to America. There is always a something in scenery of a sublime and beautiful character which fastens itself so upon the hearts of a people that they are far less likely to leave permanently their homes than others. The poorer peasantry of Dalecarlia, it is true, emigrate every spring to Stockholm, and some of them go as far as Germany, but

the autumn blasts are quite sure to recall the wanderers to their dearly loved hills and dales. I have before mentioned the peasants of this province as the most honest, industrious, and trustworthy class of laborers who can be employed in Stockholm.

TO FAHLUN.

At an early hour of the morning we left our kind host of Gagnebro. He declined receiving the least compensation, and assured me that he was but too happy of an opportunity of extending his hospitality to an American, as he felt so much indebted to my countrymen for the kindness his brother had received in the United States. Our walk toward Fahlun led us for a considerable distance near the river, affording many charming views. Here we fell in company with a peasant, who accompanied us for a while on our road. I soon found myself an object of intense curiosity to the rustic. Surely people living in such a remote place, with the little incident which breaks in upon the regular routine of life, are at liberty to be curious. And when they see a stranger, particularly one who speaks an unknown tongue, they may be excused for asking many questions which would certainly be out of place in a capital. Cultivation, and a knowledge of the world, to a great extent do away with the exhibition of this inquisitiveness. But among a people living secluded, it is but a simple and frank avowal of the thoughts which are stirring within; had they become more artificial, although the same curiosity might exist, it would not find utterance. There is in a rural district a something in this child-like and unsophisticated expression of one's thoughts, which is pleasing. "Where are you from?" says my fellow-traveler; this being the first compliment after the accustomed salutation of "good-day," and a touch of the hat, which courtesy is never neglected by a Swedish peasant. My reply of "From America" to this query, seemed by no means to lessen his curiosity; and many were the inquiries which followed relative to my far-off home. When I informed him that laborers were paid in America four dollars rix geld (one American dollar) per day, he seemed perfectly astonished. He assured me that the most he could count upon here was one rix-dollar per day, and to secure that, he was obliged to commence work at a very early hour, and continue until eight o'clock in the evening. This amount, he said, was considered here very extraordinary wages, and that few were able to earn as much. But he supposed the expenses of living were far greater in America than here. "Yes," said I, "but what do you have to live upon here?" He described his simple fare of oatmeal, fir-bark, and sometimes a mixture of peas made into bread, with fish, as constituting his principal food. I assured him that were the European peasantry contented to live in America upon the same fare to which they had been accustomed at home, and with the same degree of comfort, that I believed they could live equally cheap. In the course of our walk, passing a field of oats, he inquired if we had such grain in America, and what use we made of it. I replied that we raised a large quantity of oats, which were fed to the horses. He looked perfectly amazed that we should only make such use of a grain which seemed to him so valuable for bread.

After about an hour's walk we crossed the river by a ferry-boat to Bätsta. This large farm establishment, of which I presented a view in the last National, is most picturesquely situated. It was formerly occupied as a station-house. In the rear the grounds stretch away for a considerable distance, with a garden prettily laid out, and a gravel walk extending along the river, affording some charming points of view. I had been for a little time at a short distance from the house, sketching, when I received from the proprietor a very kind invitation to enter. The favorite beverage of the country, Swedish punch, was produced; after which I gladly accepted an invitation to dinner. The usual preparatory repast was soon after offered with the never-failing native whisky. It has never been my fortune to see a thoroughly Swedish dinner without this *sharpener* to the appetite being produced. Our first course consisted of fish, the never-failing dish of the lake and river country. The next course was milk, which is allowed to become sour and harden, when it is sweetened, and forms one of the dishes peculiarly in favor here, as well as in Norway. After this mutton was served, and some very excellent home-brewed beer. This course being finished, coffee was brought, and then another turn at Swedish punch. The son of my host is a student

WEEPING BIRCHES.

at the University of Upsala, and was then passing his vacation at home. As I have before remarked, the proportion of young men who enjoy the advantages of a University education here among the middle classes is very considerable.

My stay in the dingy, smoking, and sulphureous atmosphere of Fahlun, on my return, was short. Tradition gives the mines at this place an antiquity quite remarkable, even tracing them to Tubal-Cain himself, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," as we read in the Book of Genesis.

The Sagas, at all events, establish the fact of the remote antiquity of these mines; but that it extends to the time of Tubal-Cain, is a point I shall scarcely attempt to establish.

From Fahlun I proceeded to the house of the clergyman whose acquaintance I had been so fortunate as to make on board the little steamer upon Lake Silja; from thence to Westeras by the beautiful Dale of Sater.

The Dale of Sater is quite celebrated in Sweden for its charming effects of Swiss scenery in miniature. During my stay there, the beauty of the scenery was greatly enhanced by the fitty humor of the weather. Now we had bright sunshine penetrating into the depths of the Dale; then the landscape was shrouded by dark masses of clouds, the whole lighted up by occasional vivid flashes of lightning, attended by the deep and heavy roaring of thunder. The day was such a one as that on which the Swedes say, "Thor has been out traveling to-day."

Near the Dale of Sater I stopped for a time to sketch a group of trees, which combined the two varieties most characteristic of the North, the weeping birch and Northern spruce. In a former article in the NATIONAL, I have enlarged somewhat upon the character of the Northern birch.

Some portions of my journey toward Westeras, I noticed a marked change in the appearance of the buildings, which still continued of timber, produced by the use of turf for roofing in place of boards, as I have described in Dalecarlia. Occasionally a shrub, of almost sufficient size to be called a tree, is seen growing upon the roof. In the vicinity of Westeras tile is used for the same purpose.

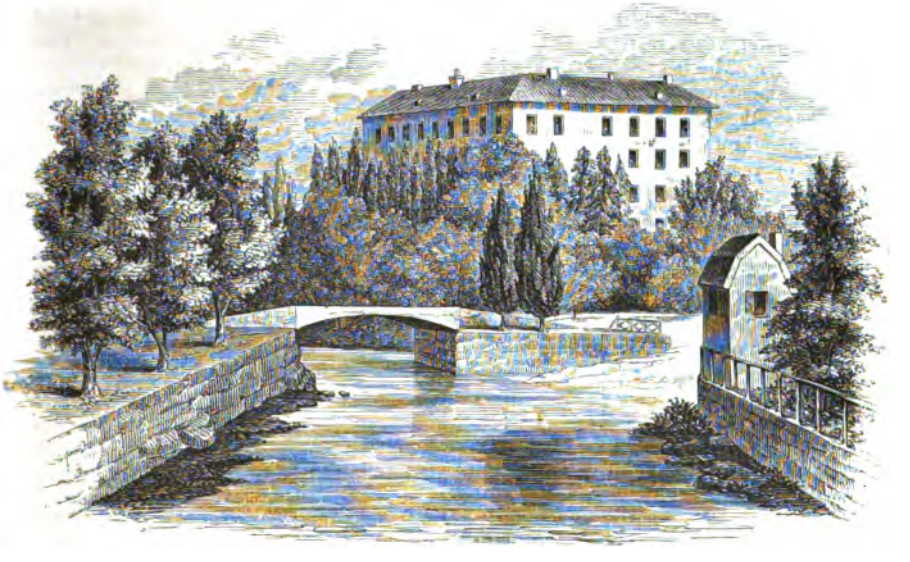
WESTERAS.

THIS is a small, but apparently thriving town of some few thousand inhabitants, situated upon the Malar Lake. The cathedral and castle are the principal objects of attraction. A portion of the cathedral

dates from the eleventh century; but, as in most of the churches of Sweden, various additions have been made from time to time, in accordance with the increasing wants of the population. Three very curiously-carved altar-pieces adorn this edifice. They are of German workmanship, and were among the trophies of the Thirty Years' War. These are inclosed by doors ornamented with paintings, presenting the marked characteristics of the old German and Byzantine school of art.

Among the most remarkable monuments here, is that of Magnus Brahe and his two wives. These persons are represented in a recumbent posture upon the tomb, in that stiff and almost grotesque style in vogue in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Speaking of tombs and reclining figures, Rauch, of Berlin, has produced some exceedingly fine things in this line. He has done away with the stiffness of the age to which I refer, and his works present as striking a contrast when compared to these, as do the works of Praxiteles and Scopas when contrasted with the death-school of Egyptian art. The statue by Rauch, of the beautiful Queen Louisa, in the Mausoleum at Potsdam, is certainly one of the most successful productions of modern times. The likeness of the queen is admirably preserved. The figure is remarkable for its ease and grace of position.

Here is also the tomb of the wretched



CASTLE OF WESTERAS.

Eric XIV. It is a sarcophagus of Egyptian marble, surmounted by a crown and sword taken from the tomb of King John at Upsala.

The castle of Westeras is picturesquely situated, and of very considerable antiquity. It has been greatly changed in modern times; its corners were formerly flanked by towers, which have been removed, and a large square structure, which might pass for an American hotel or manufactory, is all that remains. It was here that the wretched Eric XIV. was for a long time confined. It will be remembered that he was the son of Gustavus Wasa, and was compelled to abdicate, his brother John ascending the throne. The room in which this monarch was confined is still shown. The only light admitted to his cell was through a small aperture in the massive wall some ten feet high. Here are also exhibited irons of immense weight, with which the royal prisoner was loaded. It would seem that banishment from the throne which was his lawful right, and secure confinement, would have been quite sufficient to satisfy his unnatural brother who succeeded to his place, without the addition of all the torture which fancy could devise. However erring might have been the unfortunate prince during his short reign, one cannot visit the place

SKOKLOSTER.

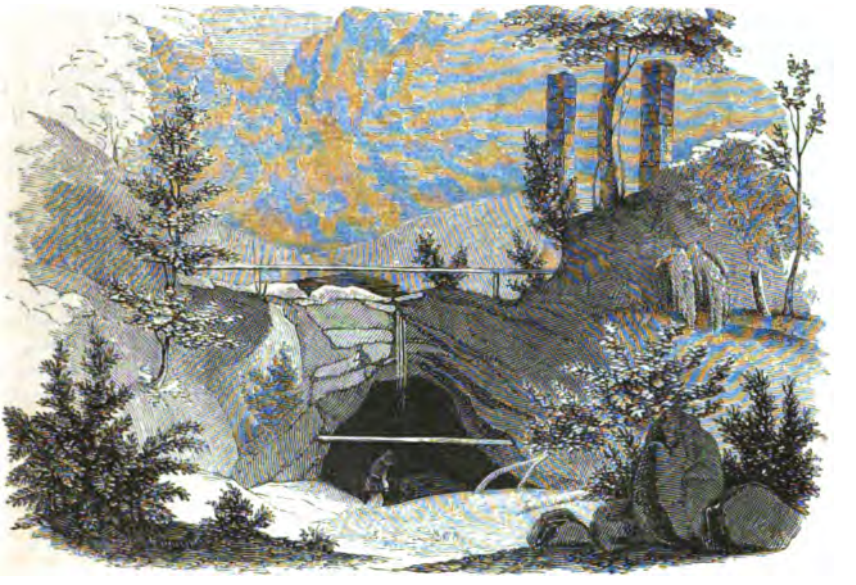
of his confinement, and recall the misery of his later years, without emotions of sympathy. The long period of his close imprisonment, while still in the vigor of manhood, the various means devised by his tyrant brother, apparently to wreak a spirit of vengeance upon him, with the closing scene of his career, dying in prison from poison, all together present a dark page of history.

It is a pleasant excursion, of about two Swedish miles, from Westeras to the Royal Chateau of Gripsholm. This palace was built by Gustavus Wasa, about the middle of the sixteenth century. It has been occupied at various periods as the prison of deposed monarchs. Eric XIV., John III., and Gustavus IV., were all confined here. The appearance of the chateau, upon an approach, is singularly picturesque. Its outline, somewhat Eastern in character, is quite unique. Here we were shown some acres of portraits, eighteen hundred in number, all possessing more or less degree of historic interest; but, like such collections in general, of little value when viewed only as works of art.

On my way to Stockholm, I stopped for a day at Skokloster, the beautiful residence of Count Brahe, a lineal descendant of the great astronomer, Tycho Brahe. This is one of the oldest and most noble families of Sweden. The mansion, as will be seen in the illustration, is large. It is most delightfully situated on Lake Malar, and commands extensive views up and down the lake. The collections here are interesting; in the library are shown some of Gustavus Adolphus's letters to Ebba Brahe. The attachment of the great champion of the Protestant faith to this young lady, is quite an affair of romance. The mother of Ebba Brahe, as mothers sometimes do, though not usually when a crown is offered, interfered in this affair, and by withholding the letters of Gustavus, while he was engaged in the war in Germany, succeeded in marrying her daughter to the Count de la Gardie, one of the most distinguished nobles of the day.

At Skokloster is preserved a fine statue of Bernadotte, King of Sweden, executed by Bystrom, a Swedish sculptor of reputation; the king is represented as a Scandinavian god. Here are many cabinets, containing rare objects of art; among them are old drinking-cups, family plate, &c., as well as some very fine Venetian glass, the art of manufacture of which is lost at the present day. The armories of the chateau struck me as particularly interesting. Here is preserved one of the finest specimens of the work of the great Florentine Benevenuto Cellini. It is a shield of the Emperor Charles XII., and was taken at Prague.

The approach to Stockholm from the Malar side, is far less imposing than from the Baltic. The most marked peculiarity of the scenery of Lake Malar, is its numerous thickly-wooded and beautifully-grouped islands. A brilliant Northern sunset lent its charms to the scene as we approached the city, illuminating the windows of its lofty palace. The early autumn was now upon us; and after my long sojourn in Dalecarlia, wandering among its red and brown timber-houses, the capital appeared, by way of contrast, like a city of palaces.



THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

WHEN our country shall have produced painters and poets equal to the delineation of her scenery, we may well hold up our heads and challenge the admiration of the world; for where is greater majesty presented by nature than here, in our mountains and prairies, our cataracts and caverns! Among the latter, the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, stands preëminent.

It is with no foolish expectation of supplying a desideratum in art, that the present task is undertaken, but simply with a view of stimulating an honest curiosity, especially among my younger readers, and thus drawing their contemplation from the grandeur of historic presentation, to that which lies right about us, offering to genius that gigantic and unworn material, with which, in its stronger manifestations, it delights to work.

About the subterranean country, with the wonders of which it is proposed to deal in this chapter, a great deal has already been written, and sung, and said. Travelers have made full and eloquent, but not exhaustive descriptions; poets have made hymns and sonnets innumerable; artists have originated drawings and engravings; guide books have been published, and yet, after all, it is more than likely my reader has but an imperfect apprehension of the situation, dimensions, and marvels of the Mammoth Cave.

On the border of an unproductive tract of land known as the Barrens, in the southwestern part of Kentucky, upon Green River, in a corner of Edmonson County, about one hundred miles from Louisville, and sixty from Harrodsburg Springs, gapes the gloomy door of the largest underground territory in the world.

It contains, according to the best authorities, two hundred and twenty-six avenues, forty-seven domes, numerous rivers, eight cataracts, and twenty-three pits. The aggregate length of the various corridors is estimated at several hundred miles. Those who propose a journey thither must be prepared for "rough, uneven ways, that draw out the miles and make them wearisome," the Barrens being simply a vast reach of rolling knobs and hills, once bare and profitless prairies, but now overgrown by dwarf oaks and beeches, together with such vines and shrubs as are capable of rooting themselves in baked and dewless earth.

In the immediate neighborhood of the cave a more agreeable aspect of things is

presented — green park-like openings — also, patches of fine woodland, hickory, chestnut, and elm; and in Cave Hollow, a ravine widening into a delightful valley, the scenery becomes exceedingly beautiful.

This valley is bounded by rocky walls, capped with sandstone, precipitous in parts, in parts piled in loose masses, along the base of which grow walnuts, catalpas, papaws, and maples; while rooted among the rocks, and clambering over them, are weeds, brambles, and flowers, of brilliant colors and wild luxuriance of growth.

Making our way along a winding path through this hollow, we are met by a river of air, so cool as to remind us of that shady place

> "Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea."

And sure enough, as we stop to reconnoiter, we discover it to be the chill breath of the monster of caves, the entrance to which, as we descend the grassy terrace before us, opens upon the ancient darkness.

The declivity is thirty or more feet in descent, and as many wide, forming abrupt and broken steps as the bottom of the abyss is approached, where springs an arch of rudely piled rocks, overgrown with a mass of various and tangled vegetation, through which there is a perpetual dropping of water; and here the air, which seems blown from icebergs, the moldy arch, brightened here and there by a lizard striped with green and scarlet, the silence and gloom (for the entrance is subterranean) are apt to impress the visitor with sensations of awe, if not horror.

The pit is quite hidden by the pendent foliage, and not till you have put it aside, and made your way over mounds of saltpeter, thrown out by the workmen engaged in its manufacture there in 1812, and across loose heaps of planks, stones, and earth, do you become fully conscious of the dismal and repelling darkness of the great sepulcher, which is certainly well calculated to give a fearful play to the imagination.

Those who have penetrated to its rock-ribbed labyrinths and star-roofed halls, sunless rivers, and glittering petrifactions, are most tolerant of the exaggerations concerning it; for they all, with one accord, declare that they have seen nothing more "remarkable beneath the visiting moon," and most appreciatively conceive how phantasms spring out of its grimly fascinating mysteries.

THE CAVE HOUSE.

ENTRANCE TO THE GOTHIC GATE.

A few years ago a tract of land, supposed to cover the Mammoth Cave, was purchased by Dr. John Crogan, for ten thousand dollars, and so tied up by him as to prevent it from passing out of his family for several generations. Explorations and discoveries in its intricate branches made the great pride and satisfaction of his life. Perhaps, indeed, his pleasure in feeling his way along some dark entry to a new chamber, was hardly less than is the astronomer's,

"When a new planet swims into his ken."

Near the entrance of his marvelous possessions he erected a tavern, well suited to the wild aspect of its surroundings, it being built of logs, clapboarded, and rendered picturesque by white-wash, porticoes, and green shutters.

This rude tabernacle is altogether comfortable, and is two stories high, and two hundred feet long, with brick buildings at the extremities, showing their gable-ends in front, and is presided over by a towering, broad-shouldered Kentuckian, with a very kind and hospitable face.

There lives, and has lived for sixteen or eighteen years past, the famous slave, Stephen, who has received distinguished consideration in the journals of all visitors to the cave, to which he is attached as guide and ferryman. He has performed a good many wonderful feats, some of which shall be chronicled in the course of this narration.

As he has become a celebrity, and is so intimately associated with the Mammoth Cave, the reader will be interested in knowing he is part Indian and part Mulatto, with the physiognomy of a Spaniard, his masses of black curling hair, and his long

mustache, giving him, together with his dark skin, quite a Castilian air. He is intelligent, used to good society, has tact, talent, and address that might be envied by many a free man. His dress is adapted to his rough life, and consists of a chocolate-colored slouched hat, green jacket, and striped pantaloons.

"His wife is the pretty mulatto chamber-maid of the hotel. He has one boy, takes a newspaper, studies geology, and means to go to Liberia as soon as he can buy his wife, child, and self from his present master."

To this portraiture Mr. Willis subjoins a description of "an extraordinary uniform provided by the hotel for visitors to the cave," which the reader will be pleased to find annexed. He says:

"At one end of the long hall is a row of pegs, where hang the articles for ladies, at the other end are pegs for gentlemen. You are directed to go up stairs and equip yourselves before starting. I cannot say that the dress is becoming. A stuffed skull-cap is worn by ladies to guard them from knocks on the head where the cave is low, and a short petticoat of mustard-colored flannel, with trowsers of the same material, as a requisition of the perpendicular, muddy, and sloppy places through which the journey leads."

Caps and frocks of the same yellow material are provided for the gentlemen, the crouching where the river roof is low, lying on the back to obtain the sky-like view of the "Star-Chamber," and the crawling through winding and narrow holes, being work to which one's worldly garments are not readily subjected.

A party thus accoutered, and each bearing a lamp, as is the custom, present a singular and not uninteresting picture.

Our poet, before quoted, suggests as an essential addition to the pleasure and beauty of the pilgrimage, a more picturesque costume, and recommends a slouched hat and plume, instead of the skull-cap, and short coats, instead of the disfiguring frocks, and the idea seems consonant, for why not add to a pleasure trip the charm of a pictorial costume?

Parties often remain at the hotel a week or more, and make daily explorations in the cave, and in such cases one entrance fee only is demanded, the old visitors accompanying the new ones with their guides as often as they choose.

The lands purchased by Dr. Crogan embrace nineteen hundred acres, covering three square miles above ground; they are highly ornamented by shrubbery and fruit trees, together with fine specimens of the ancient forest growth.

In 1834 the Mammoth Cave (to which it is time we should return) was surveyed by Edmund F. Lee, an engineer of Cincinnati, who performed his task with skill and fidelity—the leveling of many miles of dark and obstructed passages, involving difficulties and hazards, and requiring two or three months for its accomplishment.

A curious map, valuable and interesting alike to the lovers of romance and science, was, shortly after Mr. Lee's exploit, published by him in Cincinnati.

The measureless dimensions so often ascribed to the cavern by imaginative tourists, have thus been cruelly narrowed; scale, chain, and protractor have "laid bare the heart of the mystery," and fixed the facts and figures of this most wonderful and beautiful accident, if accident it be, and is, as seems generally supposed, the result of some terrible convulsion of nature.

It is not one spacious hollow, as may be imagined, but consists of a multitude of labyrinthan branches, none of which extend more than three miles in any one direction. Many of them, indeed, have never been explored, and are not likely to be, owing to the much blasting with gunpowder required to make the gaps, which in some instances are little more than crevices, at all practicable.

Great care is exercised by the guides to prevent visitors from turning aside into these devious winding ways.

A few years ago, a gentleman leaving his party, undertook to conduct his own exploration, and having put out his light by stumbling, remained forty-three hours in total, and doubtless most uncomfortable darkness; darkness,

"Whereof the silence aches upon the ear."

It is related of another equally curious individual that, having ferried himself across the subterranean river and penetrated five or six miles beyond, he fainted from exhaustion, and remained in a

"Savage place, as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath the waning moon was haunted,"

till discovered by the famous guide, Stephen, who bore him back to the daylight in his arms! an achievement requiring a more invincible courage and a manlier endurance than many a one that

is immortalized; for, aside from the distance, it must be remembered there were "ladders to go up and down, holes to creep through, crags to climb, rivers to navigate, slippery abysses to edge around," and passages to thread in a position half double.

A basket of provisions, torches, lamps, and a canteen of oil, are usually provided for each expedition, and with his trappings slung over his back, and a light in his hand that the frozen breath of the cave twists and tortures fantastically, the guide precedes with zeal unabated by familiarity; and, hesitating at every step, the visitors pass beneath the mighty portal, so high, that "giants might get through, and keep their impious turbans on," and the extraordinary observations begin.

The entrance, at first spacious, gradually lowers its ragged and broken roof, and contracts its splintered sides till two persons can only walk abreast; the path is hard and smooth, bearing to the left with a slight descent, and conducting to what is termed the Narrows.

In this vicinity the bones of a gigantic man were found by the niter diggers, and buried again with no sign to indicate the spot, and though they have often since been sought for, they have not been recovered.

The wooden pipes that conducted the water to the hoppers used by the niter manufacturers, are still to be seen.

It has been suggested that the bones of Indians entered largely into the niter produced here—a suggestion originating, probably, from the discovery of arrows and other Indian implements in the cave.

In the Narrows the visitor feels himself almost pushed backward by the wind, which here blows furiously, finds the shaggy roof lowering nearly to his head, and sees before him an east that no morning ever broke, and is likely to understand why even the most faithful dogs cannot be persuaded to follow their masters any further.

Suddenly the walls begin to expand and lose themselves, the ceiling to lift itself up, and the eyes to search through darkness for something to rest upon.

The light made by the torches in this huge vault, called the Rotunda, "is a glooming light, much like a shade," and it is the custom of the guide to kindle with fragments of the saltpeter works a great fire, by the flame of which the visitor is first apprised of the enormous proportions of the cave. The area, by fair measurement, covers half an acre, and the roof, which is from sixty to a hundred feet above the floor, seems in the imperfect light like a gray cloud rolling itself away. By degrees heavy buttresses, that seem bending under their weight, begin to grow out of the shadowy wall.

We cannot do better than condense from Dr. Bird's elaborate account, a description of this majestic antechamber of the cave:

"It is of oval figure, two hundred feet in length by a hundred and fifty wide, with a roof flat and level as if finished by the trowel of the plasterer. Two passages, each a hundred feet in width, open into it at its opposite extremities, and as they preserve a straight course for five or six hundred feet, with the same flat roof common to each, the impression is that of a vast hall. The passage on the right hand is the great Bat Room; that in front, the beginning of the grand gallery or main cavern. The whole of this prodigious space is covered by a single rock, in which the eye can detect no break or interruption, save at its borders, where is a broad sweeping cornice, traced in horizontal panel-work, exceedingly noble and regular; and not a single pillar or pier of any kind contributes to support it. It needs no support.

"'By its own weight made steadfast and immovable.'"

The rock forming the roof is a hundred feet thick, and will probably defy the peltings of the elements to the end of time.

The silence that reigns in this chamber is unbroken by a single whisper, and more solemn than can be elsewhere conceived of. "An army of a hundred thousand men might fight a Waterloo on the hills above its occupants, and they know nothing of it," unless, suggests our authority, the hideous secret were revealed by the color of the waters.

The Rotunda is one of the triumphs of the guide, as well as of nature, and he is apt to take advantage of the solemnly-elevated feelings of the visitor to inform him that "those who say the Mammoth Cave ain't a real tear cat don't know anything about it." The Bat Room impresses the visitor with the sensation of limitless space, the darkness being so dense as to prevent a single gleam of light from touching the walls.

In an attempt to secure a drawing, says Dr. Bird, we lighted it up with torches, flambeaux, and two or three bon-

called the Gothic Gallery, from its resemblance to that style of architecture; for here the huge and grotesque masses of rock become wonderfully imitative. It is entered by climbing a flight of steps, and sidling through a gap in the wall. Its height is fifteen feet, width forty feet, length two miles; the ceiling is smooth, as if finished by a plasterer. In this hall several mummies have been found among the recesses of the rock, and a curious piece of bark-matting, the relic of some Indian queen, perhaps, is still shown. The bodies seemed to have undergone no process of embalming, but were, nevertheless, in a perfect state of preservation; so dry is the air, and so strongly impregnated with niter, as to prevent decomposition. What has been done with these mummies I have been unable to ascertain with any certainty. One is reported to be in the British Museum, and another to have been burned up in the Museum in Cincinnati.

An elaborate description of one of these ancient sleepers has been published by a scientific gentleman who visited the cave in 1813, from which the subjoined is an abridgment: In digging saltpeter earth, a flat rock was met with by the workmen, a little below the earth's surface; this stone was raised, and was about four feet wide and as many long; beneath it was a square excavation about three feet deep, and as many in length and width. In this small subterranean chamber sat in solemn silence one of the human species, a female, with her wardrobe and ornaments placed at her side. The body was in perfect preservation, and sitting erect; the arms were folded up, the hands laid across the bosom, and the wrists were tied together with a small cord; around the body were wrapped two deer-skins. These skins appeared to have been dressed by some mode with which the present generation is unacquainted. The hair of the skins was cut off near the surface, and the skins ornamented with the imprints of vines and leaves, sketched in a substance perfectly white. Outside of this wrapping was a large square sheet, either woven or knit. The fabric was the inner bark of a tree, supposed to be the lime-tree. In its texture and appearance it resembled the South Sea Islands matting; this sheet enveloped the whole body. The hair on the head was cut off within an eighth of an inch of the skin, except near the neck, where it was an inch long; it was in color a dark red. The teeth were white and perfect, and no blemish on the body, except a wound between the ribs, near the backbone, and an injury in one of the eyes. The finger and toe nails were perfect, and quite long; the features were regular. The length of the bones of the arm, from the elbow to the wrist joint, was ten and a half inches. The whole frame gave evidence of a figure five feet and ten inches in height. At the time it was discovered, the body weighed but fourteen pounds, and was perfectly dry; but on being exposed to the atmosphere, it gained in weight, by absorbing dampness, four pounds.

It has been thought curious that so large a body should weigh so little, as many human skeletons of nothing but bone, exceed this weight. Recently, however, some experiments made in Paris, have demonstrated the fact of the human body being reduced to ten pounds, by being exposed to a heated atmosphere for a long period of time. The color of the skin was dark, not black, and the flesh hard and dry upon the bones.

At the side of the body lay a pair of moccasins, a knapsack, and a reticule. The moccasins were made of wove or knit bark, like the wrapper I have described; around the top was a border for strength and ornament. These denoted feet of small size, and differed but little in shape from the moccasins worn by the Northern Indians. The knapsack was of wove, or knit bark, with a deep, strong border around the top, and was about the size of the knapsacks used by soldiers. The workmanship was neat, and the fabric such as would do credit to a manufacturer of the present day. The reticule was also made of woven bark, in shape like a horseman's valise, and opening its full length on the top; the whole laced up and secured by a cord which passed through loops attached to either side. The edges of the top were strengthened by deep, fancy borders. The articles contained in the reticule and knapsack were as follows: one head-cap, made of woven or knit bark, without border, and of the shape of the plainest nightcap; seven head-dresses, made of the quills of large birds, and put together after the manner of fans, somewhat enabling the wearer to present a beautiful display of feathers. These are represented as very splendid; they would, it is said, form magnificent

ornaments for the female head at the present day. Several hundred strings of beads, consisting of hard seeds, smaller than hemp-seeds. They were of a brown color, strung on three-twined thread, and tied up in bunches as strings of coral beads are tied by merchants. The red hoofs of fawns on a string, supposed to have been worn as a necklace. They were about twenty in number, and were thought to have been emblematic of innocence. The claw of an eagle, with a cord passed through it, so as to form a pendant for the neck. The jaw of a bear, designed to be worn in the same manner. Two rattlesnake skins; one of these had fourteen rattles: they were neatly folded up. Some vegetable colors done up in leaves. A small bunch of deer sinews. Several bunches of white thread and twine. Seven needles, some of which were of horn, and some of bone; they were smooth, and appeared to have been much used. The top of one of these needles was handsomely scolloped, but none of them had any eyelets to receive the thread. A hand-piece, made of deer-skin, and designed to protect the hand in the use of the needles, instead of a thimble. Two whistles, about eight inches long, and made of cane.

In the various articles which constituted the ornaments of the mummy, there were no metallic substances; and in the make of her dress there was no evidence of the use of other machinery than the bone and horn needles. No warlike arms were found among the collection.

Of the race to which she belonged, we can know nothing; and as to conjecture, the reader of this account can judge for himself. The cause of the preservation of the body, ornaments, and dress, is owing to the nitrate of lime that impregnates the atmosphere of the cave, and the entire absence of moisture and heat. There is no such thing as putrefaction or decomposition possible in the cave.

The features of this exhumed member of the human family much resembled those of a tall, handsome American woman.

We will pause here, and give the reader an opportunity to "slide into the rustled air again," hoping he will accompany us next month, for the observance of other special wonders presented by this Mammoth Cave.

"Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's lone star."

A MORNING WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

AS I am fond of sauntering among the stores and manufactories of this great city, I contrive to turn my lounging habit to profitable account. I take great pleasure in gathering information about the various trades and professions of those with whom I spend my leisure hours. Although I am a bookish man, I belong to that large class of readers who are content to enjoy the fruit of other men's labors, without stopping to think of the weary toil and struggling patience it costs them to prepare even an ephemeral work for the press. I trouble myself still less about the various mechanical skill necessary to bring the work to my hands neatly printed and bound. Of the dealings between authors and publishers I knew nothing until a few mornings since, when I happened, in one of my rambles, to step into the great publishing house of Goldleaf, Jokington, & Co. By a special favor, as I suppose, I was asked into the room where the chief of the firm bargains in a quiet undertone with those who bring their literary labor to that market. I had been seated but a few minutes when a little man entered the place holding in his hand a carpet-bag, the sides of which were well bulged out. It struck me at once that he was an author, for his face wore that somber and cadaverous hue that belongs to old parchments, or very old books. He inquired which of us was the literary partner of the firm, to whom he had been directed by a gentleman at the counting-desk. That polite personage immediately rose and said,

"I am he, at your service, sir."

The author, for such he proved to be, opened his carpet-bag, and with some difficulty brought out a roll of manuscript, which, judging by its size, could not be less than twelve hundred pages of closely written foolscap. As he unrolled the huge document, and spread it out on the table, I perceived that the thumb and middle finger of his right hand were perfectly black with chronic ink-stains. He then began with an air of calm and enviable assurance to open the business of the hour.

"I have here," said he, "the result of nine years' laborious and accurate research, '*A New History of Mexico*,' and

I have called to know what terms I can make with you, as I expect the work will have an unprecedented sale."

At this remark I saw that the publisher smiled, which the author evidently mistook for a sign of encouragement.

"I propose," said he, "to leave the work with you a few days, that you may read it, and judge of its merits. I fancy," he added a little facetiously, "that you publish nothing without some knowledge of its general character."

"Decidedly so, decidedly so," answered Mr. Goldleaf, the publisher, "you could hardly make a more reasonable conjecture. We certainly like to know something of each work that goes through our press. But, my friend, seventy years are the allotted period of human life, and I fear that I cannot spare such a large proportion of my days as the reading of your manuscript would require. Besides, sir, I am discouraged by the apprehension that your history may be a little too late for the market. You are, perhaps, aware that a certain Prescott is thought to have done ample justice to that subject; and it will probably be some time before the public will be prepared for your work, superior as it unquestionably is to anything in that line."

I instantly saw that this reply, half humorous as it was, took all the humor out of the dusky author.

"Prescott," said he, "I allow has done well, considering that he is blind. But what can you expect from a blind man? His style is not sufficiently ambitious, sir. He has imitated the worst models of history. He constantly sacrifices spirit to an apocryphal stateliness of manner. In *my* work I have broken through all such artificial restraints, and aimed at an epic boldness unknown to either Robertson or Prescott. May I prevail upon you, sir, to read a page or two as a specimen of my historical style?"

This was a request not easily denied. Mr. Goldleaf took up the manuscript and read:

"Cortes, animated by the true Castilian spirit, ascended himself with the agility of a mountain squirrel to the snow-capped summit of Popocataptel. From thence he descended to the region of brimstone like an angel in his fall, though he went down in a large wooden bucket, and gathered the material for manufacturing gunpowder wherewith to drive before him the barbarous Aztec hordes."

"Truly, sir, this is highly poetical, but not quite the thing for history, I imagine At any rate, my judgment now is that you had better delay the publication of your work until Prescott ceases to be the rage."

With this remark Mr. Goldleaf made a low bow. The author slowly returned his manuscript to the carpet-bag, and left the room, saying something about the ignorance of publishers, which I did not distinctly hear.

The author of the "*New History of Mexico*" had scarcely reached the street door before another entered, whose appearance anywhere could not fail to attract attention. His deep red hair was curled all over. A fiery mustache, nicely curved and pointed at both ends by the aid of gum paste, beautified his upper lip, while a tuft of hair, appropriately called a *goatee*, hung from his chin. An eye-glass dangled over his vest of changeable silk. The head of his delicate cane was carved on one side into the likeness of a horse, and on the other it bore the image of a dog. Everything else about his dress and manner was in exact keeping with these signs of a vain and empty fellow: and, altogether, he was unmistakably one of that large class of modern gentlemen who are not inaptly described by the single word "*superfoine*." He was just such a fellow as would be likely to forge a check, or break into a jeweler's shop to get a new-fashioned breast-pin, if it could be had in no other way.

"Will you be pleased, sir," said he, "to look at my name?" at the same time handing Mr. Goldleaf a gilt-edged card.

"Yes, sir," said the publisher, "I perceive that your name is E. WRIGGLEBY SIMPLEX; and what does the E. stand for?"

"Why," said the exquisite, "the first term of a gentleman's name is now indicated, or rather hidden, under its initial letter. Formerly the initial of the middle term was all the go, but that is now entirely out of fashion among gents. As you have asked me, however, for my name in full, I will tell you. I have the honor to have been baptized EVARDUS WRIGGLEBY SIMPLEX!"

"Well, then," said Mr. Goldleaf, who had not a particle of respect for the fellow, "*Evardus Wriggleby Simplex*, what do you want of me this morning?"

"Why, sir, I have called to let you know that I intend spending a year or more on the continent of Europe, and—"

"You have my consent to spend all your years on the continent of Europe!"

"But stop, sir; I was going on to say, that if we can agree, I propose to arrange with you for the publication of three volumes of travels, which I design to write while abroad, and have them ready for the press on the day of my return."

"I am afraid," answered Mr. Goldleaf, who felt somewhat checked for a little pardonable rudeness, "I am afraid, sir, that we shall hardly agree about the publication of a yet unwritten work. Or, perhaps you wish to engage us to publish the work at your expense and risk."

"O no, sir; not at all, sir. That would not answer my purpose. You see an essential part of my plan is to bargain with a respectable publisher, and receive at least one half the value of the manuscript as the means of paying my way."

"At what price," inquired the publisher, with half-suppressed contempt, "do you hold your future manuscript?"

"As to that, sir, I can hardly say, only that I will not be severe on you. I expect to make three stout duodecimos, which I think will be cheap to you at two thousand dollars. I will consent to take that on the condition named — that you pay me one half in advance. In the meantime you can be preparing the public for the work by announcing it in the papers, and thus getting up an excitement. Nothing like a flourish of trumpets, sir!"

A little egotism in a friend is not unpleasant, but to be tormented in business hours by the vanity of an impertinent coxcomb, is too much for the well-trained patience of a publisher. Mr. Goldleaf could endure it no longer; so he gave the fellow a get-thee-behind-me look, and turning toward me, expressed his gratification at the reduced price of bread-stuffs, and went on to say what had been the lowest price of flour in each year since the close of the last war with England. When he had finished this interesting exhibit of the flour market, *Mr. E. Wriggleby Simplex*, instead of taking the hint, with most refreshing assurance said:

"Now, sir, shall I have your answer to my proposition?"

"We cannot bargain to-day," said the publisher calmly.

"What day would suit your convenience better?"

"The day of judgment," he replied, as fast as the words could be spoken.

"No harm done, sir; not the least in the world. I offered you moderate terms, because I desired to have my book come through a first-class house. I can easily engage elsewhere on the conditions named."

Mr. Goldleaf bowed, and *E. Wriggleby Simplex* retired.

As soon as he left, I asked the publisher if the fellow could possibly be serious.

"Ay, sir," said he, "as serious as such an animal can be. You have no idea of the foolish propositions which half-cracked men bring to us. It is one of the least pleasant parts of our business to let down their exalted estimate of themselves with becoming civility. You saw how hard it was to be civil—"

Our conversation was interrupted by a young gentleman, whose modest appearance and diffident manner bespoke him the very reverse of the fop who had just left. He trembled and hesitated as he placed a letter in the hand of Mr. Goldleaf. It was a letter of introduction by an author of established fame. While the publisher was reading it I watched his countenance, and saw that he was pleased. I could not fail to notice, also, the evident solicitude and embarrassment depicted in the youthful author's face. He involuntarily made those awkward and unmeaning motions that betray a discomposed spirit. He lifted his hand to his cheek, and then withdrew it. Three times, in as many minutes, he put on and took off his gloves. He buttoned his coat as high as the collar, and again threw it open. He adjusted his hat until it was quite out of place, and if the letter had been much longer I doubt whether he would not have lost all sense of his identity. When Mr. Goldleaf had finished reading, he turned toward the young stranger, and said in the blandest manner,

"I am very happy, sir, to make your acquaintance, and hope that this is but the first of many business meetings. You have great reason to be proud of such a recommendation as this, and coming from such a source, too! Have you the manuscript with you?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, and thrusting

his hand into the left pocket of his overcoat, brought out a bundle, and laid it on the table. The publisher took it up, and removed the newspaper covering, when lo! what did he see but two pair of blue yarn stockings! The confused author took them up, and hurriedly put them back into their place, and at the same time felt in the right pocket of his coat, and produced the manuscript. It was written in a plain, round hand, without interlineations or blots, or anything that could tempt the patience of a compositor. It was just such a manuscript as nobody but a young writer would take the trouble to prepare.

"It will give us great pleasure to publish it," said Mr. Goldleaf. "You know the usual terms, I suppose: ten per cent. to the author on all sales after the book has paid expenses."

"I was not at all solicitous about terms, and if I get anything I shall count it clear gain. Your goodness, sir, has both surprised and relieved me, and my only hope is, that you may lose nothing by the encouragement you have given me."

The young gentleman retired after apologizing for his awkwardness, and engaging to return in a week to read the proof-sheets of his work. I asked the publisher if he expected to make anything out of the book that he had so summarily agreed to publish. He answered that the letter which he had just read was from the celebrated ——, who expresses the highest opinion of the essays, and promises a corresponding notice of them over his own name. It is a perfectly safe operation.

Just then a lady entered in a dark dress, which had evidently seen its best days. But though well worn, it was plainly distinguishable as the garment of a gentlewoman of reduced fortune. Her countenance bore an expression of mingled melancholy and humiliation. Before she said a word on the object of her call, she looked at me as if she desired me to withdraw. But I had become too curiously interested in her case to accept such a gentle hint, and fearing that she might repeat the silent request by another imploring glance, I took up a volume that lay on the table, and affected to read while my attention was wholly directed to her. Mr. Goldleaf saw her embarrassment, and with the politeness of a true business man, asked if it was in his power to do her a service. Relieved by the question, she timidly began:

"I have called, sir, on a business entirely averse to my feelings, yet a bitter necessity has forced me here." Here she paused. I could not resist the temptation to lift my eyes from the book. A single glance, and I saw great tears trembling on her eyelids. When she had somewhat gained the control of her feelings, she continued:

"Four years ago my husband died of a fever. I was left with three children—two daughters and a son. My husband's reputation as a lawyer had been rapidly rising, and at the time of his death he had gained clear of the world six thousand dollars. One half of this was invested in Harlem Railroad stock, and the remainder in the stock of the New-York and New-Haven Railroad Company. This, indeed, was a very scanty provision for me and my poor babes, and having myself been delicately raised, I was unable to do anything to increase my little store. By the severest economy, however, I contrived to get on without depending on my relatives, all of whom had turned away from me because I married without their consent. At length, when I found by experience that I could live on the dividends of my stock, my mind became easy, and I began to be thankful that I was not obliged to depend on those who might have rejoiced in my humiliation. But, sir, how cruel is fortune, and how hard is it to give to that fortune the solacing name of Providence, when there is no solace left but the name. Let me not, however, utter any skeptical complaint. It may be all right, though I see it not. Just then, as I began to feel that I was safe from the hand of grudging charity, and supercilious condescensions in the vestibule, the Schuyler frauds astonished the world, and robbed me of my whole dependence. My stocks became nearly worthless, and all prospect of dividends failing, I was obliged to sell my interests for what they would bring. The consequence is, that my means are daily becoming less and less. I have tried to teach music, but the business is almost entirely in the hands of men. I have but little skill in needle-work, and the few things I have made will not sell. I can teach a school of small children, and for three months

past have been trying it as an experiment; but I shall have to give it up, as I can get no one to come to me but the children of a neighboring widow, who is nearly as poor as myself. And now, sir, in hope of adding a little to my nearly exhausted means, I have brought you this manuscript."

Here she produced about a dozen faded sheets, written in a fine hand and sewed together with red tape. She continued:

"It is a story founded on the siege of Londonderry, which I wrote for my own amusement in the happy days when my husband was yet with me. Ah, sir, little did I think that the time would ever come when, as a lonely widow driven by poverty, I should offer it to a publisher as a means of getting bread for myself and my poor orphan children."

I could see that this story touched the heart of the publisher, and I am very sure it touched mine. In that moment I wished that I was worth a million. After a long pause, during which Mr. Goldleaf was striving to overcome his emotions, he asked,

"At what price, madam, do you hold this production?"

"Indeed, sir," said she, "when I wrote it, I thought it worth nothing, but if you can give me anything for it, it will save me a little longer from utter and hopeless destitution."

"It is a short story," said he, as his lips quivered involuntarily, "and just now the market is well stocked with fictitious works, but I think I can safely offer you fifty dollars for it."

This unexpected offer took her by surprise. For a moment she looked as if doubting whether he was in earnest; but when he drew out his pocket-book to pay her, then, in the beautiful language of Scripture, "*She lifted up her voice and wept.*"

"O, sir," said she, "I had not dared to hope for more than the tenth of this. But surely God is yet good. May the blessing of those who are ready to perish be your consolation in the hour of your last struggle!"

When she had gone out, I asked Mr. Goldleaf how he came to buy a work, of the merits of which he could have no idea, as he had not read it.

"Believe me, sir," he answered, "this is only one of many such cases. I paid her for the manuscript, and she thinks she has made a good bargain; but it was charity under the form of trade, for I shall never read the story. The only disagreeable part of it will be that she will look for the appearance of the book, and be disappointed. That, however, I cannot help."

I was pleased with this delicate stroke of philanthropic policy, and glad to find that the world is not yet grown so selfish, but that a warm heart may respond to the cry of distress even in business hours.

While the publisher and I talked of the wrecked fortunes caused by the Schuyler forgeries, a man entered the room, whose sinister aspect at once fixed my attention. His head was large and covered with bushy hair of a dull red. It was evident that for a long time neither razor nor scissors had come near his face; and when his sunken, snakish eyes twinkled upon me, I thought that he much resembled a rat staring through a bunch of oakum.

There are certain indescribable peculiarities of manner in different men, resulting from their occupations, or the influence of a particular passion, and most of all from their creeds. I gave myself the credit of detecting in this fellow an enemy to revealed religion. He soon convinced me that I was not mistaken. Drawing from his pocket a greasy looking manuscript, he handed it to the publisher, at the same time saying,

"You may guess, sir, the character of this work by its title: 'A FINISHING STROKE TO CHRISTIANITY.' I have here proved the whole thing an imposture—a vile and detestable humbug, sir! I have shown that Christ and the twelve apostles are mere allegorical figures, representing the sun, and the twelve signs of the zodiac. The priests I have shown to be a pack of knaves conspiring against the liberties of mankind. You may depend on it, this book will spoil their trade. I know well what I am to expect. The idle drones would burn me if they dared, but I intend the first few editions to go out without my name. '*Strike, but conceal your hand,*' is the word, you know."

"Truly, sir," said Mr. Goldleaf, with most commendable coolness, "I am much at a loss to understand all this, but I have a vague impression that the object of your call is to offer us your book for publication."

"Exactly so, sir; I will leave the work with you. You will read it, and if you shall have courage enough to print it, we will then agree about the terms."

"I am not quite clear," answered the publisher, "that Christianity is the shallow humbug that you represent it to be. Perhaps, after all, and notwithstanding your learned work, there may possibly be some truth in it. I presume you will admit that there is ground for honest difference of opinion. At least you will allow that the Christian religion has heretofore mustered some names of considerable strength."

"Why, as to that there is no dispute. Christianity has had some great names, but they were hypocrites, base hypocrites, sir! It is a fundamental doctrine of my creed that all men are hypocrites."

"I suppose, then," said Mr. Goldleaf, "that you are no part of mankind, or am I to believe that you include yourself among the hypocrites? If so, we must respectfully decline any business relations with you at once."

"Sir," asked the infidel, angrily, "do you insinuate that I am a hypocrite?"

"By no means, sir; by no means; only you said that all mankind are hypocrites, and I desired to know whether you belonged to mankind. I meant no insinuation, sir, but I like to reason straight on."

"I am no hypocrite, sir, whatever you may be," replied the infidel.

"Then, sir, I am right in the impression I first took of you. You don't belong to mankind. You must be the devil, sir. I never talked with the devil before. Sir, I owe you no further civility. Out of my house as fast as possible!"

The author of the "*Finishing Stroke*" took up his manuscript and escaped much faster than he entered. I could not forbear applauding the publisher for taking down the arrogance of the silly fellow in such a prompt and befitting style. "That lesson," said I, "will be likely to do him more good than a thousand unanswerable arguments. His infidelity is a compound of ignorance, depravity, and conceit. The treatment he received will mortify his pride and let him down in his own esteem, and he will be ashamed of the book that occasioned his humiliation."

"Yes," answered Mr. Goldleaf, "I have had frequent opportunities of knowing this class of men, and I have learned enough of them to know that while they charge others with hypocrisy, they are the vilest hypocrites themselves; pretending to disbelieve Christianity, and all the time afraid to go to bed in the dark lest the devil should make off with them. There is no species of hypocrisy more transparent than the hypocrisy of infidelity."

The last remark struck me as a terse apothegm, easily susceptible of illustration by the lives and deaths of most men of skeptical renown. While we sat talking on this topic our conversation was interrupted by one of those unfortunate men in whom family pride still lingers, though covered with rags. His shoes were untied and worn down at the heels. His pantaloons were throngh at the knees, and evidently hung upon him by a single suspender. His vest and coat would scarcely have been taken in exchange for a salt-cellar by any trader in old clothes. A battered hat nearly covered with an old scarf, stood far back on his head, revealing an ample front and a fine clear eye that protruded unnaturally. He was evidently a poet, who, like too many of his class, are accustomed to an extempore mode of living. A single glance could not fail to discover that the poor fellow's intellect had been jostled out of plumb.

"I am here, sir," said he, "for the purpose of bringing out a volume of poetry. But now understand me well. I am not a poet by profession. You must know me, sir, only as a gentleman. I have resorted to poetry for amusement; not for a mercenary purpose. You understand?"

Mr. Goldleaf bowed.

"If I am well understood then, I will proceed. This volume of poems is the production of my leisure. Not written for money, sir, though I shall condescend to accept something for it. Gentlemen from Virginia never receive money but by way of condescension, sir."

"You are from the Old Dominion, then?"

"Yes, sir, from one of the first families, in which no plebeian blood has ever mingled. My ancestry run back to the noble barons who struck for the liberties of the world at Runnymede. A branch of the genealogical tree was planted on the banks of the Rappahannock two hundred years ago, where it still flourishes sound as ever in trunk and limb. I know, sir, that these hereditary honors are nothing to the vulgar merchants and gold-worshipers of New-York. Virginia, with less

wealth, but a nobler pedigree, looks down upon you with serene contempt, as the lofty mountain looks upon the gold veins that sneak about its base. Yes, sir, I am a Virginian, proud of my name and State. You see me a little out of repair just now, but I expect a remittance in a few days that will materially rectify appearances. In the meantime, I will take from you a consideration for the copyright of this book. Come, sir, let us to business."

"I am afraid, my *friend*," said the publisher, "if I may claim the honor of calling you my friend, I am afraid that we cannot bargain to-day about the copyright. Poetry is very dull at present, and—"

"Do you mean to say that my poems are dull, sir? Take that back instantly! Instantly, I say, sir, take that back, or I shall forthwith demand of you the satisfaction acknowledged among gentlemen! Do you understand me, sir?"

"I fear, my friend," said Mr. Goldleaf, "that you don't understand me. I did not mean to say that your poetry is dull; but that poetry in general is at the present time dull of sale. The world is grown too gross for fellowship with the muses; so much so, indeed, that I doubt if Virginia cavendish will not command a readier sale than the best Virginia poetry."

"It is well, sir, that you explained in time. The blood of the Staffords is easily inflamed by insult, and as quickly cooled by suitable explanation or apology. You think, then, that you cannot purchase my book now?"

"I am afraid not, with due submission, Mr. Stafford."

"Will you do me the favor, then, to hand me your tobacco-box?"

"I would with pleasure, sir, if I had one. The senior partner in the adjoining room can furnish you with all you want in that line. I commend you to him, sir."

The poor gentleman from Virginia, a fit representative of the pride and poverty of that ancient state, left in search of a quid, and I saw him no more.

A few minutes after the departure of this ragged specimen of Virginian nobility, the Rev. Dr. Senectus entered and seated himself beside the publisher. The old gentleman, whom everybody knew as the best of living men, had recently been dismissed from his pastoral charge. The only reason assigned for his dismissal was, that nobody wanted him any longer—a reason, the force of which he constantly declared that he was not logician enough to see, and he doubted whether anything could be produced from the Apostolical Constitutions, or even from Chrysostom or Basil, to justify such a procedure. He was quite sure that the ante-Nicene Fathers were unanimously against the measure. The truth is, that his flock had become weary of his practical sermons about nothing but religion and their souls, with only an occasional thrust at heresies, long ago

"Dead, and buried, and embalmed."

They had become as tired of repentance, faith, and obedience, as ever the Israelites were of manna, and they wanted a young minister who could furnish them a polished essay on some esthetical topic which had nothing to do with this *everlasting* salvation! Other young divines had made themselves very popular by preaching on the "Trees of the Bible," and the "Rivers of the Bible," and the "Women of the Bible;" and for their part, they could not see why they might not have a young man who could tell them something about trees, and rivers, and women too! Hence, in short, Dr. Senectus was dismissed, though the poor old man was entirely unable to get a living for himself and his epileptic daughter.

The reverend divine began his business with Mr. Goldleaf, by saying that as he had no more use for his sermons, he had made a selection of the best of them for publication, hoping, that as the sun, after his setting, sheds the blessing of twilight for a while on the world, that he too might protract his usefulness a little longer, before entering the long night of the grave. As he finished this pathetic remark, he drew from an old valise about forty sermons, which had the appearance and flavor of a high antiquity. The publisher was in a dilemma. It would not do to say an encouraging word, and it was painful to say anything that might sound like a denial. But Mr. Goldleaf is not a man to be forsaken of his wits. After pausing a moment, he warmly commended the old gentleman's pious zeal for lengthening out his usefulness, but told him that sermons, however excellent and profitable to those who read them, were the least salable of all publications.

"We have now on hand," said he,

the females carrying their young in one arm, while they make their way among the branches with the other. The male reconnoiters the enemy adroitly from behind large trunks or boughs, and will often lose his life fighting in defense of his helpmate. Occasionally, it is said, they carry off Dyak women into the woods, and compel them to live with them. They constitute, doubtless, the strange race of which so many wild stories are told among the Arabs, who, when of old they visited the Indian Archipelago, peopled every island with myths and legends no less marvelous than those which meet us in the *Arabian Nights*. Among these is the tradition preserved in the Narrative of the Pearl Merchant, that they once stole an old woman, and made her their queen, displaying toward her a reverence bordering on worship. No doubt, the Moslem writer greatly embellished the anecdote related to him, but there probably existed some foundation for what he records.

If any man were to take up his residence in the Bornean forests, and study there at his leisure the character and habits of the wild men of the woods, we might probably come to understand them. At present we know little beyond the number of their teeth, the color of their hair, and the ugliness of their physiognomies. Have they faculties capable of cultivation? Could they be rendered gentler, more docile, or even useful, by careful and considerate treatment? Whether or not, is it permitted man to hunt them down like wild beasts; to shoot the mother with her little ones in her arms; to kill the father while he stands up in defense of his family? We once conversed with a traveler, who, after having indulged for some time in the chase of the Mias Papan, and brought down several individuals to the ground, was struck with remorse at beholding the rolling of the eyes and the strong expression of agony depicted in the countenances of the wounded. He felt as if he had been committing murder. The unhappy wretches lay on the earth groaning and sighing like so many soldiers pierced in battle; and when they breathed forth their lives in blood, they seemed to put forth a strong claim for the forbearance and sympathy of mankind.

An old writer remarks, that in length of time it is probable that highly improbable things should happen, and accordingly we think it not unphilosophical to believe that the mias may, to some extent, be taught to speak. Various kinds of birds have been taught to imitate the human voice, but all attempts to acquire by this any knowledge of their interior organization have proved fruitless. It might be different with the mias. He has, doubtless, a certain number of ideas peculiar to his race, and the question is, whether these might not be multiplied by civilization? We find that all individuals of all races of the human species may be taught something, and what they are taught they can teach their children. In all other divisions of the animal kingdom, the examples are rare, so far as we know, of the transmission of any acquirement from one generation to another. The individual appears to be susceptible of improvement; but the race, so far as intelligence is concerned, remains the same. This constitutes the distinction between man and all other animals. Would the Mias Papan form a second exception? We do not accept the testimony of the Orientals, but the Arabs pretend that the wild men of the woods exhibit some traces of religious practices. According to these imaginative authors, they assemble in large numbers at the full of the moon, and bow and gesticulate toward its silver effulgence. This may be mere fancy; but we do not require this proof of their sharing in our ideas, to justify us in regarding as little short of murder the hunting and slaughtering of these creatures. If a very ardent pursuer of science were to overtake in the woods one of the aborigines of New Holland or New Guinea, who happened by chance to be dumb, we doubt not he would, without the slightest remorse, shoot him, stuff his skin, and transmit him to Europe as a specimen of a new animal. We can easily imagine a Dyak farmer lying in wait for one of these forest burglars and killing him in defense of his sugar-canes; but we are unable to contemplate without horror a man, gun in hand, dogging a creature very much like himself through the forests, in order, through becoming guilty of his death, to procure his skin for a museum.

Though the poor wretch be dumb, he is not by any means destitute of feeling. Chop language or logic how we please, it is impossible to regard him otherwise than as a member of some family: he has his female partner, whom, in his own jargon,

he may call wife; he has little ones whom, in the same dialect, he may denominate children; and it is very certain that, whatever he calls or considers them, he provides carefully for their maintenance, and has therefore some sense of duty; perhaps a higher sense of duty than the armed savage who tracks him through the forest for his blood. The scientific assassin may look upon him simply as a specimen. But transport yourself in fancy into one of the vast solitudes in the interior of Kalamantin, and look at a venerable old mias, sitting with his wife and family about him, in his arborial habitation. He may possibly be very ugly; his nose may be broad, his face flat, and he may have portentous callosities instead of whiskers; but he is a mild old fellow, and has been sufficiently mellowed by time to regard the world in a calm and philosophical light. He has witnessed the rising and setting of many a sun; he has hunted; he has fished; he has fought with Dyaks and Malays; he has bitten off many a finger, and laid his heavy hand on many a dusky back, in defense of his rights. But then, it may be said, he is unable to explain those rights, and has never thought of presenting them to the world in a blue folio. So much the more reason have we to pity him. He does not, perhaps, understand distinctly why he should not be shot, and have his skin stuffed for a museum; nor would he by any means acquiesce in the reasoning by which the man of science might seek to justify the murderous process. He has come into the enjoyment of life without knowing how, just as the man of science himself has, and is quite as solicitous to prolong the delight of looking at the sun, as the man who dodges him for his skin. We wish the mias could write. Would he not describe with fearful eloquence the poignancy of his sufferings, when seeking, with his awkward movements, to escape from the well-booted stranger from the West, plunging after him, sometimes up to his chin in water, merely to make his children fatherless, and his wife a widow! The Dyaks have a good excuse for killing the mias, who meets them sometimes stick in hand, fights desperate battles, and occasionally, if fame speaks true, carries off his enemy's head as a trophy. The Dyak himself does much the same when he kills anybody, man or monkey. At any rate, in the former case, he cuts off the head, puts it under his arm, carries it home, smokes it carefully, and then hangs it up in a house with other smoked heads, perhaps secretly, as a sort of fetisch.

This creature, however—this Dyak—is admitted freely into the human family, notwithstanding his sanguinary propensities, simply because he can speak, and we by no means object to his admission. But would it do any harm if we were to widen a little the circle of our humanity, and suffer it to embrace the mias also? He might be looked upon and treated as a sort of cousin-german to the human race, remarkable for his ugliness, and unfortunately deprived of the means of expressing his ideas; but still related to us by the ties of kindred, and therefore forbidden to be shot down and hunted like a wild beast. Science can fairly make no pretensions, at present, to fix the bounds of his mental horizon. He may be able to think a great deal more than we are aware; and what travelers speak of as his grunt, may be some incipient form of speech capable of being, to a great extent, cultivated and enlarged. The doubleclick Hottentots do little more than grunt, and yet we exhibit no reluctance to extend to them the common rights of humanity.

Some years ago, several individuals in this mission-organizing country thought of getting up a society for the protection of the Eastern pirates. It would, in our opinion, be equally praiseworthy to form an association for civilizing the Mias Papan, or at least for disseminating the idea that it is neither civilized, manly, nor religious, to shoot him like a tiger. To be kind to the inferior creation would be a more certain mark of superiority on our part, than the faculty to expatiate by the hour on dried butterflies and the idiosyncrasies of tadpoles. If we can do nothing useful with this poor creature, let him, at least, enjoy his native woods in peace. Perhaps it would prove impracticable to teach him to build a better house than he now possesses; but we cannot help admiring the ingenuity with which, in less than a minute, he weaves the pliant branches of trees into something like a cradle for himself. In a comparatively short space of time, he fabricates, like our British ancestors, a house of wattle, small, and perhaps incommodious, but yet sufficient to contain him, his female, and little ones; far up amid the roof of the forest, where

he sits or lies at his ease during the intervals between his secular labors. And those forests, what a glorious domain! extending for hundreds of miles along ridges of mountains, along channels of vast rivers, down precipices, through valleys, over plains where the foot of man, in many instances, has never left its impress, and where the mias may enjoy the fancy that he is monarch of all he surveys. We talk of the enterprise of the present age, which, no doubt, is very considerable, but which, nevertheless, develops itself steadily in a way fixed for it by routine. Travelers nearly always go where other travelers have been. There are immense tracts in the interior of Africa, in Australasia, in the islands of the Indian Archipelago, about which civilized man knows absolutely nothing. There may, therefore, in the animal kingdom, as well as in geography, be discoveries yet to be made. The Mias Papan may form only the external link of a chain, the other extremity of which lies hidden in the wild solitudes of Borneo. He may be the degenerate outsider of a better and more intelligent race, or he may be only one specimen of numerous tribes, similar, but not identical, which nestle in thick darkness among the primeval woods. We would, therefore, venture to suggest to philosophers the desirableness of giving a new direction to their researches, and trying what may be done in the regions of the further East. All animals which may be tamed have not yet been brought under the yoke of civilization; and, therefore, whatever the mias may be, we think it perfectly worth while to give him a fair chance of improving his condition.

THE LAST LETTER.

Above the dark and rugged street
Of one poor squalid town,
With biting winds and driving sleet
The Christmas eve came down.
Through many a window glow'd the light
From hearths which brightly burn'd;
And many a welcome hail'd, that night,
Some wanderer return'd.

But through the darkness and the cold,
With eager footsteps sped
A feeble woman, bow'd and old,
A toiler for her bread;
The worn-out rags her form which cloak'd
Could give but scanty heat,
The freezing mud-pools splash'd and soak'd
Around her hurrying feet.

Day after day her years were past
In toil and penury,
Yet hope's glad radiance was cast
On even such as she.
She had one brave and loving boy,
A soldier, far away;
Her all of earthly pride and joy
In that one darling lay.

Her trembling hand a letter held,
('Twas soil'd, and creased, and worn,)
For two long months had seen it spell'd
Full oft, from night to morn;
She murmur'd to herself the words
Which had lent strength and life
To the spent soul's relaxing chords
Through weeks of weary strife.

Light shadows flitted o'er the blinds,
And voices glad and sweet
Were sounding on the howling winds
That swept the lonely street.
She smiled, and said, "'You must not grieve,
But, mother, hopeful be,
For on the coming Christmas eve
You shall have news from me.

"'Not long shall you be left alone,
The hardest times are o'er;
This cruel war will soon be done,
And I be free once more.
I have been safe where shot and shell
Dealt death on every side;
Where many a brave man wounded fell,
And many a soldier died.'"

She climbs the bleak and rugged hill,
The destined goal is near—
Poor throbbing heart! be still, be still,
Thou hast no doubt nor fear.
The eager question's asked: O joy!
A letter! Well she knew
The promise of her own dear boy,
Once pledged, was ever true.

With tears of gladness low she knelt
Upon the empty street;
And then, her long day's toil unfelt,
She homeward turned her feet.
A cheerless home, you would have said—
Nor food, nor fire, nor light;
The glimmering cinders almost dead—
Her joy made all seem bright.

She fann'd the embers to a blaze,
Her slender rushlight sought,
And close beside its feeble rays
The precious letter brought.
A curl of soft bright chestnut hair
Falls shining on her hand,
Sent by some pious comrade's care
From that far foreign land.

For *he* is dead—ay, dead and cold!
Her lips sent forth no cry—
No sound of lamentation told
Her inward agony.
The long night waned, the Christmas morn
Broke coldly in the sky;
But ere the festal day was born,
Life had with hope pass'd by.

TRAVEL AND TRAVELERS.

BY ROBERT ATHOW.

"KEEP moving" seems to be the law of the universe. All things travel; inanimate objects as well as animate. Stars in their orbits move. The unwearied sun ceases never his successive journeys. The pensive moon nightly walks the heavens in her beauty, and

> "To the listening earth
> Repeats the story of her birth."

Ships travel on the trackless ocean, and locomotives on the railroad track. "A snail's gallop" is supposed to illustrate the minimum speed of locomotion, while the saying "quick as thought" is often employed to express the maximum of traveling velocity. And truly the swiftest of all travelers is human thought. It is here and there; in New-York, in San Francisco, in New-Orleans, or at Sebastopol, at almost the same second of time. Wonderful emanation of the Omnipresent mind art thou, O thought! annihilating space or overleaping it at a bound; now smiling cheerfully at the fireside of a distant home, and anon ministering mournfully in the sick chamber of an absent friend; at one moment lingering lovingly around the endearing associations of earth, and at the next mingling in the mellifluous melodies of the redeemed in the ante-chamber of heaven!

On the earth, upon the ocean, and in the air the law is ever travel, travel, travel. Men, however, make little progress in aerial travel. It certainly is not an economical mode of locomotion; nor is it a *reasonable* one in any sense of the word. Neither is it to be recommended as the surest or safest method of moving onward. Balloons will not submit to human guidance. The well-trained horse yields to the slightest touch of the rein. The graceful ship obeys readily the helm. Even the powerful, iron-framed, steel-nerved locomotive acknowledges the will of the driver, and with the precision of clockwork stops at the appointed station. But the balloon is the sport and slave of the wind; it floats with the current, like some more rational but scarcely less purposeless creations. Indeed, about the best that can be said of aerial travel is, that it gives a man experience of the ups and downs of life.

Pedestrian travel can scarcely be called popular at the present day. Almost every man now must have at least his horse and *buggy*, a most unpleasantly suggestive name for a traveling conveyance; or, being culpably or unfortunately a bachelor, and perhaps somewhat "fast" besides, must spin along the road in his "sulky," a title, on the other hand, exceedingly appropriate for the occupant. It is remarkable that the most notable pedestrian travelers of modern times, Bayard Taylor excepted, have been women. When a man "takes no note of time," and travels only for recreation or health, no mode of locomotion is so advantageous or pleasant as journeying on foot. I do not wonder that our Western hunters can seldom settle down to a quiet life, after ranging for years over the boundless prairie and through the interminable forest. Pedestrianism has the merit, too, of being exceedingly economical. A friend and myself, while on a pedestrian tour a few years ago, halted for the night at a rural hotel and ordered supper. We were ushered into a small but comfortable parlor. The table was promptly covered with a cloth, white and unsullied as the untrodden snow on Catskill's highest summit, while, for the trifling charge of eighteen cents each, we were supplied with excellent tea, pure cream, sweet butter, white bread, delicious ham, savory cheese, boiled eggs, and Spring chickens! But then the chickens were *inside the eggs*, which somewhat deducted from the market value of the latter, and from their edible condition.

Traveling by stage is also nearly obsolete. The last time I saw a country stage upon the road was while journeying to Owego, on the day the Erie Railroad was opened to that place. The ancient vehicle was chivalrously striving to compete with the locomotive, the proprietor having generously resolved to protect travelers from the oppressive fares that he predicted would result from monopoly. The railroad and turnpike were parallel for a short distance, and the stage and the train had a fair field. If there was any betting on *that* race, I venture to say no one offered odds on the stage. It was a realization of the fable of the hare and the tortoise, *except* in an important particular of the moral, for there was no chance that "slow and steady" would

"win the race," and I think it not unlikely that at his next stopping-place the mortified Jehu unhitched his team, and told his passengers that they would reach Owego sooner — if they took the next train. Still I am disposed to believe that traveling by stage had a more genial and wholesome social influence than traveling "by rail." The crowded stage not only made mutual accommodation necessary, but showed at the same time the positive benefit of good-nature and unselfishness.

Steam is the great supplanter of all other modes of locomotion, whether in its turn to be supplanted by some superior power, who shall presume to say? Nothing need here be said of railroad and steamboat traveling. They are the things of the day, and as familiar to the readers of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE as pedestrianism and stages were to their "illustrious predecessors." But let me introduce a class of travelers whom I have known, and whom I flatter myself you will recognize by their pen-portraits.

What a varied group said travelers are! What a strange medley of them one meets in a lifetime. There is the churlish and unaccommodating traveler, who seems to think that the railroad car which contains him was built exclusively for his use, and that its other inmates are intruders. He is careful to occupy as much room as he can, however much he incommodes his neighbor. He is the impersonation of arrogance and selfishness, a hybrid sort of humanity to be held in special contempt. His contrast is the contented and obliging traveler. This gentleman is not finical. He makes no parade of politeness, for this virtue is with him of the genuine sort, that abhors display. It flows from innate goodness and benevolence, and will cheerfully bear some inconvenience and discomfort rather than abridge another's ease and enjoyment. Different from either is the pusillanimous traveler, who will make concessions to dictatorial demands that he would not to a sense of right, or to the modest request of youth or diffidence. Still he is, perhaps, more tolerable than the traveler who hypocritically affects extreme urbanity, who, so long as he occupies no seat himself, and no requisition, therefore, can be made upon him, is loud and urgent in demanding seats for ladies, and, under cover of such hollow gallantry, usually contrives to slip into a seat which the holder has politely vacated to permit a lady to pass. From that moment this hypocritical advocate of the rights of the fair sex becomes conveniently oblivious of the fact that ladies are still standing around him.

There is also the aimless traveler, who, for aught I can conceive, might as well be taken as freight. He sees nothing, hears nothing, says nothing, does nothing, except occupy the space for which he is charged. Scenery, however grand or picturesque, has no charms for him. He is of the sort pithily described by the poet:

> "A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

The companions and incidents of his journey supply him with neither pleasure nor instruction. Of the opposite class, again, is the observant traveler, who verifies Solomon's declaration that "the wise man's eyes are in his head." He sees and notes and daguerreotypes everything, but without rudeness or impertinence. Then there are the careless, the silent, the communicative, the sentimental, the practical, the enthusiastic, and the cynical travelers. But I pass them by to notice two that especially demand attention.

The first of these is the inquisitive traveler. Who has not met him? Sometimes he approaches you gently, almost insidiously, and before you perceive his true character, you have told him at least your name and residence, your destination, and a part of your business, and your suspicions are awakened only when he begins to question you too closely about the probable profits of said business, when, as Eve ought to have done to the tempter, you close your mind and ear against his further approaches. At other times he commences his interrogatories with an imperious brusqueness and earnestness that carry the citadel of your taciturnity before you have time to collect yourself for defense. Yet it is always to me a pleasant amusement to baffle the inquisitive traveler; nor is the exercise without its lessons in mental science. Inquisitiveness, by the way, is by no means exclusively a Yankee characteristic. Some years ago, being in England, and having a desire to see the remoter parts of the county of Cornwall, I made a pedestrian tour through portions of that important mining district inaccessible almost by any

other mode of travel. I had heard much of the ignorance, simplicity, and inquisitiveness of the Cornish people, and resolved to know for myself. A current story may be mentioned in illustration of their simplicity. A number of idle fellows were traveling through the country, begging alms, in the capacity of shipwrecked sailors, though probably never on board a ship or even a fishing-boat in their lives. They applied to a Cornish farmer, who was deeply moved by their fictitious tale of woe.

One of the gang, emboldened by the good farmer's simplicity and sympathy, and himself something of a wag, resolved to put the farmer's credulity to a severe test, and to the piteous story of their shipwreck, he lugubriously added, "Yes, sir, it was an awful storm. Our ship went down at midnight, a thousand miles from land, *and every soul on board perished!*" "Poor fellows!" exclaimed the unsophisticated farmer, "Heaven pity you," and he gave them liberal relief.

Speaking of inquisitiveness, I will match a Cornish woman against the most inquisitive of Yankees, traveled or untraveled. I had occasion, during the tour referred to, to inquire my way of a well-to-do Cornish matron, who, standing at her cottage door, was eyeing the "stranger" with considerable interest. The following is an accurate report of the process of question and answer:

"Good day, madam; pray how far am I from Bodmin?"

"How far from Bodmin?"

"Yes, madam; how many miles?"

"Going to Bodmin?"

"Yes, madam; will you be kind enough to tell me the distance?"

"Never been to Bodmin?"

"No, madam."

"Ever been in London, stranger?"

"Yes, madam, I have."

"Live in London?"

"No, madam, I *live here* at present, but my home is a long way off."

"How big is London, stranger?"

"O, it is a very, very large place."

"Big as Bodmin churchtown?"

"I should think it is quite; but I have not yet seen Bodmin; what is the distance?"

"Going back to London when you have been to Bodmin?"

"I think it probable, madam."

"Got a wife and children there?"

"No, madam."

"Not a married man, perhaps?"

Here I began to tire of this catechetical exercise, and made a very formal avowal of my having some years before entered the matrimonial ranks.

"O, any children, then?"

"Yes, madam, some, a few, quite a number."

"Boys or girls?"

"Really, madam, let me think. Both kinds, I believe," (for I found I must either convert the interview into a source of amusement, or lose my temper.)

"How old is the oldest, stranger?"

"Some years younger than myself, madam."

But here the conversation (?) ended, for the good lady was quick enough to perceive that I was quizzing her, and was prompt to resent it. The solitary question *I* had asked remained unanswered.

Courteous reader, pardon this digression, and permit me to introduce to you a character, the original of which you have doubtless often seen—the inexperienced traveler. He is, of course, timid and nervous; and he has a very inconvenient dread of steam as a locomotive power. He is most amusing, however, when he happens to be a genuine, unsophisticated, unmodified Yankee. In this character I first met him on one of our gorgeous North River steamboats, lost in contemplation of its massive machinery. He was evidently ill at ease, but was cute enough to conceal his alarm, and sought to draw comfort from his fellow-passengers by thus addressing me:

"Say, yeou, stranger, guess this consarn's purty strong, ain't it? It's an allfired ugly critter, any heow, to have inside here, but I guess it ain't got no vice, eh, stranger, du tell."

But if the inexperienced traveler lacks the cunning and self-possession of the reflective Yankee, the case is widely different. He casts a furtive glance at the engine room, and retires to the remotest part of the saloon. When that dark automaton, who, being wound up and set in motion, runs round the decks bawling, "All—those—who—have—not—paid—their—passage—please—step—up—to—the—captain's—office—and—settle," ten to one our nervous friend commissions the stewardess to procure his ticket! Possibly he may venture down to supper, but

while at the table the loud and sudden twang of the pilot's bell startles him, and he hurries on deck to secure a settee to float upon when the explosion takes place. Never before did our inexperienced traveler pass so long and so wretched a night. Though he has retired to his berth, he dare not disrobe, and but reluctantly yields to the deputy steward's request that he will take off his boots. When at length he has fallen into an uneasy slumber, he suddenly starts and flies on deck at the cry of "fire," which some shrewd fellow from the eastward has spoken in his ear, because he "Kinder raythor wanted the green un's bairth."

Equal discomfort awaits the inexperienced traveler when journeying by railroad. On undertaking a journey he will be at the dépôt half an hour too soon, and pester every bystander with anxious inquiries whether the train has gone. At length he timorously steps upon the platform of the car, (of said platform the newspapers have given him a very wholesome horror,) with a lively fear that the train will be set in motion before he can reach a seat.

His fear is realized. A car is added to the train, and the jerk makes him irresolute whether to abandon his journey or urge his way into the car. He decides upon the latter. Watch him. How careful he is to select a seat in the very center, so that whether the collision comes from the front or rear, he may be equidistant from the peril. Attempt to converse with him, and he answers you only in monosyllables. His thoughts are occupied with the possibility that his baggage may be left behind, or may be carried beyond its destination. Yet he cannot muster courage to go and look after it. The dangers of the platform passage are between him and his valise.

Soon the locomotive, breathing fire and smoke, comes snorting to its work. It is yoked to the train. Straining its iron sinews, it tugs at its unyielding harness. The train moves slowly at first. Car after car comes up with a *bump*. The engine increases its hard, stertorous, unmusical breathing. One long, loud, shrill, defiant scream, and the cars go jumping and thumping over the crossings and turnouts. The scream subsides into a heavy, continuous panting; the speed of the train rapidly increases; and our timid friend mentally concludes that the iron horse has viciously taken the bit between his teeth, and is running away with the cars. After a while, however, he becomes less alarmed on that point, and his thoughts revert to his valise. Not a brakeman passes through the cars without being importuned respecting the safety and the whereabout of his sample of that traveler's *vade mecum;* reminding one of the unprotected female, in the city omnibus, who vehemently pulls the strap three or four times in the distance of as many blocks, to remind the driver that she wishes to get out at a place three quarters of a mile off.

A lively charity would, perhaps, suggest that the inexperienced, and therefore timid traveler, is entitled to pity. No man, however, should thus give way to fear. He should meet heroically, philosophically, and with self-command, whatever lies before him. No man has a right to be a coward in the practical affairs of life. If duty requires him to travel, it requires him also to abide calmly all the perils and contingencies of traveling; and forbids him to alarm others by his pernicious example. "A plague on all cowards, say I, and a vengeance too."

> "Did I but suspect a fearful man,
> He should have leave to go away betimes,
> Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
> And make him of like spirit to himself."

Yet would I not speak lightly of the real perils of traveling by railroad or steamboat, on land or on ocean. For then would Norwalk, and Burlington, and the North River, and the deep Sound, and the swelling Atlantic, rebuke me by their tragic remembrances. Scarcely had ceased the mourning for the Arctic's dead, ere the wail of the Pacific's perishing passengers came booming up from the hidden depths of the surging ocean, and again the "mourners go about the streets," weeping for friends "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried;" while from the north and south, and east and west, above the roar of locomotives and the crash of cars, the piercing shrieks of the wounded and the dying are borne on almost every breeze. Every traveler is exposed to danger, and every thoughtful man is conscious of the peril. It is no light thing, even in broad daylight, to be rushing through space at the speed at which locomotives sometimes travel, and to know meanwhile that a

slight impediment may at any one moment dash the train to pieces. The actual danger is probably but little greater at midnight than at midday; yet, as a matter of feeling, there is something appalling in passing through ebon darkness at such a speed. It requires some nerve, and a strong effort of the will, to remain calm at such a time, amid the scream, and roar, and rush, and crash of the train. Thoughts of others and of other scenes, recollections of deep and fervent love, and of reciprocal attachments, will come forth from memory's secret chambers at such an hour, and claim a hearing at affection's shrine! Then will rise cherished reminiscences of youthful bliss, of maturer joys, of parental love and hope, and these, unless he resolutely asserts his Christian manhood, and has a lively trust in the watchful providence of God, will bring a man into bondage to that fear which is powerless to avert danger, but fearfully potent to deepen its dark and threatening shadows.

And yet, who delights not to travel? It has a thousand pleasures. How the traveler's mind is invigorated by the rapid transit! How his views are expanded by the varied society into which he is thrown! How his mind is impressed by the grandeur and beauty of the works of the great Creator! No intelligent, observant man can travel, especially amid the romantic and picturesque scenery of this continent, without enlarged conceptions of the omnipotence of God. The forest grandeur in the vernal spring, or when tinted with autumn's varied and gorgeous hues; the quiet beauty of the rolling prairie or velvet meadow; the extended landscape or the abrupt and precipitous mountains, are to the Christian traveler the voiceless mementoes of Jehovah's power and majesty. Who that has gazed upon the ceaseless torrent of the Niagara, and as the impetuous waters came rushing from the cave of the past, gleamed for a moment in the rainbow beauty of the sunlit present, and then passed on to the tortuous future, has not felt in his own heart a lesson of time and eternity—of the past, the present, and the future of his own life? Reader! I have trodden alone the echoing valley, and wandered solitarily upon the mountain ridge; have faced the pelting storm, and rejoiced in the genial sunshine; have bent my listening ear to the tremulous tinkling of the pebbly stream, the music of which was echoed in my dancing heart, and in mid-ocean have heard the thunder peal along the darkened heavens, while the lurid lightning quivered on the foam-crests of the billows; yet never heard I the voice, or visited the spot, or beheld the scene, that did not exalt the power of Him who "spake, and it was done; who commanded, and it stood fast;" or bring up the remembrance that

"The hand that built the palace of the sky,
Form'd the light wings that decorate the fly;
The power that wheels the circling planets round,
Rears every infant floweret on the ground;
That bounty which the mightiest beings share,
Feeds the least gnat that gilds the evening air;"

or revive the vision of that magic scene:

"When moved upon the waveless deep
The quickening Spirit of the Lord;
And broken was its pulseless sleep
Before the everlasting Word!
'Let there be light:' and listening earth,
With tree, and plant, and flowery sod,
'In the beginning' sprang to birth,
Obedient to the voice of God."

We dwell with interest upon the narrative of Moffat, who, fired with missionary zeal, traversed the wilds of Southern Africa; of Bartlett, as he treads the trackless deserts of ancient Egypt; of Layard, as he disinters the long-buried relics of the Eastern nations, and summons them as witnesses to Revelation's truth; of Stephens, as he prosecutes his wonderful researches in Central America; of Marryatt, and Lyell, and Chateaubriand, and M'Kay, and Dickens, as they more or less truthfully delineate our customs and describe our country; of Latrobe and Humboldt, as they pass through decaying Mexico; of Mackenzie, as he dwells upon the romantic scenes and ancient legends of once chivalrous Spain; of Brydon, wandering, troubadour-like, through Sicily and Malta; of Olin, and Robinson, and Wainwright, and Durbin, as they reverently tread the ground the incarnate Saviour trod, while yet he "went about doing good," and as they penetrate Gethsemane's sacred inclosure, and under the shadow of its olive-trees gaze in thought upon Him,

"On whose pale brow the drops were large and red,
As victim's blood at votive altar shed;"

and as they seem once more to behold the Incarnate One, when there

"He led,
From the Last Supper, when the hymn was sung,
His few grieved followers out, in that drear night,
And in the Garden, on the mountain's slope,
His agony wrung forth the crimson drops."

Favored, indeed, is the traveler, whose steps are turned to the lands and scenes commemorative of the Messiah's sojourn among men; who visits the birthplace of that infant who was called "Wonderful," and whose advent and sacrifice the past adumbrated; whose triumphs and exaltation the present proclaims, and the promise of whose second advent gives grandeur and substance to the future. It were, indeed, a sacred joy to ascend that honored mountain, radiant with the peerless glories of the Saviour's transfiguration, when his "face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light;" or to climb that other hill, made memorable through all time, and through all eternity, by the tragic scenes of the crucifixion; or to gaze upon the sepulcher that, for three days, contained the dead body of Him who was the Lord of life and glory; or to stand upon that hallowed spot where, at one moment, the Redeemer conversed with his disciples, and at the next a cloud received him out of their sight, and the everlasting gates were lifted up, and the ethereal scene was unfolded, and countless cohorts of seraphim and cherubim conducted the triumphant conqueror of death and hell to his eternal throne. Who does not wish to visit the Holy Land; or in the mellow richness of its autumnal glory, when its olives are laden with fruit, and the low laughter of the south wind is heard among its cedar groves; or in the budding beauty of its springtime; or in the full burst of its glowing summer, when the east wind has lost its venom and the atmosphere its fickleness; when the glad trees have "unreefed their foliage," and beneath their shade the turf is tender; where "night itself is but a softer day," and the blue sky is a

"Meet pathway for the pensive queen,
Rich in her thousand diadems;"

who would not love, there and then, to gather reminiscences of that goodly land which was but the type of that better land,

"A land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,"

which is reserved for them who, in the appointed way, still travel on, "the new Jerusalem to find?"

CHRISTMAS—ITS ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

CHRISTMAS! what beautiful recollections are brought to our memory on the annual approach of the day on which the Saviour was born. How vividly we picture all the old associations connected with it, and with what endearment we cherish its thousand legends, as, in these modern days, while seated in our easy chairs, we talk over the pastimes of the twelve merry days of Christmas, kept so loyally by our less enlightened but more zealous, if not more honest, ancestors. With its hallowed endearments—endearments which have yearly increased since the man child, Christ, was born in the manger—no season is so appropriate for thanksgiving and joy. Christmas! sacred ever be thy name! Shepherds will watch thee till the end of time, even as they did the day on which they of Bethlehem sang and bowed on bended knees before the infant babe of Mary. Christmas! we love thee dearly, not only for thy sacred associations, but for thy old and beautiful historic recollections.

Among the primitive Christians, the festival of the Saviour's nativity was ushered in by the display of a calm, religious feeling, unmingled with the consideration of mere worldly enjoyments; but in course of time, when this important feast of the Christian Church had come to be incorporated with those heathen rites of the northern nations, which were celebrated toward the end of the year, it degenerated, for the most part, into a mere display of boisterous festivity. Such was it during the Anglo-Saxon period, and such it continued under the line of Norman kings; though one good feature connected with the celebration of the Christmas festival by these latter monarchs, was the practice that prevailed with them of assembling upon the occasion the chief prelates and nobles of the kingdom, when the general affairs of the country were taken into consideration. As a relief, however, to these grave deliberations, the guests were feasted with a series of grand banquets; and one of the metrical romances of the period has the following allusion to the circumstance:

"Christmas is a time full honest;
King Richard it honored with great feast.
All his clerks and barons
Were set in their pavilions,
And served with great plenty
Of meat, and drink, and each dainty."

The company were, it is true, served with "meat and drink in great plenty;" for we find it recorded, that at several of the entertainments of the period, as many as thirty thousand dishes were set before the famished guests. Many of the dishes would, no doubt, be regarded as questionable by modern tastes; but our ancestors loved them. The favorite dish was, however, the boar's head, of which much has been spoken and sung. Days thus spent in feasting and deliberation gave place to nights of revelry, at which masques and mummings, varied with games of chance, and the tricks of jugglers and mountebanks, formed the chief features of the evening's entertainment. A continual round of pleasure was thus kept up throughout the whole of the twelve days forming the feast of Yule; and it was rarely, until the expiration of the closing night's debauch, that a time was found for the return to a more sober course of proceeding.

Chaucer, five hundred years ago, in his racy verse, preserved the most exact description of the Christmas of the age in which he lived. It furnishes us, however, with few points to dwell upon. We therefore are not enabled to illustrate the customs and festivities of the Christmas season among our forefathers at this early period of our history. The materials for this purpose we are obliged to cull from more obscure sources. The earliest writers on the festivities of the Christmas season speak of the custom of decking houses and churches with evergreens, and therefore it appears to us that it must be of very ancient date, it being, in fact, one of those ancient remnants of paganism, which, although forbidden by the councils of the early Christian Church, had obtained too great a hold on the prejudices of the people to be readily relinquished, as its transmission down to the present day, all over Europe, serves to prove. The holly and ivy have been the favorite evergreens throughout Great Britain and Ireland for the above purpose. They are regarded as sacred emblems of the season, even to the present day. Indeed, it is not Christmas unless the village church is handsomely decked out with them, and likewise the cottage parlors. In Ireland especially this custom is carried almost to extravagance, and, indeed, also in England. The humblest cottage and the poorest church have their share of the holly and ivy; every picture is crowned with them; and the more historic the picture, the larger the quantity placed over it. Heathenish though it may seem to be, it has beautiful associations, and when we remember the number of centuries it has been the custom, we surely cannot blame the people for having a reverence for it, particularly when all classes, from the highest to the lowest, revere it. Here is an old ballad, written centuries since, by whom we will never know till the last trumpet sounds:

THE IVY.

"Ivy, chief of trees it is,
Veni coronaberis.

"The most worthy is she in town;
He who says other, says amiss;
Worthy is she to bear the crown;
Veni coronaberis.

"Ivy is soft and meek of speech,
Against all woe she bringeth bliss;
Happy is he that may her reach;
Veni coronaberis.

"Ivy is green, of color bright,
Of all trees the chief she is;
And that I prove will now be right;
Veni coronaberis.

"Ivy, she beareth berries black;
God grant to all of us his bliss!
For then we shall nothing lack;
Veni coronaberis."

Nor can we pass over the holly without saying a word in its praise, lest it should grow jealous of its friend the "Old ivy green." And it strikes us that we can introduce nothing more appropriate in honor of that ancient plant than the following stanzas from the immortal Shakspeare:

THE HOLLY SONG.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly."

Passing now to the Elizabethan age, we find that that female sovereign, although she possessed but little of the gentleness of her sex, brought her influence to bear in refining the manners of her courtiers, and with no object beyond the gratification of her own vanity, converted them into so many *beaux chevaliers*, who did homage to her person, more, perhaps, because she was a woman, than by reason of her position as a queen. However, the Reformation, and the introduction of printing, had begun to produce their fruits, and before them the barbarism of the national manners was slowly but surely to be eradicated. A keen woman, with a large share of common sense, she readily discerned all this, and resolved to change the customs of her own household; but among the many changes which she effected, none were, perhaps, more apparent than in the festive entertainment of the time. Some idea of the ceremony observed on these occasions may be formed from the following code of instructions for the guidance of a nobleman's household:

"On Christmas day, service in the church ended, the gentlemen presently repair into the hall to breakfast, with brawn, mustard, and malmsey.

"At dinner, the butler, appointed for the Christmas, is to see the tables covered and furnished; and the ordinary butlers of the house are decently to set bread, napkins, and trenchers, in good form, at every table—with spoons and knives. At the first course is served a fair and large boar's head, upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy.

"Two servants are to attend at supper, and to bear two fair torches of wax, next before the musicians and trumpeters, and stand above the fire with the music, till the first course be served in through the hall. Which performed, they, with the music, are to return into the buttery. The like course is to be observed in all things during the time of Christmas.

"At night, before supper, are revels and dancing, and so also after supper, during the twelve days of Christmas. The Master of the Revels is, after dinner and supper, to sing a carol, or song; and command other gentlemen, then there present, to sing with him and the company—and see it is very decently performed."

Such were the orders of the Master of the Ceremonies in the reign of the virgin queen of England.

A recent writer, deriving his information from cotemporary sources, furnishes us with some additional particulars in reference to the style of entertainment in vogue among the higher orders during the same period. He says:

"The nobility had discarded entirely their joints of salted beef, and platters of wood and pewter, together with the swarm of jesters, tumblers, and harpers, that formerly had been indispensable to the banquet room; a stately ceremonial and solemn silence were considered to be the indications of true politeness. The table was daily set out with a great variety of dishes, consisting of beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork, kid, coney, capon, pig, or so many of those as the season afforded, as well as liquors, with store of red, or fallow deer, and varieties of fish and fowl. When the company had finished eating, the remaining provisions were sent to the waiters and servants; and when these had sufficiently dined, the fragments were distributed among the poor, who waited without the gate."

None suffered so much from these innovations as the once highly rewarded minstrel; he, who had been in past times the soul of the tournament, and the welcome guest at every banquet, was now a street "ballad singer," or ale-house fiddler, chanting forth from "benches or barrel heads to a small audience of gaping rustics; and, as if the degradation of these despised and unhoused favorites of former days had not been enough, the law made them more vile, obliging them to perform their merry offices in fear and trembling. Minstrels were now looked on as vagabonds, and made liable to the same penalties."

The lawyers, in the days of which we write, were not without a share in the popular amusements, and, if we are to believe the records handed down to us, at times acted in the most vulgar and unbecoming manner. That they were addicted to swearing, and taking the name of the Lord in vain, and were in other respects very disorderly fellows, we have positive proof from the following order on the minutes kept in that day in the Temple. It runs thus:

"That no gentleman, of this society, nor any other, by appointment, choice, or assent of any gentleman of this house, should in time of Christmas, or any other time, take upon him or use the name, place, or commandment of the Lord, or any such like; or break open any chamber; or disorderly molest or abuse any fellows or officer of this house, within the precincts of the same, upon pain to be expulsed for the abuse or disorder."

The lawyers of the Temple kept the day, or days, most merrily, and, indeed, so did all of the profession in London, as we learn from an old work now in our possession:

"At Gray's Inn it was a regulation 'that the third butler should be at the carrying forth from the buttery, and also at the distribution

of the alms, thrice by the week at Gray's Inn gate, to see that due consideration be had to the poorer sort of aged and impotent persons;' the deserving then, as now, in few cases receiving the advantage designed for them, while bold impostors were in effect produced and encouraged. Charity, however, was intended, and upon some claim being advanced by the 'pannier-man and under-cook' to these fragments as their perquisites, it was ordered 'that for those days that the said alms were given, they should have each of them a cast of bread, that is, three loaves a piece, in lieu thereof; to the end the whole broken bread and the alms-basket might go to the relief of the poor.'"

One of the most distinguishing features of the Christmas festivities of this era, and on which we made a few remarks in THE NATIONAL for December, 1855, was the custom which, originating in the reign of Henry VII., was now at its height, of appointing a Lord of Misrule, or Master of Merry Disports, who exercised a twelve days' sway, perpetrating within that brief while a sufficient number of tomfooleries to be repented of during the course of a long life. Not only was one of these Christmas princes appointed for the special entertainment of the sovereign and her court, but every corporation selected a similar officer to preside over the festivities of the season, and according to old Stow, there was the like "in the house of every nobleman of honor or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal."

In these days town and country vied with each other as to which should exhibit the greatest extravagance in the preparation of the Christmas entertainment, for we find Massinger exclaiming:

"Men may talk of country Christmasses,
Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of carps' tongues,
Their pheasants drenched with ambergris, the carcasses
Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts
Were fasts, compared with the city's."

Immediately after matin service, the "fine old English gentleman" stood at his own gate, and superintended the distribution of alms to the aged and destitute. At dawn, all his tenants were welcomed to his holly-decorated hall; the strong beer (our readers must remember that in the time of which we write all parties indulged in this beverage, and temperance societies were, it is to be regretted, unknown) and the black jacks went plentifully about, with "toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese." "The servants," writes an old author, "were then running here and there, with merry hearts and jolly countenances; every one was busy in welcoming of guests, and looked as snug as new-licked puppies. . . Peg would scuttle about to make a toast for John, while Tom ran *harum-scarum* to draw a jug for Margery."

Much of the old Christmas hospitality, and many of the old Christmas observances, still linger behind, and perhaps the picture which Addison sketched of Coverley Hall at Christmas time (*Spectator*, No. 269, 1711,) is as faithful a representation of the hospitality practiced by the country gentlemen of the period as can be met with. He tells us that "Sir Roger de Coverley adopted the laudable custom of his ancestors in keeping open house at Christmas," and adds:

"He had killed eight fat hogs for that season, had dealt about his chines very liberally among his neighbors, and, in particular, he had sent a string of hog's puddings, with a pack of cards, to every poor family in the parish. 'I have often thought,' said Sir Roger, 'it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their tricks, and smutting one another.'"

From the same authority we learn that one of the favorite gambols on such an occasion as the one above described, was yawning for a Cheshire cheese. The proceeding generally began about midnight, when the whole company were more or less disposed to be drowsy, and he that yawned the widest, and, at the same time, so naturally as to produce the most yawns among the spectators, was proclaimed the victor, and carried home the cheese as his reward.

We have already alluded to the superstitions of the people; but we cannot close this paper without narrating a few of them. Numerous and beautiful were the opinions which popular superstition formerly entertained respecting the Vigil of the feast of the Nativity—many of which still linger

among the rural population. Perhaps the finest of them is that alluded to by Shakspeare in the following lines:

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth was celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Accordingly, it was supposed that "the bird of dawning" (the cock) sang "all night long" to scare away all evil things from infesting the hallowed hours. Many of the peasantry in the southwestern counties of England, still believe that the cattle are to be found kneeling at midnight of this vigil, as if in reverence of the miraculous birth. The bees, too, are said to sing at the same hour in their hives. "These," remarks an excellent author, "are superstitions; but superstitions based on the principle of adoration, and as purely poetry as the Iliad." Brand relates that a Cornish peasant told him, in 1790, of his having, with some others, watched several oxen in their stalls, on the eve of old Christmas day, and that "at twelve o'clock they observed the two oldest oxen fall upon their knees, and (as he expressed it in the idiom of the country) make a cruel moan like Christian creatures." Mr. Howison, in his "Sketches of Upper Canada," tells a similar anecdote. He mentions meeting an Indian, at midnight, creeping cautiously along, in the stillness of a beautiful moonlight Christmas eve. The Indian made signals to him to be silent; and, when questioned as to his reason, replied: "Me watch to see the deer kneel; this is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up."

The Francis Moores and Raphaels of the fifteenth century found even kings and princes, not to speak of those of lower degree, willing believers in their extravagant predictions. If a child was born on a Christmas day, he was to be a great man: or, if an individual committed a theft, he was immediately to be discovered and meet death, for nothing ill was allowed to happen on that day. The poet of the age in which such things were believed in, writes:

"If Christmas day on Monday be,
A great winter that year you'll see,
And full of winds both loud and shrill;
But in the summer, truth to tell,
Stern winds shall there be and strong,
Full of tempests lasting long;
With battles they shall multiply;
And great plenty of beasts shall die.
They that be born that day, I ween,
They shall be strong each one and keen;
He shall be found that stealeth aught;
Though thou be sick thou diest not.

"If Christmas day on Tuesday be,
That year shall many women die,
And that winter grow great marvels;
Ships shall be in great perils;
That year shall kings and lords be slain,
And many other people near them.
A dry summer that year shall be,
As all that are born therein may see;
They shall be strong and covetous.
If thou steal aught thou losest thy life,
For thou shalt die through sword or knife;
But if thou fall sick, 'tis certain
Thou shalt turn to life again."

In addition to the above old popular superstitions, others of a local character were also observed at this season, and which deserve to be recorded. The custom of wassailing the fruit trees on the eve of Twelfth Day, by the Devonshire farmers, was a very old one. They would proceed to their orchards in the evening, accompanied by their farm servants, who carried with them large pitchers or milk-pails, filled with cider. In each orchard one tree was selected as the representative of the rest, and saluted with a certain form of words; then would they immerse cakes in cider and hang them on the apple-tree; after which they sprinkled the tree, pronounced their incantation, danced right merrily round it, and then went home to feast. This was done in order that the trees might bear much fruit, as we learn from the following old verse:

"Wassail the trees that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear;
For more or less fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing."

The following curious custom is related by Waldron:

"In the Isle of Man, on the 24th of December, toward evening, all the servants have a holiday; they go not to bed all night, but ramble about till the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve o'clock: prayers being over, they go to hunt the wren; and, after having found one of these poor birds, they kill her, and lay her on a bier; bring her to the parish church, and bury her with a 'whimsical kind of solemnity,' singing dirges over her in the Manks language, which they call her knell; after which Christmas begins."

At Dewsbury, Yorkshire, one of the church bells is tolled, as at a funeral, on Christmas eve; and any one asking whose

bell it was, would be told that it was the "devil's knell." The moral of it is that "the devil died when Christ was born." This custom was discontinued for many years, but revived by the vicar in 1828.

In ancient times, on Christmas eve, every one kept watch, like the shepherds, while minstrels chanted carols in celebration of the nativity. In the Isle of Man this observance is still retained. Similar to our own custom of watching out the old year, is that kept by the people of this island. In vast numbers they assemble at church, where the Divine office is solemnized, they remaining in the sacred edifice, singing carols, till midnight.

But the picturesque ceremonies and rude festivities that distinguished the Christmas of bygone days have passed away, and we cannot say that we regret them. Too thankful ought we to be to have lighted upon a more civilized age, and to have escaped all the troubles, dangers, and miseries, with which the "good old times" were so thickly beset. The mummings of our ancestors, the Yule Log, and the Wassail Bowl, are beyond revival, and even the Christmas Carol, common in our own days, is fast falling into desuetude. The practice of decking the churches and houses with evergreens, may now be said to be the only existing custom of old Christmas. It is decidedly the most honored. The boar's head has, however, still a place in the Christmas banquet at Oxford College, and on odd occasions at a few of the mansions of the nobility. At Oxford it is brought to the high table in the Hall, while an altered version of the old carol, printed by Wynkin de Worde, is chanted forth by a band of attendant choristers.

Rome may now be said to be the only place where the most ridiculous customs are practiced. Singular superstitions are believed in by the lower classes of the people, many of which would not be credited in this country. Much carousing is carried on, and during the whole of the night preceding Christmas, the pipes of the Calabrian minstrels are heard in the streets. A recent author says:

"On this evening the decorators are busy in draping the churches, clothing altars, and festooning façades. Nuns and ladies are preparing dresses, crowns, necklaces, and cradles, for the Madonna and Child of their respective churches. The cannons of St. Angelo announce the festival; shops are shut, and saloons deserted. The midnight supper and the midnight bands begin the holy revel; and the splendid pomp in which the august ceremonies are performed at the churches of the Quirinal, St. Louis, and the Ara Coeli, is succeeded by a banquet, of which even the poorest child of indigence contrives to partake. The people from the mountains of the Campagna flock in to witness and to enjoy the fête, and present a strange sight of wild figures amid the inhabitants of the city. The churches are lit up with thousands of wax tapers; the Cradle of Christ is removed from the shrine at the chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore, and carried in procession to the chapel of the Santa Croce; and the pope himself performs Divine service in the Sistine Chapel."

Our space will not allow us to descant upon such Continental customs as appertain to the Vigil of the Nativity; one, however, peculiar to Germany, we must allude to. The children make little presents to their parents, and to each other, and the parents to their children. On the evening before Christmas a great bough of yew or birch is fastened up by the children, in one of the parlors where the parents must not go. This bough is then illuminated with tapers, and colored paper hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this they lay out, in great order, the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift; they then bring out the remainder, one by one, from their pockets, and present them, with kisses and embraces. On the next day, in the great parlor, the parents lay on the table the gifts for their children. A scene of sober joy succeeds; as, "on this day, after an old custom, the mother tells privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praiseworthy, and that which was most faulty, in their conduct."

In drawing the present article to a close, we cannot lay down our pen without paying a tribute to Christianity, inaugurated by the birth of the Son of Mary. To the spread of his glorious religion and the promulgation of its truths, particularly since the Reformation, may mainly be attributed the rapid decline of the superstitions which, in the foregoing pages, we have recorded. And fondly hoping that it will, throughout all time, continue to uproot every evil which estranges the heart of man from his Creator, we most cordially wish, to the readers of THE NATIONAL, many happy Christmasses and glorious New-Years.

WHY THERE IS NO MRS. PEONY FLUSH.

READERS who have any sympathy in their souls will not fail to appreciate the touching narrative which follows. We copy it from an English periodical. The story is perfectly English, and is told by the Reverend Peony Flush himself, a modest curate in the Established Church. I was, he says, once engaged to be married, (how I went so far as that is a marvel to me still,) but an incident of so frightful a character took place as to put the matter entirely out of the question. I was a young undergraduate, spending the summer with a reading party at the Irish lakes, when I met with—with Lucy, and got, in short, to be accepted. She was residing with her mother, in the same hotel in Killarney as ourselves, and we all met every day. We boated on the lake together, and fished, and sang, and read. We landed on the wooded islands in the soft summer evenings, to take our tea in gipsy fashion, and to sketch; but she and I mostly whispered—not about love at all, as I remember, but of the weather and the rubric; only it seemed so sweet to sink our voices and speak low and soft. Once, in a party over the moors, while I was leading her pony over some boggy ground, I caught her hand by mistake instead of her bridle, and she did not snatch it away.

It was the heyday and the prime of my life, my friend, and that youth of the spirit which no power can ever more renew. I knew what she felt, and what would please her, as soon as the feeling and the wish themselves were born. Our thought, my thought at least, "leaped out to wed with thought, ere thought could wed itself with speech." She took a fancy to a huge mastiff dog belonging to a fisherman; and I bought it for her at once, although it was terribly savage, and (except for Lucy's liking it) not either good or beautiful. Its name, also—the only one it would answer to, and sometimes it would not to that—was Towser, not a name for a lady's pet at all, and scarcely for a gentleman's. There was a little secluded field, hedged in by a coppice, which sloped into the lake, about a mile from the hotel; and there Lucy agreed (for the first time) to meet me alone. I was to be there before breakfast, at eight o'clock in the morning, and you may be sure I was there at six—with Towser. Perhaps I was never happier than at that particular time.

The universal nature seemed in harmony with my blissful feelings. The sun shone out bright and clear, so that the fresh morning breezes could scarcely cool the pleasant throbbing of my blood; but the blue rippling waves of the lake looked irrepressibly tempting, and I could not resist a swim. Just a plunge and out again, thought I; for though I had such plenty of time to spare, I determined to be dressed and ready for the interview an hour at least before the appointed time. Lucy might, like myself, be a little earlier; and, at all events, with such an awful consequence in possible apprehension, I would not run the shadow of a risk.

"Mind my clothes, mind them," said I to Towser, (who took his seat thereon, at once, sagaciously enough,) for I had heard of such things as clothes being stolen from unconscious dippers before them, with results not to be thought of; and in I went. I remember the delight of that bath even to this day, the glow, the freshness, the luxurious softness of each particular wave, just as the last view which his eyes rested on is painted on the memory of one who has been stricken blind, or the last heard melody is treasured in that of a man stunned deaf by a fall; it was my last perfect pleasure, and succeeded by a shock that I shall never, I think, quite get over.

When I had bathed as long as I judged to be prudent, I landed and advanced toward the spot where my garments and Towser lay; as I did so every individual hair upon his back seemed to bristle with fury, his eyes kindled coals of fire; he gave me notice, by a low, determined growl, that he would spring on me and tear me into fragments if I approached nearer; it was evident that he did not recognize me, in the least, without my clothes.

"Tow, Tow, Tow, Tow, Tow," said I pleasantly; "good old Tow, you remember me;" but the brute, like the friend whom we have known in a better day, and appeal to when in indifferent apparel, only shook his head in a menacing manner, and showed his teeth the more.

"Towser, be quiet, sir; how dare you

—Tow, Tow, Tow—Towser—(here he nearly had a bit of my calf off)—you nasty, brutal dog; go away, sir, go; ain't you ashamed of yourself?" Drops of foam oozed through the teeth of the ferocious monster as he stood up with tail erect at these reproving words, but he manifested no sign of remorse or sorrow. My situation became serious in the extreme; what if he chose to sit there, on my personal apparel, until—? At this idea, too terrible to be concluded, a profuse perspiration broke out all over me. Presently, feeling a little cold, I went back into the lake again to consider what was to be done, and resolving the fell design of enticing Towser into the water, and there drowning him. Abuse and flattery being equally thrown away upon him, I tried stones; I heaved at him with all my force the largest pebbles I could select, the majority of which he evaded by leaping from side to side, and those which struck him rendered him so furious that I believe he would have killed and eat me if he could, whether I was dressed or not, but he would not venture into the water, after me still. At last, the time drawing on apace for the appointed interview which I had once looked forward to with such delight and expectation, I was fain, in an agony of shame and rage, to hide myself in a dry ditch in the neighboring copse, where I could see what took place without being seen, and there I covered myself over, like a babe in the wood, with leaves.

Presently my Lucy came down, a trifle more carefully dressed than usual, and looking all grace and modesty. The dog began to howl as she drew near; she saw him and she saw my clothes, and the notion that I was drowned (I could see it in her expressive countenance) flashed upon her at once; for one instant she looked as though about to faint, and the next she sped off again to the hotel with the speed of a deer. Gracious heavens! I decided upon rescuing a portion of my garments at least, or upon perishing in the attempt, and rushed out of the thicket for the purpose; but my courage failed me as I neared the savage animal, and I found myself (in some confused and palpitating manner) back in my dry ditch again with the sensation of a loss of blood and pain; my retreat had not been effected, perhaps, because there was nothing to cover it, without considerable loss, and the beast had bitten me severely. I protest that, from that moment, frightful as my position was, it did not move me so much as the reflection of the honors that would be showered down on that vile creature. I knew that he would be considered by Lucy and the rest as a sort of dog of Montargis, an affectionate and sagacious creature, watching patiently at his appointed post for the beloved master that should never again return to him.

Presently they all came back, Lucy and her mother and all the maid-servants from the inn, besides my fellow-students and fishermen with drag-nets, and a medical man with blankets and brandy, (how I envied the blankets and the brandy!) As I expected, neither the women's cries nor the men's labor in vain distressed me half so much as the patting and caressing of Towser; if she could have only known when she dropped those tears upon his cruel nose that there was a considerable quantity of human flesh—my flesh—at that moment lying in his stomach in an undigested state! I could not repress a groan of horror and indignation.

"Hush, hush," said Lucy, and there was a silence, through which I could distinctly hear Towser licking his chops. I was desperate by this time, and hallooed out to my friend Sanford, "Sanford and nobody else," to come into the copse with a blanket. I remember nothing more distinctly. Immediately peals of laughter, now smothered, now breaking irrepressibly forth; expressions of thankfulness, of affection, of sympathy beginning, but never finished, burst in upon, as it were, by floods of merriment; and the barking, the eternal barking, of that execrable dog. I left Killarney that same evening; Lucy and the mother of Lucy, and my fellow-students, and the abominable Towser; I left them for good and all; and that was how my engagement was broken off, and why there is no Mrs. Peony Flush.

Dying Rich.—Who is he that dies rich? That man dies rich, and *only* that man, who, when he leaves behind him a little, or more, or nothing, has *before him* a treasure laid up in heaven. Who dies poor? He that, whatever he leaves behind him, has nothing laid up in heaven. He dies poor.

SOUTHEY'S LETTERS.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, whatever rank posterity may assign him as a poet, was one of the best prose writers that ever drew from the well of pure English undefiled. Until his o'ertasked brain failed him, he was one of the most cheerful and amiable of men. Glimpses of his domestic character as a father and a facetious, mirth-loving friend and companion reveal themselves all through his familiar letters, of which scarcely any man wrote so many, and four volumes of selections from which have been recently published in London.

The opening pages of the series evince the poet's tender delight and reasonable pride in his boy Herbert, only to make more painful the abrupt announcement of Herbert's death. To Neville White the fondest of fathers writes: "Herbert has gone on faithfully both with his Greek and German during my absence, so as to have lost nothing. It is not possible that any child could be more entirely after his father's own heart." This was at the close of 1815. In the early spring of 1816, Southey writes to his old friend John May:

"If you have seen Harry [Dr. Henry Southey] of late, you will anticipate the intelligence which a black seal announces. It has pleased God to visit me with the severest of all afflictions, by removing my son—my only son—who was the very flower and crown of all my happiness: for never was man blessed with a child more entirely after his own heart's desire. 'The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"I am very thankful for having had him during ten years. During those years he has been the joy of my life; and my deepest pleasure hereafter will be in the sure and certain hope that this separation is only for a time. I feel, also, that the removal is for his good; that he was perfectly fit for a better scene of existence: he had learned all of good that this world could teach him—all kind affections, all good feelings, all generous hopes; and he is gone before the world has sullied his pure spirits, without a spot or stain, never having known a thought of evil, never having felt a single affliction. His life has been passed in love, and he has fallen asleep to wake in immortality.

"In this frame of mind, you will believe that I am as composed and as resigned as becomes a man and a Christian, but I am fully aware that in this place [Keswick] I shall never be able to overcome the recollections which must everywhere haunt me. My morning walks, my summer excursions on the lake, &c., &c.—all are associated with him, who was my constant companion. I will therefore, if it be possible, remove from Cumberland. . . . Edith [Mrs. Southey] has supported herself through this long and severe trial with exemplary fortitude. I trust God will support her now. For myself, it is a relief to know that the worst is over. For full five weeks I have never known an hour's peace of mind, perpetually dreading this; and even when I gave way to the hopes with which others flattered me, it was hoping against belief. His whole demeanor was, like his whole life, almost beyond belief for calmness, collectedness, and obedience."

It is, indeed, no conventional *façon de parler* which Southey makes use of, when he tells his uncle Hill that this affliction is heavier than any person could conceive, who had not seen the habits of his domestic life—how closely they were connected with the studies and amusement of the child he had lost, "and how he became as naturally my companion as I became his playmate." Nor was it on the galling spur of the moment, or in a transitory mood of natural but common emotion, that he declared his happiness could never again be what it had been. It never could be; he was right: it never again was. Yet, he adds, with equal accuracy of psychological prevision—"yet will the difference be rather in kind than in degree; there will be less of earth about it, less that is insecure and perishable." Seneca, in his Epistles, rates as equivalent the grief of losing a thing and the fear of losing it: "*In æquo est dolor amissæ rei, et timor amittendæ.*" One is reminded of this philosophy in the "*fearful* joy" which Southey felt in the living presence of his Herbert—as though in very sooth

"He wept to have what he so feared to lose."

Hence an almost sense of relief when the worst was over—and the loss he had feared so much, he could fear again no more, but look back upon with a resignation inspired by religion and mellowing with time. "Herbert," he writes to Mr. Hill, "was the main object of my hopes; those hopes have now no fears to alloy them, (for this calamity was always before my eyes)." And to another correspondent—after alluding to previous losses of *infant* children, and remarking that the death of an infant seems repaired by the birth of another, and that you lose in it more of hope than of actual enjoyment, though even then the heart is wounded in its tenderest part—he says:

"But in our present case, the loss is irreparable. Were there the probability of our having another son, I am not sure that I should

desire it; so infinitely unlikely is it that he should resemble Herbert in those moral and intellectual endowments which rendered him all that my heart desired. No father was ever blessed with a child more entirely such as he would have prayed for, and therefore it was that I always apprehended the calamity which has befallen me: I could not help feeling that when a creature of this kind came into the world, it was not likely that he should be suffered to remain in it; he lived in it long enough to know all that was good—and nothing but what was good; and he is removed before a thought of evil has ever risen in his heart, or a breath of impurity ever tainted his ears."

Another son, nevertheless, was born to Southey, some three years afterward. In the winter of 1818, writing to Mr. Bedford about pecuniary and other cares, which, however, he says, "do not sit heavily upon me," he adds:

"A circumstance of a very different nature affects me much more in my heart of hearts. After an interval of more than six years, I am likely to become again a father; and you may well imagine what feelings this must occasion, after the grievous loss which we have sustained in those years—a loss which I shall never overcome. This prospect, indeed, only makes me feel more deeply how irreparable it is; for, setting aside the myriad or million chances against my having such another son as that incomparable boy, it is but too certain that I should neither have life nor heart ever again to perform my duty by another in the same manner."

To the son born shortly afterward we owe the "Life and Correspondence" of that justly honored and devoted father.

The name of the new-born is mooted in another letter to Mr. Bedford.

"I intend to call my boy Cuthbert. If any one asks why, it is reason enough that I like genuine English names, and such as are peculiar, without being fantastic. But you may, for your own satisfaction, find the secret feeling that leads me to choose it in a legend which Wordsworth has versified, as an inscription for St. Herbert's Island."*

And cheering it is, in turning from letter to letter, to mark how the boy becomes more and more a winsome treasure, a "bonny wee thing," to the boy-hearted sire. The young Cuthbert's first efforts to pronounce his own name, are delightful to one so fond of ludicrous nomenclature and familiar nicknames as was the author of The Doctor. "Your godson," Southey tells Mr. Wynn, "is as fine a creature as you could desire to see, and begins to mispronounce mutilated words most delightfully. Charles Cuthbert he makes into *Cha-Cupn.*" The present volumes are of course rife with pet-names and nicknames of all sorts, and applied impartially to men, women, children, and beasts. A Mr. Adamson, author of a "Life of Camoens," "I usually call," says Dr. Dove's creator, "A-dam-son of the Muses." Dove-like tricks are played with the names of the Edinburgh Reviewers, &c., in a characteristic fragment called "The Book of the Prophet Jehephary"—a profane *jeu d'esprit* (query, however, as to the amount of *esprit* in its concoction; and query, also, whether the *jeu* itself at all *vaut la chandelle?*) in the style of the author's previous "Ogham Fragment," or of the better-known Blackwood "Chaldee Manuscript:" among the obvious celebrities with whose names liberty is taken, appear, thus phonographically disguised, in addition to Jehephary the Prophet himself—Peherri the Chronicler, and Kawbit of the Black Guards, Brum the Scribe, and Lee the Huntsman, Philip the Pythagorean (who is called also Syrr-itch-hardos), and Shidnai the Jester, Lord Harold the Giaour, Kawp-helsiton the Provost, the Giphardos, and Krokairos, and Kahannin who had been the king's minister, and Surjami, and Archy the Constable. Possibly some one of our readers may be at a loss in some one instance in this collection of improper names; and for that possible unit's sake we venture to "guess," without much risk, that whom Southey had in his eye, in the persons of

* The lines in question are not cited by Southey or his editor, but the reader may like to see them, not only for their absolute, but for their special relative interest:

"FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND, DERWENTWATER.

"If thou in the dear love of some one friend
Hast been so happy that thou know'st what thoughts
Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence
This quiet spot; and, stranger! not unmoved
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,
The desolate ruins of St. HERBERT'S cell.
Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof
That sheltered him, a self-secluded man,
After long exercise in social cares
And offices humane, intent to adore
The Deity, with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things,
In utter solitude.—But he had left
A fellow-laborer, whom the good man loved
As his own soul. And, when with eye upraised
To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle, and thought
Of his companion, he would pray that both
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
So prayed he: as our chronicles report,
Though here the Hermit numbered his last day
Far from St. CUTHBERT, his beloved friend,
Those holy men both died in the same hour."
WORDSWORTH'S *Miscellaneous Poems.*

this mixed multitude, were Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle;* William Cobbett; Brougham; Leigh Hunt; Sir Richard Philips, the vegetarian publisher and editor of the *Monthly Magazine;* Sydney Smith; Lord Byron; Dr. Copleston; Gifford; John Wilson Croker; Canning; Sir James Mackintosh; and the Edinburgh publisher of the "Reekie" Review, Archibald Constable. Again, when referring to his own publishers, the Messrs. Longman, it is Southey's fashion to style them the *Longi Homines*, and "Conscript Fathers of the Row." John Murray figures under a variety of aliases. He is the Murraymagne. He is King John. He is the Grand Murray. He is the Megistos. The irritation which some of his ways and means appear to have caused in the mind of Southey, is amusingly displayed now and then: though the best of paymasters, his payments sufficiently involved the idea of mastery, of taskmaster even, to make Southey only half-pleased at pocketing them, and *not* half-pleased to pocket the affront his sensitiveness sometimes conjured up in the idea of them as wages, and the hints preceding or accompanying them. In writing to Mr. Bedford, in 1818, he says:

"I have half a mind to inclose you my last letter from the greatest of Bibliopoles, that you may form by it some estimate of his conceit, which is as immeasurable as the height and depth of Seva, in the Hindoo fable. If you were to see the manner in which he exhorts me '*to put my whole soul*' into an article for his six-shilling 'Review,' you would breathe out a pious malediction on his head, and cast his letter behind the fire. Whosoever may compile from my papers, when the booksellers have the picking of my bones, will find rare morsels in the correspondence of this great man."

Again to Mr. Hill:

"Lord Lowther drank tea with us last week, bringing over Wordsworth to introduce him, for I had never seen him before. The only other great person whom I have seen was the Grand Murray himself on his way to Edinburgh. He, I believe, is the very grandest personage among mankind, now that there is no longer a Great Mogul."

And to Mr. Bedford, again, in the same year:

"You will have seen my two papers in the last 'Q. R.' The Megistos thought proper, when he sent me 150*l.* for them, to remind me that such prices could not be afforded unless the articles produced a *decided impression*, to observe that the *latter part* of Evelyn had been approved, and to offer some hints respecting the arrangements of such reviewals for the future. I dare say my answer would astonish him. It was written in thorough good-humor, and without expressing the slightest resentment at such impertinence: in truth, I understood his *humor* too well to feel anything except amusement at it. But I told him that though his prices were very liberal, it was nevertheless very plain that I was employing myself less profitably (of which I gave him convincing proofs) and less worthily (which he will not very easily comprehend) in writing for them than in pursuing my own greater avocations; and that, therefore, he must admit it to be a matter of prudence on my part, when I should have executed the paper in hand, to become only an occasional contributor to the 'Q. R.,' instead of a regular assistant, and that at long intervals. He is chewing the cud upon this, and I shall adhere to my purpose."

Next year he writes, in the same spirit of dissatisfaction, to Mr. Rickman, with a cut at Gifford's systematic and incurable habit of pruning the papers for the "Q. R.:"

"I have had a pressing application from Murray le Magne, to write *de temporibus* pro 'Quarterly Review,' the said greatest of all Journals being in danger of appearing without anything upon the subject, to the great distress of the said greatest of all great men! My reply was, that it was utterly impossible to undertake it for want of time; and I followed the decisive reply by a protest against the castrating system which, in spite of all promises to the contrary, the editor continues to pursue: in nine instances out of ten without any conceivable reason."

And to Mr. Hill, on the same sore subject, in nearly the same words:

"I am as little pleased as you can be with the manner in which Gifford mutilates whatever is sent to him, upon no imaginable principle, as far as I can discover; in most cases for no other reason than that of indulging a habit which he cannot help. *He has repeatedly promised me that he would not do it, and yet every one of my papers comes forth castrated from under his hands.* It would be a great satisfaction to me if I could do without this Review, and at present there seems to be some probability that my connection with it may be broken off, however great the immediate inconvenience. Murray has thought proper to send me a less sum for my last paper than I thought proper to accept for it. I therefore sent the draft back to Gifford, from whom it came, treated the matter as a mistake, (as, indeed, at first I really supposed it to be,) and told him I expected 100*l.* Six posts have elapsed, and I have received no reply. I shall wait patiently, and let him chew the cud as long as he pleases. But if the answer, when it comes, is not what it ought to be, the 'Q. R.' shall never receive another communication from me. This will leave me very much abroad for my ways and means at first. However, this is of no great consequence. I shall make my way somehow or other, and probably more to my own contentment at the end."

But no such schism from Albemarle-street took place; and a good thing for Southey too. The Megistos "made things pleasant," as the phrase now goes; and re-cooked the accounts, as another phrase current in the same circles hath it, to suit his contributor's palate. The recalcitrant poet's objurgations on his paymaster become henceforth fewer and feebler; there ceases to be any observable strife between them

"Of nicely calculated less or more;"

and in 1821 we meet with such passages in the correspondence as this:

"At present I am finishing a life of Oliver Cromwell for the 'Review.' Murray allows me to make use hereafter of any English lives which are written for the 'Review,' in a series of such lives, for which he will pay me 500*l.* per volume, the extent of the series being six octavo volumes."

Verily in Albemarle-street there was for Southey fat pasture and a milch cow too profitable to be hastily parted withal; and wroth as he was with what now and then sounded to his ears like impertinent "cackle," he did well not to give up in dudgeon a "goose" that laid him so many golden eggs.

In mentioning the fondness Southey indulged for bestowing nicknames and new-fangled titles on people and things, we included "beasts" among them. Every one knows Southey's weakness for cats. His cats figure away in the present volumes, under an imposing *cate*gory of styles and titles extraordinary. Mr. Grosvenor Bedford is apparently the correspondent who took most interest in these feline frivolities, for it is in the letters to that gentleman that the poet gives full play to his delight in such particulars. Mr. Bedford is kept completely *au fait* and *au courant* in respect of the shifting and changing cat-dynasties at Greta Hall. He is told how Lord Nelson became so wretched that it was an act of mercy to put him in the river; how Bona Fidelia reached a good old age, and was found dead in the wood-house; how Madame Bianchi, who was Bona's daughter, and Pulcheria, who was Madame's daughter, pined away after the loss of an old servant, and disappeared or died; how a visitor from the town, by name Virgil, who haunted the poet's premises, being possibly driven from his own, died there also; how the only cat now at Greta Hall is "a young Othello, from Newlands," who "has the defect of being of a miserably small breed," but is "otherwise a worthy and promising cat." Othello's patron, addressing Mr. Bedford, continues:

"Sir, I shall be very happy to introduce you to Othello. It is a good name, not merely as expressing his complexion, but because he will undoubtedly be as jealous as beseems his Tomship. I trust he will be the founder of a new dynasty, and that in a few generations black will be the prevailing livery of the cats in Keswick."

There is one long letter occupied with the history of a new arrival, "a fine, full-grown black cat," whom Southey first intended to call Henrique Diaz, in reference to both his complexion and his sex, but eventually named the Zombi, (title of the chief of the Palmares negroes,) "an appellation equally appropriate and more dignified;" how the said Zombi arrived in a sack; and how, "when the sack was opened, the kitchen door, which leads into the passage, was open also, and the cat disappeared; not, indeed, like a flash of lightning, but as fast as one, that is to say, for all purposes of a simile;" and how Greta Hall was perplexed by the Zombi's continuing in obstinate retirement for seven days and nights; and how, "between four and five o'clock on the Sunday morning," all who had ears to hear were awakened by such screams as if the Zombi had met with some excruciating accident, about which a mystery hung, forming a famous subject for grotesque speculation on Southey's part, and taken advantage of, as such, with the most thorough enjoyment of the opportunity. Then, too, we have his letters to one of his daughters, wherein he grieves to inform her of the "illness of his Serene Highness, the Archduke Rumpelstilzchen, Marquis Macbun, Earl Tomlemagne,* Baron Raticide, Waouhler, and Skratsch. His Serene Highness is afflicted with the mange," &c.

For a friend's cat, in want of a name, he suggests that if the cat were a witch, she might be called Felismena, after the enchantress in the Diana of Montemayor;

* A personage not unknown to those familiar with Southey's lyrics—for example,

"Our good old cat, Earl Tomlemagne,
Is sometimes seen to play,
Even like a kitten at its sport,
Upon a warm spring-day."

Catherine of Arragon, if old and grave, and inclined to severity of temper; St. Catherine of Sienna, if demure and hypocritical; or the Czarina, if in any respect resembling the Empress of Russia. And so late as 1837 we find the poet writing to Mrs. Bray:

"My cattery consists at present only of Thomas, Baron Chinchilla, and Grey de Bythen, his spouse and half-sister Knurra-Murra-Purra-Hurra-Skurra, and the elder half-brother of both, who is an out-of-door freebooter, and whose name is Chaka-chekka-chikka-cheeka-chokka-choaka-chowski."

Had the reading public been conversant with Southey's epistles, in the days when Who wrote The Doctor? was an unsolved problem, there could have been little room for notes (of interrogation) and queries as to the authorship.

To that unique nondescript in modern book-work there are occasional allusions in the letters before us, previous to the avowal of the authorship, in which the writer ingeniously enough discusses, as an impartial and indifferent reader only, the character and possible origin of the farrago. Thus, in a letter to Mrs. Bray, in 1834:

"'The Doctor,' &c., has been sent me, with the author's compliments, in a hand which is either an unknown one to me, or a disguised one. At a first glance, D'Israeli seemed the likeliest person to have written it; but upon a perusal, I was satisfied that he could not write a style which is at once so easy and so good. Then I thought of Rogers, who has both the wit and the feeling that the book displays; but I question whether he has the Cervantic humor, and, moreover, he is a dissenter. It may be Mathias, perhaps. There are two reasons for ascribing it to him: first, the number of Italian quotations from authors known only to those who have made Italian poetry their peculiar study; secondly, he is an old *incognito*, and this book is printed by Nicol, whose father published the 'Pursuits of Literature,' and was intrusted with that secret. But, on the whole, I incline to fix it upon Frere, for in him (and I can think of no other person) all the requisites for it are united."

To Mr. Wynn:

"The 'Edinburgh Review' is more abroad in its guesses about the 'Doctor' than I was when I guessed about it. No clew to the author has reached me. As for Hartley Coleridge, I wish it were his, but am certain that it is not. He is quite clever enough to have written it—quite odd enough; but his opinions are desperately radical, and he is the last person in the world to disguise them. One report was that his father had assisted him: there is not a page in the book, wise or foolish, which the latter *could* have written; neither his wisdom nor his folly is of that kind. It amuses me to find myself suspected. Rogers's 'Italy' was given to me in like manner before it was claimed by its author."

Nearly two years later he writes to Mrs. Hughes:

"You have not heard, then, that the author of the 'Doctor,' &c., turns out to be a Scotchman, and a bitter enemy of the English Church? At least this is positively affirmed; and yet I cannot think he is either the one or the other. Dubois is also named as the author, a person who wrote 'My Pocket-book,' and a novel called 'Old Nick,' and who was editor of the 'Monthly Mirror,' a man of some scholarship and a great deal of small wit. He brought letters of introduction to me, when I was in Lisbon in 1801, but from what I saw of him there and afterward in London, I do not think that the better part of the 'Doctor,' &c., can be the work of one who is composed of such coarse materials himself. At Doncaster the Rev. Erskine Neale has the credit of the book: so Mrs. Hodgson (the *ci-devant* Margaret Holford) was assured, she tells me, in a bookseller's shop there; and if this is not known at Doncaster, where should it be? For who but some one connected with the place would have written all those provoking chapters 'about it and about it?' and especially that account of the Corporation, which for tiresomeness beats anything that ever was shaped into such a book, if any other such book there be. Now, methinks, I see you smile! And if you think that you see me smile also, you will not be mistaken; but it is under no other fringe than that of my own gray locks.

"However, in spite of the Doncaster chapters, (and of the Almanacs too,) I delight in the book: nobody can enjoy it more. And if I had a right to the feathers, I should stick one of the finest in my cap. On that point you see we are agreed. I shall not wear it, nevertheless, let who will be so obliging as to present it to me. Porson, if he were alive, might plume himself with it, and be in no danger of having it challenged by me."

The line of defense adopted by literary men in affiliation cases of this sort, their sometimes unconditional denial or flat contradiction, sometimes ingenious, but most disingenuous equivocations, their hedging and fencing, their doubling and flirting, their show of *nolens volens*, or he would and he would not, almost resembling the girlish tactics of Galatea,

"Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri,"

would furnish matter for a curious chapter in the "Curiosities of Literature," and perhaps a problematical one among the problems of casuistry. Rarely, if ever, has author delighted so manifestly in playing within the precincts of his secret, and egging on others to join in the game,

as did Southey in the instance of "The Doctor."

The present series of letters contains numerous and sometimes interesting allusions to literary and other celebrities of the day, rising, established, or dying out. Hallam and Heber, Haydon and Davy, John Wilson and Henry Taylor, Lockhart and Croker, Peel and Brougham, Frere and Isaac Disraeli, Hartley Coleridge and Leigh Hunt, Allan Cunningham and Charles Lamb, Mrs. Bray and the late Mrs. Southey, the debut of Alison as an historian and of F. D. Maurice as a pamphleteer, the system of Robert Owen of Lanark, and the wholesale doings of James Morrison in Fore-street, are but a few among the so many. A fragmentary excerpt or two may here be added on topics bearing on what is of present interest. On occasion of the execution of Fauntleroy, in 1825, the practice of public executions is thus referred to:

"Though men must sometimes be hanged, (and certainly few criminals deserved it more than he did,) yet . . . no government ought to make the better parts of its subjects unhappy by making the execution a matter of general annoyance. The sentence should of course be public, but the execution should not; neither should the time when it takes place be known. It should be performed within the prison walls; when it was over, a black flag hoisted for the remainder of the day; and then the funeral should be public, and an appropriate sermon appointed for it."

Twelve years later, (1837,) in a letter to Mr. Wynn, the same subject is mooted in nearly the same words, with this preface:

"It has often been in my mind to bring forward an opinion that executions should no longer be public. Nothing but mischief, and of the worst kind, arises from making a spectacle of them."

A passage written in the opening of 1833 has its significance in the autumn of 1856:

"In this part of the country the Conservatives have rallied and shown their strength. . . . I believe there is no doubt that the rising generation at the Universities, and very many of the young aristocracy, have taken the right bias. Great expectations are formed of young Gladstone, the member for Newark, who is said to be the ablest person that Oxford has sent forth for many years, since Peel or Canning. I have always some fears for such reputations; they sometimes upset the bearer, and often indicate more dexterity than strength; but I hope he may not disappoint his friends."

Remembering the melancholy condition into which Southey fell in his closing years, there is something touching beyond the ordinary in occasional apprehensions and, as it were, deprecations such as the following, to be met with at intervals in the correspondence. On the death of Sir George Beaumont he writes to Charles Wynn in 1827:

"Few men have been so happy in all respects; he had never known any serious affliction, and was in full possession of all his faculties and capacities of enjoyment at the moment when the stroke came, which produced stupor, insensibility, and in a few days death without any consciousness of struggle."

Then of the premier's similar attack:

"Lord Liverpool, I suppose, has been overworked. A stroke of this nature makes me feel a sort of giddiness when I hear or think of it. If it does its work at once, it is the most desirable termination of life; but if it only wrecks the sufferer in body and mind, then it is a visitation which is indeed to be deprecated."

Again, in a letter to his brother:

"Bedford wrote to me about the affection of his speech, some weeks ago; and I was willing to account for it by the extreme susceptibility of his nervous system. But any unusual sensations about the head make me feel as if there were a candle in the powder magazine."

Scott's condition in the August of 1832 is thus referred to:

"But to return to our poor friend Sir Walter: his case, I apprehend, is more painful to others than to himself; it is one of those humiliating spectacles which ought to make us understand feelingly what poor creatures we are. Life must be to him an uneasy dream, or a delirium in the interval of broken sleep, rather than any conscious suffering either of body or mind, most distressing to those about him, but less so to himself than if he knew what they were suffering."

And the death of Coleridge in 1834 elicits this retrospective and prospective meditation from his once companion and friend:

"On Tuesday next my sixtieth year will be completed. Poor Coleridge has just died at sixty-two, of old age. Time has dealt gently with me; indeed, the whole course of my life has been singularly favored by Providence, and in such a way, too, as to keep me constantly sensible of my constant dependence upon it. What may befall me during the last stage of my journey God only knows; but I enter upon it with good heart."

Merciful provision that he knew not what should befall him! Only God knew: only God could provide.

MR. SPECKLES ON HIMSELF.

HEREAFTER, men will tell each other of three poets in a single nation, Shakspeare, Milton, and Speckles: to make the third of whom nature had joined the other two. This is a junction in the line of poetry not recognized at present. That which is Not-I does not understand me, but I understand myself. It may be said, too, that—while four of my six epics are still in manuscript, while two hundred of my tragedies are not only unacted, but also unpublished, and I have issued not more than thirty volumes of my lyric verse—the materials for an estimate of my poetical genius are not yet fully laid before the country. Posterity will, I am convinced, do me justice. Speckles, whose daily diet is humble-pie, has had more than a flask of water from the springs of Helicon. It saturates his soul.

It is not only in metaphysics and in poetry that I have proved my strength. I have made in vain some of the greatest mechanical discoveries of the present age. I have planned how to send huge steamers across the Atlantic, sped by a motive power of the simplest kind—a single hen. Instead of the thirty, fifty, or a hundred horses, whose power is commonly applied to engines, and the mules used by some spinners, I am able to show how wheels may be adjusted capable of being set in motion by a hen of ordinary strength. As hens, who are tough of muscle, would be preferred for this service, there would be none left but tender chickens for the dinner-table; and on this fact I shall rely, whenever I bring out my plan, for a great deal of popular support. A hen-coop and a bushel of corn will box and feed my engine power. In me, gentlemen, you recover a Watt, a Milton, and a Bacon; but, unluckily, the Watt, Milton, and Bacon, of the twentieth century. By a mistake I have appeared in the nineteenth, and it is only for that reason that I am not fully appreciated.

There are people who say they wish me well; but who say also, that it would be absurd to expect from me a connected narrative, for that I should exalt and be-praise myself till doomsday if I were not stopped. But I appeal to an enlightened public. How can I tell you anything if I know nothing, and how can I know anything if I am blind to my own character? Do you know what the absolute in cognition is? "Object plus subject is the absolute in cognition; matter mecum is the absolute in cognition; thoughts or mental states, together with the self or subject, are the absolute in cognition." I do not say this of myself, but have it from a distinguished professor.

How, then, do I know that there ever was such a man as my Uncle Badham, the chemist? He may have existed only in my mind as the idea of a rich uncle who was more desperately offended than anybody at my having been born a boy; but who, nevertheless, stood my godfather and my friend. After him I was christened Badham Speckles, and to him, at the age of fourteen, I was apprenticed. I was more certain of the existence of six tragedies and a farce which I had written at that time, than of the existence of my uncle, at whose table I sat, and in whose bed I slept, and at whose counter I served. The tragedies I had created. They were substantive portions of myself; but Uncle Badham (if Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, was right; as I took him then to be) may have been a phantom—an idea of mine His beef and potatoes were also ideas, good ideas; his rhubarb and bitter aloes, his pestle and mortar, scammony and Castile soap, were bad ideas. Rochester, where we seemed to live, was built out of my own ideas, and peopled by creatures of my own. Hearing, seeing, touching, tasting, feeling, as everybody knows, is quite inadequate to prove the existence of anything or anybody, except only one's self.

Yet the phantoms moving in that dream-figure, the world, complained of me sometimes for being dreamy. I, a Speckles, a direct descendant, as the slight corruption of the family name proves, from the great Sophocles, myself the then author of six tragedies, was contemned even by the nurse-maids of Rochester, who came to me for dill-water and castor-oil. I had a little printing-press, which I kept under my bed; and by the help of which I printed many of my own fugitive pieces upon fragments of shop-paper. Many a mixture did I send out folded in immortal verse. My uncle's customers found stanzas in powder-papers, mottoes in bottle-caps, poetry even in blisters, genius in everything. They laughed in their phantom way; my uncle groaned, and shook his finger at me, like a warning ghost.

On one occasion he caused to sweep upon me the figure of a hair-dresser, who forced me into a chair, and cut away the rich, clustering hair that hung over my shoulders. At the same time he declared that he would turn me out of doors if ever I wrote another line of verse. He was in wrath because, having by mischance forgotten to make up a prescription, I had sent to a wealthy customer a bottle of air corked and capped, which, by an odd accident, was folded in a favorite poem of mine, on "The Emptiness of Things." My inadvertence gave offense. I wrote privately to the offended customer, a note of apology, of which I can almost remember the words, explaining what was the fact; that, by one of those happy concatenations of thought that now and then occur, the mention of cream of tartar in the prescription had suggested to me a poem illustrative of the pastoral condition of life among the Crim Tartars, and while I was preparing my idea, I had forgotten that I was not also preparing the prescription. The customer in question, Mr. Milcan, a pursy man and a cow-keeper, was very unforgiving, and we lost him altogether.

I had an affection for my Uncle Badham, and a desire for his good-will, partly founded on the fact that he entertained thoughts of leaving me the main bulk of his property, together with his shop. I promised faithfully that I would no longer look upon his customers as my public; that I would issue no more verse; and, upon that condition, I obtained leave to write it. My uncle, indeed, took my poetry at that time to be a ferment in young blood, a state of intellectual measles, and thought it advisable that the eruption should not be suppressed.

For a time, however, I wrote no more poetry. My hair had been cut down to mere stubble, and the sudden change made me so cool in the head, that my inventive genius took more practical directions. Many things had for some time been awaiting investigation. I had observed that in every boiled potato placed upon my uncle's table, there were invariably to be seen three small holes in a right line with one another. The same observation I had made in other places, and a question had thus come to assume great prominence in my mind, Why are there always three holes in a boiled potato? I had even so early designed my anthropological treatise (written in later years) on the Material of Trades, wherein I show why tradesmen absorb and become absorbed in the material by which they live. The butcher, as we all see, becomes fleshy, and consists of prime joints; the baker becomes white and doughy; the shoemaker brown and leathery; the lawyer's skin becomes converted into parchment; usurers turn yellow. The baker's blood, on the other hand, is, in some measure, yielded to his rolls; the lawyer writes on skin that represents a part of his own substance; the gall of the usurer goes with his gold. You will find the essay most important. Hereafter the fact that I wrote it will have its interest for my biographers.

I was at work upon this very subject, setting down thoughts as they occurred to me on one of the last leaves of my uncle's ledger, when one day, soon after my hair had been cut, a lovely girl came into the shop. I knew her, of course; for she was no less distinguished a person than Miss Bridget Milcan, second daughter of the cow-keeper. She was admired in all the country round about us as the belle of Rochester. She was considered to be a girl of great vivacity and spirit; but I paid little attention to the fair sex, and I knew no more of her than I know of her features and the sound of her voice. Considering how recently I had provoked her father, I feared lest Biddy Milcan might not be the bearer to my uncle of some hostile message, which I accordingly made haste to intercept. Biddy cast down her eyes when I appeared, and timidly held out to me the wrapper from her father's bottle.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said; "but I thought this poem was too valuable to be destroyed. You might desire its return."

"It is of no importance, miss," I answered; "I have other copies, and if not, so mere a trifle—"

"O, Mr. Speckles!" she said; "sir, may I then keep it? You cannot tell what consolation it has brought me; how much I do feel the emptiness of things." She folded up the paper carefully, and put it in her bosom. "Indeed, sir," she went on to say, "I wished to consult you as a professional man." She fluttered like a moth in a pill-box, looked full at a red bottle in the window, through which the light streamed in a great flush over her

face, and said, "I have felt for some months a strange sense of emptiness in the heart. Could you do anything for me?"

"My uncle, miss—"

"But I think *you* will be more likely to understand my case."

I thought a bit, and remembered that, so far as I knew of the ailments of ladies, they occur only in the head, nerves, heart, and chest. The stomach is, out of delicacy, called the heart. I thought that I understood Miss Bridget's case, and asked about her appetite. She sighed, and said that it was bad. I at once recommended tripe. That is a digestible kind of food, which is, moreover, calculated to excite a failing appetite. The sense of emptiness could be removed, no doubt, with tripe. She shook her head, and said she wished me to prescribe. If I did not mind, she would call again in a day or two, and tell me how she was. I therefore undertook to fill up the void in her heart with medicine; and began with the remedies that seemed most cognate to her case—pectoral lozenges and stomachic pills. She paid me on the spot, and came again after two days; and, in fact, every two days, always complaining of the emptiness at her heart, which I strove always vainly to fill up with lozenges and pills. These were all regularly paid for by Miss Biddy, and not entered in our books. She never asked for trust.

This kind of intercourse had gone on between us for about a month, when one morning Miss Bridget seemed unusually thoughtful. The void in her heart ached, she said, more than ever. "And, Mr. Speckles, I don't think you understand my case." She gave me a look straight into my eyes that puzzled me.

"Pardon me, Miss Bridget, I will change your lozenges." I looked confused.

She said, "Speak out, if you have anything upon your mind."

"I have, indeed, a serious question, that has long agitated me to the depths of my soul, and I think it is near solution."

"Ask it of me," she said.

"I am afraid," I stammered. "To do so would be impertinent."

"I promise," she replied, "to take it in good part, whatever it may be. Ask me your question."

"Well," I said, "it is this. Why are there always three holes in a boiled potato?"

She bit her lip, and replied, quietly: "Because the cook progs them in the saucepan with a three-pronged fork. What else have you to ask?"

For the first time in my life I looked at her with admiration. The happiness of the suggestion pleased me. It was, indeed, far-fetched and improbable. Forks have no place in Epistemology, or the Theory of Knowing. Object plus subject, or matter mecum, is the substantial in cognition. The cook knows by matter mecum when she has boiled her potato; not by help of a three-pronged fork. Nevertheless, I was much struck by the elaborate ingenuity of Miss Bridget's reply; and, for the first time, my eye dwelt upon her with admiration.

"O, Mr. Speckles!" she said again, looking straight at the red bottle, "how often I think of those beautiful lines in the poem which you generously suffered me to keep:

> To be is not to be. What is to have
> But not to have? A hollow mockery
> Is man's best prize. O void,
> That never will be fill'd, O vacancy,
> Come, let me marry thee, since so must be,
> And must be must.

But let me be silent. Mr. Speckles, do you understand my case?"

She gave me another of those looks, and the truth flashed upon me. Void—marry: if she had proposed for me in form I could not have understood her better.

From that hour we got on rapidly. I made love as I could, and my suit prospered. Miss Biddy made no effort to conceal her visits from my uncle. Uncle Badham smiled upon her when they met; but it was certain that her father would not smile on me. It was, for that reason, agreed upon between us that we should elope and be married. I was to hire a post-chaise to carry us to the place of elopement. On a certain day, when her father, she said, would be out, the milk-maids and cow-keepers all being in her confidence, the carriage might call boldly at her house to take her up, and then drive on. At the foot of Rochester Bridge I was to be in waiting, and there to mount the box, it being further understood that I was to respect her feelings before our marriage by riding outside during all coach journeys.

On the appointed day, at the appointed place and time, I was in waiting; a post-chaise and four approached the bridge. It was ours. It stopped. I only glanced in at the window to where Biddy sat, in the same leghorn bonnet and stiff gown of brocaded silk that I had so often seen her wear. I murmured "Bless you!" and leaped upon the box seat; the post-boys gave me a good-humored grin of recognition, and drove on. Before we had gone far, a heavy rain set in; but as I had promised faithfully to ride outside, I kept my seat. In good time—for we drove at a tremendous pace—we arrived at the inn, where we were to dine. Our smoking horses were at rest before the door; waiters ran in and out; and, as the rain still fell in torrents, I shouted lustily for an umbrella as I leaped down, to hand my lovely prize into the inn. Landlord and waiters stood in file to receive her; but she seemed to be asleep. I touched her to awaken her. Horrible to relate, she collapsed. Nothing was there but her empty gown of that abominable silk, stiff as a board, that has now happily gone out of fashion. The gown had been seated in the coach, and Biddy's bonnet had been pinned to the coach-lining without any head in it at all.

I was fooled, deluded, made the victim of a hollow treachery. The post-boys knew it; landlord and waiters knew it. Little boys were collecting. I dashed through them, leaving the whole nightmare behind me. In ten minutes I had reached the fields outside the town. I began to think. I had in my pocket enough money to carry me to England or France; but, failing my heiress, what should I do in either place? At Rochester there was my uncle, party to the plot against me; of that I felt sure: kindly, no doubt; but could I face him? Could I face the boys of Rochester, after eloping in a post-chaise and four, with Biddy Milcan's green brocaded gown?

For some days I wandered restlessly among small towns and villages, uncertain whether to return to Rochester or to go abroad. The next number of the *Weekly Tally-ho* decided me. Therein was contained a heartless paragraph to this effect:

"ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—We understand that a romantic townsman, Mr. Bad—m Spec—s, who made, we think, an exceedingly bad spec on the occasion, eloped on Thursday last in a post-chaise and four, with a green silk brocaded gown and leghorn bonnet, lately in the service of our lovely and fascinating townswoman, Miss B—t M—n. The dashing lover sat, we believe, on the coach-box, where the flame of his affection, though unprotected by a great-coat, was not extinguished by a heavy storm of rain. Arrived at the place of his destination, he was about to hand the object of his choice into the Corcoran's Arms, when it suddenly collapsed." (Did the fool mean that the hotel collapsed?) "The disappointed gentleman was heard to recite to the gown these lines, which, we believe, form part of a poem composed by himself:

> "To be is not to be. What is to have
> But not to have? A hollow mockery
> Is man's best prize. O void,
> That never will be fill'd; O vacancy,
> Come, let me marry thee."

There was more; but I read no more. After all, it was only then that I at last understood completely Biddy Milcan's case. Her father was in the secret. The whole town was in the secret. I and my philosophy were mocked. My very name had, for the first time, suffered that malicious abbreviation of which I have since heard so much. The boys would be crying at my heels, "Bad Spec!" I determined to quit Rochester.

It was in this way that I first became a traveler, and I have been upon my travels ever since. They have not enriched me. My Uncle Badham omitted my name from his will. My father died, having forgotten me; and my mother afterward died, blessing me, while I was still abroad. My brothers behaved to me according to my circumstances. Sometimes a speculation made me rich. Then I had letters from them signed, Affectionately yours. Soon afterward perhaps I was a beggar, and affectionately theirs to no good purpose. In Germany I throve for a short time by publishing a perfectly new system of metaphysics, which I caused to be translated from my manuscript by a gentleman who, as I found afterward, had an exceedingly imperfect acquaintance with the English language. The book was, on that account, made perhaps more incomprehensible than I should have desired; but it achieved a vast success, and was translated into English. By this means I discovered how extremely ill my German friend had done his work; because my book, when translated into English, was a continuous boggle and confusion of my meaning. I never put my own name to it, and I never will; although it is, to this day, a text-book among many students of

metaphysics, both in Germany and in England.

As a speculator, I have made some good hits here in America; though I have met with too many disasters. I did mean to mention some of the catastrophes I have survived; but I will content myself with naming one idea, that was designed to bring about a terrible catastrophe elsewhere. Grievously insulted by Miss Milcan and her father, I long brooded on a terrible revenge. At last, the method of it dawned upon me. If I could supersede the necessity of cow-keeping—crush Milcan with the milk-trade of the country? What was more easy? The idea was suggested to me by a trifling circumstance. A trifling circumstance it generally is by which great thoughts are suggested. I was English teacher at a school in Germany, and had been explaining something to an English boy, who, when I had done, said impudently, "That accounts for the milk in cocoa-nuts."

Millions of cocoa-nut trees in all parts of the globe are yielding seas of milk, and no account has yet been rendered of the precious offering. At once I planned a Cocoa-Nut-Milk Churning Company. Although it is now too late to ruin Milcan, it is not too late for somebody else to make his fortune. Let him take good offices in the city, raise in shares a capital of two millions sterling; with which send out churns and cocoa-nut crackers to the chief cocoa-nut districts, Labrador, Vancouver's Island, or wherever they may be. Let nuts be obtained by the usual method—throwing stones at monkeys; if necessary, it would be easy to send out pebbles. You see the rest at once. Crack nuts, and pour milk into shallow pans. In due time, skim; churn some of the cream; of which make cheeses, clotting the rest, according to the well known process. Bring home the results in tins, with a sufficient quantity of pure milk in unbroken shells, to be supplied every morning fresh from the nut to the entire population. In support of my scheme, I have collected many facts upon the state of the milk now supplied to the metropolis, much of which comes from consumptive cows, or is made from chalk, and nicknamed "Pure Orange County Milk." Now I want to know if anybody has ever heard of a consumptive cocoa-nut?

EARLY AMERICAN POETRY.

IT is not a great while since any inquiries into the early efforts of our countrymen in polite letters would have seemed fitly introduced with an apology. Men thought too little of attempting to discover the scattered proofs of literary taste and genius; a general excuse for presumed deficiencies was found in the character of our ancestors; and no investigations were made to search out the almost forgotten memorials of former efforts, and trace the culture of the country to its origin. Now, however, we can bear even to hear the deficiencies of early times freely discussed and exposed. But, in fact, the literary condition of our fathers, far from needing an apology, furnishes a just cause for pride to their descendants.

The first poem of any length or pretension composed within the limits of the present United States, was, probably, a Latin description of New-England, written in hexameter verse, by William Morrill, an Episcopal clergyman. He came to New-England in 1623, and remained but a year, during which period he devoted himself to poetry.

The first *book* ever printed in the United States was an original version of the Psalms, with the title, "*The Psalms in Meter, Faithfully Translated for the use, edification, and comfort of the Saints in Public and Private, especially in New-England.*" The authors of this version were John Eliot, Thomas Wilde, and Richard Mather. The version is homely, the rhymes uncouth, the construction of the sentences unnatural, and the whole almost devoid of spirit and elegance. The translators apologize for these defects as follows:

"If, therefore, the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire and expect, let them consider that God's altar needs not our polishings; for wee have respected rather a plain translation, than to smoothe our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase, *and soe have attended conscience rather thus elegance, fidelity rather than poetry*, in translating the Hebrew words into English language, and David's poetry into English meetre."

There is not the slightest attempt to accommodate the Psalms to the condition of the times; they remain as Jewish as though they were to be sung again on the Euphrates, or chanted in solemn pomp within the walls of the Holy City.

Soon after the above version was published, the Rev. Henry Dunster and Mr. Richard Lyon were appointed a committee to revise and improve the Psalms. These gentlemen, as appears from an advertisement to the godly reader, had "special eye both to the gravity of the phrase of Sacred Writ and sweetness of the verse."

Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, the "mirror of her age, and glory of her sex," made her appearance as a poetess in 1642. The title-page of her volume is almost a table of contents:

"Several Poems, compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of Delight; wherein especially is contained a Compleat Discourse and Description of the four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year, together with an exact Epitome of the three first Monarchies, viz.: the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman Commonwealth, from the beginning to the end of their last King. With divers other Pleasant and Serious Poems. By a Gentlewoman of New-England."

From the topics treated of in the volume the general character of it is apparent. By constitutions the four temperaments are in fact intended, and they are described with tolerable accuracy. The following quotation, from a poem entitled "*Contemplations*," is a favorable specimen of Mrs. Bradstreet's language and poetic talent:

"Then higher on the glittering sun I gazed,
Whose beams were shaded by the leavy tree;
The more I looked the more I grew amazed,
And softly said, What glory like to thee?
Lord of this world, this universe's eye,
No wonder some made thee a deity;
Had I not better known, alas! the same had I.
* * * * * * *
Thou, as a bridegroom from thy chamber rushes,
And as a strong man, joys to run a race,
The moon doth usher thee with smiles and blushes;
The earth reflects her glances in thy face.
Art thou so full of glory that no eye
Hath strength thy shining rays once to behold?
And is thy splendid throne erect so high?
As to approach it can no earthly mold.
How full of glory then must thy Creator be,
Who gave this bright light luster unto thee?
Admired, adored forever be that Majesty!"

We believe these lines will leave on the mind an impression favorable to the first American poetess. They will be read with surprise by all who are not imbued a little with the antiquities of the country, especially when it is remembered that they were written within twenty years of the first landing of the Pilgrims.

Governor Bradford, too, was something of a poet, and was altogether a learned man, being acquainted with several languages. His most celebrated poem is entitled, "*A Descriptive and Historical Account of New-England in Verse.*" Benjamin Woodbridge wrote a poem on the death of a friend, in which these lines occur, which are thought to have furnished Franklin with the hint for his epitaph on himself:

"A living, breathing Bible: tables, where
Both covenants at large engraven were;
Gospel and law, in 's heart had each its column;
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title-page; and next,
His life a commentary on the text.
O, what a monument of glorious worth,
When in a new edition he comes forth!
Without erratas, may we think he'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity."

But the following lines from Joseph Capen's elegy on the "death of that ingenious mathematician and printer, John Foster," bear a more striking resemblance to the epitaph of Franklin:

"Thy body, which no activeness did lack,
Now's laid aside, like an old almanack;
But for the present only's out of date,
'Twill have, at length, a far more active state.
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet, at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth,
Free from *erratas*, new in heaven set forth;
'Tis but a word from God, the great Creator,
It shall be done when he says *Imprimatur*."

The finest poetry written in the times of which we are speaking, was upon the death of distinguished persons, who were remarkable for piety, talents, or learning. One of the best poems of this period (1677) was written by Resident Oakes, "the Lactantius of New-England," on the death of the Rev. Thomas Shepard. All testimonies respecting this Mr. Shepard unite in celebrating his talents and virtues. Devotion to duty caused his death. Having heard that one of his parishioners, who was dying with the small-pox, wished to see him, he went without hesitation into the midst of the pestilence, carrying, as he well knew, his life in his hands. The poem on his death has so much merit that we cannot refrain from quoting several verses from it, both as illustrating the literary character of Resident Oakes, and the moral worth of the man who was at the

head of the clergy of New-England, and who, having lived the life of a blameless Christian, died a martyr's death:

"Art, nature, grace, in him were all combined,
To show the world a matchless paragon,
In whom of radiant virtues no less shined
Than a whole constellation; but he's gone!
He's gone; alas! down in the dust must lie
As much of this rare person as could die.

"His look commanded reverence and awe,
Though mild and amiable, not austere:
Well humored was he, as I ever saw,
And ruled by love and wisdom more than fear.
The Muses and the Graces, too, conspired
To set forth this rare piece to be admired."

The next poet among the early settlers of New England was "an able, godly Englishman, named Peter Foulger, who was employed in teaching youth in reading, writing, and the principles of religion." Foulger's daughter was the mother of Dr. Franklin. His principal poem was entitled, "*A Looking-Glass for the Times.*" In this poem Foulger addresses the magistrates in favor of liberty of conscience, and argues warmly in behalf of the persecuted Anabaptist Quakers. To this persecution he attributes the war with the Indians, and other calamities which afflicted the country, regarding them as the judgments of God in punishment of so odious an offense against liberty of conscience.

It would take up too much time and space to enumerate all, who, in any way, contributed to preserve the rhyming art among us. It is said that even Roger Williams assuaged the sorrows of his exile by writing poetry; and the great men of those days were not suffered to die "without the aid of some melodious tear." Nathaniel Pitcher (1684—1724) was a considerable poet. His death was celebrated in an Elegiac Poem, "*on the prophet Pitcher, whose sacred Pitcher the gloomy fates had arraigned,*" and learned notes, with passages from Persius, Ovid, Horace, are thickly interspersed. Roger Wolcott, in 1725, published a long poem, entitled, "*A Brief Account of the Agency of the Honorable John Winthrop, in the Court of King Charles the Second.*"

The poetry of the Rev. John Adams was extremely popular in its time. In his poetry, published in 1745, we discern a cultivated mind, pure feeling, and poetic ambition. The volume contains an Address to the Supreme Being, which is a sort of prayer for assistance as a poet; Halleluiah attempted; Religious poems, on Contentment, on Joy, on Society, in three cantos; Odes of Horace; and a versification of the book of Revelation.

John Osborn, a poet who wrote about this time, (1735,) went to Nature for his inspiration; and though not ranking very high, there is still something of a poetic spirit in him. His "Whaling Song" went through several editions, and, it is said, is still sung by Pacific fishermen. While at college, he addressed a consolatory poetical letter to his sister, on the death of another of his sisters. We cannot but admire the opening of this elegy.

"Dear sister, see the smiling spring,
In all its beauties here;
The groves a thousand pleasures bring,
A thousand grateful scenes appear.
With tender leaves the trees are crown'd,
And scattered blossoms all around,
Of various dyes,
Salute your eyes,
And cover o'er the speckled ground.
Now thickets shade the glassy fountains;
Trees o'erhang the purling streams;
Whisp'ring breezes brush the mountains,
Grots are fill'd with balmy steams.

"But, sister, all the sweets that grace
The spring and blooming nature's face;
The chirping birds,
Nor lowing herds;
The woody hills,
Nor murm'ring rills;
The sylvan shades,
Nor flowery meads,
To me their former joys dispense,
Though all their pleasures court my sense,
But melancholy damps my mind;
I lonely walk the field,
With inward sorrow fill'd,
And sigh to every breathing wind."

Dr. Mather Byles had such a reputation as a scholar and a poet as to attract the notice and gain the friendship of Pope and other English *literati*. His poem, entitled "*The Conflagration,*" contains some vigorous passages. He sings the "grand catastrophe of our world, when the face of nature is to be changed by a deluge of fire." As this poem is very scarce, and must be considered a curiosity, we give an extract to show its style:

"Yet shall ye, Flames, the wasting globe refine,
And bid the skies with purer splendor shine;
The earth which the prolific fires consume,
To beauty burns, and withers into bloom;
Improving in the fertile flame it lies,
Fades into form, and into vigor dies;
Fresh dawning glories blush amid the blaze,
And nature all renews her flowery face.
With endless charms the everlasting year,
Rolls round the seasons in a full career;
Spring, ever blooming, bids the fields rejoice,
And warbling birds try their melodious voice;

Where'er she treads, lilies unbidden blow,
Quick tulips rise, and sudden roses glow;
Her pencil paints a thousand beauteous scenes,
Where blossoms bud amid immortal greens;
Each stream, in mazes, murmurs as it flows,
And floating forests gently bend their boughs.
Thou, Autumn, too, sitt'st in the fragrant shade,
While the ripe fruits blush all around thy head:
And lavish Nature, with luxuriant hands,
All the soft months, in gay confusion blends."

In 1765 Thomas Godfrey, of Philadelphia, published a volume of poems, containing a tragedy entitled "*The Prince of Parthia.*" This tragedy is believed to be the first effort of the dramatic muse in America. The "*Court of Fancy*," a poem in heroic measure, "is superior to his tragedy in its diction, but has little originality of thought or illustration."

Joseph Green was a cotemporary of Byles, and celebrated for his humor. A short specimen of his humor we give: An honest farmer, knowing Green's reputation as a poet, and wishing to get a first-rate epitaph written for a favorite servant, who had just died, paid a visit to the poet. Having stated his wants, Green asked him what were the qualities of his servant. The farmer answered that he was excellent in all things, but that he excelled in *raking hay*, which he could do faster than anybody. Green immediately wrote,

"Here lies the body of John Cole,
His master loved him like his soul;
He could rake hay, none could rake faster,
Except that raking dog, his master."

Phillis Wheatley, an African girl, was certainly a prodigy. In 1761, Mrs. John Wheatley, of Boston, went to the slave-market to select and purchase a negro girl. Among the group she observed a girl of about eight years of age, of a peculiarly interesting countenance and manners. The child was in a state of almost perfect nakedness. The lady purchased the child, and brought her home. The extraordinary intelligence she soon displayed, induced her mistress to teach her to read; and such was the rapidity with which this was effected, that in eighteen months the African child had so mastered the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, as to read with ease the most difficult parts of the Bible. As she grew up, her extraordinary attainments attracted the notice of literary persons, who lent her books and encouraged her. At the early age of fourteen, she appears first to have attempted literary composition; and between this period and the age of nineteen, the whole of her poems which were given to the world, seem to have been written. Her favorite author was Pope, and her favorite work his translation of the Iliad. It is not, of course, surprising that her poems should present many features of resemblance to those of her cherished author and model. She began also the study of the Latin tongue, and actually translated Ovid's Tales. A great number of Phillis's poems were written to commemorate the deaths of the friends who had been kind to her. The following little poem is on the death of a young man of great promise:

"Who taught thee conflict with the powers of night,
To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?
Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown?
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!
War with each princedom, throne, and power is o'er;
The scene is ended, to return no more.
O, could my muse thy seat on high behold,
How deck'd with laurel and enrich'd with gold!
O, could she hear what praise thy harp employs,
How sweet thine anthems, how divine thy joys,
What heavenly grandeur should exalt her strain!
What holy raptures in her numbers reign!
To soothe the troubles of the mind to peace,
To still the tumult of life's tossing seas,
To ease the anguish of the parent's heart,
What shall my sympathizing verse impart?
Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound?
Where shall a sovereign remedy be found?
Look, gracious Spirit! from thy heavenly bower,
And thy full joys into their bosoms pour;
The raging tempest of their griefs control,
And spread the dawn of glory through the soul,
To eye the path the saint departed trod,
And trace him to the bosom of his God."

We have no hesitation in asserting that these lines, written by an African slave girl of fifteen years, are quite equal to a great number of the verses that appear in all standard collections of English poetry, under the names of Halifax, Dorset, and others. True, her lines are faulty, but the faults are those which characterize the models she copied from; for it must be recollected that, sixty years ago, the older authors of England were almost unknown; and till the return to nature and truth in the works of Cowper, the only popular writers were those who followed the artificial, though polished style, introduced with Charles II. from the continent. This accounts fully for the elaborate versification of the negro's poetry; since it re-

quired minds such as those of Wordsworth and Cowper to throw off the trammels of this artificial style, and to revive the native vigor and simplicity of their country's earlier poetry.

Philip Frenau was a poet of sterling merit. His career began just before the Revolution, and continued until the nineteenth century. He seems to form the connection between our earlier and our more recent poets. He is remarkable for humor and ease; he is national, and possesses a fine imagination, but nothing of the sentimental. He was one of the best of the poets whose powers were called into action by the stirring events of our great struggle for liberty. His poems were first collected and published in 1786. "His patriotic songs and ballads, which are superior to any metrical compositions then written in this country, were everywhere sung with enthusiasm." We have space but for one specimen of Frenau's poetry, his graceful lines on "The Wild Honeysuckle:"

"Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

"By nature's self in white array'd,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye;
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

"Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see thy future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and autumn's power,
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

"From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower."

SUBMISSION.

The following verses, which in the original German are exquisitely beautiful, were written by the devoted and heavenly-minded Mowes, when obliged by illness to resign the pastoral office.

Thus said the Lord, "Thy days of health are over!"
And like the mist my vigor fled away,
Till but a feeble shadow was remaining,
A fragile frame, fast hastening to decay.
The May of life, with all its blooming flowers,
The joys of life, in colors bright array'd,
The hopes of life, in all their airy promise,—
[illegible] in the distance slowly fade.
Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,
Then silent tears would overflow my eyes!
But a warm sunbeam from a higher sphere
Stole through the gloom, and dried up every tear:
Is this Thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

"Thy cherish'd flock thou mayest feed no longer!"
Thus said the Lord who gave them to my hand;
Nor even was my sinking heart permitted
To ask the reason of the dread command.
The shepherd's rod had been so gladly carried,
The flock had followed long and loved it well.
Alas! the hour was dark, the stroke was heavy,
When sudden from my nerveless grasp it fell.
Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,
Then rushing tears would overflow my eyes!
But I beheld *Thee*, O my Lord and God,
Beneath the cross lay down the Shepherd's rod:
Is this Thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

"*Never again* thou mayest feed thy people!"
Thus said the Lord, with countenance severe,
And bade me lay aside at once, forever,
The robes of office, honor'd long and dear.
The sacred mantle from my shoulders falling—
The sacred girdle loosening at His word;
I could but feel and say, while sadly gazing,
I have been once a Pastor of the Lord.
Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise,
Then burning tears would overflow my eyes!
But his own garment once was torn away,
To the rude soldiery a spoil and prey:
Is this Thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

"From the calm port of safety rudely sever'd,
Through stormy waves thy shatter'd bark must go,
And dimly see, amid the darkness sinking,
Nothing but heavens above and depths below!"
Thus said the Lord; and through a raging ocean
Of doubts and fears my spirit toil'd in vain.
Ah! many a dove went forth of hope inquiring,
But none with olive-leaf return'd again!
Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise,
Then tears of bitterness o'erflow'd my eyes!
Yet through the gloom the promised light was given—
From the dark waves I *could* look up to heaven!
Is this Thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

"Thou shalt find kindred hearts in love united,
And with them in the wilderness rejoice;
But stand prepared, each gentle tie untwining,
To separate at my commanding voice!"
Thus said the Lord—He gave as He had promised.
How many a loving heart has met my own!
But ever must the tender bonds be broken,
And each go onward, distant, and alone?
Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,
Then tears of anguish overflow'd my eyes!
But *Thou* hast known the bitter parting day,
From the beloved John hast turn'd away.
Is this Thy will, Good Lord? the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

The National Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

End of the Volume.—The National is four and a half years old to-day, and this number closes our ninth volume. Our Subscription List is larger than that attained in the same time by any similar publication issued under the same auspices. Our publishers, however, are anxious to increase the list. In the way of mechanical execution, paper, type, and pictorial embellishments, they pledge themselves that nothing shall be lacking on their part. In these respects, complimentary as have been the "notices" of the press in all directions, there is room for improvement, and it will be made. As to the editorial supervision, it is not necessary to review the past, and we have no disposition to indulge in speculations for the future. Our readers have seen, and are as able as ourselves to appreciate our Bill of Fare for each successive month. We have not deemed it seemly on our part, to call special attention to particular articles, nor to praise one at the expense of another, as is the custom of some of our cotemporaries, a custom, we cannot help thinking,

"More honored in the breach than the observance."

So with regard to the future. We have no special promises to make, no labored programme of our intentions with which to tempt the reader. He shall not say of us, as we heard said the other day of a neighboring publication, "It is an everlasting programme with no performance." What we mean to do is, with the assistance of competent contributors, to furnish a monthly visitor, independent in its opinions of men and things, but temperate in the expression of them; religious, but not sectarian; blending the solid and the useful with the lively and the amusing; and, in so far as we have the ability, deserving that extended circulation which our spirited publishers desire.

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Our Cotemporaries.—We ought long since to have acknowledged the flattering compliment paid to The National by that veteran in the ranks—an abler as well as an older soldier—the Knickerbocker, of this city. Our modesty will not allow us to transcribe his honeyed phrases, but we assure Knick that, although no one of our exchanges is so frequently stolen by the way, none is perused with more pleasure when it does reach us. We are indebted to Putnam's Monthly in another direction. Knick copied from our pages with acknowledgment and laudation. *We* copied from Putnam, and omitted to give credit, which we now do, cheerfully, by stating that the article in our October number, entitled "A Diver's Tale of the Ocean's Depths," appeared originally in that admirably-conducted magazine. We wish them both all the success they deserve, and that ought to satisfy their most enlarged expectation.

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Longevity of Ministers.—In looking over the Obituary of Wesleyan ministers in England and Ireland, as found in the "Minutes" of the present year, we were forcibly struck with the long life to which many of them attained. There were twenty-nine who died during the year, and the average of their lives was something *more than sixty-two years*. In referring to the "Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1855," we find the number who died to be fifty-two, and the average age to be *only forty-four years*. Of the twenty-nine British preachers, ten, or more than one-third, lived more than three score years and ten; while of the American clergy only four out of fifty-two reached that age. One half of those who died in the United States were under *forty-five* years of age; more than half of those who died in Great Britain were over *sixty-five*. Of ministers who did not live to see their fortieth year there were in England only four; in the United States there were twenty-three, and of that number six were less than thirty years of age. Can any good reason be given for this great difference?

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Measurement of the Mind.—Mr. George Gilfillan has recently given to the world—we believe it has not been reprinted in this country—what he calls "The History of a Man." A London critic thus introduces a slashing review of the man and his history:

"When we contemplate the purchase of a horse, we lead him up to the measuring-bar, and there ascertain the precise number of hands and inches which he stands: what a blessing it would be if we could subject the mental stature of human beings to an analogous process of measurement! There is nothing we have often so longed for, as some recognised and unerring guage of mental caliber. We wish to goodness that somewhere, in a very conspicuous position—say at Charing Cross or Hyde Park Corner—there were a pillar erected, graduated by some new Fahrenheit, on which we could measure the height of a man's mind. How delightful it would be to drag up some pompous pretender, who passes off at once upon himself and upon others as a profound and able man, and make him measure his height upon that pillar, and understand beyond all cavil what a contemptible pigmy he is! And how pleasant, too, it would be, to bring up some man of unacknowledged genius, and make the world see the reach of *his* intellectual stature. The mass of educated people, even, are so incapable of forming any estimate of a man's ability, that it would be a blessing if men could be sent out into the world with the stamp upon them, telling what are their weight and value, plain for every one to see. So should we settle the irreconcilable differences of opinion which exist in regard to the merits of those members of the race whose thoughts have been printed and given to the remainder of it. There have been people who maintained that Shakspeare was an over-rated impostor. We have seen a paper in a Scotch magazine, in which Mr. George Gilfillan is declared to be the first prose writer of the day—though, to be sure, that paper may have been written by Mr. George Gilfillan himself. And in this valuable work, *The History of a Man*, we find an individual, whose main characteristics appear to us to be bombast, quackery, and impudence, bewailing the success of charlatans and humbugs. Mr. George Gilfillan, we take it, bears the same relation to a genuine critic, that the sound produced by banging a tea-tray bears to genuine thunder."

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Poverty of Ministers.—We have heard and read many bitter complainings of the inadequate compensation of ministers of the Gospel of various denominations. This state of things is not, it seems, peculiar to this country. Mr. Gilfillan, in the volume so savagely cut up by the reviewer above referred to, gives the following, perhaps exaggerated, but in the main truthful account of the poverty of many of the Scotch dissenting clergy:

"The voluntary principle with a proportion of the laity, means not voluntary giving, but voluntary withholding. What misery it has often entailed upon dissenting clergymen and on their families! I have known clergymen of great talent insulted in the street for petty debts, which the most rigorous economy could not prevent them from contracting, owing to their narrow income; and of others, all their lifetime subject to bondage, the most galling bondage, that of hopeless and honest debt. When there were wives or families in the case, I have witnessed or heard of cases even worse; I have heard of *stipends paid in silver or copper installments*; and of the wives of clergymen, when asking for a small portion of their dues a little in advance, receiving it in the language of reluctance spiced with insulting wonder—how they could wish or contrive to spend so much! I have known of families where the children were half fed, half clad, and almost wholly uneducated; and of others which were compelled to eke out by mean shifts, by genteel beggary, or by unceasing toil, the miserable pittance they received. I have seen the tears of them that were thus oppressed; the brave wife bursting out, after long effort to conceal her feelings, into wild sobs of despair; the children sharing in and echoing her anguish, and the husband retiring, with these sounds in his ears, to his study, to prepare, forsooth, an elaborate sermon for the ensuing Sabbath. And worst of all, I have known many classes of laymen, from the rich farmer or merchant down to the humble artisan, speaking with callous contempt of such sufferings."

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GROWTH OF THE WEST. — From an able address, delivered at Indianapolis, by our esteemed friend, the Hon. Oliver H. Smith, we make a few extracts, showing the almost incredible rapidity with which, in the great West, cities grow up in the wilderness, and everything else goes ahead:

"Indiana was born in the year 1816, with some sixty-five thousand inhabitants—only about forty years ago. A few counties only were then organized; the whole middle, north, and northwest portions of the state were an unbroken wilderness, in the possession of the Indians. Well do I remember when there were but two white families settled west of the White Water Valley; one on Flat Rock, above where Rushville now stands, and the other on Brandywine, near where Greenfield was afterward located. When I first visited the ground on which Indianapolis now stands, the whole country east to White Water, and west to the Wabash, was a dense, unbroken forest. There were no public roads, no bridges over any of the streams. The traveler had literally to swim his way. No cultivated farms, no houses to shelter or feed the weary traveler or his jaded horse. The courts, years afterward, were held in log huts, and the juries sat under the shade of the forest trees. I was Circuit Prosecuting Attorney at the time of the trials at the Falls of Fall Creek, where Pendleton now stands; four of the prisoners were convicted of murder, and three of them hung for killing Indians. The court was held in a double log cabin, the grand jury sat upon a log in the woods, and the foreman signed the bills of indictment, that I had prepared, upon his knee; there was not a petit juror that had shoes on; all wore moccasins, and were belted around the waist, and carried side knives, used by the hunter. The products of the country consisted of peltries, the wild game killed in the forest by the Indian hunters, the fish caught in the interior lakes, rivers, and creeks, the papaw, wild plum, haws, and small berries gathered by the squaws from the woods. The travel was confined to the single horse and his rider, the commerce to the pack-saddle, and the navigation to the Indian canoe. Many a time and oft have I crossed our swollen streams, by day and by night, sometimes swimming my horse, and at others paddling the rude bark canoe of the Indian. Such is a mere sketch of our state when I traversed its wilds, and I am not one of its first settlers.

"How stands the state to-day, as compared with Indiana at the time of her admission into the Union? She then contained the same area of thirty-three thousand eight hundred and nine square miles. Then, as now, she embraced the same minerals, the same fertile soil, and lay in the lap of the great Mississippi Valley. Her beautiful rivers and smaller streams then, as now, meandered through every part of her territory. But then the state only contained some sixty-five thousand inhabitants, confined to a few counties; now she contains some one million five hundred thousand, spread over her ninety-one counties. Then there was not a railroad of any considerable length in the Union; now we have, in the United States, more miles of railroad than all the world beside; and such has already been the concentration of railroads at our capital, that Indianapolis has, by common consent, received the name of "the Railroad City of the West." The trains of nine railroads, radiating from the capital, in full operation are hourly entering and leaving our city, exchanging their freight, and more than four thousand passengers daily, in our splendid Union Passenger Depot, while other important lines of railroad are being constructed to our city; and this is only the beginning of the end. Such is the rapid progress of this astonishing age. Time is flying with the rapidity of thought; the new world seems to be moving with uncommon velocity, and man is progressing to his ultimate high destiny under an impetus without a parallel in the history of our race."

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PROPHECY.—The following, written by Southey, years before the advent of Jo. Smith, or any appearance of the Mormon delusion, seems like a prediction:

"There is a good opening for a new religion, but the founder must start up in some of the darker parts of the world. It is America's turn to send out apostles. A new one there must be when the old one is worn out. I am a believer in the truth of Christianity, but truth will never do for the multitude; there is an appetite for faith in us, which, if it be not duly indulged, turns to green sickness, and feeds upon chalk and cinders."

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"WORDSWORTH AND MYSELF," said Rogers, the poet, "had walked to Highgate to call on Coleridge, when he was living at Gillman's. We sat with him two hours, he talking the whole time without intermission. When we left the house we walked for some time without speaking. 'What a wonderful man he is!' exclaimed Wordsworth. 'Wonderful indeed,' said I. 'What depth of thought, what richness of expression!' continued Wordsworth. 'There's nothing like him that ever I heard,' rejoined I. Another pause. 'Pray,' inquired Wordsworth, 'did you precisely understand what he said about the Kantian philosophy?' *R.* 'Not precisely.' *W.* 'Or about the plurality of worlds?' *R.* 'I can't say that I did. In fact, if the truth must out, I did not understand a syllable from one end of his monologue to the other.' *W.* 'No more did I.'"

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POPULAR RELIGIOUS TEACHING.—A writer in the *Eclectic* thus satirizes the popular sermonizers of the day:

"With the spiritual thermometer below the freezing-point, and the mental vision beyond the cure of men, there is sufficient and more than sufficient of the pretentious. Some step out like Italian dancing-masters; others rouge and dress their sermons like a faded beauty; others give you such a tissue of stylistic nonsense and tasteless verbosity to cover their mental darkness, as positively keeps you in the alternative of wonderment and fear. Substantives innocent of adjectives, wondering what happy accident has suddenly brought them together; figures which you may figure; a sentence with a tail, and nobody to carry it, dragging in the mud; 'rosy-footed morning' and 'pink-eyed evening' hobnobbing to each other; 'gurgling streams' and 'meandering cherubim of glorious visions brighter than can be transplanted,' together with sleeping or gaping hearers, in short, Don Quixote in the pulpit, and Sancho Panza in the pews; a very useful combination.

"We have heard of a rare compound of 'Boanerges' and 'Flowerpots,' in the north of Scotland, who, utterly unable, from sheer exhaustion, to proceed, could at last gasp out single words to electrify his audience. 'Eh, wasn't he grand at last,' observed one of his hearers to the other, 'on the word, Mesopotaw-

mia!' There is a good deal of this 'Mesopotawmia' grandeur, where words are smothered in figures or figures in words, and both mental and moral nakedness concealed amid 'high swelling words of vanity.' Still, as this passes among the half-educated for elegance, and the uneducated for eloquence, and as preacher and hearers share in the unreality, 'Flower-pots' are decidedly the thing for the ecclesiastical 'season.'

"Christianity and its mysteries—what a theme! the wants of our fellow-men, living, suffering, waiting, working, weeping, perishing—what realities! the mission of the Church—what a calling! And are these the performances, is this the food of souls, the light of the world, the salt of the earth, this mass of canting, of inanity, and of unreality? What we need is *truth, life, love;* one sentence of it is worth a volume of traditionalism, of terrification, and of trash. And yet how rare is it!

"A good and useful preacher is one who, with mental cultivation, combines the prime qualities of spiritual experience and spiritual sympathy, who, instead of a system of doctrines, gives you what he has experienced, and what your heart and your life require both for time and for eternity. He speaks to the hearts of his hearers. Out of the rich treasury of Christian truth he brings the 'pearl of great price;' he wins your admiration for it; he gains your consent to purchase and to wear it. He is sound in doctrine and values orthodox truth, but he knows that formularies are without value unless they are understood and felt by himself and his audience, and he prefers to adapt his teaching to your and your fellow-men's wants, rather than to tradition. He drinks at the spring of Scriptural truth; he sympathizes with all that is holy, good, and noble; and, having led his hearers to the cross, he points them to fields of becoming usefulness in the Church and the world. However unaffected, he is powerful; however simple his strain, such melody is divine."

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DIED AT HIS POST.—Our esteemed friend, the Rev. James V. Watson, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, died at his residence in Chicago, Illinois, on the 17th of October. That he lived so long was matter of surprise to all who knew him, and yet the tidings of his death came upon us unexpectedly. No man of our acquaintance so wonderfully exemplified the supremacy of mind over the weak and failing physical faculties. For many months his body was so exceedingly frail that it seemed almost a miracle that the soul could make it a habitation, and yet he was always cheerful and even brilliant in conversation, and as editor of the *Advocate* performed such an amount of intellectual labor weekly as would have seriously tasked any man in the most vigorous health. For many weeks previous to his death he was confined to his bed, his lower limbs being entirely powerless, and in that condition he dictated all the leading articles for his paper, being too weak to hold a pen.

On the morning of the day on which he died we are told that he dictated an article, and just as the printers were putting it in type he breathed his last. He thus literally died at his post, determined to fulfill all its duties while the flame of life continued to burn, and prepared at any moment to leave it when the Master should call him to "come up higher." A political paper, (*The Democratic Press,*) to which we are indebted for these particulars, pays this tribute to his memory:

"Mr. Watson was a remarkable man, whose loss will be deeply felt by his own denomination of Christians, and hardly less deeply by the public at large. Possessed of great activity of temperament, the moral and intellectual elements of his nature were most happily combined to give firm integrity of purpose and a quickness of apprehension that seemed rather intuition than reason. He was a brilliant and forcible writer, and his singular and magnetic eloquence will be long remembered by those who have heard him on occasions calculated to touch his sympathies and awaken his warm social feelings. His life was in an eminent degree useful, and his memory will be a blessing to all who have come within the sphere of his influence."

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THE ZION'S HERALD.—A little late, indeed, but, from the nature of our publication, this is our first opportunity to welcome to the editorial fraternity our friend, Professor Haven. We have just read his salutatory in that time-honored and influential journal, the *Zion's Herald*, of Boston. It is admirably written, and although the new editor has a difficult task before him, we are quite certain that the paper, under his control, will be fully equal to what it ever was in the best days of his predecessors. We wish him and his *Herald* all possible prosperity and success.

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THE GENERAL CONVENTION of the Protestant Episcopal Church, recently in session at Philadelphia, has *restored* Bishop H. U. Onderdonk. The resolution for the immediate and unconditional remission of the sentence of suspension, under which he has suffered for twelve years, was adopted in the house of bishops by a vote of twenty-one to eight. At the same convention the Bishop of the diocese of Illinois offered his resignation, but it was not accepted.

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WORKING A TRAVERSE.—The following is the singular history of Mr. Labouchere, late a member of the British Cabinet: In 1822 he was a clerk in the banking-house of Mr. Hope, in Amsterdam, and was sent by his patron to Lord Baring, the celebrated banker of London, to negotiate a loan. He displayed in this affair so much ability that he attracted the attention of the English banker.

"Ah!" said he one day to Lord Baring, "you have a charming daughter; will you not accord me her hand?"

"Young man, no pleasantry! I like you much, but how could Miss Baring become the wife of a common clerk?"

"But," said Mr. Labouchere, "if I were associated with Mr. Hope?"

"Ah, that is very different, and would most materially lessen the inequality between you."

Mr. Labouchere returned to Amsterdam, and said to his patron, Mr. Hope, "I must be your partner!"

"My friend, do you think of that? You are without fortune, and—"

"But if I were a member of Lord Baring's family?"

"Indeed! Why, in that case I would give you a partnership on the spot!"

On the strength of these two promises, Mr. Labouchere returned to England, and about two months afterward married Miss Baring, because he had the promise of Mr. Hope to make him a partner as soon as he was married to her, and became associated with Mr. Hope because he was married to Miss Baring.

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SCENES AND SIGHTS IN THE EAST.—From Bruce's "Scenes and Sights in the East," we learn that the English officers are in the habit of treating the unfortunate Hindoos most brutally. Mr. Bruce castigates them in severe

terms for their cruelty, and appeals to the people of England to put a stop to their rascality. Here is a lizard story, which will at once illustrate his manner and his opinions. Who that has lived in the South does not remember the little creatures glittering like tongues of flame, in thirsty grass, or by some hot white stone?

"The Hindoos believe that the lizard's 'tak, tak, tak,' is a language intelligible to the initiated; and I was assured by my servant that he knew many persons who understood it very well, and derived much useful information from their knowledge. An evil-disposed and unprincipled lizard in a house, will intimate to a thief who understands its language where the master's most valuable things are stored; whereas an upright and conscientious lizard will warn the master, if he can communicate with him, of the approach of the midnight robber. The lizard is exemplary in domestic life. Of an evening, after the lamps are lighted, you will see in the verandah two parent lizards with a young one, amusing themselves on the wall, and keeping close together in all their movements. The following tale of conjugal love, which with some variations I think I have read somewhere, though I cannot recollect the place, I give as told me with infinite minuteness of detail and copiousness of language, by my servant. A party of English officers were residing in a bungalo, some few miles from Madras. Among their attendants they had a clever little boy well versed in the lizard tongue. One day, as they were at dinner, a lizard on the wall commenced its 'tak, tak, tak,' on which the little boy burst out into a great laugh. For this extraordinary liberty in presence of Englishmen, he was of course ferociously reproved, as might have been expected. Yet again the lizard spoke, and again the little boy fell a-laughing. On this one of the furious Englishmen asked the boy what he meant by laughing in this manner. The boy told them that he could not help being tickled at what the lizard was saying. He was then asked what the lizard said, and he told the officers that the lizard said, 'My wife will be here to-night.' Upon this, says the narrator, the officers flew into a great passion; one of them called the poor boy 'a —— liar;' another gave him a blow on the face, a third kicked him, and a fourth knocked him down. All this part of the relation carries the evidence of truth on the very face of it, as this is just what English officers under the circumstances would do to a poor Indian boy, in order to vindicate the national character for manliness and love of truth. But a signal proof of the boy's veracity was at hand. A few hours had only elapsed when a package of wine for the company arrived from Madras, and, immediately on its being opened, out jumped a female lizard and scrambled in great haste up the wall to her mate, who flew to meet her joyfully, exclaiming, as the wise little boy interpreted the speech, 'Here's my wife!' And now, says the narrator, when these officers observed this affecting interview, so unexpectedly brought about between this exemplary couple, they were sorry that they had cursed, beaten, kicked, and knocked down the poor boy, and began now to comfort him. One gave him a quarter rupee, another gave him a half rupee, and a third gave him a whole rupee, and then this poor boy was very happy."

From the same work we take the following amusing paragraph, showing how the palanquin bearers cheer their labors with song:

"The song of the bearers, as is the usage in Madras, never ceases while the palanquin is in motion. From the moment of lifting it till it is put down, you have the constant 'ho, ho, ho; hee, hee, hee; ha, ha, ha; huh, huh, huh;' intermingled occasionally with something spoken by one bearer to the others, probably about their business. In some other parts of India, I understand that there are bearers who carry their burden in silence, and that this practice is agreeable to the sullenness of their English employers. The assistance of their monotonous song is, however, invariably insisted on by the bearers in Madras, as one of the conditions on which they undertake to be able to fulfill their engagement within the time stipulated. I have read that some of the bearers intersperse their songs with criticisms on the character of their burden. The following specimens of these remarks are given in a Madras magazine. The bearers in this case are carrying a great weighty man:

"O, what a heavy bag, Ho, ho!
Sure it is an elephant, Ho, ho!
He is an ample weight, Ho, ho!
Let's let his palkee down, Ho, ho!
Let's set him in the mud, Ho, ho!
Let's leave him to his fate, Ho, ho!
No; but he'll be angry then, Ho, ho!
Ay, and he'll beat us then, Ho, ho!
Then let us hasten on, Ho, ho!
Jump along, jump along! Ho, ho!

"The following are their favorable notices of a lady of light weight:

"She is not heavy, Butherum! [*take care.*]
Carry her softly, Butherum.
Nice little lady, Butherum.
Here's a bridge, Butherum.
Carry her carefully, Butherum.
Carry her gently, Butherum.
Sing along cheerily, Butherum.
Butherum!"

SMALL CHANGE.

A CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—Some thirty-five or forty years ago, a Mr. Williams, a clergyman of the old school, somewhat eccentric, came to Salem from the country, to exchange desks with one of his brethren in the ministry. During the Sabbath noon intermission, he said to his daughter,

"I am going to lie down. If St. Paul comes himself, don't you disturb me."

Mr. Bently, who preached in the East Church, who had been very intimate with Mr. Williams, but had not seen him for several years, hearing he was in town, hurried off after dinner, to make his old friend a call.

"Where is Brother Williams?" he inquired, as he met the daughter.

"He can't be disturbed, sir, not even if St. Paul should call."

"I *must* see him!" was the impatient rejoinder, in the inimitable manner peculiar to Mr. Bently.

Resistance to such a *must* was out of the question. The room of the sleeper was designated. With no gentle voice, and a corresponding shake, Mr. Williams was aroused. He was delighted to see his old friend Bently, reiterating in his fervency his gratification.

"I think, Brother Williams, that you are a *little* inconsistent."

"How so, how so, Brother Bently?"

"Didn't you tell your daughter you were not to be disturbed, even if St. Paul called? yet you appeared very glad to see me."

"No, no, Brother Bently, not inconsistent at all. I was—I am glad to see you. The Apostle Paul! why, I hope to spend a blessed eternity with him; but you, Brother Bently, I never expect to see you again."

—

THE FOURTH AND THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENTS.—The late worthy Dr. Lockhart, of the College Church, Glasgow, when traveling in England, was sojourning in an inn when the Sabbath came round. On entering the public room, and about to set out to church, he found two gentlemen preparing for a game at chess. He addressed them in words to this effect: "Gentlemen, have you locked up your portmanteaus carefully?" "No. What! are there thieves in this house?" "I do not say *that*; only I was thinking that if the waiter comes in,

and finds you making free with the fourth commandment, he may think of making free with the eighth commandment." Upon which the gentlemen said, "There was something in that," and so laid aside their game.

—

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY.—It is a custom of our civic authorities to confer upon distinguished individuals what they are pleased to call the freedom of the city. We never knew exactly what it means. Indeed, we do not remember to have heard any other explanation than that given by a sailor when, as it is said, Commodore Decatur, having been presented with the freedom of the city of New-York, the next day overheard the following conversation between two of his crew: "Jack," said one, "what is the meaning of this 'freedom of the city,' which they've been giving to the 'old man?'" "Why, don't you know? It's the right to rollick about the streets as much as he pleases; kick up a row; knock down the men, and kiss the women!" "O, O!" cried the other, "*that's* something worth fighting for."

—

A FINE.—Cibber, in his juvenile days, held a very subordinate situation in the theater, and on one occasion delivered a message on the stage in so indifferent a manner that Betterton in anger inquired who he was. "Master Colley," was the reply. "Then forfeit him," said Betterton. "Why, sir, he has no salary." "No! then put him down ten shillings a week, and forfeit him five."

—

TRANSCENDENTALISM.—A very intelligible definition of this word is given by one who is, we think, himself a transcendentalist. It is, he tells us, the spiritual cognoscence of psychological irrefragibility connected with concutient ademption of incolumnient spirituality and etherealized contention of subsultory concretion.

An eminent lawyer belonging to the New-York bar gives a better though less "high-falutin" idea of the word than this. Transcendentalism, he says, is two holes in a sand-bank—a storm washes away the sand-bank without disturbing the holes.

But here is a specimen of the same thing, carried out into the affairs of every-day life. Jones wanted some baked sweet potatoes: "Landlord," said he, "can you enable me to realize from your culinary stores the pleasures of a few dulcet murphies, rendered innoxious by ingenious martyrdom."

—

A STUNNER.—Jenkins asked me this morning to help in getting up a contribution for friend Bunkles. "Did you give assent?" "Give a cent! I gave twelve and a half on 'em. Yes, sir-ee!" And Spoodlesticks gathered up his coat-tail, and in a halo of fine-cut glory *sloped*.

—

A COOL CALCULATION.—Mrs. Dabster is a woman of imperturbable coolness, and places an appreciating value on dollars. A few days since the note that Mr. Dabster endorsed for Rush & Goit met with a protest. The information drove Mr. D. to distraction. He lost his appetite, silk handkerchief, and temper. He found the sulks and a taste for desperation. In this state of mind he returned home.

"Mrs. Dabster, my love, I am a ruined man."

"Just what I expected, my dear, when I heard you had endorsed that note."

"I shall go crazy; buy a butcher's knife and cut my throat."

"As you please, my love; but perform the act in the yard."

"Why? Not afraid of blood, are you?"

"Not at all, my dear; but cutting one's jugular in the parlor could not do otherwise than injure the carpet."

Apropos to this is a piece of very sensible advice; to wit: When you go to drown yourself, always pull off your clothes; perhaps they may fit your wife's second husband.

Talking about suicide, reminds us of the sober second thought of the Frenchman who, having resolved to kill himself, in order to make his departure for the other world the more heroic, wrote the following on his table: "I follow the teaching of a great master, for Moliere has said,

> "When all is lost and hope no more is nigh,
> Life is a shame—our duty is to die."

The knife was already applied, when a sudden thought stopped him. "Ah! was it really Moliere that said this, now? I must be very sure of that, for otherwise I shall look excessively ridiculous." He at once set about resolving the point, and read through two or three of Moliere's comedies, which, restoring his good humor, saved his life.

—

THE YOUNG MARKSMAN.—Here is a lively bit of versification, which, under the title of "The Young Marksman," we find in an exchange:

> "John is a youth of 'low degree;'
> His name swells no great pedigree;
> But on the old barn's stable-door,
> And on the cross-beam, on the stall,
> You now may see, if you'll explore—
> JOHN, cut with jack-knife over all.
> On the gate-post in the lane,
> Scratch'd with crystal on the pane,
> Mark'd with red-chalk on the hen-coop,
> Scrawl'd with charcoal on the front stoop,
> Scribbled on the mantle-piece,
> (Letters curved 'as smooth as grease,')
> On the front-door, in the hall—
> JOHN JONES 'carved out' upon all.
> On the village church's column,
> Written in *the* sacred volume,
> On the benches in the basement,
> On the blinds and window-casement,
> On the shaggy oaken-tree,
> In the hymn-books you may see,
> Writ in characters uncouth,
> The name of that ambitious youth,
> JOHN JONES, the bright, mischievous spark,
> Who seems inclined to leave his mark.

—

SQUIRE J.'S ELOQUENCE.—Squire J—— recently aspired to represent a flourishing Western town in the next Legislature, and in hopes of obtaining the nomination he seized all favorable opportunities to address the million. Some time since there was a caucus at the schoolhouse, when Squire J—— delivered one of his flowery speeches, which terminated somewhat as follows: "I say, fellow-citizens, that the inalienable rights of man are paramount and catamount to all others, and he who cannot

put his hand on his heart, and thank God that nothing is rankling within, deserves to lie in a bed—lie in a bed—I say, gentlemen, he deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—" "With cracker crumbs in it," shouted out the voice of a person anxious to round the period. The laugh was tremendous.

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RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.—A colored gentleman down South bought himself a new shiny hat, and when it commenced raining, he put it under his coat. When asked why he did not keep his hat on his head, he replied, "De hat's mine; bought him wid my own money; head 'longs to massa; let him take keer he own property."

—

COLOR OF HAIR.—Some turns black and some turns white. Here are two illustrations:

Patient to Doctor.—Doctor, can you assign any reason for my whiskers turning so very gray, while the hair on my head remains of its original jet?

Doctor—thoughtfully—I should suppose it is caused by the excess of labor performed by that part over the other.

But here is a change in the other direction: Two of our lady friends were reading Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." We intended to say that one lady was pretending to read it aloud to the other lady. No woman has ever been, now is, or ever will be, capable of listening without interrupting. So that, at the very commencement, when the reader read the passage,

"Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears,"

the listener interposed as follows:

"*White!* How odd, to be sure! Well, I know nothing about men's hair; but there is our friend, Mrs. G——, of Twelfth-street, the lady who has just been twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years; her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense, that her hair turned completely *black* within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of that sad event."

But there is no end to the satires upon the fair sex. Thackeray, in describing one of his heroines, after eulogizing her ruby lips, and her chiseled nose, and her sparkling eyes, quietly adds that, after all, her *teeth* were the most striking and the most lovely; and no wonder, they had only come from the dentist's that very morning.

—

FORCE OF THE IMAGINATION.—Davy put a thermometer into the mouth of a patient to ascertain his animal heat. A few days afterward the man came to him: "D'ye, sir, please to put that thing in my mouth again; nothing ever did me so much good. I felt myself better directly."

—

JINKINS.—Jinkins is a man who takes matters humorously. When his best friend was blown into the air by a "bursting biler," Jinkins called after him, "There you go, my es*teamed* friend!"

EPIGRAMMATIC.

"When Limerick, in idle whim,
Moore as her member lately courted,
'The boys,' for form's sake, ask'd of him
To state what party he supported.

"When thus his answer promptly ran,
(Now give the wit his meed of glory,)
'I'm of no party, as a man—
But, as a poet, am-a-tory.'"

—

APOLOGIZING.—Some people are very adroit at framing an apology. Scranton, in a pet, said to his friend Scrawney, "You are a greater fool than you look like." Scrawney demanded a retraction or a fight. "Well, then," replied the other, "I will take it back. You are *not* so great a fool as you look like."

This reminds us of a similar retraction by a foul-mouthed fellow, who declared of an absent friend: "He is not fit to carry garbage to a bear." Being called to account for the expression, and desirous to soothe his friend's wounded feelings, he said, "I will retract. You *are* fit to carry garbage to a bear."

—

A writer in the *Westminster Review* says that the rebels in China, who profess to favor Christianity, say that they do it because the God of the Christians "makes his favorites powerful in war and invulnerable at sea." "Such is Christianity now in China," he adds, "illustrated by the recent American and European policy of transporting Coolies, under the deceptive conditions, to be virtually slaves in guano and sugar islands, if not starved or suffocated by the way and thrown into the sea."

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WHAT WAS IT ABOUT?—Barnes, being inclined to sleep a little during the sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, joked him on his having nodded now and then. Barnes insisted he had been awake all the time. "Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "Yes, I can," he answered; "it was about half an hour too long."

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WHAT IS SAL SODA?—A witness in a liquor case at Manchester, N. S., gave the following testimony: "Sal soda is ice and water, and some stuff squirted into it from a concern. Don't know whether it is intoxicating or not—it makes one feel good—feet lift easier."

—

A NOTIFICATION.—The following was found on a post-office door in Indiana County, Pa. It is a supervisor's notification concerning certain public work to be done on the river:

the time for work is october 23th 1856 all persone nowin them selves in Debted to a super cription for working on the river will Bee one had with out Dout at that time Come one friends and Makers and Cee wee Can Due as it is inn all apportin thing

DANUEL BARRYBRAKER
this 16 day of Sept super viser.
JAS. C. CONNERVER [L. S.]

—

SENSIBLE.—A Chicago broker, famous for his shrewdness, took a trip by railroad the other day, and sat down at the end of the last car, because he considered the use of the money worth something while the conductor was coming through the cars.

Recent Publications.

Arctic Explorations: the Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, '54, '55. By Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., U.S.N. We esteem this as the most valuable addition that has been made to our library for a long time. It is comprised in two octavo volumes, on elegant paper, sumptuously printed, and illustrated by upward of three hundred engravings on wood and steel. Our own copy is embellished with the autograph of the intrepid commander of the expedition, which greatly enhances its value. Dr. Kane, it will be remembered, was the principal historian of what is called the First Grinnell Expedition. Of the second, so graphically described in these volumes, he was the conductor; the plan of the voyage originated with himself, and its expenses were mainly defrayed by the noble generosity of Henry Grinnell and George Peabody, Esqs. The mechanical execution of these volumes reflects the highest credit upon the taste and the enterprising liberality of the spirited publishers, *Messrs Childs and Peterson* of Philadelphia. Of the results of this expedition—the Kane expedition, as it should be called—we may say, in the language of a cotemporary, that the discovery of a Polar Sea was unquestionably the crowning event. That, next to the finding of Sir John Franklin, was the leading object of all the recent English expeditions; but not one of them was successful. Dr. Kane was animated by a similar hope, and he was successful. Unsubdued by the horrors of sunless winters, of the biting cold, and the dangers of starvation, he forced his way beyond the boundaries of human existence, crossed a belt that might well be termed the Land of Utter Desolation—where no living creature was seen; and, on reaching the margin of an ocean, he was welcomed by a warmer breeze than he had lately known, and by the unexpected appearance of birds and quadrupeds; and had, in reality, discovered a new world. He proved himself to be a man of rare pioneer ability and of astonishing fortitude, and in returning home, after performing one of the greatest exploits of the present century, he overcame a series of difficulties in traveling which would seem to be too wonderful even for the pen of romance. In the meantime his countrymen became anxious for his safety, and an expedition, commanded by Lieut. H. G. Hartstene, was dispatched to his rescue, and he who departed from the North as a commander, returned to his country in the simple capacity of passenger. He reported himself to the government, and was complimented, and in the eyes of the American and European public has quietly been assigned a position among the most distinguished navigators and discoverers of the world. May he long live to wear the honor he has so nobly earned.

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Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical; or, the Conditions and Course of the Life of Man. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. This is an admirably printed, and profusely illustrated large octavo volume, of six hundred and fifty pages, from the press of *Harper & Brothers*. It contains the substance of the lectures delivered, for several successive years, in the New-York University, by the accomplished and well-known professor of Chemistry and Physiology. It has been the aim of the author to banish the mysticism and metaphysical absurdities with which the science of physiology has been enveloped from the earliest ages; "to exorcise it," in his own language, "from such nonentities as irritability, plastic power, vital force," and he has been to a very great extent successful. For this he deserves the thanks no less of the general reader than of the medical student. Indeed, his entire volume, and more especially the second part of it, is not only beautifully scientific, but exceedingly full of interest. It is gratifying to see, too, that the author, diverging from the track of most of his predecessors who have made human physiology their study, does not ignore the teachings of the Bible, nor forget that man has a *moral* as well as a physical nature. The existence of God, his goodness, wisdom, and power; the immortality of the soul and the retributions of the future; together with the relative duties existing between man and his fellow, are blended with the teachings of philosophy, and so presented as to conduce to the best interests of the reader.

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Life in the Itinerancy, in its Relations to the Circuit and Station, and to the Minister's Home and Family. A vivid delineation of the life of an itinerant minister; his joys and sorrows, his triumphs and his trials, with perhaps rather more than a fair proportion of the latter, in the country and in the city, among the rich and the poor, the churlish and the generous, from the commencement of his career down to superannuation and final release and endless rest. The author assures us that it is not a work of fiction, but that every incident has its basis in facts, and that it is a representation of real life. No doubt of it. Our only fear is, that some of the imaginary characters are delineated with such life-like fidelity that readers, here and there, may not be able to resist the temptation to furnish one and another of them with a local habitation and a name. The author inscribes the book "to the wives of Methodist ministers, who share equally with their husbands the trials and triumphs of the itinerancy." Whatever may be said of the triumphs, there can be no doubt that they have a full share of the trials, and if a perusal of this little volume shall induce them to bear their lot with greater fortitude; and, more especially, if it may be the means of lessening their trials, the author will not have written in vain. (*Miller, Orton, & Mulligan.* For sale also by *Carlton & Porter.*)

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Dr. Johnston, the accomplished Professor of Natural Science in the Wesleyan University, has just issued a new edition, the sixth, of his *Manual of Chemistry*, beyond all question the best book of its class for colleges, seminaries, and private students. This edition has been

rewritten, contains many new and important facts, and is profusely illustrated with well-executed wood engravings. The publisher (*Charles Desilver*, of Philadelphia) has performed his part admirably. We have seldom seen a more beautiful specimen of typography, or a neater and more appropriate style of binding.

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Life of Prince Talleyrand, with Extracts from his Speeches and Writings. By Charles K. M'Harg. (*Scribner.*) There has never been an extended biography of this prince of diplomatists. A series of papers entitled "Leaves from the Life of Talleyrand" was published soon after his death in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and, in 1850, a fragmentary volume, under the title of "Revelations of the Life of Talleyrand," was published in London. Several sketches of his eventful career have also appeared in France, but the French *litterateurs* appear to be waiting patiently for the year 1868, when, according to the requisitions of his will, Talleyrand's own account of himself—his autobiography, will be published. Those who profess to have seen this manuscript say that it is very complete, graphic, full of anecdotes, and an able vindication of his own tortuous career. In the meantime Mr. M'Harg has prepared the volume before us, gleaning from all accessible sources, and weaving the whole into a very pleasant and readable volume. We make a few extracts. Here is Talleyrand's own account of an incident that took place during his brief sojourn in the city of New-York. With a party of friends the conversation turned on the subject of "Second Sight."

"'Somnambulism, and the waking sleep, might account for the origin of such a wild belief,' said one of the company.

"'Or the faculty of fixing the mind with straining energy on one point,' said another.

"'Or, perhaps, the sudden light—the quick, vivid flash, which reveals to some strong and powerful minds the *Possible*, the *True*,' said Talleyrand. 'I remember,' continued he, 'upon one occasion having been gifted for one single instant, with this unknown and nameless power. I know not to this moment whence it came; it has never once returned; and yet, upon that one occasion it saved my life; without that sudden and mysterious inspiration, I should not now be here to tell the tale. I had freighted a ship in concert with my friend Beaumetz. He was a good fellow, Beaumetz, with whom I had ever lived on the most intimate terms; and, in those stormy times, when it needed not only friendship to bind men together, but almost godlike courage to dare to show that friendship, I could not but prize most highly all his bold and loyal demonstrations of kindness and attachment to me. I had not a single reason to doubt his friendship; on the contrary, he had given me, on several occasions, most positive proofs of his sincere devotion to my interests and well-being. We had fled from France together, we had arrived at New-York together, and together we had lived in perfect harmony during our stay there. So, after having resolved upon improving the little money that was left us by speculation, it was still in partnership and together that we freighted a small vessel for India, trusting all to the goodly chance which had befriended us in our escape from danger and from death, to venture once more together to brave the storms and perils of a yet longer and more adventurous voyage.

"'Everything was embarked for our departure; bills were all paid and farewells all taken, and we were waiting for a fair wind with most eager expectation—being prepared to embark at any hour of the day or night, in obedience to the warning of the captain. This state of uncertainty seemed to irritate the temper of poor Beaumetz to an extraordinary degree, and, unable to remain quietly at home, he hurried to and from the city, with an eager, restless activity which at times excited my astonishment, for he had ever been remarkable for great calmness and placidity of temper.

"'One day, he entered our lodging, evidently laboring under great excitement, although commanding himself to appear calm. I was engaged at the moment writing letters to Europe, and, looking over my shoulder, he said, with forced gayety, "What need to waste time in penning those letters? they will never reach their destination. Come with me, and let us take a turn on the Battery; perhaps the wind may be chopping round; we may be nearer our departure than we imagine."

"'The day was very fine, although the wind was blowing hard, and I suffered myself to be persuaded. Beaumetz, I remembered afterward, displayed an unusual officiousness in aiding me to close my desk and put away my papers, handing me, with hurried eagerness, my hat and cane, and doing other little services to quicken my departure, which, at the time, I attributed to the restless desire for change, the love of activity, with which he seemed to have been devoured during the whole period of our delay.

"'We walked through the crowded streets to the Battery. He had seized my arm, and hurried me along, seemingly in eager haste to advance. When we had arrived on the broad esplanade, the glory then, as now, of the city of New-York, Beaumetz quickened his step yet more, until we arrived close to the water's edge. He talked loud and quickly, admiring in energetic terms the beauty of the scenery, the Brooklyn Heights, the shady groves of the island, the ships riding at anchor, and the busy scene on the peopled wharf; when suddenly he paused in his mad, incoherent discourse, for I had freed my arm from his grasp, and stood immovable before him. Staying his wild and rapid steps, I fixed my eyes upon his face. *He turned aside, cowed and dismayed.* "Beaumetz," I shouted, "*you mean to murder me*—you intend to throw me from the height into the sea below. Deny it, monster, if you can!"

"'The maniac stared at me for a moment, but I took especial care not to avert my gaze from his countenance, and he quailed beneath it. He stammered a few incoherent words, and strove to pass me, but I barred his passage with extended arms. He looked vacantly right and left, and then flung himself upon my neck and burst into tears. "'Tis true—'tis true, my friend. The thought has haunted me day and night, like a flash from the lurid fire of hell. It was for this I brought you here. Look, you stand within a foot of the edge of the parapet—in another instant, the work would have been done!"

"'The demon had left him; his eye was still unsettled, and the white foam stood in bubbles on his parched lips; but he was no longer tossed by the same mad excitement under which he had been laboring so long, for he suffered me to lead him home without a single word. A few days' repose and silence, bleeding and abstinence, completely restored him to his former self, and, what is most extraordinary, the circumstance was never mentioned between us. My fate was at work. It was during those few days of watching by the bedside of poor Beaumetz, that I received the letters from France which announced to me the revocation of the decree which had sent me a wanderer to America. The Directory had relented, and I was invited to return with all speed. I sought not to resist the appeal, and at once decided on leaving Beaumetz to prosecute our speculation alone, and on returning to Paris immediately.

"'The blow was cruel to poor Beaumetz, who was fully persuaded, I have no doubt, that it was in dread of another attack on his part that I had now the wish to leave him. No argument I could make use of, no assurances of unchanged friendship, could shake his opinion, and our parting was a most stormy and painful one. I made over to him my interest in the ship which we had freighted together, and he departed for India, while I bent my course once more toward my *belle France*.

"'Once more in a position to assist my friends, my first thought was of Beaumetz, and one of my first acts was the canceling of his death-warrant. I wrote to him to announce the joyful news, addressing my letter to the merchant at Calcutta to whom he had been recommended. In due time, receiving no answer, I wrote again; but my letters were returned, with the information that the ship, which had sailed from New-York some months before, and of which M. Beaumetz was supercargo, had not arrived, that no tidings had been received of its fate, and that great fears were entertained of its total loss. The apprehension was justified, *for from that day to this no tidings have ever been received of the ship, nor, alas! of my poor friend Beaumetz!*"

The prince's account of an interview between the celebrated Madame de Staël and Monti, whose poems were at that time exceedingly popular, is amusing. These two literary celebrities were introduced to each other at a party, and Talleyrand listened to their conversation:

"It was overwhelming with erudition, and then the compliments were poured forth like rain from an April sky—the abbé 'had never reckoned upon so great an honor as that of meeting the first writer of the age;' madame 'little dreamed, when she arose that morning, that the day would be marked by so auspicious an event as the meeting with the abbé.'

"'I have devoured every word that has escaped from Sappho's pen,' said the abbé.

"'I cannot sleep until I read the charming odes from the Italian Tyrtæus,' said the lady.

"'Have you seen my last endeavor?' said the abbé.

"'Alas! not yet,' sighed the lady, 'although report speaks of it more highly than of any which have preceded it.'

"'I have it here!' exclaimed the abbé, eagerly drawing a small volume from his pocket. 'Allow me to present it to you, madame; a poor homage, indeed, to so much genius, but it may prove interesting to one who has had so much success in heroic poetry.'

"'Thanks, thanks,' cried Madame de Staël, seizing the little volume with every demonstration of overpowering gratitude. 'This is indeed a treasure, and will be prized by me far beyond gold or jewels.'

"She turned over the leaves slowly, while the delighted abbé watched her with a charming self-complacency; then suddenly dropping it into her lap, she exclaimed, turning on the abbé a languid glance, 'You were talking of heroic poetry, dear abbé; have you seen my last attempt—a dramatic scene, "l'Exilé"—a slight and poor imitation of some of your own?'

"'I have not been so blessed as to obtain a copy,' replied the abbé.

"'How fortunate that I should have one in my reticule!' said madame, hurriedly seizing the strings of the bag suspended from her arm, and drawing forth a thin volume in boards. The abbé bent low over it as she presented it, and kissing it with reverence, placed it by his side, and the conversation—that is to say, the complimenting—was continued with redoubled vigor.

"Talleyrand then departed, and did not return till the company broke up, when he found that they had both left the bench whereon they had been seated so long together, leaving, however, the 'precious treasures,' which they had received from each other, with so much gratitude, behind them! Talleyrand seized upon them with inexpressible delight, thinking that they would furnish matter for innocent jeering, when the loss came to be remembered by either party. But the thing was complete—*they were never sought and never asked for.*"

We copy at random a few of the bold bad man's witticisms and *bon mots*, some of which evince his intimate knowledge of poor human nature:

"Being vexed by a man who squinted awfully, with several importunate questions concerning his leg, which it will be remembered was lame, he replied, 'It is quite *crooked*—as *you* see.'

"Being somewhat out of patience, through the persevering solicitations of an English nobleman for his autograph, he promised to send him one in a few days. His promise he redeemed as follows: 'Dear sir, will you oblige me with your company to dinner on Wednesday, at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever persons, and do not like to be the only fool among them.'

"Napoleon once said, rather irreverently, of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, 'Francis is an old granny.' Some friend repeated the remark to Maria Louisa. The empress sought an explanation from Talleyrand. 'Monsieur Talleyrand, what does that mean—an old granny?' The cunning diplomatist, more polite than conscientious, answered, with his most serious air, 'It means, madame—it means a *venerable sage.*'

"In the latter portion of his life, the celebrity of Chateaubriand, who was with all his genius exceedingly vain, began to wane. About the same time he complained bitterly of becoming deaf. This infirmity being alluded to in conversation, Talleyrand archly observed, 'I understand; since they have ceased talking about him he thinks himself deaf.'

"The Princess of Sweden, the wife of Marshal Bernadotte, used to complain feelingly of the *ennui* of the frigid and gloomy court of Sweden, the members of which, she remarked, never were excited, except to shoot kings at masked balls. Hearing this remark, Talleyrand sought to console the princess by saying, 'But really, madame, that is very well for a beginning!'

"Rulhières, the author of a work on the Polish Revolution, having said, "I have never committed but one wicked act in my life;' 'And when will that act be completed?' was Talleyrand's inquiry.

"When Madame de Staël published her celebrated novel, 'Delphine,' she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady, who is one of the principal characters. 'They tell me,' said he to her, 'that we are the only two in your romance who are disguised as females.'

"One day when Marshal Davoust excused himself for being too late, because he had met with a 'Pekin,' who detained him, Talleyrand begged to know what he meant by that word. 'We call Pekin everything not military,' said Davoust. 'Ah, yes,' replied Talleyrand, 'as we call everything *military* which is not *civil*.'

"'Unbounded modesty is nothing more than unavowed vanity: the too humble obeisance is sometimes a disguised impertinence.'

"'The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows.'

"'To contradict and argue with a total stranger, is like knocking at a gate to ascertain if there is any one within.'

"'That sovereign has a little mind who seeks to go down to posterity by means of great public buildings. It is to confide to masons and bricklayers the task of writing history.'

"'Theologians resemble dogs, that gnaw very large bones for the sake of a very little meat.'

"'A great capitalist is like a vast lake, upon whose bosom ships can navigate, but which is useless to the country, because no stream issues thence to fertilize the land.'

"'I remember of having often been told in my youth that the love of glory was a virtue. Strange must be that virtue which requires the aid of every vice.'

"'To succeed in the world, it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is a fool, than to discover who is a clever man.'"

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The Harmony of Ages: A Thesis on the Relations between the Conditions of Man and the Character of God. By Hiram Parker, M.D. (*Boston: Jewett & Co.*) Medicine has entered the lists with divinity, and the man of drugs does battle with the man of doubts. Dr. Beecher assures us that we all lived in another world previous to being born upon this beautiful planet, and that we sinned *there*, for which we are damned *here*. At least, he knows of no other method to account for the sorrows and sufferings of sinners. Dr. Parker lays down the lancet and takes up the pen in opposition, supposing, apparently, that possibly others besides the inventor, may have been led to swallow his absurd theory. The physician, albeit his style is a little harsh, and the arrangement of his argument is not the most methodical, has decidedly the advantage of the cleric.

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A Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism. By William R. Gordon, D.D. (*Scribner.*) The reverend author has thought it worth his while to investigate, with great care, and at much expense of time and change, the whole subject of rapping, knocking, pulling and hauling, tipping, kicking, spelling, and befooling, which is absurdly called Spiritualism. He has procured

and carefully read all the publications, bound volumes, big and little, pamphlets and papers, issued by believers in this delusion, and copied from them largely. He attended "circles," visited all the "meadjiums" of any note, and honestly paid his shot for the revelations made to him about his father, mother, grandfather, and other relatives dead and living, and spreads upon his page at full length the miserable twaddle for which he paid his money. In his introduction the learned doctor gives reasons for what we cannot help thinking a lamentable, if not a wicked, waste of time. One of them he assures us is the fact that "several ministers of the Methodist Church have embraced it," and he wants to set them right. It may be so, but we see no good reason why our author should be so exceedingly anxious on that account. We have some little acquaintance with Methodist ministers, and a great deal less with those who hold the same religious faith with the doctor. It will surprise him, perhaps, to be assured that we know quite as many of the latter who are enrolled among Spiritualists as we do of the former. But let that pass. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. It is that Spiritualism is not a mere trick, nor a deception, nor a money-making humbug; that the hypothesis of involuntary or unconscious movement is inadequate to explain the phenomena; and that the same may be said of the electric, mesmeric, and odylic theories. What then? Why, according to Dr. Gordon, the whole thing is of the devil. *He* is the grand agent. Of that the doctor has no doubt whatever. So far he is himself a believer in Spiritualism. The all-wise and infinitely good Being permits the arch-adversary of God and man to go about the earth hocussing, at his pleasure, reverend divines of Dr. Gordon's caliber and creed, and—"several ministers of the Methodist Church." For ourselves, now, we must say, that of the two theories, that avouched by our author, and that of which Judge Edmonds may be deemed the exponent, we think the latter, absurd as it is, is quite as rational as the former, and rather less God-dishonoring. In fact, the doctor himself does not feel easy in his mind even with the clear convictions which have induced him to publish his experience. He tells us, "It is *not safe* for any one to pursue the matter as long and as hard as he has done, and would persuade *every one to keep aloof from it altogether*." Good advice, doubtless; but intended, it would seem, only for those whose religious creed differs from Dr. Gordon's. At least, so we judge from the following abominably impudent passage, which we quote with the author's own italics, and lay aside his book with feelings, not exactly of pity, but of that other emotion which borders closely upon it:

"Several *Methodist*, and other clergymen of the *Arminian* type of the Christian faith, have fallen away; but we have not seen an instance of a sound *Calvinistic* divine, riven from his mooring upon the rock, and driven into this Stygian whirlpool, which has been recently found in the troubled waters of human opinion. Our limited observation among the deluded laity leads us to think that few, if any of them, had entertained Calvinistic views of Divine truth, previous to their slumping in the slush of an effete heathenism, where our modern adventurers are now found plunging, led on, as they think, by spirits sent from God to guide them into the right path. We mention this by the way simply to show the *practical value of Calvinism* in affording well-tried general principles for the protection of both heart and life from those fatal errors to which we have already referred."—P. 377.

Sinai and Palestine in connection with their History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M. A. The literary, no less than the religious world, is under obligations to the publisher, (*Redfield,*) for reprinting, from the English edition, in a magnificent octavo, with well-executed maps and engravings, this most graphic and interesting description of the Holy Land, historical, geographical, and philosophical. Mr. Stanley's work is superior, in our judgment, to anything that has appeared upon this fruitful theme. Other men have traveled through the land and published their descriptions, some dry and dull, and others poetical and full of rhapsody. Mr. Stanley is evidently accurate and to be depended upon, at the same time that his style is captivating, and his readers are borne on pleasantly to the end of the volume. An extract from his preface will indicate in some degree the general character of the work, and serve as a specimen of his style:

"The whole journey, as it is usually taken by modern travelers, presents the course of the history in a living parable before us, to which no other journey or pilgrimage can present any parallel. In its successive scenes, as in a mirror, is faithfully reflected the dramatic unity and progress which so remarkably characterizes the sacred history. The primeval world of Egypt is with us, as with the Israelites, the starting-point, the contrast, of all that follows. With us, as with them, the Pyramids recede, and the Desert begins, and the wilderness melts into the hills of Palestine, and Jerusalem is the climax of the long ascent, and the consummation of the Gospel history presents itself locally, no less than historically, as the end of the law and the prophets. And with us, too, as the glory of Palestine fades away into the 'common day' of Asia Minor and the Bosphorus, gleams of the Eastern light still continue; first in the apostolical labors, then, fainter and dimmer, in the beginnings of ecclesiastical history, Ephesus, Nicæ, Chalcedon, Constantinople; and the life of European scenery and of Western Christendom completes by its contrast what Egypt and the East had begun. In regular succession at 'sundry' and 'divers places,' no less than 'in sundry times and divers manners,' 'God spake in times past to our fathers;' and the local, as well as the historical diversity, is necessary to the ideal richness and completeness of the whole."

Mr. Stanley's first impressions of the Holy City are thus related:

"Jerusalem is one of the few places of which the first impression is not the best. No doubt the first sight, the first moment when, from the ridge of hills which divide the valley of Rephaim from the valley of Bethlehem, one sees the white line crowning the horizon, and knows that it is Jerusalem, is a moment never to be forgotten. But there is nothing in the view itself to excite your feelings. Nor is there even when the Mount of Olives heaves in sight, nor when 'the horses' hoofs ring on the stones of the streets of Jerusalem.' Nor is there in the surrounding outline of hills on the distant horizon. Nebi-Samuel is, indeed, a high and distinguished point, and Ramah and Gibeah both stand out, but they and all the rest in some degree partake of that featureless character which belongs to all the hills of Judea, as does Olivet itself. In one respect no one need quarrel with this first aspect of Jerusalem. So far as localities have any concern with religion, it is well to feel that Christianity, even in its first origin, was nurtured in no romantic scenery; that the discourses in the walks to and from Bethany, and in earlier times the Psalms and Prophecies of David and Isaiah, were not, as in Greece, the offspring of oracular cliffs and grottoes, but the simple outpouring of souls which thought of nothing but God and man. It is not, however, inconsistent

with this view to add, that though not romantic, though at first sight bare and prosaic in the extreme, there does at last grow up about Jerusalem a beauty as poetical as that which hangs over Athens and Rome."

We close this interesting volume with the author's brief, but striking description of the Dead Sea, that wonderful inland lake, of which so much has been written, and which will ever be ranked among the most profound of nature's mysteries:

"Gradually, within the last mile from the Dead Sea, the river melts into its grave in a tame and sluggish stream, still, however, of sufficient force to carry its brown waters far into the bright green sea. Along the desert-shore the white crust of salt indicates the cause of its sterility. Thus the few living creatures which the Jordan washes down into its waters are destroyed. Hence arises the unnatural buoyancy and the intolerable nausea to taste and touch, which raise to the highest pitch the contrast between its clear, bitter waves and the soft, fresh, turbid stream of its parent river. Strewn along its desolate margin lie the most striking memorials of this last conflict of life and death; trunks and branches of trees, torn down from the thickets of the river-jungle by the violence of the Jordan, thrust out into the sea, and thrown up again by its waves dead and barren as itself. The dead beach, so unlike the shell-covered shores of the two seas between which it lies, the Sea of Tiberias and the Gulf of Akabe, shelves gradually into the calm waters. A deep haze, that which, to earlier ages, gave the appearance of the smoke going up forever and ever,' vails its southern extremity, and almost gives it the dim horizon of a real sea."

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Alexis De Tocqueville, whose name will be familiar to our readers as the author of a widely-circulated volume on the "Democracy of America," has recently published "*The Old Regime and the Revolution*," which has been translated by John Bonner, and issued from the press of the *Messrs. Harper*. It is an elaborately written and profoundly philosophical work, worthy of the author and of his subject. The translation is spirited and sufficiently literal.

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The Conquest of Kansas by Missouri and her Allies. By William Phillips. (*Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.*) The author was the special correspondent of the *New-York Tribune*, and his letters were read with great interest. He has here given us, in a 12mo, of some four hundred pages, a temperate, well-written, and apparently truthful account of the early settlement of Kansas, the troubles, perils, and trials of the pioneers; the sham elections, ruffianism, bogus laws, arrests, imprisonments, skirmishes, lynchings, and murders which make up her doleful history down to the present day. Notwithstanding all these horrors, and we are told that "very many outrageous occurrences have been omitted," and notwithstanding "the rights of American freemen have been subdued," the author looks hopefully to the future, and closes his volume with the assurance that "there is, thank God, still a spirit and vitality in the American character which will rise above all these obstacles, and yet write RESURGAM! on the tomb of Kansas liberty."

And yet another book about Kansas. It is entitled, and the title will give a good idea of its spirit and temper: "*In Perils by mine own Countrymen.*" *Three Years on the Kansas Border.* By a Clergyman of the Episcopal Church. (*New-York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan.*) This clergyman, we take it, is somewhat of a wag. At any rate, he keeps in excellent humor, cracks his jokes, and looks upon the farcical side of almost every event which befell him in his perilous mission. He is not an abolitionist, but something more than negative virtue is demanded by the whip-cracking masters of Kansas ere a man is permitted to preach the Gospel among them. It is required of a clergyman, as of everybody else, that he be "sound on the goose question." Readers who are unable to guess what that is are referred to the pages of our author, whose little book, we had almost forgotten to say, is dedicated "to churchmen and statesmen, to be handled without gloves, as churchmen and statesmen handled the author." And now, what is this Kansas about which we hear so much?

"It is a vast country situated in the heart of the continent, stretching from Missouri westward to the very shadow of the Rocky Mountains. Its soil is as fertile as any beneath the sun. Its climate is mild and genial. It has large rivers, smaller streams in abundance, alluvial soils holding the deposits of centuries, productive and beautiful table-land, rolling prairies, and picturesque hills. It is the land of all others in our national domain, for the cultivation of the olive and the vine. In the hands of freemen from the vineyards of Germany and Italy, Kansas may become the vineyard of America, and as the vine seems to be dying out in Europe, may yet be the vineyard of the world.

"It contains eighty-one millions of acres. It is nearly three times as large as the State of New-York. It is four times as large as Ireland, nearly six times as large as the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. What a domain to be the prize for freedom or slavery! It is capable of supporting twenty millions of people. No other such country remains for the emigrant. Nebraska is too cold for the vine and olive. Utah is pre-occupied or barren; New-Mexico is nearly waste. The emigrant has been hitherto excluded from southern climates. Missouri is shut upon him by the black line drawn around her borders. So are Kentucky and Tennessee. One only territory remained in the same parallel of latitude. That, the wisdom of our forefathers reserved by the most solemn act of legislation which they could perform for the free emigrant and the future."

The great question of the age is, Shall it, in violation of solemn compact, be blighted and blasted by the deadly upas-tree of slavery, or remain forever open to the honest toil of the hardy freeman?

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Five volumes with the general title, "*Fireside Reading*," edited by the Rev. D. W. Clark, D.D., have just been issued from the press of *Swormstedt & Poe*, of Cincinnati. They are, "Traits and Anecdotes of Animals;" "Traits and Anecdotes of Birds and Fishes;" "Travel and Adventure, comprising some of the most striking Narratives on Record;" "Sketches of Life and Character;" and "Historical Sketches, or Narratives of striking Events in the course of Human Affairs." Each volume is perfect in itself. The entire series is creditable to the good taste of the compiler, and well calculated to amuse and instruct the reader.

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Signs of the Times: Letters to Ernst Moritz Arndt on the Dangers to Religious Liberty in the Present State of the World. By Christian Charles Josias Bunsen. Translated from the German by Susannah Winkworth. (*Harper & Brothers*, 12mo, pp. 440.) These letters, in the original German, were exceedingly popular, and obtained

a wide circulation in continental Europe. So far as we can judge, they have been faithfully translated; and, although some of the questions discussed by the author have, happily, little practical interest in this country, the great principles mainly involved are pertinent everywhere. We commend the volume to the thoughtful philanthropist who anxiously inquires, with the old Jewish prophet, What of the night? and to the disciple of the Saviour who, heeding the Master's injunction, would pierce night's darkness, and discern and profit by the "Signs of the Times."

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Carter & Brothers have published, in a neat little volume, three lectures, entitled *Trade and Letters: their Journeyings Round the World.* They were delivered by the Rev. Dr. W. A. Scott, before the Mercantile Library Association of San Francisco, and are published at the request of those who heard them. It is gratifying to know that away off there, among the gold-hunters, appreciative audiences find time to listen to lectures, and that mental improvement is not altogether neglected. The lectures are fully equal to the average of those heard on this side of the Rocky Mountains.

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The Victory Won is the title of a little volumé containing a brief memorial of the last days of a sinner saved by grace. It is modestly written, and well adapted to encourage personal effort for the salvation of souls. (*Carter.*)

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Dred: a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. (*Boston: Jewett & Co.*) The author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has added nothing to her reputation by this anti-slavery novel. *That* was an inspiration, which, with all its faults, and they were many, took the reader captive, and stirred his soul. *This* is a compilation, an evident manufacture, containing, indeed, many touching passages, but, as a story, lacking interest, and as a delineation of characters, vapid and commonplace. Dred himself, who gives his name to the story, is a mere abstraction. He appears occasionally—once at a camp-meeting, which is miserably caricatured, and where Dred enacts a part utterly incredible; but he adds nothing to the story, and is conveniently killed off when the author's repertory of Scripture quotations has been exhausted.

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Apostolic Preaching. A Sermon on the Death of the Rev. Charles D. Burritt. By L. A. Eddy. It was our happiness to have a somewhat intimate acquaintance with Mr. Burritt previous to his entrance upon the work of the ministry. It is gratifying to learn, as we do from this admirable discourse, that during his brief career our departed friend was a diligent and successful laborer in the Lord's vineyard. He died in peace on the 7th of May last, in the thirty-third year of his age.

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We rejoice to see a marked improvement in the subject-matter and in the style of the juvenile books issued by the Sunday-School Union. Too frequently they have been merely reprints from English publications, with little adaptation to the wants, habits, and manners of Young America. It is surely possible to furnish our children with reading, free from the peculiar slang of the lower orders of Great Britain, and the Sunday-School Union is abundantly able to pay for original matter that shall be in every respect more appropriate, and of course more popular. The little volume entitled *Six Steps to Honor; or, Great Truths Illustrated*, just issued from the press of Carlton & Porter, will be a favorite in the family and in the Sabbath school. It is an original work, from the pen of the Rev. H. P. Andrews. The scenes are laid in our own country, and the incidents are such as will be familiar among us without the aid of an interpreter. It is illustrated with well-executed wood-cuts.

Literary Record.

Literature in Iceland. — Mr. Robert Chambers gives the following highly interesting account of the literary doings of this little insular community:

"The zealous cultivation of literature in Iceland during the last six centuries, and its remarkable productions, the sagas and eddas, histories and romantic poems, have excited the interest of all visitors. I am free to own that I can form no image of literary life more touching, or more calculated to call forth respect and veneration, than that of such a man as the Icelandic priest, Thorlakson, who produced a beautiful translation of 'Paradise Lost,' and many original works of distinguished merit, in the small inner room of a mere cottage which formed his parsonage, while his family concerns were going on in an equally small outer apartment, and his entire annual income did not exceed what is often given in England for the writing of an article in a magazine. Inquiry regarding the present state of literature in Iceland was a matter of course. So far as I could learn, the love of letters is still a more vivid passion in Iceland than the circumstances of the country would lead one to expect. I had much pleasure in looking over Mr. Thordarson's printing-office in Reikiavik, where I found two presses of improved construction, and saw in progress an Icelandic translation of the 'Odyssey,' by Mr. Egilsson, late president of the college, whose son, I was told, is also giving promise of being a good poet. The list of books printed and published by Mr. Thordarson would surprise any one who thinks only of Iceland as a rude country half buried in arctic snows. He is also the publisher of two out of the three native newspapers produced in Iceland, the 'Ingolfur,' and 'Thiodolfur.' An Iceland newspaper, I may remark, is a small quarto sheet, like the English newspapers of the seventeenth century, produced at irregular intervals, and sometimes consisting of two, sometimes of four leaves, according as the abundance of intelligence may determine. In a country where there are no roads and no posts, that there should be newspapers of any kind is gratifying. I regret, however, to say that they are described as of a violent malcontent complexion."

It is said that the sale of *Mr. Epes Sargent's* excellent standard series of school readers, speakers, and primers, has already reached the large number of two hundred thousand copies.

The library of four thousand volumes, lately belonging to *Professor Lucke*, of Germany, and purchased for the use of the divinity school in Cambridge, chiefly by the generosity of Colonel Benjamin Loring, of Boston, has arrived in safety at the institution for which it is designed.

A Curious Discovery. — A very curious discovery has recently been made in Germany, which tends to throw some additional light upon the known early employment of English actors upon the continent: it is the fragment (only a single leaf) of an English moral play, which appears, from the character of the type, to have been printed abroad, and which, we may conjecture, was used for the purpose of representation. On the other hand, it is very possible that the piece itself was of a political complexion, and that on this account it was originally published in the Low Countries. It is a large folio, and at the head of the page, and in considerably coarser letters than the rest, we read these lines:

"Trouth it is, that by my magnanymte
I subdue Prynces for theyr offence;
But certainly subdued shoulde I be,
If that I wanted the helpe of prudence.

This species of title reads as if the whole performance might have been objected to in this kingdom at about the period when it was printed, (the reign, perhaps, of Henry the Eighth, or Mary,) but what we have quoted above bears the appearance of English type, the rest, which comes below it, being foreign. The names of the characters in the play were at the side, but the margin has been cut away, and with it are gone portions of the allegorical appellations of the persons engaged in the representation: still, we can read "Temperance," "Charity," "Hope," "Prudence," "Justice," etc., as the interlocutors, and the stanza with which the drama commences is repeated near the conclusion of what has been recovered. It is indisputably a relic of great interest. Mr. Weigel, the well-known bookseller of Leipzig, into whose hands it has luckily fallen, has just circulated among his friends an exact fac simile (a xylograph) of the whole, which, in spite of abridgment at the top and bottom, as well as at the sides, measures rather more than sixteen inches by twelve. No resemblance can well be more perfect, and the paper is of the precise tint of the original.

Merle d'Aubigné. — The historian, M. d'Aubigné, has been invited to visit this country by the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston. The doctor, in reply, accepts the invitation, and promises to visit the United States next year. His works have a large sale in this country, for which he receives nothing.

There are in the United States one hundred and twenty-two colleges, with more than a thousand professors, and having more than twelve thousand students. They have extensive laboratories and astronomical instruments, and libraries containing more than a million of volumes. There are about forty medical schools, with about two hundred and fifty professors and five thousand students. There are forty-four theological schools, with one hundred and twenty-seven professors, and between thirteen and fourteen hundred students. There are sixteen law schools, and about six hundred students.

Macaulay was, at the latest accounts from Europe, in Venice. On his return to England he was to resume his history. A London paper says that a calculation has been made, on the "rule of three" principle, that if it took four volumes to narrate what was done in eight years, it will require sixty octavos to record the events of the hundred and twenty years intended to be covered by the whole of his history.

A Southern Literature.—In an article on the necessity of encouraging a Southern literature, the *New-Orleans Delta* made use of the following language:

"Many of our foremost journals are imitating the example of the Rev. Mr. Marshall, of Vicksburgh, in advocating the creation of a purely Southern literature, the support and encouragement of Southern publishers and the universal circulation of Southern books. A movement in this direction has frequently been attempted before, but without sufficient success to justify the originators in adhering to the project very long. It was tried by John C. Calhoun, advocated with rare ability by William Gilmore Simms; many enterprising men were willing to commit their capital to the cause, and yet, to-day, there is scarcely a Southern publishing house outside of Charleston and Richmond which can afford to compete with the North."

Another Shakspearian relic of historical importance, and of much popular interest, has recently been discovered — a second copy of the earliest edition of *Hamlet*, printed in 1603. This treasure has come into the hands of an English gentleman, who purchased it for £120 ($600.) The copy is in good condition and complete, with the exception of the title-page. The Duke of Devonshire's copy, the only other one known, is imperfect at the end, and the deficiency will now, for the first time, be authentically supplied. The play, as printed in 4to, for N. L. and John Trundell, is supposed to have been taken from an imperfect copy in the prompt books, or to have been fraudulently obtained. The Devonshire copy, till now unique, was discovered in 1825. It has been reprinted. The title-page of the edition of 1604 describes the play as "newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy."

The twelfth annual meeting of the promoters of historical research in Switzerland took place last month at Solothurne; the members unanimously agreed to assist in the publication of a book of Swiss records and archives, the work to be a periodical, and embracing all the cantons of Switzerland. Among many interesting papers, Dr. Stälin, of Basle, read one upon some extremely valuable sources for the compilation of Swiss history which he had discovered in England.

It is a curious fact in the history of periodical literature, that the little comparatively insignificant kingdom of Saxony publishes 220 newspapers, while the whole of Austria produces but 271; Bavaria, 178; Wurtemburg, 99; Hanover, 89.

A translation of Thackeray's "Book of Snobs" is now in course of publication in the official journal of the French government, the *Moniteur*.

Arts and Sciences.

An important scientific exploring expedition is now on its way to the scene of its active labors. It is composed of Professor E. C. Francis, of Iowa; Professor N. E. Moore, late President of the Iowa State Lyceum of Natural History; Professor Silliman, son of Professor Silliman, of Yale College, and one or two other scientific gentlemen. The object is a thorough exploration of the fauna, flora, and geological character of a region of South America of which we have but a very imperfect knowledge, and which has not been traversed by any intelligent foreigner since the exploration of Humboldt, half a century ago. The gentlemen alluded to above expect to find, on reaching the beautiful valley of the Cauca River, a corps of American engineers, who have been sent out from this city by Gen. Mosquera, for the purpose of opening a road from the valley to the port of Buenaventura, on the Pacific. After pursuing their investigations in this valley they will cross the Andes, and examine the objects of interest in New-Granada. Thence proceeding to the southward, they will ascend the valley of the Upper Magdalena, and visit the ancient Spanish cities of La Plata and San Augustin. At this point they will seek some of the head waters of the mighty Amazon, and follow their course through the great level regions of Southern America until they empty into the Atlantic Ocean. This undertaking has been set on foot and is supported by some public-spirited gentlemen of Iowa, and although it has received the approbation of many public men of that state, no government aid has yet been extended to it.

A Powerful Engine.—The Detroit papers state that an engine costing fifty thousand dollars is in process of construction, which is to be used for pumping water into the reservoir of the water works of that city. This engine is guaranteed to raise one million pounds one foot with one hundred pounds of coal, less than two pounds of coal per hour for a single horse power—the highest guaranteed duty of any engine known.

There has been in use, in Columbus, Ohio, for some time past, a three-wheeled phaeton, which is said to work admirably, and it is thought will introduce a new style of vehicle into use. It obviates the annoyances now experienced in getting into our present four-wheeled vehicles, and in turning them. The front wheel is so arranged as to run steadily, and there is less friction and less resistance to draught.

At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, M. Elie de Beaumont communicated a letter from Prince Napoleon, requesting him to make known to the Academy, and to the principal learned bodies of Europe and America, that in the course of his voyage to the northern parts of the Atlantic, in the *Reine Hortense*, His Royal Highness, with the view of ascertaining the direction of currents, caused to be thrown into the sea fifty blocks of wood, each containing a vial in which was a paper, bearing in French, English, Latin, and Russian, the date on which, and the latitude and longitude at which the blocks were thrown out, and begging the finders thereof to note when and where they might be picked up. The blocks, it is added, are made in such a way that they can easily be recognized.

Interesting Discovery in Russian America.—A discovery has just been made in the village of Alexandropol, in the government of Enitherinoslow, which has caused an immense sensation among archæologists. M. Luzancho, the director of the Museum of Kertch, has found, in a small mound, the catacombs of the Scythian kings. Numerous articles in gold, silver, bronze, iron, earthenware, &c., have been discovered there. The existence of the Gherros, or Necropolis of the Scythian monarchs, spoken of by Herodotus, is thus proved.

The expedition with which M. d'Escayrac de Lauture is, on the demand of the Pacha of Egypt, to make a new search for the sources of the Nile, comprises twelve gentlemen belonging to different countries of Europe—France, England, Prussia, Austria; also, one of the United States. These gentlemen are officers of the army, the engineers, and the navy, or physicians, *savans*, and artists. The representative of England in the expedition is Mr. Twyford, of the navy; and that of the United States is Mr. Clague, of New Orleans.

Julius Hübner, one of the professors of the Dresden Academy of Painting, and author of the new historical catalogue of the famous Dresden Gallery, has finished a picture which is receiving considerable praise from the German art critics. It represents Frederic the Great in Sans Souci, seated in an arm-chair on the terrace, with his favorite greyhounds at his feet. He is gazing with a rapt and absorbed expression toward heaven, from whence a stream of light seems to fall on the old warrior; Hübner seizes the moment when the king feels death coming over him, and is trying to fix his mind on the might and grandeur of eternity. He is supposed to be exclaiming to the starry firmament, "I, too, shall soon be nearer to you." Professor Hübner has been more successful with this picture than with any of his previous ones.

Horseflesh for Human Food.—M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, presented his work "On the Use of Horseflesh as Human Food," and in a brief speech repeated the principal arguments and statements he has employed in his public lectures, to show that such flesh is wholesome, abundant, and has always been consumed in some nations of Europe; nay, is consumed still, and publicly too, in more than one European city. That the prejudice against horseflesh as food, which exists in France, England, and America, is unjust and unreasonable, we are not disposed to deny. But it seems to us that there is one great obstacle to its coming into general use, and that is its comparative dearness.

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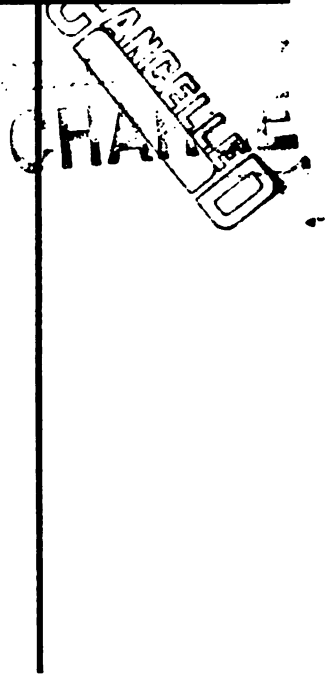
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